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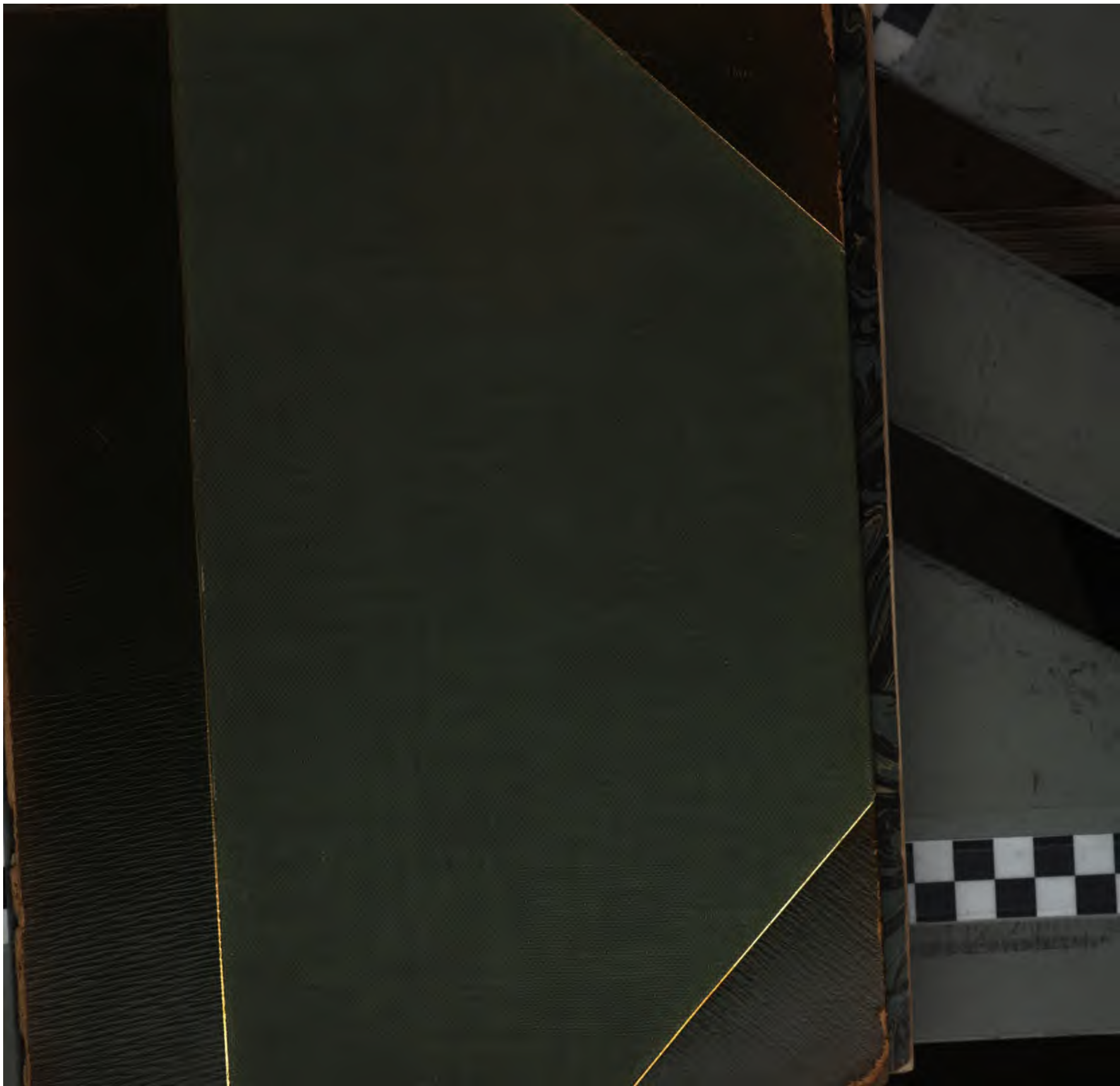
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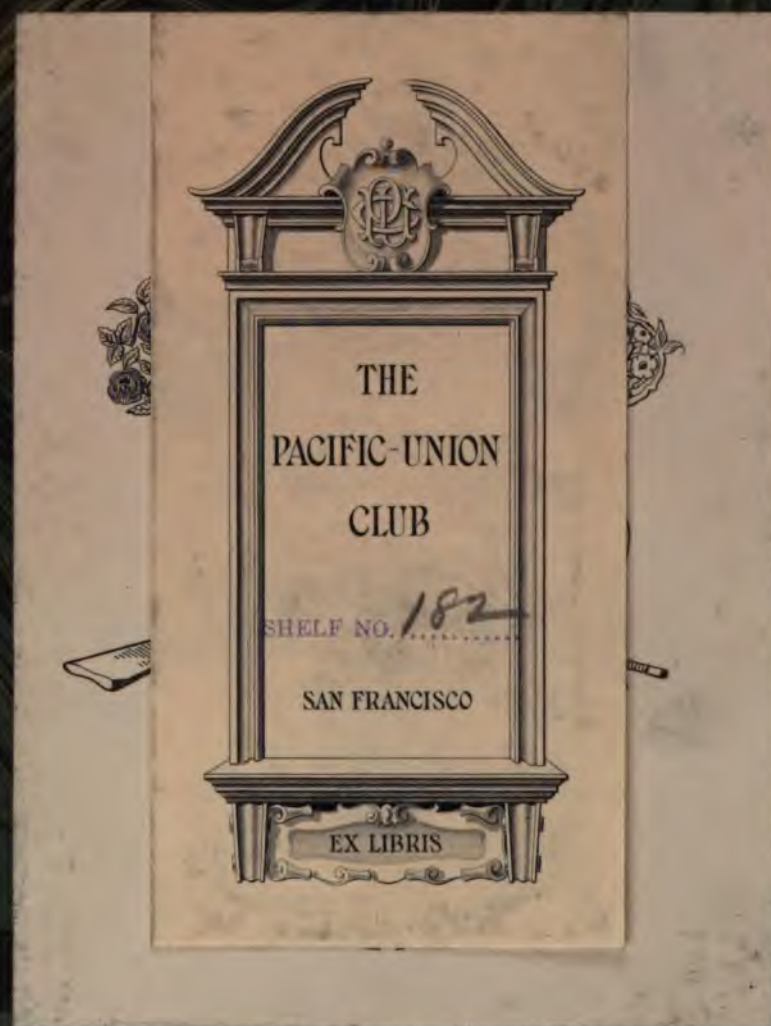
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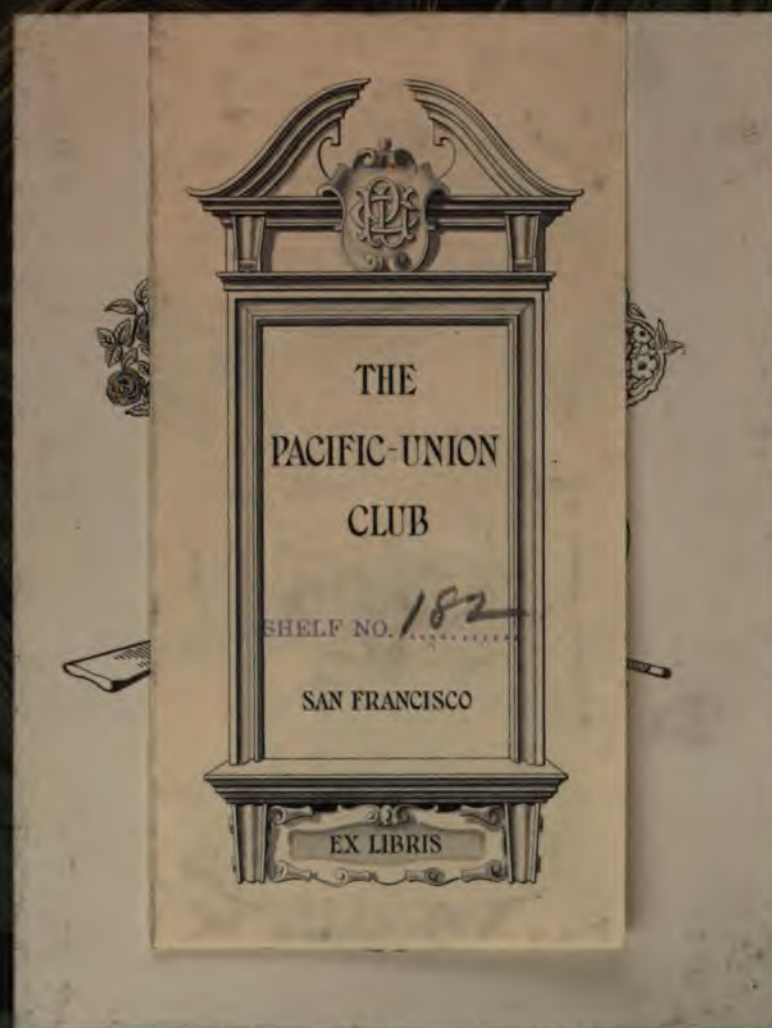
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Punch



A PROSPECT OF
PROFESSOR PVNCH
HOLDING FORTH TO 7th GREAT
EXHIBITION OF ALL
NATIONS.

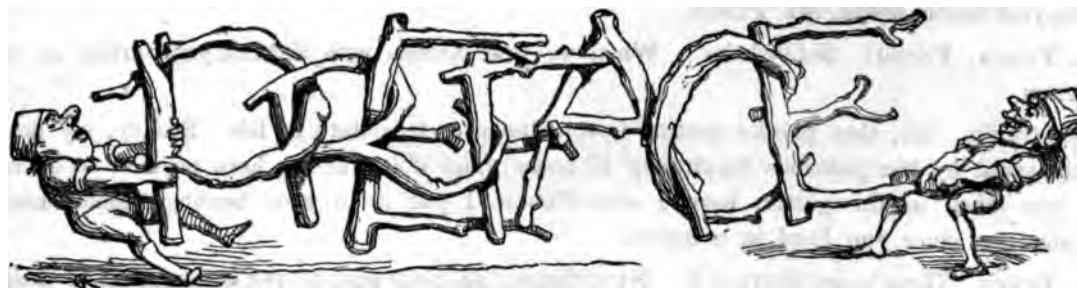
VOLUME ^{ye} EIGHTEENTH.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1850.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



PUNCH now stands Eighteen Volumes high in the world, without his stockings. And as he grows a Volume every Six Months, it is a calculation which he defies JOSEPH HUME to disprove—that he, PUNCH, is, with the present balmy June, exactly NINE YEARS OLD.

PUNCH,—twiddling a sprig of geranium between his finger and thumb,—a radiant bit of *La Reine des Français*; white as though nourished with the milk of VENUS' doves, and pink as though reflecting VENUS' blush—PUNCH bethought him of a Fitting Presence, whereto he might dedicate this, the closing Work of his Ninth Year.

There was inspiration in the thought. PUNCH leapt from his velvet chair. "We will dedicate it to skittles! yes"—said we, glowing with the grateful notion,—“we will dedicate the close of our Ninth Year to Nine Pins!”

PUNCH gently subsided into his seat, took his Vulcanic pen, spread out his elephantine sheet of paper, and, beginning his Dedication, wrote,—

“TO NINE PINS.

“This Volume, the fruit of——”

A sharp knock at the door, and enter *Mr. Respectability*. We tossed him the sheet, and in few words, made known our intention, whereupon *Mr. Respectability*, drawing himself up, and throwing a glance at us, sufficiently withering to blight—even in June—a whole wall of peaches, in a sort of cold, hissing voice, said—but we give the dialogue.

Mr. Respectability. In the name of all our institutions, the Three per Cents., the Court of Chancery, and the Best Pew of the Church, in the name of all these, what are you about?

PUNCH. A debt of gratitude, dear Sir. Many a jolly hour, in bye-gone days, has PUNCH had with skittles. Dear nine old friends! true friends, for with all the readiness in life, they'd be knocked down a hundred times to serve us. Can't always say as much for flesh-and-blood, eh?

Mr. Respectability. My good PUNCH, this was all very well when you squeaked in the street; but you must remember, you are now a householder with fine plate-glass windows; you never appear but—as housewives have it—in print, with illustrations sparkling about you that defy the most golden evening-waistcoat.

PUNCH. What's that to do with it? Nine-pins are nine-pins just the same. Hearts of oak were they in old times and—in a word—skittles shall have our Volume.

Respectability (throwing himself between PUNCH and his Sheet of Paper). I protest against it. As your friend—your bosom friend, MR. PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH. Friend! Fiddlededee! When we were friends with skittles, you turned up your nose at poor PUNCH.

Respectability. Sir, that painful gesture is sometimes a stern duty of life. Society, my dear friend, is frequently saved by the judicious turning-up of noses; and if it was my hard position to be compelled to despise you when in the gutter, have I not—PUNCH, I put it to your beating bosom—have I not cultivated you ever since you lived in a house?

MR. PUNCH. There's no denying it. Nevertheless, whatever may be the consequence, I dedicate the fulness of my Ninth Year to Nine Pins.

Respectability. Then PUNCH, I'll tell you the consequence. You'll be cut, Sir; cut. You'll never dine beyond Baker Street more—you will never again, surmounting all obstacles, have your glittering name registered as guest in the *Morning Post*; and, in a word, Sir, that great hope, end and aim of your daily life, that vision of your sleep, and torture of your nightmare, to shake hands in open Pall Mall with a Duke,—that glorifying triumph, that social apotheosis, will be for ever and for ever barred, denied you.

Thus spoke *Respectability*, and cowardice—like an ague—crept over the heart of PUNCH.

"What must we do?" we faltered, looking entreatingly at our stern but truthful monitor. "The Volume must be dedicated, and, if not to Nine Pins, to what—to whom, then?"

"To whom?" cried *Respectability*, rising upon his toes, and distending his nostrils, "Why, to

THE NINE MUSES!"

"Be it so," said PUNCH, with compelled resignation; "be it so;" nevertheless, it would have looked much better, truer, and altogether more delightful to our recollections, had the Volume been offered

TO NINE PINS!

However, CUSTOM—says the Poet—is the King of Men. Now, if Custom be the King, how often is *RESPECTABILITY* the Tyrant?



Introduction.

VOLUME XVIII.—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1850.

THE RUSSELL CABINET.—1850.

First Lord of the Treasury	LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
Lord Chancellor	LORD COTTENHAM.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	SIR C. WOOD.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	LORD CAMPBELL.
President of the Council	MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.
Lord Privy Seal	EARL OF MINTO.
Home Office	SIR GEORGE GREY.
Foreign Office	VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
Colonial Office	EARL GREY.
Admiralty	SIR FRANCIS THORNHILL BARING.
Board of Trade	MR. H. LABOUCHERE.
Board of Control	SIR JOHN CAM HOBBHOUSE.
Postmaster-General	MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE.
Woods and Forests	EARL OF CARLISLE.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

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AT the commencement of 1850 the excess of income over expenditure was announced to be two millions, and the increase of exports in 1849 above those of 1848 was nearly ten millions. A diminution of pauperism, an increased facility of subsistence and a larger command of the comforts of life on the part of the labouring population, gave sure indications that the Free Trade policy had worked beneficially for the country at large, although the depressed condition of the classes connected with agriculture was generally acknowledged and loudly expressed by the sufferers. A return to protective duties or a remission of financial burdens were among the remedial measures suggested, and few persons denied that the landed interest had a fair claim to any relief that did not interfere with the interests of other classes of the community. Some very violent language was used at some of the Protectionist meetings, and provoked the reprehension of *Mr. Punch*. Parliament assembled on the 31st of January, and the QUEEN'S Speech was expressive of the general prosperity of the country. Amendments to the Address were moved in both Houses by the country party, and lost by very considerable majorities, and other retrogressive measures met with the same fate.

MR. HUME proposed a Resolution for the extension of the franchise, which received the support of FEARGUS O'CONNOR, SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY, MR. ROEBUCK, MR. B. OSBORNE, and MR. LOCKE KING, but being opposed by SIR GEORGE GREY and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, MR. HUME'S proposition was negatived by 242 to 96.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduced his Budget on the 16th of March, and showed a favourable balance of two millions. A reduction of the Stamp Duties and a repeal of

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the Brick Tax were proposed, and the Government were defeated on an Amendment moved by SIR H. WILLOUGHBY; but the Brick Duties Repeal and the Stamp Duties Reduction Bills ultimately passed.

Motions in favour of retrenchment were brought forward by MR. COBDEN and MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, but negatived by the House, and others were anticipated by LORD JOHN RUSSELL proposing the appointment of a Select Committee for the same object. The Repeal of the window duty was also proposed by LORD DUNCAN, and only defeated by a majority of 3. The proposed repeal of the Malt Tax was rejected by 247 to 123.

Much discussion arose in both Houses on the extension of the Irish parliamentary franchise, with occasional majorities against Ministers; but LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved the House to accept of a £12 franchise as a compromise between conflicting opinions, and the Bill passed.

The Irish party was greatly excited by a proposition of LORD JOHN RUSSELL to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Second Reading, after a strong debate, was carried by a majority of 225, but the measure was ultimately thrown over to the following Session.

The most interesting debates of the Session arose out of causes apparently trivial in themselves, but which nearly produced the dissolution of the Ministry and a rupture with France. It appeared that the Greek Government had broken faith with England, and had put us off with one evasion after another, and had at last given a flat denial of the redress to which we were entitled. ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PARKER had been sent therefore to the Greek waters and blockaded the

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Piræus. Explanations were demanded in both Houses, and LORD PALMERSTON said :—

"In the first place there is a Mr. FINLAY (a British subject), who has been long established in Greece, and who some time since had lands there, part of which was taken forcibly from him for the purpose of forming a portion of the gardens of the palace which KING OTHO was then building. Mr. FINLAY has been for a long course of time, supported by HER MAJESTY'S representatives, endeavouring to obtain proper payment for the land so taken. That payment, however, has never been got. The other case is that of a British subject—not a Portuguese Jew, as stated by my honourable Friend—of the name of PACIFIC. His house in Athens was violently broken into at midday by a mob, of which part were soldiers in the service of the KING OF GREECE, and some gendarmes, the son of the Minister of War encouraging them. There were, besides, Ionian subjects, who upon different occasions were the victims either of plunder or of corporal ill-usage, for whom also compensation and indemnity have been required."

With respect to the other and separate question about the two islands of Elaphonisi and Sapienza, LORD PALMERSTON made this statement :—

"By the treaty between Russia and the Porte, signed in 1800, the Ionian State was constituted with the consent of the SULTAN: and the State was to consist of certain islands therein named, and of all other islands and islets lying between those islands and the coast of Greece, up to a certain point. In pursuance of that treaty, the two islands in question, Elaphonisi and Sapienza—two very small islands, though from circumstances one of them is of importance—were by name aggregated to two of the larger islands named in the treaty, and those islands have ever since been considered by the Porte, and have been considered by the Sovereign of Greece, as part of the Ionian States. When the treaty of 1830 was signed, by which the Greek State was constituted, the territories of that State were specified as consisting of certain portions of the Continent, and of certain islands; those islands did not include the islands of Elaphonisi and Sapienza. There can, therefore, be no doubt whatever that those islands have been, ever since the treaty of 1800, confirmed by the treaty of 1815, and that they are, portions of the Ionian States."

France and Russia took exception to the course England had pursued, and on the anniversary of HER MAJESTY'S birthday the French Ambassador returned to Paris and the Russian Minister was absent from Court. Much discussion ensued in both Houses of Parliament, and a majority of 37 was obtained in the Lords by LORD STANLEY, condemnatory of the Foreign Policy of the Government in regard to Greece.

After such an expression of opinion it was thought generally that the Ministry would have resigned, but LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in reply to MR. ROEBUCK, objected to place on the House of Lords the responsibility of controlling the Executive Government, and which would place it in a position it never hitherto occupied, and which it could not maintain, and he called upon MR. DISRAELI—if he coincided with the course pursued by his party elsewhere—to ascertain the feeling of the House of Commons upon the Foreign policy of the Government.

LORD JOHN added, that if MR. ROEBUCK wished to make a motion, he should have the earliest possible opportunity, for "I can only say," continued his Lordship, "that we shall continue in that course which we have hitherto followed with respect to our foreign policy. So long as we continue the Government of this country, I can answer for my noble Friend, that he will act, not as Minister of Austria (*cheers*)—or of Russia (*protracted cheering*)—or of France, or of any other

PAGE

country—but as the Minister of England. The honour of England, and the interests of England—such are the matters which are within our keeping; and it is to those interests and to that honour that our conduct will in future be, as it has hitherto been directed." (*Loud and general cheering.*)

MR. ROEBUCK not entirely agreeing with the constitutional doctrines laid down by the noble Lord, said he should propose a resolution "according to the offer the noble Lord held out." To him it seemed that LORD JOHN RUSSELL had only stated one half of the great rule that governs the Executive of this country, adding :—

"I admit, a mere resolution of the House of Lords is not of itself a sufficient reason to lead to the alteration of a Government; yet it is so important in our double-chamber system of legislation, that both should act, if possible, in harmony, or if not, that there should be a complete understanding in the public mind as to the ground of the disagreement, that any Administration which has been thus censured by the House of Lords is bound not to shrink from an appeal to the House of Commons; and if that appeal, when made, is not successful, then their path is clear. (*Cheers.*) It is because I agree in the policy laid down by the noble Lord at the head of Foreign Affairs in this country, that I will test the opinion of this House, in order to learn whether we can find a verdict in the House in his favour, and also to learn distinctly and clearly, and sufficiently for the world to know, whether or not HER MAJESTY'S Government has the confidence of the people of England. (*Cheers.*) Therefore, Sir, I shall, in accordance with the permission of the noble Lord, to-morrow move the following resolution, of which I now beg to give notice, namely,

"That the principles which have hitherto regulated the foreign policy of HER MAJESTY'S Government are such as were required to preserve untarnished the honour and dignity of this country, and, in times of unexampled difficulty, the best calculated to maintain peace between England and the various nations of the world."

The debate extended over four nights, and resulted in a majority for the Government of 310 to 264.

This debate will also be memorable as the occasion of the last speech of SIR ROBERT PEEL. It was adverse to Ministers. Within a few hours after its delivery, the eloquent statesman was dead. All remembrance of political differences were forgotten, and only his great practical reforms, his power of mind and strength of body remembered. In every part of England he was mourned and regretted.

Among the miscellaneous measures of the Sessions, the Reform of the Universities, the Alteration of the Law of Marriage and the Amendment of the Factory Act attracted some attention, but a Motion by LORD ASHLEY to discontinue Labour in the Post Office on Sunday, and which he carried against the Government by a majority of 93 to 68, created almost universal interest throughout the country, as it caused the sudden closing of the operations of the Post Office on the Sunday. The vote of the House was acted upon for several weeks, and there was a total suspension of the delivery of letters and newspapers on Sunday, and the strongest remonstrances were made from all parts of the Country, and the subject being again brought before the House, the Post Office regulations were placed on their former footing in conformity to the votes of a very large majority.

NOTES.

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|------|---|------|
| 2 | Three Butchers' Bride. —The high price of butcher's meat had been generally complained of in letters to the <i>Times</i> . | 157 |
| 4 | The exorbitant charges of the undertakers had also been discussed, and the agitation resulted in a number of Cheap Funeral establishments. | |
| 14 | The Needlewomen's Farewell. —SIDNEY HERBERT | |
| 15 | and other benevolent people projected an emigration scheme, which has been of inestimable value to thousands of poor workers. | |
| 24 | The Protection "Dodge." —At intervals for some years a man, accompanied by a woman and children neatly but meanly dressed, has perambulated the streets of London bawling aloud an address, of which the "Suffering Landlords" is a political paraphrase. | |
| 35 | Agriculture—the Real Unprotected Female. —COBDEN and DISRAELI. | |
| 38 | The Hercules Cheap Paletot. —Public attention had been called to the miserable pittance paid by the cheap advertising tailors to their work women and men, and there is still reason to fear that the same system of "sweating," as it is called, prevails at this time. (1862.) | |
| 39 | Frightful Case of Stitch in the Side. —It was reported that the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER had his liveries made by one of the cheap tailors. | |
| 42 | Imposing Poses. —FEARGUS O'CONNOR. | |
| 48 | Isle of Dogs a Penal Settlement. —The Isle of Dogs is opposite Greenwich Hospital, and now principally occupied by the works of MESSRS. SILVER, the celebrated outfitters and gutta-percha manufacturers of Bishopsgate Street. It is called Silvertown. | |
| 48 | Clerical Conundrum. —PROFESSOR KELLER was a German posture-master, and introduced that very questionable exhibition, the " <i>Poses plastiques</i> ." | |
| 69 | The Worst of Taxes. —It is gratifying to know that MR. CHARLES KNIGHT lives to profit by his victory over the Exciseman (1862). | |
| 110 | Prospects of the Tunnel. —The Thames Tunnel—and the shareholders we fear have literally sunk their money in that undertaking. | |
| 113 | Mr. Finigan's Lament was occasioned by the rumour that the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was to be abolished. | |
| 115 | The Grecian Difficulty. See Introduction. | |
| 119 | A Spider of Westminster Hall. —The beautiful roof of this Hall is made of chestnut wood, but is generally thought to be of Irish oak, which is said to be inimical to those primitive weavers—spiders. | |
| 123 | Knife and Fork Exhibition at the Mansion House. —The LORD MAYOR invited all the provincial Mayors to dine at the Mansion House preparatory to the Great Exhibition of 1851. | |
| 144 | The Coming Animal is still in good health and spirits at the Royal Zoological Gardens (1862). | |
| | Street Luxury. — <i>Goffres</i> are (or were, for they have disappeared from the streets of London) large thin cakes made of batter. | |
| | A Juvenile Teacher on Education. —The initial W 172 has attached to it a machine called a Baby Jumper. It was an American invention to supersede nursing in the ordinary way, and found little patronage from English mothers. | |
| | The Whipper-in's Lament. —WILLIAM HOLMES, Esq., 172 M.P.—or BILLY HOLMES, as he was more generally called, was long the Tory whipper-in of the House of Commons, and was succeeded by LORD MARCUS HILL. MR. BRAND now discharges that responsible office (1862). | |
| | To Unlicensed Hawkers of Jokes. —MISS SELLON. 177 See A REMARKABLE MISNOMER. 190 | |
| | Maxims and Despatches, &c. —MR. WIDDICOMB has 179 been frequently referred to in preceding Volumes. | |
| | Mr. Bright and his Mill. —The condition of the journey- 193 men Bakers has improved very little. Poor fellows! (1862.) | |
| | The Political "Rouge et Noir" refers to the state 195 of France in 1850. | |
| | Removals and Promotions. —CHOWLER was a noisy protectionist farmer. CUFFEY was a violent Chartist shoemaker. | |
| | Resignation of Soyer. —ALEXIS SOYER was a noted man 204 in his day, and published many works upon Cookery. He was a good-natured fellow and rather a harmless charlatan. | |
| | The Barley-corn Plot. —CHOWLER and other "Pro- 205 tectionists" had been making very violent speeches. The DUKE OF RICHMOND, as leader of the party, is included in the group. | |
| | The Botany Bay for Artists. —The Octagon room was 208 a dark nook in the National Gallery, and formed a <i>limbo</i> for a few pictures at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. It exists no longer. | |
| | The Wofle New Ballad, &c. —MR. GILBERT A'BECKETT, 209 one of the Metropolitan Magistrates, has been mentioned in the Notes to a former Volume. | |
| | Palmerston the Mischievous Boy. —LORD PALMERSTON 217 was said at this time to be embroiling France and England. | |
| | Mr. Archer Ferrand was a rabid Protectionist and M.P. 219 | |
| | The Greatest British Subject. —DON PACIFICO. 220 | |
| | Field Marshal Punch on Epsom Downs, &c. —is a 236 parody on the celebrated picture of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the MARCHIONESS OF DOURO visiting Waterloo. | |
| | News for the Horse Marines. —The Hippopotamus on 242 its first arrival in England became the <i>rage</i> , and so continued for an entire London Season. | |
| | Master Jonathan tries to Smoke a Cuba. —See 243 244. | |
| | An Author's Cry of Agony. —Printers' messengers are 245 called printer's devils, from their "inky cloaks." | |
| | Carrying Coals to Newcastle. —When the Nepaulese 246 Princes visited England, a burlesque called the <i>Island of Jewels</i> was playing at the Olympic Theatre. | |

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1850.



January xxxi. days.

1 Th. Cyprian.
2 W. Walle born.
3 Th. Blair died.
4 F. [Blank, Ac.
5 S. [Blank, Ac.
6 S. Epiphany.
7 N. Plough Ma.
8 W. Fire Insur.
9 Th. R. E. M.
10 Th. R. E. M.
11 F. H. T. M.
12 S. C. T. beg.
13 S. 1st of May.
14 S. 1st of May.
15 Th. [Blank, Ac.
16 W. Battle of

February xxviii. days.

1 F. Phoca sh. a.
2 S. [Blank, Ac.
3 S. [Blank, Ac.
4 S. [Blank, Ac.
5 Th. C. F. 1st of Feb.
6 W. [Blank, Ac.
7 Th. [Blank, Ac.
8 F. [Blank, Ac.
9 S. [Blank, Ac.
10 S. [Blank, Ac.
11 S. [Blank, Ac.
12 Th. [Blank, Ac.
13 W. [Blank, Ac.
14 Th. [Blank, Ac.

March xxxi. days.

1 F. David.
2 S. [Blank, Ac.
3 S. [Blank, Ac.
4 S. [Blank, Ac.
5 Th. [Blank, Ac.
6 W. [Blank, Ac.
7 Th. [Blank, Ac.
8 F. [Blank, Ac.
9 S. [Blank, Ac.
10 S. [Blank, Ac.
11 S. [Blank, Ac.
12 Th. [Blank, Ac.
13 W. [Blank, Ac.
14 Th. [Blank, Ac.

April xxx. days.

1 M. Easter Mon.
2 Th. [Blank, Ac.
3 W. [Blank, Ac.
4 Th. [Blank, Ac.
5 F. [Blank, Ac.
6 S. [Blank, Ac.
7 S. [Blank, Ac.
8 Th. [Blank, Ac.
9 Th. [Blank, Ac.
10 W. [Blank, Ac.
11 Th. [Blank, Ac.
12 F. [Blank, Ac.
13 S. [Blank, Ac.
14 S. [Blank, Ac.
15 M. [Blank, Ac.

May xxxi. days.

1 W. [Blank, Ac.
2 Th. [Blank, Ac.
3 F. [Blank, Ac.
4 S. [Blank, Ac.
5 S. [Blank, Ac.
6 Th. [Blank, Ac.
7 Th. [Blank, Ac.
8 W. [Blank, Ac.
9 Th. [Blank, Ac.
10 F. [Blank, Ac.
11 S. [Blank, Ac.
12 S. [Blank, Ac.
13 Th. [Blank, Ac.
14 W. [Blank, Ac.
15 Th. [Blank, Ac.

June xxx. days.

1 S. [Blank, Ac.
2 M. [Blank, Ac.
3 Th. [Blank, Ac.
4 Th. [Blank, Ac.
5 F. [Blank, Ac.
6 S. [Blank, Ac.
7 S. [Blank, Ac.
8 Th. [Blank, Ac.
9 Th. [Blank, Ac.
10 W. [Blank, Ac.
11 Th. [Blank, Ac.
12 F. [Blank, Ac.
13 S. [Blank, Ac.
14 S. [Blank, Ac.
15 M. [Blank, Ac.

July xxxi. days.

1 M. [Blank, Ac.
2 Th. [Blank, Ac.
3 W. [Blank, Ac.
4 Th. [Blank, Ac.
5 F. [Blank, Ac.
6 S. [Blank, Ac.
7 S. [Blank, Ac.
8 Th. [Blank, Ac.
9 Th. [Blank, Ac.
10 W. [Blank, Ac.
11 Th. [Blank, Ac.
12 F. [Blank, Ac.
13 S. [Blank, Ac.
14 S. [Blank, Ac.
15 M. [Blank, Ac.

August xxxi. days.

1 Th. [Blank, Ac.
2 F. [Blank, Ac.
3 S. [Blank, Ac.
4 S. [Blank, Ac.
5 Th. [Blank, Ac.
6 Th. [Blank, Ac.
7 W. [Blank, Ac.
8 Th. [Blank, Ac.
9 Th. [Blank, Ac.
10 W. [Blank, Ac.
11 Th. [Blank, Ac.
12 F. [Blank, Ac.
13 S. [Blank, Ac.
14 S. [Blank, Ac.
15 M. [Blank, Ac.

September xxx. days.

1 S. [Blank, Ac.
2 M. [Blank, Ac.
3 Th. [Blank, Ac.
4 Th. [Blank, Ac.
5 F. [Blank, Ac.
6 S. [Blank, Ac.
7 S. [Blank, Ac.
8 Th. [Blank, Ac.
9 Th. [Blank, Ac.
10 W. [Blank, Ac.
11 Th. [Blank, Ac.
12 F. [Blank, Ac.
13 S. [Blank, Ac.
14 S. [Blank, Ac.
15 M. [Blank, Ac.

October xxxi. days.

1 Th. [Blank, Ac.
2 F. [Blank, Ac.
3 S. [Blank, Ac.
4 S. [Blank, Ac.
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November xxx. days.

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3 F. [Blank, Ac.
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December xxxi. days.

1 S. [Blank, Ac.
2 M. [Blank, Ac.
3 Th. [Blank, Ac.
4 Th. [Blank, Ac.
5 F. [Blank, Ac.
6 S. [Blank, Ac.
7 S. [Blank, Ac.
8 Th. [Blank, Ac.
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10 W. [Blank, Ac.
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14 S. [Blank, Ac.
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CALIFORNIAN GLOSSARY.

Californian.	English.
Dust-bin	A Pocket.
Dust-hole	A Sacramento Bank of issue.
Dust to Dust	Man, go and dig.
Dusty Bob	A Shilling's worth of Gold.
'Ow dust you	What are you worth?
Flying Dustman	A Spendthrift.
To dust a jacket	To lace a coat.
Devil's Dust	Money.
Kicking up a Dust	Spending your Money freely.
Dig-nity	Getting Money.
In-Dig-nity	Not getting Money.
Spade-husbandry	Digging Gold and keeping it.
Poor	Having plenty of Gold, but nothing to buy with it.

CALIFORNIAN MEASURES.

One inch given	= One ell taken.
One foot of digging	= Two inches of a bowle knife.
One summary measure	= One Indian tribe massacred.

PLANETARY INTELLIGENCE.—There will be visible frequently in the neighbourhood of Smithfield a collision between *Taurus* (the Bull) and *Gemini* (the Twins), by which the *Gemini* will be thrown into the *Libra* (or Scales). The Dog-star, in a state of hydrophobic rabies, will rush away from *Aquarius* (or the Watering-pot); and the *Virgo* (or Maiden lady) will become a falling star, and drop to the ground suddenly.

TO GAME PRESERVERS.—On the 14th of February give your gamekeepers a holiday; for, on this day, the feathered tribes pair; so that the poachers will not be able to destroy a single bird.

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.—Nothing in England carries so much suspicion upon the very face of it as—a moustache.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.—Among the Eclipses for the year 1850 we must not omit to notice the total Eclipse of the Sun, which occurs every day in the Vernon Gallery.

MEMS. FOR PAYERS OF ASSESSED TAXES.

TAX ON BUTCHERS' HORSES.—Always having to trot ten miles an hour, and to go hardest over the stones.

ON HORSES NOT EXCEEDING 13 HANDS HIGH.—Having to drag a four-wheeled chaise, with a stout gent, his stout wife, and four healthy children.

ON CARRIAGES.—If the tax on a carriage be £5 5s., and the tax on "every additional body used on same carriage" be £3 3s., required the tax payable on a Hackney-coach, with sixteen additional bodies on the roof.

ON SERVANT-MEN.—Masters have to pay for one, £1: 4s.—N.B. This does not include breakage, beer, or board wages.

FOR EVERY WAITER IN ANY TAVERN OR EATING-HOUSE.—One penny per meal, if you wish to be looked upon as a gent.; or all your loose coppers, if you wish to be considered a gentleman.



"DID YOU WANT YER DOOR SWEEP, MARM?"

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

TIME.—Depends on the Railway. To ascertain it on the South-Eastern or North Kent Line, you must go to every station and wait till a train comes.

CHILDREN.—Children under 10 years of age charged half fare, which is not half fair, when they're big for their age. Infants in arms may not be strangled, though every one travelling out of town in their company is certain "to go to the country with a good cry,"—as recommended by Mr. Disraeli.

SMOKING.—Not allowed, from obvious motives; except to the locomotives and the axle-boxes.

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Are generally their own masters and yours into the bargain. A book is kept for complaints, called the Station Book, because, though complaints be entered in it, they very seldom get out but remain stationary.

LOGGAGE.—The best adhesive label you can use is to stick to it yourself.

RAILWAY COS.—Why are all English Railway Directors French Railway Shareholders? Because they all always take a Lyons share.

THE YOUNG CUCKOO A CRICKETER.—Fact; for the old Cuckoo lays her egg in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and the young one, soon after it is hatched, bowls the young hedge-sparrows out.

HIGH AND LOW WATER.—It will be low water at the Charing Cross Fountains when it is high water at the adjoining Baths and Washhouses.

A BLACK SERPENT.—That accomplished young vocalist, JETTY TREFFS, takes a trip to America; and the Yankees won't go and hear her on account of her Christian name.

Fire Insurance must be Paid Today (Jan. 8).—Better not. Be burnt out like a man, and trust to friends.

Good Wishes for January.—May you ne'er want a friend, and a barrel of oysters to give him.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF A COOK.—Divide the services rendered by the wages paid; deduct the kitchen stuff, subtract the cold meat by finding how often three policemen will go into one area, and the quotient will help you to the result.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF A FRIEND.—Ask him to put his name to a Bill.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF TIME.—Travel by a Bayswater Omnibus.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF EAU DE COLOGNE.—Walk into Smithfield Market.

TO FIND THE VALUE OF PATIENCE.—Consult Bradshaw's Guide to ascertain the time of starting of a Railway Train.

FIGHT TO COME OFF IN FEBRUARY.—The mill between Spring and Winter will take place this month. It is expected that Old Slew will show play; but the odds are ten to one on the Verdant Youth.

DOMESTIC SANITARY REGULATIONS.



CALIFORNIA. THE LATEST FROM THE "DIGGINS."



LADY DAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

I SHALL come into the world—full-grown—on the 25th of March. It is by no means improbable that my disposition may partake both of the Lion and the Lamb; my voice, something between a roar and a bleat. All my ancestry—from the first LADY DAY that smiled on LADY EVE—has been romping and boydenish; sweeping and bounding about the earth like a jolly fat girl in a drawing-room. Be not surprised, if you see me lay hold of the trees, and give them a lusty shaking—all for their good: to stir the blood in their veins, and make it circulate, and burst into green life. And further, should you hear me rattling at your window, or—if more boisterously given—should see me playing with and pitching tiles, like quoits, from the house-top,—take it all in good part, as of no mischief meant, but as proof of my vigorous lustilhood. With my loud, clear voice, I may wake millions of things from their winter-sleep: shake the drowsy bat in the church loft; call back birds from over the sea; cry out to the rooks to mend their nests; and, kissing the waters, startle the fish, quickening them with my breath. And, if you have an eye and a heart for such matters, you will see me sporting with the young lambs; and blowing gently amid their white, tender wool; and now giving them a rouse that makes them leap from the earth, frolicking with LADY DAY. And more; whispering about the hives, you may hear me calling out the bees to come to the banquet of spring flowers, that LADY DAY wears in her hair, and holds in brimming baunches in her hands: snowdrops, violets, with tulips that glance fire even into the heart of a Dutchman. My roughest singing is full of promise; a promise of fruit and blessed corn. So learn this moral from LADY DAY:—even in the voice of a tempest to hear the accents of hope; in the roar of a hurricane to have faith in gentle airs and pleasant sunshine.

CALIFORNIAN MAXIMS AND PROVERBS.

Spades are trumps.
The more dirt you handle, the more gold sticks to your fingers.
Capital of the United States, Washington. Proposed Capital of California, Gold-washing-town.
Such is the want of houses for the gold diggers, that it is proposed to change the name of the auriferous region from El Dorado to El Out o' Door-ato.

HOW TO FIND HIGH-WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE.

Draw a tumbler of Thames water from your own cistern. If dogs' hairs float at the top, it is high water. If sticklebacks sink to the bottom, it is low.

What sanitary measure is the City likely to give us? Short.

Costume for Sewer Commissioners.—A flushing jacket.

SONG OF THE CALIFORNIAN EMIGRANT.
"My Lodging is on the Gold Ground."

A DINNER JOKE.

Shred an old Joe Miller, and garnish with some of your own sauce. Serve up as cool as you possibly can, and dash for the next day if opportunity offers.

Holidays kept at the Public Offices.—From 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. on week days, and—of course—all days on Sundays.

How to learn the Moon's Age.—When, like a good-natured spinster, she makes light of it.

A Bed without a Bedstead.—The bed of the Sacramento.

The Californian Arms.—Bowle knives, rifles, and revolving pistols proper, with Yankees rampant gules, on a field or.

To Restore Stale Bread.—Request the cook's "cousin," the charwoman, and the policeman, to bring it back again.

Errors of Astrologers.—Inferring moonshine from the aspects of the stars.

What are Mr. H. TAYLOR's opinions on Sanitary Measures? Insanitary.

Nice Board Wages.—The Admiralty Board has £136,303 a year.



SMITHFIELD.



MIDSUMMER'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE world may safely reckon upon my birth on the 24th of June. This year I propose to enjoy myself—to make up for the pinchings that my elder brothers, MASTERS MIDSUMMER FORTY-EIGHT and FORTY-NINE—(poor fellows!)—suffered at the hands of men; having nowhere to recreate, and no money to spend. Therefore, gentle friend, expect me, on the 24th, to look in at your window—which pray leave open—with a gracious smile, and a delicious whiff of flowers. I shall then observe,—“Arise, my friend, and come forth—taking the arm of MIDSUMMER. Let us away to Covent Garden, and consider the peas in their sweetness, the strawberries in their glory. Let us pluck our roses while we may; eat our whitebait while we have health and strength; and quaff our modest glass of hock with the pleasant hour as it passes. And so wander with the wife of your bosom, or the wife that is to be, sipping from flower to flower, and be the ice at GRAINGOR’s the only coldness that shall ever come between ye. And as Crab is the zodiacal genius of my birth, so do proper homage to the sign, by sacrificing to a Lobster at the supper hearth. And then come with MIDSUMMER into his fields, and take pleasure and gather wisdom from what MIDSUMMER there hath done for you. Listen to the cuckoo, and take heed how you do nought but talk of yourself; behold the grasshopper, how merrily he sings and vaults, because he has no thick blood in him. See the millions of flowers that smile upon you, and—dropping on a haycock, a throne for AROLLO—consider what a beautiful world is above you, and about you; and take heed you do your best to be worthy of the goodness that abounds in it, and is heaped in all places.”

DIRECTIONS TO MAKE A WILL.

Take a light dinner, with three-fourths of a bottle of sound genial port to open the pores of the heart. Cut all your animosities off with a shilling. If, however, you have a design against the artist who painted your portrait, you will bequeath it to the National Gallery. To insure society to your widow, only leave her your fortune on express condition that she marries again. After this, should she prefer poverty, the compliment will be doubly valuable. Should you have a grudge against any particular parish, leave a leg of mutton and trimmings to be rung for three times a week at all the churches.—N.B. If you make your will yourself, make it short and straight-forward, like the words on a finger-post. Don’t imitate legal phraseology. You can’t go in a roundabout, like the lawyers, without meaning something—and the something may be fatal.

A CON. FOR THE CORPORATION.

Why are the Corporation, opponents of Baths and Washhouses, inconsistent with themselves? Because, though they are not Bath chaps, they are pig-headed.

DANGEROUS DEALINGS.

A Smithfield bargain is necessarily a gambling transaction, since it always involves risking the chance of a toss-up.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

Smithfield, once celebrated for the firmness of its Martyrs, is now equally renowned for the obstinacy of its Cattle-mart-ers.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT IN AN OMNIBUS.

Take a bull-dog in with you; or a couple of babies; or produce a pistol, and quietly cock it; or take the *Hue and Cry* out of your pocket, and as you read it, look most intently at the features of every person in the omnibus.

An Obvious Truism.—If there were no beasts there would be no Smithfield.

May 22nd. Quakers swarm in the Metropolis.—The beadle of Exeter-Hall is mistaken by Arcadians for the Lord Mayor of London.

Characteristics of a Nobleman.—The elegance of his carriage, and the loftiness of his gate.

Animals admitted to the Opera.—Puppies and white kids.



THE ROAD SIDE ON THE DERBY DAY.



A "DRAG" FULL OF GUARDSMEN IS SUPPOSED TO BE PASSING.

MILD WEATHER INSURANCE.—If the Weather Office belonged to Government, whom ought Lord John Russell to appoint for its director? FATHER MATTHEW, to keep the weather temperate.

ADVICE TO SPONGERS.—The uninvited guest, who "drops in" the thirteenth to dinner, may make up his mind to the following catastrophe; that either the mistress of the house, or himself, is sure to be put out, and perhaps both.

THE LIONS IN MAY

Among the attractions afforded by London to country visitors was formerly the menagerie at Exeter Change. This has long been done away with; but those who like wild-beast shows may still go and hear the live lions roar at the No-Popery Meeting at Exeter Hall.

ENIGMA FOR POLITICIANS.

Why is a glass of good Port like a Protectionist party? Because it has a body without a head.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

White-bait now make their appearance at Greenwich and Blackwall.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR SUPPER.

The Aunt that has providently heaped together her store for the winter will repay attention.

INNOCENT VICTIM.

Hung beef. When is a railway train like a farce at the Adelphi? When it's all right (Wrought).

THE HONEYMOON.



AUGUSTUS MAKES THE TEA FOR THE FIRST MONTH OF HIS MARRIAGE.

TO MAKE PIGEONS LAY.

An infallible plan for getting pigeons to lay, is giving them plenty of Champagne at Epsom on the Derby-day.

LADIES OF ENGLAND, ANSWER THIS.

If the man is a wretch who hits his hand against a woman, what must the woman be who raises the hairbrush against a man—and that man her husband?

"THAT'S YOUR TICKET."

Etiquette, in the dialect of cheap, tremendous-sacrificing, concertos, means "a ticket;"—thus, to charge inside just double of what is marked on a ticket outside, is what they call their "code of etiquette."

THE FEAST OF VISION.

The flowers in June, being in their richest bloom, afford the eye a magnificent blow-out.

New Theory of Saturn and his Brit.—The Star and Garter.

THE SCOTTISH FETE IN HOLLAND PARK.



HINTS ABOUT FIRE.

ALWAYS use "Safety Lucifers," as they invariably tumble out of the box. Remember the proverb, "It never smokes (in bed) but there's a fire." If you wish to be comfortable, never retire for the night till you've smelt all over the house, nearly smothered your family by throwing water on the fires, made every body go to bed without candles, knotted your sheets into a fire escape, and thrown your feather bed and pillows into the street, to fall upon in case you should have to jump out of the window.

Practise climbing out of your top windows over the parapet on to your roof, from time to time, as the accomplishment will come useful in case of emergency. Also practise descending by your sheets, in your night shirt, taking care to avoid the area rails, and choosing a time when the streets are not crowded. Request the policeman to knock you up frequently, that you may acquire the habit of waking on his signal, and have the engines brought and exercised in front of your house, from time to time, that they may become familiar with the premises in case of fire.

SPORT FOR LADIES.

The Duchess of A. bets the Countess of B. that she will drive to thirty different shops, and purchase fifty different articles, choose twenty several patterns, eat two ices and a jelly, make a dozen morning calls, and pick up a story at each, dine, dress, and go to the Opera, in seven hours fifty-nine minutes.—*Belle's Life in London.*

THE JULY WARBLER.

The feathery choir is now nearly silent; but the whistle of the mud-lark is still heard on the banks of the Thames. He may be seen at low water, searching about for what he can pick up; and his pipe, though strong, is not unpleasant.

The True Dog-Days.—The time of life at which too many of us were puppies.

TO JOLLY GARDENERS.

The Rum Shrub, which is one of the most agreeable shrubs in the shrubbery, requires no watering all the year round. In due time it produces a plentiful crop of grog-blossoms.

The Highland Reel—Is performed in the finest style by the natives of Glenlivet, after an over-copious indulgence in the whiskey of that ilk.

Which of their towns did the Scotchmen leave unrepresented at the National fete? They all came without Brechin (broochin).

Cutting Capers—Are likely to be performed by gentlemen who rashly attempt the sword dance.

An Extraordinary Husband.—A man who never once in his life beat his wife, except at cribbage.

MAN'S LAST FRIEND IS THE TAX-GATHERER.

HIS wife may leave him, his family disown him, his children run away from him, his best friends and worst acquaintances avoid him, but the Tax-gatherer follows him wherever he goes, even to the grave. It must be most flattering to an Englishman's pride, that, poor as he may be, he has always one friend that takes care of him, and who will call without the smallest ceremony and share his last penny loaf. Solitude and selfishness cannot exist in England, for no man can live independent of the Tax-gatherer. His existence is a partnership drawn up for life, between the Government and himself, in which the former takes what it likes, and the latter gives more than he likes. In short, every Englishman may be said to possess two shadows—his own genuine, true-born shadow, and the Government presentation shadow; but there is this difference between the two, that, whereas his own shadow merely walks after him, the Government shadow walks into him if it is not paid the moment it runs after him.



TOURISTS UPON THE CONTINENT IN THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS.



MICHAELMAS DAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

ON the 29th of September, I shall descend upon the world—upon the back of a fine fat stubble goose. The goose I shall fly in at the kitchen window, offering the bird as sacrifice to the fireside gods. You will be sure to invite a chosen few—or not a few, according to the circumference of the mahogany, (I dote on a round dinner-table)—to keep the Birth-day of MICHAELMAS. The house will, at an early hour, smell like a Pagan altar with odoriferous herbs and squills. You will after dinner give the Immortal Memory of QUEEN ELIZABETH, as she appeared at Tilbury Fort, preparatory to the cooking of the goose of the Spaniards. You will then, if your Port be particularly good, in a neat speech, give the British Constitution, requesting the company to be so good as to remember what they have escaped by the destruction of the Dons. How, at this minute, they might be able to talk nothing better than Castilian; how Sherry might have defeated Barleycorn; how the national hornpipe might have given place to the fandango, and the graceful and no less equivocal paletot for ladies have been laid upon the shelf by the odious mantilla. How Spanish flies might have blown in our larders, to the destruction of the English blue-bottle; how the sweet freedom of Exeter Hall might have knelt to the tyranny of the Inquisition; and even decent Smithfield been turned into a place for bull-fights. That you have escaped all these national horrors, you owe to the tutelary genius of England, strong in a certain Michaelmas. Tax-gatherers might have levied with the thumb-screw, and the water-rate been enforced by the strapado. DON NARVAEZ might have been Jack of the Red Box at the Foreign Office, vice VISCOUNT PALMERSTON nowhere, and the English 3 per cents been only a shade higher than Spanish Bonds. That all this is all otherwise, you will thank the spirit of English MICHAELMAS, and drink his lusty health, and in his honour, roast Spanish chestnuts accordingly.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS.

When a child is born, it is necessary, within 42 days, to give notice to god-fathers and godmothers, what name or names the blessed infant is to bear, that the initials may be duly registered in the silver mug expected.

BREAKFAST ABROAD.

On some fine morning, the city which you reside in undergoing a siege, you ring for your egg and toast; instead of which there comes a shell and a roll of musketry.

ALLOWANCE TO WITNESSES.

For a witness who gets confused under the bullying of a counsel.—No allowance.

For a witness who tells the truth to the damage of his own side.—Monkey's allowance.

For a witness who goes any length for those who call him.—Every allowance.

How to Find "Mean" Time.—Learn of Molly, the maid, the time of dinner, and always drop in at the exact moment.

THE CLIMATE OF THE CONTINENT.

It has lately been the complaint of valetudinarians, who have gone abroad for the benefit of their health, that, betake themselves where they would, they suffered from convulsions.

CONS. FROM THE CONTINENTAL TROUBLES.

Why was it unfair to make the Socialists walk from New Orleans to Icaria? Because they had paid their money to Cab it (CABET).

P—s, the brewer, meeting the Porz, asked his Holiness what he (P—s) could do that he (the Porz) couldn't. The Porz gave it up. "You can't get into the Vat-I-can," rejoined P—s with a witty smile.

Why are the Pope and his people unlikely to agree? Because they differ on Cardinal points.

Tenancy.—If you determine to move your goods by moonlight, it may perhaps be desirable, for the satisfaction of the policeman, to have about you the receipt for the rent for the expired quarter.



HOW TO MAKE LIFE EMINENTLY DISAGREEABLE

(By a strong-minded Married Woman).

Always provide for everything beforehand. As things are sure to turn out differently from what you have arranged, this will familiarise you with disappointment.

Always go back upon a mistake or a misfortune, and so take the opportunity of proving how much better things would have been if something had been done that hasn't.

Never give way in trifles, as there is no saying how soon you may be called upon to give way in matters of more importance.

Never dress for your husband, which will teach him to value you for your gifts of mind, not your attractions of person.

Never give expression to your affections, as there is no saying how soon they may alter, and you may thus be guilty of great inconsistency.

Never consult the taste of your husband, or he will in time come to look on his house as a Club, where all is comfort and self-indulgence.

SENTIMENT IN SPRING.—The solitary rambler will now observe that the meadows, after the vernal showers, are adorned with the ranunculus or bachelor's button; and will wish he could say the same of his shirts when they come home from the wash.

TYPOGRAPHICAL EARTHQUAKE

Last year a severe shock of an earthquake was felt on the extensive grounds of the English Language, which trembled to that excess in consequence, that it nearly lost all its parts of speech, and for weeks could hardly articulate. The shock was the most severe in the Strand, on a small spot occupied by the office of the *Phonetic Nua*. ("Pece 2 is haches!") Every dictionary was turned topsy-turvy, and words were found wanting to express the consternation that was experienced on reading the newspaper that was published soon after the earthquake. Not a syllable had been left standing in its proper place; broken nouns and damaged adjectives were strewn about in every direction; verbs were knocked into the most disfigured mass of verbiage; indefinite articles were rendered still more indefinite; and prepositions, participles, and pronouns lay in such a preposterous heap of unpronounceable rubbish, that it would have puzzled any lexicographic cornerer to have pronounced a single sentence upon them.

WISHING THEM MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

We see that Tobacco is to be included amongst the provisions to be sent out to Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. We hope Government will not forget to send him, for the good omen of the thing, a liberal quantity of *short cut* and *refugees*, so that Sir JOHN may soon "pipe all hands" cheerily for England.

THE TRIUMPH OF GOOD HUMOUR.—Waiting whilst a stuttering man gets through the word "p-p-p-p-pre-p-p-p-pos-s-s-s-s-t-t-t-t-terious."

THE TRIAL-FOR-MURDER MANIA.



"ALL IN! ALL IN! WALK UP, LADIES!—JUST A GOING TO BEGIN! NONE OF YOUR SHAMS HERE, BUT REAL BULLET-HEADED MURDERERS! ALL IN! ALL IN!"

A FEW GOLDEN RULES TRANSMUTED INTO BRASS.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for a trifle which you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it, if you would make the most of your means.
4. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

THE DRAGON RULE.

1. Put off till to-morrow the dun who won't be done to-day.
2. When another would trouble you for a trifle, never trouble yourself.
3. Spend your money before you have it; and when you have it, spend it again, for by so doing you enjoy your means twice, instead of only once.
4. You have only to do a Creditor willingly, and he will never be troublesome.

A DIFFERENCE OF AGES

Man has Seven Ages, Woman has but Two—the age of twenty, and the age of thirty-nine. A woman who had lived *beyond the age of forty* would be immortalised throughout the world as a female OLO PAPA, and would make the fortune of several quacks, by bequeathing her name to a Life Pill, to be used, of course, *only by gentlemen*, for women; it is well known, have a decided objection against growing old; and if they took a Life Pill at all, it would be due to make them grow younger and not older.

PRESERVE OF MIND IN PRESENTS.

Every present should have a hidden meaning in it; for instance, if a gentleman is desperately in love with a young lady, he cannot do better than give her a foot-muff, as it implies, in the openest manner, that he is a muff always ready to lie at her feet; and if a young lady is dying to be married to a young gentleman, she can tell him so in the most flattering, insinuating way, by giving him a most beautiful embroidered slipper—in mind, only one, as it is the very oddness of the present which confuses to him that, to complete the happy pair, he alone can supply the handsome *fellow*.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO COMMENCE HOUSEKEEPING.—Of all housekeepers there is not one that will keep a house longer than the Court of Chancery. It will keep it for a hundred years, and, at the end of that period, the house will be so thoroughly cleaned out, and swept from top to bottom, that no one shall know it to be the same.

KERRINGTON GARDENING OPERATIONS.—Mothers should prepare for the season, by planting out delicate off-shoots with a view to grafting on to young sprigs. For the purpose of grafting, it is better to select the older branches, which should be nailed with care.

LICENSES.—A marriage license costs five pounds, and a pawnbroker's license costs fifteen. It has never yet been decided by the law authorities, whether a marriage license may be dispensed with in cases where a pawnbroker's license has been obtained; the latter, perhaps, conferring the power of pledging one's vows, and popping the question.

SANITARY AND INSANITARY MATTERS.



CHRISTMAS DAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE 25th of December you will hold in especial honour. As early as 4 a. m. I—CHRISTMAS—shall expect to be greeted by the "wobbling" of the pudding in the boiler, whilst all sorts of delicious odours will steal even through the key-holes, making sweet the out-door air. At early light, the Robin Redbreast—the unpaid Christmas minstrel—shall whistle you a blithe and jolly song! Your house will, I know, be green as a bower with holly. Holly that typifies green spirits and red hearts. You will make the poor's-box at church rattle rejoicingly; you will call up smiles and thanks from astonished crossing-sweepers. You will carve your turkey with a fearless hand, for you have subscribed a goose—a piece of beef or so—to the table of your poorer neighbours. You will help yourself twice to pudding, for have you not made at least one pudding smoke elsewhere? You will let your eye rejoice in the beeswing of "that particular port," for you have warmed the toes and noses of at least a few old folk, with some humming ale. And in this way you will double every enjoyment of the Birth-day of CHRISTMAS, by enjoying the enjoyments you have bestowed upon others. At this season let not the high forget the low. Let the Head of Gold bear in special memory the Feet of Clay.

HINTS ABOUT FIRE.

In case of fire, whatever may be the heat of the moment, keep cool; let nothing put you out, but find something to put out the fire; keep yourself collected, and then collect your family. After putting on your shoes and stockings, call out for pumps and hose to the firemen. Don't think about saving your watch and rings, for while you stand wringing your hands, you may be neglecting the turncock, who is a jewel of the first water at such a moment. Bid him with all your might turn on the main.

WISE SAWS BY AN OLD FILE.

Coal is the real philosopher's stone. It is the ballast of the good ship *Britannia*, which would be assuredly scuttled without it.

The true glory of England consists in her coal, and alas! how much of it, like other kinds of glory, is destined to end in smoke.

RAG FAIR.

It is a puzzle to know why the Lord Mayor's Procession is still continued every month of November, for its excessively seedy state quite rips up the old excuse that it is done merely "for the show of the thing."

How to Procure Golden Dreams at Will.—Take a rock in a Californian "cradle."

CALUMNIATED CREATURES.

The pig is generally accounted the emblem of all that is dirty; yet it is a severe hardship to this interesting animal to be deprived of his wash; and the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, may be said of the London Alderman.

TAVERN WINE MEASURE.

2 Sips	make	1 Glass.
2 Glasses	.	1 Pint.
1 Pint	makes	1 Quart Bottle
1 Bottle		One Ill.

Good Wishes for Christmas.—May the overnight face over the punch-bowl bear the morning's reflection in the looking-glass.

The Least Objectionable Soup for Cannibals.—A Broth of a Boy.

What nation was most prominent in the Continental troubles? Hallucination.

To make Tea go further than usual.—When you put the water to your tea, add a spoonful of the best Gunpowder into the pot, and having set a light to it, you will find your tea go a great deal further than you expected.

Habit of the Ground Beetle.—To creep into the coffee-mill.

A new Reading of an old Request to John O'Connell.—"Shut up your (sgt) tator trap."



EMERSON.—The ordinary almanacks state that there will be two eclipses in the course of the year 1850, but we beg to announce that there will be a third, for during the whole of the year 1850 *Mister Punch* will be found eclipsing all he has done hitherto.

FOURTS OR FORTYFOUR.—Is a pin a day is a great a-year, we ought, a fortnight, to have a sharp eye on every needle. The rule that a stitch in time saves nine, must be intended to apply chiefly to crocheted work, where the stitches will, probably, be in time; for every crocheted is equal to two quavers.

MADE WINE.—A serviceable Claret may be made with a glass of Port and a jump of sugar, thrown rapidly into a pint of water, and flavoured with a few drops of vinegar. If the wine is objected to, a small glass of brandy will give it body, and an extra jump of sugar will convert it into a faithful Bordeaux of an average quality.

THE SILENT SYSTEM.—The Silent System is at all times most difficult to enforce with ladies, but in many places it would be downright madness to suppose that it can ever be carried out; for instance, in Scotland, how could you possibly prevent there the *Deers-talking*!

DUTY ON AGREEMENTS.—There is a duty of £1 on an agreement or not more than 1080 words, but disagreements have many more words and go to much greater lengths, so that they are often very costly to the parties concerned. The duty in these cases is to avoid them as much as possible.

GRAND PAS DES PATINEURS.



A FARE-RECHERCHER COMPARISON.—The sense of the saying, "Jolly as a snail," may puzzle the rational inquirer, and he will have to go some way to find out; but if he wishes to understand the peculiar jollity of the snail, he should see him at work on the sand of California.

LEGAL HINTS.—When your lawyer tells you that you can maintain an action, he frequently has no other object than that you should assist in maintaining him. Under the Registration Act, it is not necessary to register a Berth under Government.

INEQUALITY OF TAXES.—The duty on a pack of hounds is thirty-six pounds, but on a pack of cards it is only eighteen-pence.

TO FIND THE TIME OF SUNRISE.—The time of sunrise depends upon the latitude, and if you allow yourself too much latitude in lying in bed in the morning, you will never find the time of sunrise at all. A visit to a ball, where the dancing is kept up with the utmost latitude, will be most likely to introduce you to the exact hour of sunrise.

SPEAKING BY THE CARD.—There are wisacres who pretend to read your character in your hand, but card-players must puzzle them, as it is well known that, in gambling, the best hands are held by the worst characters, or rather by persons of no character at all.



OUR FEMALE SUPERNUMERARIES. IN A SERIES OF VIEWS.

THE COMMERCIAL VIEW.—The muslin home-market is in a state of extreme depression. The supply greatly exceeds the demand, and the article is a mere drug. Hands can scarcely command a purchaser, and the inquiries for hearts are very few. Sempstresses are quoted at lamentably reduced figures, and domestic servants, at no time particularly brisk, are now duller than ever. The colonial trade in this description of goods, however, is still lively, they being especially in request in Australia, whither some shipments of them have been already consigned; and it is to be hoped that every facility will be given to their continued exportation.

THE CYNICAL VIEW.—Wherever there is mischief, women are sure to be at the bottom of it. The state of the country bears out this old saying. All our difficulties arise from a superabundance of females. The only remedy for this evil is to pack up bag and baggage, and start them away.

THE ALARMIST VIEW.—If the surplus female population with which we are overrun increases much more, we shall be eaten up with women. What used to be our better half will soon become our worse nine-tenths; a numerical majority which it will be vain to contend with, and which will reduce our free and glorious constitution to that most degrading of all despotisms, a petticoat government.

THE DOMESTIC VIEW.—The daughters of England are too numerous, and if their Mother cannot otherwise get them off her hands, she must send them abroad into the world.

THE SCHOLASTIC VIEW.—The country is fast losing its masculine character, and becoming daily more feminine. Measures must be taken for restoring the balance of gender, or there will soon be no such property as *propria quæ maribus* in Great Britain, and not a stiver shall we have to bless ourselves with of *es in presenti*.

THE NATURALIST'S VIEW.—On the Cockney Sportsman's game-list there is a little bird called commonly the chaffinch; by Hampshire youth, the chink; and by LINNÆUS, *Fringilla cælebs*. LINNÆUS was a Swede, and called the chaffinch *cælebs*, because in Sweden and other northern countries, in winter, the females migrate, and leave the males bachelors. It is to be wished that our own redundant females were far enough north to take wing, like the hen-chaffinch.

OUR OWN VIEW.—It is lamentable that thousands of poor girls should starve here upon slops, working for slopsellers, and only not dying old maids because dying young, when stalwart mates and solid meals might be found for all in Australia. Doubtless, they would fly as fast as the Swedish hen-chaffinches—if only they had the means of flying. It remains with the Government and the country to find them wings.

A Glorious Resolve.

An important resolution has just been come to by the Corporation of Rochester, whose members, we are told by the public press, have "determined to wear appropriate costume on all future public occasions." There must be some very determined characters among the Corporation of Rochester, for it requires no little determination in these days to resume the masquerade dresses of a Mayor and Alderman, after it has once been agreed to abandon them. It is rare, indeed, that we find persons desirous of hugging their chains, even though they be of an Aldermanic character.

The Dignity of Coal.

THE *New York Enquirer* says of the "Negro Emperor," that "his colour is the most thorough coal-black." Can this personage be identical with our ancient friend, KING COAL? If so, we hope His Majesty will keep up his famous concerts with renewed spirit, and that the merry old soul, with his fiddlers and trumpeters, will be merrier than ever, now that he has been promoted to be Emperor. COAL will make as good an Emperor, no doubt, as anybody, in the face of his complexion: and, notwithstanding the cold weather, we rejoice at this rise of COAL.

TRAPS AND RATTLE TRAPS.

THERE must be something quite Hindooish in the constitution of the British female of our own day, for in spite of every warning she is continually rushing to the alarming sacrifice. Directly a linen-draper raises the alarm, and intimates to the public an extensive smash or crash, the British female runs forward to be smashed or crashed, as the case may be, and to implicate herself in the meshes of some ruinous and tremendous failure. The Linendrapery Juggernaut has an uninterrupted stream of female victims throwing themselves constantly beneath it, and we can scarcely pity them, when, having voluntarily placed themselves in the power of the victimiser, they find their retreat rudely cut off, and their escape impossible.

All sorts of expedients are now adopted to prevent the departure of a fair captive, who has once been tempted within the cheap linen-draper's establishment, to which the cave of the forty thieves affords a fit companion. Steps are drawn across the door to bar her egress, and an unrestricted opening of the purse is the only "Open Sesame," which will set her again at liberty. We begin to see the drift of those remarkable contrivances for shutting up a shop entrance by means of a sort of blind formed of iron bars, which, upon being let down, would at once convert the establishment into a trap, in which the customer remains caged until the ransom is paid under the nominal guise of purchases.

We recommend the British female to avoid every puffing concern where these prison-like arrangements are in use, or she may find herself detained against her will until she submits to be alarmingly sacrificed.

THREE BUTCHERS' BRIDE

A LADY, residing in Aldgate, writes a letter to the *Times* in defence of the high charges of butchers, on the plea of the hardships endured by that class of persons. "I have been," says this good lady, "a butcher's wife on and off for the last 26 years"—a piece of information which she explains by stating:—

"I have had three husbands all butchers, and my last died only six months ago."

Nevertheless, she asks

"How would my lady customers like their husbands to come to bed at 1 o'clock, smelling of beef or mutton suet, and other things too delicate to mention?"

Considering that the worthy widow has had a threefold experience of such husbands, we must say she appears to have been singularly wedded to butchers.

The Experiment of Lodging-Houses.

PUNCH hails with all his heart the opening of the lodging-house for 234 single men in Spitalfields. He sincerely hopes that the success of the establishment, as regards the single, will lead to its wider application to the married. He supposes it was tried on first with the bachelors—whom certainly it has proved to fit—in accordance with the maxim—"Fiat experimentum in corpore vili."

OUR SIXTEENTH OF MRAT.—Just to show how impartially we can view either side of a question, we will say that in the case of BULL versus BUTCHER, MR. BULL is acting very like *Sisyphus*—determined to have his pound of flesh for his money.



"OUR WASHERWOMAN!"

[The interests of society demand the insertion of the subjoined letter].

"Oh, MR. PUNCH!

"Talk of undertakers' charges! Talk of butchers' and bakers' bills! Well—Christmas is the time for making a to-do about them, certainly. But of all the expense and ruination to families, there's nothing comes near the wickedness there is in washing. Here, I came up a month ago, next Wednesday, to keep house for AUGUSTUS, who I hope and trust will succeed in his profession, and in his poor Uncle's time, when he lived in the Cottage, having none of our own, we considered him as such, and used to wash him in the country. I know he'll never forget his poor Aunt, and how nice his things used to be sent him, without speck or spot, as white and as sweet as lilies, without a rumple or a crease, and not a button off any of them. So, when I got here, I took and looked over his linen, when lo, and behold you, it was all shreds and fribbits, the pleats of the shirt-fronts all up, the gussets unripped, the backs all in holes, and the rest as rotten as a pear; and his sheets the same, and his night-gowns, and night-caps, and his doileys, fit for nothing but to make tinder of, and that is no use now they have those dangerous congreves. His best silk handkerchiefs I bought myself, and gave five shillings a-piece for, worn to rags, worse than old dusters; his drawers and under-waistcoats, fine merino, patched all over with calico, and his poor toes coming through his socks. 'Gracious goodness! AUGUSTUS,' I said, 'how you have been wearing out your things.' 'Well,' he says, 'Aunt, I don't know how it is.' 'Well,' said I, 'it's very strange.' But I soon found out the reason. Not more than twice had I sent my own things to the wash, when home they came; my frills that I had only just made up myself; my capes and collars bran new; my shimmysetts, and everything in jags and tatters. Shameful! Shocking! Scandalous! My linendraper's bill had just come in, five pounds ten and sixpence-halfpenny, if a farthing; and all my nice things spoiled. Abominable! You may suppose I gave our Washerwoman a pretty talking to; but what do you think I found out? I said to her * * * [We are under the necessity of slightly curtailing the conversation.—ED.] * * * and she said * * * and then says JANE * * * and so * * * AND I FOUND IT WAS ALL BECAUSE THEY USE BLEACHING POWDER! Yes, Mr. Punch; that is what the nasty lazy old creatures do to save trouble. They might as well steep things in vitriol, or put them into the fire to be cleaned, as I have heard is done with clothes made out of asbestos. This is how my beautiful aprons, every one, and all AUGUSTUS's table-cloths, and each bit of under-clothing we have either of us got, have all been ruined. Besides, the bleaching only whitens the dirt—doesn't get it out, so it is nasty as well as destructive. I have no patience with those good-for-nothing washerwomen that eat up our clothes, worse than moths, in this way; it is a sin. There is quite waste enough in every house without that. Do, pray, Mr. Punch, try your best to put down this wicked system of washing; and the save it will be, and the distress you will remove, and the dreadful scenes of passion and scolding that you will prevent, there is no saying. Do, Sir, and I am sure I shall ever be,

"Your thankful Reader,

"SARAH TRIMMER."

DEPOSITS FOR THE SINKING FUND.

WE present MR. DISRAELI with the following small deposits for his Sinking-Fund.

Westminster Bridge, which looks in such a very weak state that we are sure it is gradually sinking.

The new façade to Buckingham Palace, which has sunk the remainder of the building to the very lowest insignificance.

MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS's Letter, which has been the means of sinking him in the public estimation.

And lastly, MR. DISRAELI's speeches on agricultural questions, which we are sure are heavy enough to sink anything.

The above are sufficient to start the famous Sinking Fund, for at present it is a matter of such very little account that we doubt if there is any foundation for it at all. We really believe the Fund in question is nothing more than a mere Fund of Humour, upon which MR. DISRAELI draws pretty freely as often as he wishes to pay off the poor Protectionists.

Midwinter Harvest.

IN the course of a suburban walk last Saturday, in company with an acquaintance, we passed a horse-pond, out of which some confectioner's men were loading a donkey-cart with ice. On our observing that this was a wise preparation for next summer, our companion, an Irish gentleman, said "that it certainly was making hay in fine weather."

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

PROPOSAL FOR A MONUMENT TO THE LATE QUEEN DOWAGER.

THERE have been made several propositions for a monument of some kind to tell to future generations the abounding goodness of the late QUEEN DOWAGER. One writer proposes that the sum of a hundred thousand pounds be raised in subscriptions of no larger amount than half-a-crown, so that eight hundred thousand persons may have a small share, a stone or brick in the church, to be called Adelaide Church—an edifice that shall make memorable the piety of the departed lady.

Another kindly projector suggests the erection of a Cross only—a simple Cross. At which suggestion, we take it, Exeter Hall shakes its stony head, and glowers with becoming scorn.

Another thinks a certain number of Alms-houses, in which poor gentlewomen may meekly wait to die, would in a manner, significant as useful, illustrate the active virtues of the noble gentlewoman who has made so gracious an end, rebuking nothing save the vanities of the undertaker, that might follow her; and which, indeed, were not to be altogether rebuffed even by the last words of an anointed QUEEN. Pomp would somewhat assert itself.

We meddle not with any of these projects. If the money be forthcoming, if the half-crowns leap to the willing hand, let them be paid in, and let the masons set forthwith to work, the trowels tinkling harmoniously. All we ask is, the enjoyment of our right to propose the notion of a QUEEN ADELAIDE Monument, such memorial to be solely undertaken and wholly carried out at the expense of government.

But then, it may be urged, the expense of government is only a phrase of course—so many shifting words, the true meaning of which is, the expense of His Majesty, the People. In this case, however, we do not propose to lay even an extra pennyweight upon the aforesaid people. No; the Adelaide Monument shall stand fair and beautiful in the light, and not cost the people an additional farthing. For the Monument shall not be of ephemeral Purbeck stone or decaying granite—but of enduring stuff: of nothing less than Paper—of paper white and spotless, and typical of the purity of the memory it eternises. Our plan is wondrously simple—and then so very facile of execution.

One hundred thousand pounds a year is saved to the revenue by the loss of the good QUEEN ADELAIDE. We simply propose that, saving this much, we repeal the excise upon paper. For consider, what a serious thing—what a grand thing, is paper! How lofty—how sublime, may be its functions! A sheet of paper is as the physical wing to the spiritual thought, carrying its presence round about the world. Upon such wings do the philosophers and poets, the jurists and the journalists, fly. Upon such wings do all mute words enter into the souls and hearts of men. What is the paper of a letter, but the wings that bear a voice?

Well, knowing this, it is a little irksome to human patience to know the many tyrannical and foolish practices wrought upon paper pinions by the fantastic exciseman. How they are cut and plucked, and laden by a hundred stupid and despotic caprices. The Egyptians, who had a deep meaning in all their symbols—so deep, it often baffles us in its darkness—shipped Isis, when she searched for the remains of OSIRIS in a bark of papyrus—a paper boat; for even the crocodiles respected the papyrus, never so much as snapping at it. There can be no doubt that in this the Egyptians intended to manifest the solemn function of paper as a vessel sacred to the Intellect—a vessel that even the instinct of savage ignorance should respect. Such was the paper boat of Isis. How different the fate of the paper boats of Britannia—the millions of craft made on the banks of her thousand rivulets and streams! Why, in every paper mill-dam lurk twenty alligators, who, at any hour, may turn up in the shape of excisemen! And how they overhaul the boats, what pranks they are duly licensed to play with them, it would take too much paper here to tell.

And yet the State professes to venerate the function of paper. In our love of its sublime utility, we make schools for raggedness, and hope to save from shipwreck the soul of ignorance in a paper boat. And we do all we can to overload, even to sinking, the paper vessel with the weight of taxes flung aboard. Wonderful is it to think how, with such a crew of excisemen, paper swims!

However, to proceed with our plan for a Paper Monument to the Memory of QUEEN ADELAIDE. The repeal of the excise on the fabric would be a beautiful memorial, and lasting as touching. Her late Majesty, from her shelf in St. George's Vault, subscribes towards the repeal a hundred thousand a year.

"Very true," answers a statistical familiar; "but then the Paper duty—the tax laid upon the wings of knowledge—was for 1848, not one hundred, but seven hundred and fifty-one thousand pounds. Thus, it is clear that the dropped pension of QUEEN ADELAIDE, would not give even a seventh of the tax. To be sure, the whole matter might be disposed of in a trice if certain of the living would subscribe to the Monument. If, for instance, a king would send from Hanover a subscription of £21,000 a-year—if a king in Belgium would do something—if sinecurists, the white ants of the State, who devour anything

in the shape of taxes, and some of whom especially, feed upon letter-paper—for the family tree of a GRAFTON is in truth only a bulrush-Post Office papyrus—if these, the teeth of the State, would forego somewhat of their provender, paper would instantly, like NOAH'S dove, fly free—nor fly without the olive. But this is not to be hoped," says our statistical friend; "and so we must seek a Monument to QUEEN ADELAIDE in other materials. Paper is forbidden us. But what think you of an Advertisement Monument? The amount of duty on advertisements in 1849—the price paid to the State for permission to ask custom, or to ask employ in print, was only one hundred and fifty-two thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six pounds. The late QUEEN DOWAGER, in her lapsed pension, at once contributes one hundred thousand of the sum—whilst the odd fifty-two, why, it is not to be spoken of—the Life Guards would contribute it in abandoned gold-lace, or the Maids of Honour offer it in pocket-money. What say you? An Advertisement Monument to the QUEEN DOWAGER?"

A most felicitous thought. Far better than the half-crown subscription is the eightpence saved to the poor who, seeking labour through the newspapers, must pay the additional one-and-sixpence to the Exchequer, or hold their peace. Abolish the advertisement duty; make such abolition monumental to the memory of the QUEEN DOWAGER, and consider for a moment the number and the condition of the people who are made to feel the relief granted by QUEEN ADELAIDE even in her grave. The "Young Lady who wants a situation as Governess," feels the royal bounty in her own narrow pocket. The "Wet-nurse, a respectable married woman," is eightpence the richer; and "A Good Plain Cook, with no objection to the country," saves her one-and-sixpence to help her on her way by rail or coach, the situation carried. From the schoolroom, down—down to the scullery—the eightpenny benevolence would be felt, and the memory of QUEEN ADELAIDE be gratefully enshrined.

An Eightpenny Monument to the QUEEN DOWAGER, by all means.

A LITTLE BIRD.

* From the profits of ROWLAND HILL'S pennies, the DUKE OF GRAFTON, having CHARLES THE SECOND'S costly blood in his veins—the royal purple is very dear, however adulterated—takes by royal grant, £10,598 a year.

ROMAN WALLS HAVE EARS.



R. PUNCH's old friends, the Archaeologists, have lately discovered something which they call a Roman Wall, and they are determined the wall shall have ears, for they give it an audience. How they ascertained the Romanism of the wall, we cannot tell, for it consisted only of a few old bricks, and there was no other foundation to go upon.

DR. PETTIGREW brought it forward, and the Committee sat on the wall for nearly an hour. Another Member then produced some fragments of coarse pottery, consisting of a slice of an old tile, half an ounce of broken plate, and the spout of a pipkin, which somebody turned into a handle for a long argument. Another Member then threw down upon the table a "small collection of old nails;" but after vainly trying to tack something on to these nails, or to hit the right one on the head, the meeting broke up in a state of wisdom about equal to that in which they had assembled. Another Member had been proceeding to lecture upon an old helmet, which he called a "casque," but the casque was so thoroughly dry, that it served as a wet to nobody's curiosity.



ROMAN REMAINS.

Punch's Abridged Report of Philpotts v. Gorham.

THE Pope, his compassion for sinners to prove,
Sends Bulls, without mercy, to bore 'em;
Our PHILPOTTS, to show his more fatherly love,
Refuses permission to gore 'em.



THE OLD LADY IS SUPPOSED (AFTER A GREAT EFFORT) TO HAVE MADE UP HER MIND TO TRAVEL, JUST FOR ONCE, BY ONE "OF THOSE NEW FANGLED RAILWAYS," AND THE FIRST THING SHE BEHOLDS ON ARRIVING AT THE STATION, IS THE ABOVE MOST ALARMING PLACARD.

A BETTER PLANT THAN PROTECTION.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I be a farmer, and afore the carn laws was done away wi, I was a monopolist, as was only nateral, for of all our mother's childern we all on us loves ourselves the best. But full well I knows 'tis in vain expectin to get them laws back. The people want stand a bread-tax agin never no more. We've got Vree Trade, and must put up wi't. Well; seein as how we have got it, what I say is let's make the most on't. Goo droo wi't. Doan't stand shilly-shallyin half-way. Goo the whole hog in Vree Trade, and let's ha't in every thing. If forreners be to compete wi us, let we compete wi forreners. Gie us Vree Cultivation. Let's ha liberty and licence to grow whatsumdever we've a mind to. What cause or just impediment is there, I wants to know, why we shouldn't cultivate TOBACCO? There's a law agin it, as I dare say you're aware; and don't tell me that 't wouldn't pay; for if so there never would ha bin no sich law: besides 'tis well enough know'd as 't would pay in some siles, specially in Ireland. Let's ha the tobacco-stopper took out o' the statutes, and zee what we can do with the TOBACCO PLANT. I say our game is to agitate for the right to make the most as ever we can out o' the land, which ool do us moor good by half than goin about blubberin for Protection. Just you mind, Mr. Punch, what I says about TOBACCO, and if so be as how you'd be so good as to print it, I'd thankee; for I do believe 'tis a hint worth takin.

"I believe, Sir, you be a true friend to the Farmer, thof you doan't palaver un. Now just you put the farmerun world up to this here notion o mine about HOME GROWN TOBACCO; and I doan't think you'll repent follern the advice of

"Your reglar Reader,
"FREEBLAND TILLER."

A DEAD SWINDLE.—An Undertaker's Bill.

A FUNERAL AFTER SIR JOHN MOORE'S.

FURNISHED BY AN UNDERTAKER.

Not a mute one word at the funeral spoke,
Till away to the pot-house we hurried,
Not a bearer discharged his ribald joke
O'er the grave where our "party" we buried.

We buried him dearly with vain display,
Two hundred per cent. returning,
Which we made the struggling orphans pay,
All consideration spurning.

With plumes of feathers his hearse was drest,
Pall and hatbands and scarfs we found him;
And he went, as a Christian, unto his rest,
With his empty pomp around him.

None at all were the prayers we said,
And we felt not the slightest sorrow,
But we thought, as the rites were perform'd o'er the dead,
Of the bill we'd run up on the morrow.

We thought as he sunk to his lowly bed
That we wish'd they cut it shorter,
So that we might be off to the Saracen's Head,
For our gin, and our pipes, and our porter.

Lightly we speak of the "party" that's gone,
Now all due respect has been paid him;
Ah! little he reck'd of the lark that went on
Near the spot where we fellows had laid him.

As soon as our sable task was done,
Not a moment we lost in retiring;
And we feasted and frolick'd, and poked our fun,
Gin and water each jolly soul firing.

Blithely and quickly we quaff'd it down,
Singing song, cracking joke, telling story;
And we shouted and laugh'd all the way up to Town,
Riding outside the hearse in our glory!

THE LAST DAYS OF THE PALACE COURT.

As Pompeii was swept away or rather buried under a stream of lava, so has the Palace Court been destroyed by the volcanic burst of indignation which, within the last year, has broken over it. Its own piteous palaver has been washed away in the lava emanating from that avenging Vesuvius, the public mouth, which had sent forth in words that burn, the doom of the Palace Court.

Friday, December the 28th, will be remarkable in the annals of enlightenment, as the last day of the sittings of this tribunal. The Judge was on the bench, but the bar was absent from the melancholy scene, and a solitary usher attended as chief mourner at the solemnity. Two attorneys acted as mutes, for they never opened their mouths, and as if to perform an act of pity in its last moments, the Court refused to make an order upon a poor woman, who attended for her sick husband, at the suit of a tally-man.

The case was one with which the Court would, no doubt, have dealt, in its days of vigour and rigour; for though the defendant's bed had been pawned, and the family were starving, there was nothing to distinguish the case from hundreds of others that had gone before, and would have come again if the Court had continued to exist. Happily, the recording angel has something to place among the final records of the Court which may be accepted as a partial expiation of some of its past enormities. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The Palace Court is dead; so is our enmity.

University Prizes.

THE subjects proposed to the competitors for prizes in the University of Cambridge, would certainly do credit to the authors of that popular farthing serial which comes out at four sheets a penny, under the title of "Nuts to Crack" at Christmas time. The Cambridge nuts are peculiarly adapted for those who have cut their wise teeth; and perhaps a dog-tooth or two may be useful in digesting such dog Latin as *Shakesperus*, and other terms, in which the University *illuminati* luxuriate.

One of the themes for Latin prose, is "SHAKESPEARE and HOMER compared," which seems to pave the way for the still greater puzzle in an ensuing year, of a comparison between Goodwin Sands and Ten-Torden Steeple.



“PERFORMERS” AFTER A RESPECTABLE FUNERAL.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 9.—*The Crossing at Charing Cross. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is on the foot-way, with three Gentlemen waiting for an "Atlas," two Ladies expecting a "Brompton," two members of the street-sweeping family, well-known in the neighbourhood, several reduced tradesmen selling penknives, and a numerous assortment of orange-women.*

Atlas Cad. Now, K'n'n'g't'n! K'n'n'g't'n! (UNPROTECTED FEMALE makes a rush to cross). Here you are—Ma'am—K'n'n'g't'n. [Seizes her.]
Unprotected Female. Don't, please—I'm not going to Kennington.
Brompton Cad. Here you are, Ma'am; Fulham! Fulham!
Unprotected Female. No, no,—I'm not going to Fulham.
Chelsea Cad. Ch'lsea—Ma'am? Ch'lsea—!

[They surround UNPROTECTED FEMALE, and argue with her.]
Unprotected Female. No! no! I'm not going anywhere—thank you.
Hansom Cabman (whipping sharp out of Parliament Street). Now—Stoopid—Hoy!

Unprotected Female (escaping back to pavement with some difficulty). Oh! goodness gracious!

Hansom Cabman. 'Ere you are, Ma'am.
Clarence Cabman (off Parliament Street rank). 'Ere you are, Ma'am—(to Hansom). Lady don't vont your Jack-in-the-box.

Hansom Cabman. Anyways, it's better nor your pill-box.
Unprotected Female (deprecatingly). Oh, I don't want either. I'm not going anywhere. Now, then, I think I can get across. (Makes her first rush, but is arrested by a solemn procession of street-sweeping machines.) Oh, dear, dear!

Elders of the Crossing-Sweeper Family. Oh, please, Ma'am—do, Ma'am—poor little gurl, Ma'am.

[Executes pantomime with her besom, and winks at ATLAS CONDUCTOR.]
Unprotected Female. Go away, you bad girl—I saw you laughing just now. Now, then.

[She prepares for her second rush.]
Staid Atlas Passenger (seizes her by the shawl). Stop—you'll be run over!

[Two Kennington 'busses turn the corner, racing at full speed.]
Hansom Cabman. Now, Mum, you 'ailed me. It's a shillin'.

Unprotected Female. But I'm going to walk.
Clarence Cabman. No—it was me the lady 'ailed. A shillin', Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh I never did hail either of you—I'm sure I didn't, Sir (to STAID ATLAS PASSENGER). Now, go away, or I'll call somebody.

Hansom Cabman. Oh, you calls yourself a lady—Yah!
Clarence Cabman. I wouldn't be mean, if I vas you—now then!

Unprotected Female (wondering what she has done to deserve this). Oh, gracious me! Oh, dear me.

Policeman (lounging round the corner, severely to UNPROTECTED FEMALE). Now, Marm, move on—do—we can't ave any rows here.

Unprotected Female. Oh, it's these cabmen—I don't want them, and they will come. (CARMEN retire to their ranks at appearance of POLICEMAN). Now, I think I can get across. [She makes a third rush.]

2nd Member of the Crossing-Sweeper Family (jumping before her). Oh, a penny, please—please Mum, a penny—a penny, Mum—poor girl, Mum. [Bars the passage.]

Unprotected Female. Ah! get away, do, you wicked girl! Here's a coal waggon! (Strives in vain to escape over the CROSSING-SWEEPER—the coal-waggon gets nearer—She appeals to the fore-horse of the team.) Oh, don't run over me! (The sagacious animal answers the appeal by making room for her to pass back to foot-way.) Thank goodness!

3rd Member of Crossing-Sweeper Family. Oh, please Mum—a penny, Mum—poor girl, Mum—

Unprotected Female. Oh, it was you nearly got me run over. I've a good mind to give you in charge.

Crossing-Sweeper (leering at her). Come now—stash it, old 'ooman. [Executes a wild dance of defiance with the aid of her besom to the great delight of the Cads and Cabmen. The coal-waggon has now defiled across Trafalgar Square.]

Unprotected Female. Now, I think I can get across. (She perceives an Omnibus coming past Spring Gardens (left), and another at the Charing Cross Hospital (right), and pauses to calculate their distances). Yes, I think I can get over before that one comes up. (Rushes two steps into the road.) Oh, no; I don't think I can. (Her heart misgives her, and she makes a step in retreat.) Yes, I'm sure I can.

[Makes a violent rush, and comes in terrific contact with a stout gentleman who is reading a letter he has just received at the Charing Cross Post-Office.]

Letter-reading Gentleman. Confound the woman—hollo, Ma'am—any damage?

Unprotected Female (a good deal stunned). Oh, I beg your pardon—I do, indeed—I didn't mean to.

[Apologises earnestly for being run against.]
Right-hand 'Bus Driver (who has got up from Spring Gardens). Now then—stoopid! yah—

Left-hand 'Bus Driver. Now, then—stoopid! yah!

Both 'Bus Drivers. Now, then! yah! yah! [She rushes to the right]

[She gives herself up to immediate destruction.]
Letter-reading Gentleman (pulling her on to the little Oasis round the lamp-post). Here, you silly woman—one would think you wanted to be run over—

Unprotected Female. Oh, no, I don't, but I can't get across.
Several Members of the Crossing-Sweeper Family (whose head-quarters the Oasis appears to be). Oh, please, Mum, a penny, Mum; poor little gurl, Mum—oh, do, please!

Unprotected Female. Oh, here's more of those wicked little girls. How dare you? (The Family leave her to beset an Omnibus, and hold a friendly chaff with the Conductor.) I wonder if I can get right across now? (She commences an examination at the same moment down Parliament Street, along the Strand, across Trafalgar Square, and in other directions.) I wonder if there's anything coming round the corner? Now, I think—

Irish Beggar-Woman (with large family). Ah, thin, Marm, darlin', me and my poor childther!

Unprotected Female (pierced with compassion). Poor little things! And with bare feet, too—pretty dears—Oh, here, poor woman—I'll give you some bread, if we can only get across. (IRISH BEGGAR-WOMAN proceeds to pass over.) Don't—you'll be run over.

[Pointing to a cab several hundred yards off.]
Irish Beggar-Woman. Ah, thin, Marm, darlin'—come along—sorr' the mischief they'll do ye at all, at all.

[Proceeds to lug UNPROTECTED FEMALE across.]
Unprotected Female. Oh, but, I'm sure. [Attempts to return.]

Crossing-Sweeper Family (anxious to join the party to the lun shop). Oh, please, Mum, bit o' bread, Mum, poor little gurl, Mum—

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE, gaining the pavement on the other side, very much against her will, and Scene closes.]

POKERS AND PANTOMIMES.



THE usual outcry, that things are not as they used to be, is applied now-a-days to everything; and one would almost imagine, that "As you were," is the only word of command that prudence ought to address to us.

Among other lamentations over the past, we are always inundated about this time of year, with regrets over the fact, that Pantomimes are not what they used to be. We must admit that they are not; and we particularly miss the red-hot poker that once played such a prominent part in every pantomime. *Clown* used to produce nearly the whole of his "effects" with this implement; and in fact he presided over the whole fun of the evening with a red-hot poker, or, in other words, ruled it with a rod of iron. Poor Pantaloon had the red-hot poker continually at his fingers' ends; and there was not a scene throughout the Pantomime in which the poker was not introduced for some purpose or other. Sometimes it was brought in, that a verbal joke might be made, and that *Clown* might say, "Come, you want to be stirred up." Or it was required, in order that a beggar might have it thrust into his face, with the announcement, "Here, poor fellow; here's something warm for you."

This Poker, which was kept permanently red-hot, never missed fire, and we can understand how essential it must have seemed to pantomime writers in the days of our forefathers, whose ideas of wit and humour were chiefly confined to acts of cruelty on the part of *Clown* towards *Pantaloon*, or pieces of roguery in which both were concerned, or feats of gluttony, such as the swallowing of an unlimited chain of sausages.

The days are, however, gone, when fun could be poked at the public with a Poker. Pantomime writers have now so many other irons in the fire, that red-hot fire-irons have quite gone out, and it is very unlikely that they will ever come in again.

Hope for the Rail.

THE depression and sinking of so many Lines of Railway is, in great measure, attributable to the sleepers; the shareholders, till lately, having been for the most part dormant; but they being now fully awake to their position, it is to be hoped that, in consequence of their future vigilance, every sunken Line of Rail will be ultimately elevated to its proper level.

HOW MR. PUNCH SPENT BOXING-NIGHT.



being a bran-new edifice, with its bloom upon it fresh as May hawthorns, *Punch* drove first thither.

OLYMPIC.—New theatre: commodious, beautiful: light as fairy-land at mid-day, and cosy and convenient as an easy chair after dinner. *Mrs. Mowatt*, the American lily, looking purity-breathing odour. Opening address. The fair lady dropping a diamond in one line, and a pearl to rhyme to it in the other. Delightfully given, retires in a shower of *Camellia Japonicas*. Two *Gen's* of Verona gave capital promise, and every appearance that the new pantomime by *LIZZ NELSON*—descendant of the immortal *HORATIO*—would be a greater blow than *Trafalgar*. House crammed—Gallery so crowded, impossible for a single housemaid to get a single apple out of her pocket.

DRURY-LANE.—The boards that *GARRICK* trod—that *KEAN* (as *Richard*) died upon. New lessee. Spirited undertaking! Tenderest wishes of the good and gentle wait upon it. House crammed. *MR. ANDERSON'S Shylock* worthy of the Asylum of Deaf and Dumb; not a word heard—and therefore, it is to be hoped, not a word thrown away. *MISS ADDISON'S Portia*. Beautiful in fragments as they reached us. Casket-scene magnificent. The Golden Casket, we are informed, from gold sent by a distant dramatist, now picking up the best materials for a new play in California. Row in the gallery—too crowded. *MR. ANDERSON* offered the malcontents £5 a head and his own portrait, to make room by quitting the building. Indignantly refused. Storm lulled. Pantomime began. Work of *RODWELL* the 1850 Magician. *Harlequin and Good Bess* nobly handled. Produced in us a melancholy but philosophic thought. In the year 2000, another *RODWELL*—if Nature has stuff for another—may write *Harlequin and Good* (or *Better*) *Queen Victoria*. Pantomime terrific hit—full of points as a pin cushion. Author called for at conclusion, and bouquets of mistletoe and holly thrown to him! Pressed them to his bosom; and, in the very moment of triumph, pricked his fingers.

HAYMARKET.—*Loving Woman* (why will woman love in this desperate manner?) and *King Rene's Daughter*. Audience wile awake to the pathos of *MRS. KEAN*; melt marble, and make cast-iron run. New builesque—*The Ninth Statue*. Evidently a statue of load-stone; mate to draw. Full of hits as a prize-fight. Authors called for. The Gemini *BROUGH* appar in full Court dresses and are greeted with rounds of applause, and—in recognition of the season—two plum dumplings. Authors bow and exeunt, picking out plums.

PRINCESS'S.—Reader, hast thou ever seen Venice? Hast thou ever seen *Venice Preserved*? Hast thou ever gazed upon the Lion of St. Mark? Hast thou ever mused upon the pigeons that flutter about his edifice? Hast thou ever marked a gondola? Hast thou ever stood upon the Rialto? Because, whether thou hast or not, it is no matter, since thou hast seen, or very probably wilt see a pantomime, which thing originated in Venice, and which matter brings us to the panto-

mime of *King Jamie*, produced at this theatre.* *King Jamie* (also by *RODWELL*.)

"Full of stuff as Highland plaid,
And just as full of crosses,"—

but stuff of wonderful web, and crosses enlarging into circles of delight. The pantomime was more successful than any future pantomime ever can be. Nevertheless, as revering our institutions; as defending *Magna Charta*, the Right of Succession, the Income Tax, and all the other Palladiums of once Merry England (when *Traitor PEEL* was yet in the future)—we must protest against this irreverent usage of our kings and queens. Let the Chamberlain look to it. The revolutionist—foiled at *Kennington Common*—lurks in the theatre. The Chartist deprived of his pike, seizes his iron pen. He cannot overturn our institutions, so he knocks down the royalty of history as *Clown* and *Pantaloon*, and—but we hope we have said enough to alarm the weasel vigilance of *LORD BREADALBANE*, who, as a Scotchman and a Lord Chamberlain, must be particularly sensitive to the subject of the pantomime, *King Jamie*, or *Harlequin and the Magic Fiddle*. It is, however, but bare justice to *MR. MADDOX*, the proof-spirited proprietor, to state that the piece is got up reckless of all expense. Even the fiddle has all its strings. The outlay upon catgut must have been tremendous.

LYCEUM.—*The Island of Jewels*—*MR. PLANCHE'S* "entirely new and original" work—is the *Serpentine Vert* of the *COUNTESS D'ANOIS*. Still, under the reviving hand of the adapter, *Serpentine Vert* becomes an *Invisible Green Prince*—just as, in *Holywell Street*, an *Invisible Green Coat* is made "better as new." Need we say that the *Island of Jewels* is gorgeous? With such a look of reality that the paste would not be detected even by the Keeper of the Crown Jewels? All the actors did more than they could to ensure a success that was inevitable even before the curtain rose. As for *MADAME VESTRIS*, it is plain that

"She on honey-dew has fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

She looks more blooming than ever, and warbles like the nightingale, not to be "trodden down" by "hungry generations." The author was called for when the piece concluded, and retired amidst a shower of kid gloves—Paris made.

ADELPHI.—*Frankenstein* is here made killingly droll. The *Model Man* of *MR. PAUL BEDFORD* might be improved if he could only conquer a besetting timidity that ever seems to check his gushing humour. Why will he not surrender his genius to the gallery? Why, as the poet says, will he "dwell in inevitable decencies" for ever? What a rich humourist he might be, but then he is so modest. *WRIGHT'S Frankenstein* is wondrous. Six children in arms were taken from the pit to the nearest apothecary's, in convulsions of laughter. In common with thousands of *WRIGHT'S* friends, we await the result; but we much fear a verdict of "unconscious infanticide."

STRAND.—*Diogenes and his Lantern*. Like a red herring; full of salt, with a

* *Mr. Punch* begs, with his customary probity, to state, that as all this was written a month ago, it is not to be taken into account as a part of his work on *Boxing-Night*.

well-developed tale. A nightly relish for millions. MRS. STIRLING as *Minerva*. An owl that makes night lovely.

MADAME TUSSAUD.—This instructive establishment is not to be overlooked. *Punch*, in common with his daily contemporaries, treats the place with his best deference, and on boxing-night visited it accordingly. The Chamber of Horrors was tastefully decorated with holly, and the band played a new composition, "*The Bermondsey Polka*," which seemed to impart a thrilling satisfaction to the audience. Let us not omit to state that MADAME T., with her customary taste, had caused a large bunch of mistletoe to be suspended over the figure of MARIA MANNING, with permission—price 3d. extra—to any of the company to salute the waxen individual, a permission that was gladly purchased by numerous spectators.

Some of the Eastern Theatres, and the Surrey Houses, *Punch*—he confesses it—did not visit; but he understood, on the best authority, that they were all crowded. The Victoria, for instance, was so crammed, that the proprietor had to provide beds out of the house for those who would not, during the domestic drama, sleep upon the premises.

LEGAL LOVE-LETTERS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"The Law in regard to 'Breach of Promise of Marriage' has long been in an unsatisfactory state. Allow me, through your columns, to give the Legislature a hint on this subject. Let no promissory note, or other writing, engaging the subscriber to marry the party therein addressed or specified, be considered valid or binding unless stamped. The amount of the stamp should be proportionate to that of the income-tax paid by the writer, to prevent the abuse of cheap stamps by the unprincipled rich. Let my proposal be adopted, and the consequences will be:—1. The most unsuspecting female will put no trust in a *billet-doux* which is not stamped. 2. The expense attending false promises of marriage will discourage those base attempts at deception. 3. Marriages will become generally more rational, because men will think twice before signing an engagement which will at any rate cost them a stamp. 4. The stamp-duty on marriage-promises will be a source of revenue to Government, and of income to your humble servant,

"A SOLICITOR AND DISTRIBUTOR OF STAMPS."

FOWL IS FARE AND FARE IS FOWL.

ENGLAND is at this moment undergoing a glut of poultry, for every description of fowl, from the guinea to the eightpenny, is being brought over in spite of foul winds from the Continent. Such has been the arrival of Turkeys, that the markets appeared to have a great Turkey carpet laid down over them.

The arrival of chickens has been something so extraordinary as to cause a glut, which has led to an awful panic, and the dealers have become so chicken-hearted as to be afraid to speculate. We, however, hope the consumption will be quite equal to the supply, and that no fowl will be left on the hands of the fair dealers.

THE FINEST COLUMN IN THE WORLD.

BRITANNIA is a great deal happier in her heroes than she is in her attempts to perpetuate their memory. It is fortunate that the actions of her great men suffice for their own monuments. Those which she erects to them do nothing for their fame except to associate it with something ludicrous. All that can be said to account for this is, that there is a stone-masonry in British Art. It were better, henceforth, to give an altogether new form to these testimonials. Let them no longer consist of sculptural and architectural monstrosities; but cast them, in every instance, in the shape of a column, to be provided by the largest amount of subscription obtainable: and that the memorial may be as lasting, and at the same time as magnificent as possible, let the column set up in honour of the soldier—the statesman—the poet—be a column of *Punch*.

Gunpowder Honours.

WE condole with the DUCHESS OF KENT, the victim of noise. She takes boat at Osborne, and steams into Portsmouth, when "HER MAJESTY'S ship *Victory* and the garrison battery fire royal salutes!" Now, without waiting to calculate the value of the powder—the price of so many wheaten loaves blown from the cannon's mouth, to split the ears of the Duchess—we may ask, is it not a monster folly that an elderly gentlewoman cannot go to and fro to pay a visit to her children and grandchildren without being thus rudely and expensively saluted by the "adamantine lips" of 42 pounders? We think all powder wasted upon a lady—pearl powder, of course, excepted.

THE FARMER'S STORY.



THE Farmer's story *par excellence*, is the upper story of No. 17, Bond Street, where the Protectionists have got rather a large room, with rather a small company. Protection has for some time occupied what in England we term a floor, and the Scotch call a flat—the latter designation being in this case the more appropriate.

We believe a ruined farmer is always on the premises to receive people who come to be melancholy over the fate of Agriculture; and, as there are other lodgers in the house, we think it would be only fair to have "Pull the top bell for Protection," inscribed on the door-post. We suspect that the British CERES must be a very brazen-faced creature, or she would never cry out to be placed again under Protection; which, if it did not ruin her in means, most certainly destroyed her character. We cannot help seeing, nevertheless, that she is better off, as well as more respectable, without the protection to which she foolishly wishes to return; for when an alliance with Agriculture is in the Market, where there is a farm for sale, the competition is quite large enough to show that the connection is not considered by any means ruinous.

Looking on the two pictures our artist has here drawn, it is difficult to reconcile one with the other; for while taking a farm seems to be the object of the most eager desire, to be a farmer would appear to be certain bankruptcy, despair, and ruin.



Reduced Circumstances.

WE have seen some very gratifying accounts of the reduction of rents by various landlords, but if there is any actual merit in receiving a reduced rent, we think there is not a more meritorious person in this respect than MR. O'CONNELL. He has been lately taking such a very reduced rent, that it will amount to a *reductio ad absurdum*, if it goes on much longer in the same direction, and at his weekly audits he will at last have to say, "Thank you for nothing," to his auditors. Every rent-day exhibits some diminution in the receipts, and it is to be expected that before long the subscribers will not only take off something from the rent, but will take themselves off altogether.

AN IDEA FOR A NEW BALLET.



SOMEbody some time ago offered some tremendous sum for a new pleasure, as the *summum bonum* to which he aspired, and we are sure that the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre would be equally liberal in his offer for a new idea for a ballet. The elements have already been exhausted: Water has been dried up in *Ondine*, Fire has been burnt out in *Alma*, Earth has been fully occupied as a ground-work, until there is not an inch left of which a ballet-master can take a building lease for the construction of his plot, and when he asks, "Where" he can lay his foundations? Echo answers, "Nowhere!" In this dilemma commerce seems still to present an opening to the imagination, and the Linendrapery business offers the most appropriate field, for it admits of the introduction of an unlimited number of *dansesuses* and a variety of *pas* of every character. The subject will at once suggest the *pas de bankruptcy* by the proprietor, and the *pas de fascination* by the assistants with their demoniac scrolls, which, while embracing all the horrors of the cheap ticketing system, lure on to their own loss the crowd of female purchasers. It might be too painful to introduce among the *figurantes* the half starved work-people, whose ill-paid labour constitutes in reality the Ruinous Sacrifice inscribed on the placards, but if the reality were not too shocking, a grand *pas des victimes* would be an "effective" novelty. The theme, if chosen for a ballet, might perhaps bring under the notice of the aristocratic female frequenters of the Opera, the horrors entailed by the cheap Alarming Failure System, and with this hope alone the experiment would be well worth a trial.

THE BUTCHER.

THE poet, in an idle dream
Lull'd by the sound of fancy's gong,
Sought in his visions for a theme
Whereon to found a simple song.
Upon his ear there chanced to fall
A shrill, and old familiar cry;
The Butcher at his market stall,
Was shouting, "What d'you buy, buy, buy?"

As quick as the electric spark
Runs o'er the telegraphic wires,
The poet's mind no longer dark,
Blazed with imagination's fires;
The Butcher! 'Twas a happy thought:
It seem'd a subject to supply.
'Tis often thus—mere chance has brought
What labour ne'er could buy, buy, buy.

The Butcher, as he walks along,
Looks with an anxious eye about;
Conscience accuses him of wrong,
He knows the world has found him out.
Stern retribution comes at last;
The trembling Butcher heaves a sigh,
And to the prices of the past,
He sobs a sad "Good bye, bye, bye."

No more the Butcher gaily drops
His customer a smile and bow;
There's such a fearful fall in chops,
The Butcher's quite chap-fallen now.

In every joint a shock he feels,
His shoulders are no longer high;
Upon his legs a weakness steals,
They'll fall much lower by-and-by.

Some would-be stoics of the craft,
Philosophers of block and steel,
Have at the outcry wildly laugh'd
And scorn at lower price to deal.
Of "stickings" and of bone they prate,
To lay asleep suspicious eye;
We'll "stick" to them at any rate,
Before we go to by—by, buy.

How cowardice and guilt and shame
Leap to perdition 'ere they look!
The Butcher thus augments his blame,
By inculcation of the cook.
Of decency how blunt the sense,
When to a charge the sole reply
Is owing to a fresh offence,
We had not thought of by-the-bye.

Oblivion's gulf shall open wide;
An overflow from Lethe's tanks
Under a deep obscure shall hide
Our Butcher's long arrears of pranks.
Fair prices let him charge alone,
From him we'll take our whole supply;
Avoiding but contention's bone
In every joint we buy, buy, buy.

Migration of Fair and Fowl.

THE superabundance of those dear creatures, of whom it is hard to conceive that there could be too many, namely, our female population, being discussed at a moderate tea-party, a mild wag present predicted that there would be a migration of the Ducks. Whereupon another wag, of a bitterer turn, remarked that it would be better if there were a migration of the Geese.

The Duke of Marlborough's Example.

THE Great DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, through the *Post*, addresses SIDNEY HERBERT on his Emigration Scheme. To the which, he, the mighty Duke, "declines to lend the influence of his example." From his Grace's antecedents, nobody could have expected him to give anything; but it is a little close, even for a MARLBOROUGH, to refuse to "lend" a matter of such inconceivable smallness as his Grace's "example."

HOBSON'S CHOICE,

OR THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A MAN SERVANT.



BEFORE my wife's dear mother, MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE, came to live with us,—which she did on occasion of the birth of our darling third child, ALBERT, named in compliment to a Gracious Prince, and now seven-and-a-half years of age—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed PHILLIS of a parlour-maid, in a nice-fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap: and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river, from my drawing-room window, than upon a blank wall, or an old-clothesman's shop: so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy, good-natured, smiling lass, to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump*, with a dirty cap and black hands. I say I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my ANNA MARIA under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you MRS. H. was not offended; and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days, was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, ALBERT, gingerbread, whenever he passes her shop: one became the wife of Policeman X., who distinguished himself by having his nose broken in the Chartist riots: and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE, MRS. H.'s mother, or "Mamma," as she insists that I should call her, and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature, came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling ALBERT's birth, *anno domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, MRS. CAPTAIN B. staid to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the room which used to be my study and dressing-room ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved in a *humble sphere*, viz., in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago, for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of MRS. CAPTAIN B.'s arrival, we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids, the rough below-stairs' work, of knife and shoe-cleaning, being done by GRUNDSELL, our greengrocer's third son.

But, though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with *her every thought* for our good: yet, I think that, without Mamma, my wife would not have had those tantrums, may I call them of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an ALBERT was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called EMMA BUCK, who came to us from the country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day ANNA MARIA came down stairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and EMMA bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed ANNA MARIA's eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, MRS. CAPTAIN B. looking away the whole time, on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room; bursting out into tears, and calling somebody a viper.

"Hullo!" says I, "my beloved, what is the matter? Where's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street." (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). "Who is the serpent?"

"That—that woman," gurgles out MRS. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and MRS. CAPTAIN B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

"What, EMMA?" I asked, in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, EMILY, through the scarlet fever.

"EMMA! don't say EMMA in that cruel audacious way, MARMADUKE—MR. HO—O—OBSON," says my wife, (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers and my fathers). "You call the creature by her christian name before my very face!"

"Oh, HOBSON, HOBSON!" says MRS. CAPTAIN B., wagging her head.

"Confound it!"—"Don't swear," says Mamma—"Confound it, my love," says I, stamping my foot, "you wouldn't have me call the girl BUCK, BUCK, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed EMILY through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her—"

"Yes; and when *you-oo-oo* come home from the club, MARMADUKE," my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me

in the face and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see ANNA MARIA? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself, and could I sit alone in the dining-room, (for my eldest two, a boy and girl, were at school,)—alone in the dining-room, where that *very* EMMA would have had to wait upon me!

Not one morsel of chicken would ANNA MARIA eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg-sauce.) She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state, a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, MRS. CAPTAIN B. remarked justly; and I was of course a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went off, for BOKER, our medical man. BOKER saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated MRS. CAPTAIN B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked down stairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour, and there see me take an affidavit that I was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after his Royal Highness the Prince.

"I know, I know my good fellow," says BOKER, poking me in the side, (for he has a good deal of fun,) "that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads to be jealous of your maid—and an uncommonly pretty girl she is too, HOBSON, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house; if you want your wife and the little one to thrive—if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do," says BOKER, looking me in the face hard, "though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?"

We had been bred up at Merchant Tailors' together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

"Well then," says he, "Hob, my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old Mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife; she doctors the infant in private: you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old Catamaran is here."

"BOKER," says I, "MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE is a lady who must not at least in *my* house be called a Catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the funds, and always says ANNA MARIA is her favourite daughter." And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When Mamma heard from ANNA MARIA (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that BOKER had called her a Catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologised, and took another medical man. And as for EMMA BUCK, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right about; my little EMILY, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape, for I gave her a sovereign to give to EMMA, and she told her Grandmamma; who would have related all to ANNA MARIA, but that I went down on my knees, and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, "MARMADUKE, have you any sovereigns to give away?" &c.

After EMMA BUCK came MARY BLACKMORE, whose name I remember because MRS. CAPTAIN B. called her MARY BLACKMORE (and a dark, swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes). This poor MARY BLACKMORE was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the twopenny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being down stairs again long since) MRS. B. saw everything that was passing at the door, as she regularly sate in the parlour window.

After BLACKMORE, came another girl of MRS. B.'s own choosing: own rearing I may say, for she was named BARBARA, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from Portsea, where the late CAPTAIN BUDGE was quartered, in command of his company of Marines. Of this girl MRS. B. would ask questions out of the *Catechism* at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a TOM would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, MISS BARBARA very quickly became a dressy impudent-looking thing; coquetting with the grocer's and butcher's boys, and wearing silk-gowns and flowers in her bonnet when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So, in a word, BARBARA was sent back to her mother, and MRS. BUDGE didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her?

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose appearance or history is not necessary to particularise—the latter was uninteresting, let it suffice to say; the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as GRIZZEL SCRIMGEOUR, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out.

"MARMADUKE." MRS. CAPTAIN B. said to me one morning, after this GRIZZEL had brought me an oniony knife to cut the bread; "women-servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and, in families of a certain rank, a man-servant commonly waits at table. It is proper: it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes: and ~~we~~ are of those classes. In CAPTAIN BRIDGES'S lifetime we were never without our groom, and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the conquest; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable: your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the west of England; you have connections both in the army and navy, who are members of Clubs, and known in the fashionable world; and, (though I never shall speak to that man again,) remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister, who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. He keeps a man-servant. ~~They~~ keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor ANNA MARIA occupying an inferior position in society to her sister FREDERICA, named after the DUKE OF YORK though she was, when His Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chesham; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table, said—"

"In mercy's name," says I, bursting out, for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic, "have a man, if you like, Ma'am, and give me a little peace."

"You needn't swear, MR. HOBSON," she replied with a toss of her head; and when I went to business that day it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.

A SMASH AMONG THE PROTECTIONISTS.

THE Protectionists are everywhere meeting, but they are nowhere meeting with the success or sympathy they desire. In several instances the accounts of their gatherings are headed with the ominous words "Protectionist Failure," and in many cases the reports of their speeches are seasoned with interpolations, far more "spicy" than complimentary. At Salisbury, the other day, the first cry that assailed the ears of the getters up of the "Protectionist" meeting was, "Three cheers for SIR ROBERT PEE!" and the chairman, LORD NELSON, took his place amidst "much confusion and riot." His speech was interspersed with allusions to the price of corn, which were met with volleys of "chaff" from his auditors, and his eloquence, as the report tells us, was cut short by about "twenty fights taking place simultaneously" in all parts of the building.

The next speaker was a MR. R. P. LONG, whose oration was punctuated, or rather brought to a series of stops, by cries of "Murder!" and "Police!" which may be compared to so many commas, semicolons, and colons, with which his harangue was dotted, until it wound up with a crash of windows, and a volley of stones and groans, which put a full stop and furnished a note of exclamation to his discourse.

We are disposed, nevertheless, to patronise the Protectionist Dinners, for two reasons; first, because the failure of the business part of the affair will in time convince the parties of the weakness of their cause; and secondly, because good cheer is of itself a good thing; and, in the case of the Irish farmers especially, the banquets may relieve some of them from that "lean and hungry look" which has so long disfigured them.



IRISH FARMER FATTENED UPON PROTECTIONIST DINNERS.

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY,

(A FABLE.)

THE caterpillars, when one of their number, having been laid up as a chrysalis, arose as a butterfly, leaving his case behind him, used formerly to gather up the exuviae, and deposit them in the earth with a prodigious deal of ostentation and pageantry. At length, however, once upon a time, one of the caterpillars climbed up a rose-tree into the light of the Sun, when a butterfly that he had known in the creeping state came to sip honey from the roses. The caterpillar related to the butterfly with what splendour and magnificence the chrysalis shell, which he had left behind him, had been interred. Whereupon the butterfly, smiling, answered that he dared say that the caterpillars meant well by what they had done, but that the honours that had been paid his old case had given no satisfaction to him, for, being now a butterfly, he cared no longer for the mere covering he had lived in, and regarded it as nothing but a worn-out, cast-off suit. So, after this, the caterpillars put the chrysalis-cases into the earth without parade or unnecessary ceremony.

The spirit that ascends has no concern with the senseless relics which it leaves below. Cease to accompany funerals with absurd and expensive mummery.

"OUR WASHERWOMAN."

[We have received more letters, complaining of Washerwomen's destructiveness to linen in one week, than JOSEPH ADY writes in a month. We subjoin a few specimens of these communications, and would publish more, but that we have too many irons in the fire to be able to devote more than a few lines to washing.]

"PUNCH, MY BRICK!

"I'm precious glad you've given a wipe to the washerwomen for using bleaching stuff. I speak feelingly, as a sufferer by it. Bought the other day half-a-dozen ballet-girl shirts; regular stunners, spicy, prime. When they came back, first time, from the wash, they all tore like tinder, and every blessed *dansense* had disappeared, as also had the distinguished and illustrious name of

"CUTALONG."

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"ALREADY HAVE WILLIAM and I, though scarcely a month united, begun to experience the cares of life. The washerwoman has just sent home all our new linen, but oh! in such a state. It crumbles to pieces almost with a touch. We must replace the whole of it; and as our means are slender, I must go without the new bonnet. I know our things have all been ruined by that bleaching powder. Oh! those horrid old washerwomen. I am almost wicked enough to wish them boiled in their own coppers, and in the meantime I hope you will go on roasting them till they discontinue the tricks which have destroyed the linen, and embittered the happiness shared with an affectionate, though almost shirtless husband, by

"COLUMBA TURTLE."

"TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH,—SIR,

"FROM time immemorial, until recently, we were employed exclusively—except an occasional recourse to Pearlash—by washerwomen. Linen and woollen fabrics were thoroughly cleansed by us without being injured in the least. We are now almost beaten out of the Tub by a compound of iniquity, which imparts whiteness with a fatal facility, but in an equal ratio effects destruction. We are willing that this pernicious agent should be resorted to in the case of those who meanly dabble in slops; but for all who buy fair linen we claim the benefit of our honest services in our conjoint capacity of suds.

"Your servants to command,

"SOAP AND WATER."

FRAPPÉ À LA GLACE.

SOYER describes his accident in St. James's Park as an "*entrée*—a remove—and then for dessert, *une petite verre d'eau-de-vie*."

THE BEST TIDINGS.—The High Tide did not overflow the banks of the Thames, as predicted, and we look upon this as being the best Tidings.

CHIT-CHAT BY TELEGRAPH.



amples of the probable questions and answers put and answered by parties, high and low, of both kingdoms:—

St. James's to the Elysée.

Q. How d' ye do? Review or shoot this morning?
A. Neither: got to be bothered with NORMANBY. Compliments to *Sa Majesté*.

Foreign Affairs to Foreign Affairs.

Q. What says Russia?
A. Muzzled.
Q. Austria?
A. Mum.
Q. Any arrival from Turkey?
A. Yes: magnificent chibouque, and Circassian shawl for President.
Q. We reduce our army estimates 10,000. *Et vous?*
A. Will think of it.

Wife in London to Husband in Paris.

Q. SMITH—I say, SMITH. Isn't this shameful—abominable—wicked—
A. My life, what is the matter?
Q. Oh, it's just like you men. Been gone ten days, and you said—
A. My dear, bus'ness. Do you think anything but bus'ness could—
Q. Don't talk to me! I wonder you can show your face—I—
A. Now, my love—
Q. Don't "love" me, and the clerk here laughing—
A. Well, woman, what do you want? This is the last I'll listen to.
Q. Woman, indeed! Want—well, I want—but you know what I want.
A. How can I tell? Now, this is the last time.
Q. I want to know where's the key of the money-box; here you've gone and left me—
A. In my desk—spring-drawer—right. Don't be extravagant,
Q. Extravagant! Here, you can go and spend—now, SMITH—my love—
A. Well: this is the last.
Q. Mind you're not cheated, darling; take care that the lace is real Valenciennes.
A. All right.
Q. Make haste home. I blow you—you know what.

Tailor in London to Debtor in Paris.

Q. You call yourself a gentleman?
A. Certainly. Gentleman at large. Ha! ha!
Q. And I dare say, you think you've done me?
A. Hope so. England expects every man to do his tailor.
Q. One word, do you ever intend to pay me?
A. ——— (A line, but no answer.)

Lumber Trooper to a National Guard.

Q. I say, old chap, when are you coming over?
A. In de spring.
Q. Bring the old woman and the young uns?
A. *Certainement—oui.*
Q. That's all right—won't we be jolly?
A. We shall. *Adieu, bon enfant. Souvenirs à madame. Vive rost bif et boteloretur!*

English Dramatist to Confidential Correspondent.

Q. How has the piece gone?
A. Made quite a *furor*.
Q. Do for us? Anything available?
A. Nothing better. CELESTE—WRIGHT—WOOLGAR—all can be used. Funny bishop for BEDFORD—and conscience-stricken cats'-meat-man for O. SMITH.

Q. All right. Translate in train, and give MS. to Captain of *Princess Helen*.

These are a very few, and very meagre, samples of the international information that will tremble along the wires through the domain of NEPTUNE; who, by the way, according to the song, once tried VULCAN'S thunder, but afterwards—it being of no use to himself—made a present of the bolts to BRITANNIA. However NEPTUNE may have failed with the thunder, there is little doubt that he will succeed admirably with the lightning.

THE THREATENED INUNDATION.

THE alarmists of the public press succeeded, about a week ago, in throwing us into a state of the most horrible consternation, at the prospect of Father Thames being about to take a sort of Saturnine turn, and gobble up a number of his children. We were told that his swelling bosom was shortly to give way with a terrific burst of Nature; and those who did not consider themselves born to be hanged, began to prepare very seriously for the popular alternative of drowning.

In the kitchens south of the river's banks, washing-tubs had been launched, and tin foot-pans were lying at anchor, with a view to the riding out of the inundation had it taken place; and clothes-horses were in readiness to enable the inhabitants of a house to mount the high-horse in the event of such a mode of self-preservation having been required. The kitchen-dressers had been laid out as a reef of rocks, where small articles could be deposited high and dry, instead of being left to take their chance on the ground, and every prudent house-maid stowed away the contents of her work-basket.

To the relief of the expected *Noyades* and the discomfiture of the penny-a-liners, the inundation did not come off, and the whole thing remained almost as imaginary as a theatrical overflow. When we last made our enquiry on the subject, Father Thames was reported to be confined to his bed, where he is expected to remain for the present.



THE COW WITH THE IRON TAIL.

ODD RAT IT.

WE may well say "Odd Rat it," when we hear how much better they still manage some things in France, for we find the scavengers of Paris have lately been dining together, to celebrate the destruction of 600,000 rats in the French capital. We wish the scavengers of London would enter into a treaty to exterminate the rats, and we ourselves would see it properly ratified. *Mort aux rats* was one of the toasts at the banquet, which terminated with a grand chorus to the air of the celebrated Rat-a-plan in *La Figlia*. It is much to be regretted that the British scavengers, as a body, do not unite their energies for the destruction of those vermin by whom we are so frequently undermined in a political, as well as in a social sense, and there is no doubt we are called upon by a loud rat-a-tat at our doors to get rid of the evil.

PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



By the time Mr. Briggs's Horse (which suits him exactly) has recovered from his cold, a long frost sets in.

Groom, "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAY, SIR; IT IS AGGERAVATIN' TO SEE A NICE OSS LIKE THAT, SIR, A DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT EATIN' HIS ED OFF!"

THE NEEDLEWOMEN'S FAREWELL.

THE past looms dark behind us, the future rises fair,
Though ne'er so bleak the shore we seek, across this waste of waters;
Hard step-mother, O England, and niggard of thy care,
Still hast thou been, great Island Queen, to us thy hapless daughters!

As to the vessel's side we throng to look our last at thee,
Each sunken eye is dead and dry—what cause have we for weeping?
We leave no homes behind us, no household ties had we;
In one long coil of heavy toil our hours went creeping—creeping.

We hawked about thy stony streets what skill we could command;
For work we prayed, if so but bread might to our need be granted;
And in a wolfish struggle each wan and wasted hand
Clutched at the pay, that waned each day as waxed the crowd that
wanted.

And so we strove with straining eyes, in squalid rooms, and chill;
The needle plied until we died—or worse—oh, Heaven, have pity!—
Thou knowest how 'twas oftener for want we sinned, than will—
Oh, nights of pain and shameful gain, about the darkling city!

Body and soul we gave for food, nor yet could we be fed;
Blear-eyed or blind, we pored and pined, and battled like our
neighbours;
And the city roared about us, and over each weak head
Washed the wild waves, till in our graves we rested from our labours.

Till came among us eyes and pens, and to a wondering world,
That gathered pale to hear the tale, revealed in part our story;
Then hopes from out the darkness were on sad eyes unfurled,—
To those whose aid our suffering stayed be honour and be glory.

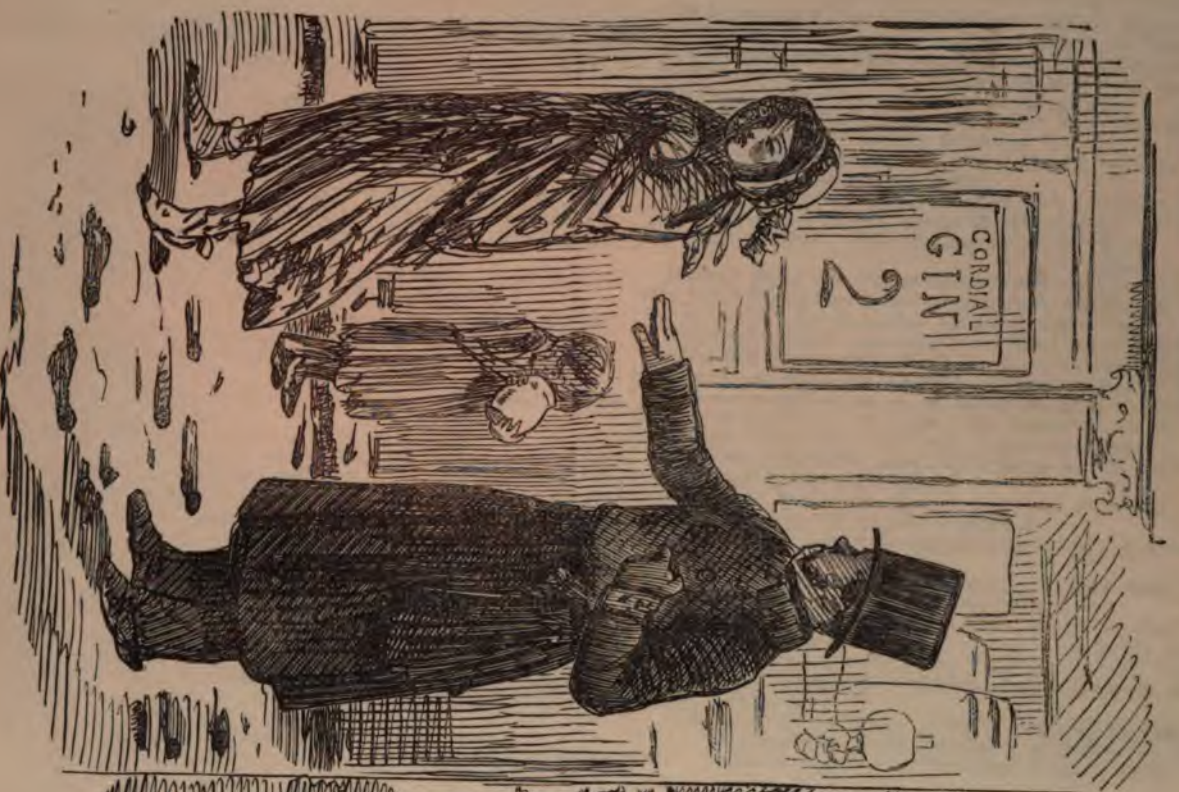
Now speed thee, good ship, over sea, and bear us far away,
Where food to eat, and friends to greet, and work to do await us—
Where against hunger's tempting we shall not need to pray—
Where in wedlock's tie, not harlotry, we shall find men to mate us.

Lift up your hearts, my sisters! and to the fresh sea air,
Oh wan and weak, give each pale cheek, till it forget its sorrow:
Our yesterdays were gloomy—but our to-day is bright and fair—
And loving powers will guide the hours of our uncertain morrow.

HOW TO POLISH A YOUNG MAN.—We read in a Sheffield paper that "the last polish to a piece of cutlery is given by the hand of woman." The same may be said of human cutlery: that "the last polish to a young blade is given by his mixing with female society."

THE WIRES OF BROTHERHOOD.—It appears from a paragraph in the *Standard* that an electric telegraph between France and England is about to be established in good earnest. We confidently hope that international good feeling will prove the continually augmenting result of this *entente électrique*.

The Needlewoman at Home and Abroad.



AT HOME.



ABROAD.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 10.—*All the way to the Bank. As the Scene opens, the UNPROTECTED FEMALE has got well over the Charing Cross Crossing, and having relieved the Irish Family at the Baker's shop, starts on her expedition to draw her dividends.*

Unprotected Female (thinks). I wonder if I had better take a cab? I'm sure, if I do, they'll impose upon me. And I'll never ride in one of those nasty omnibuses again, as long as I live. *[An Omnibus passes.*

Omnibus Cad. Bank? Bank?

Unprotected Female (is tempted). It is a long walk *(pauses)*, and I'm not quite sure I know the way, after St. Paul's Churchyard.

[She makes a step towards the Omnibus.

Cad (seizes her, and attempts to put her in by force). 'Ere you are, Mum.

Unprotected Female (outraged and draving back). No—don't, man—do—I was going, but I shan't. There!

[She defies him with a look, supported by the consciousness of a neighbouring Policeman.

Cad (jumping back to his footboard). Go 'long, Sairey.

[Winks at UNPROTECTED FEMALE, and is whirled off.

Unprotected Female (suddenly clasping her hands). Oh, my bag! *(Turns short round, and attempts to make head against the Strand stream eastwards.)* Oh! *(She is bumped by a clerk.)* Do, please! *(She is jostled by a newsboy.)* Oh, let me! *(She is all but crushed by a porter with a chest of drawers.)* Ah—thank goodness! *(She has by this time been hustled into the human tide-way westwards, and is swept back to the Baker's shop, which she enters, startling the bun-eaters by her agonised manner.)* Oh, please, not five minutes since, with the poor Irish family, on the counter, without shoes and stockings, in a black bag—

Baker's Man (bewildered). Family on the counter, Ma'am?

Unprotected Female. Oh! indeed I left it, or my pocket's been picked since.

Baker's Lady. The bag, WILLIAM, the lady left. Here, Ma'am. *(The bag is produced.)* Pray see the money's right.

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank you.

[Exit, hugging her bag, and commits herself once more to the dangers of the Strand.

Two small and very naked Beggars (with very red feet). Oh—pl—l—I—ease m'm—'apenny to buy a bit o' bread. Oh—h—h—h!

[With a very artistic and prolonged shake.

Unprotected Female. Oh, you wicked little impostors, how can you? Poor things! There!

[With uncontrollable compassion gives them some coppers, which they carry to an elderly lady far advanced in intoxication at the gin-shop three doors off.

Dog Dealer (with a Scotch terrier under one arm, and a poodle under the other. In a mysterious whisper). Vant a dorg, Marm? outanout lady's dorg, Marm, sweet as a nut, and vont get hisself priggid, Marm?

Unprotected Female. Get away, do—I don't want any.

[She is brought to a stand by a coal-wagon slowly defiling from a cross street.

Reduced Young Man (in black, with dejected countenance, and white neckcloth. In a very confidential and fluent manner). Purchase-a-small-article-of - my-own-manufacture-Mem-the-six-sided-razor - strop-wich-it-keeps-your-razors-never-to-want-grindin-or-settin.

Unprotected Female (in amazement). I don't use razors, Sir.

Reduced Young Man. Or-a-penknife-comb-or-pencil-case-wich-I-am-a-young-man-regularly-bred-a-cutler-by-trade-and-reduced-to-distress-by-the-competition-of-machinery.

[Protrudes close to the face of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE a chevron de frise of cheap cutlery.

Unprotected Female (in horror at the numerous blades). Oh, take 'em away, do; and go away this instant, or I'll call the police. *(The wagon has passed.)* Now I think I can get over.

[Rushes across the street with unnecessary haste, nearly upsetting herself and several others. The REDUCED YOUNG MAN trips closely after her.

Reduced Young Man. Wich-I-ave-not-now-tasted-food-for-three-days-and-quite-insufficient-to-support-life-and-ashamed-to-mention-my-distress-to-kind-Christian-friends-but-unger-is-a-sharp-thorn.

Unprotected Female. Oh! I'll buy you some bread. Stop—here's a Mendicity ticket. *[Offers one.*

Reduced Young Man (with a sudden change of look and tone). Oh, blow that, you old shikster—none o' yer skilly tickets for me.

[Retires in profound disgust.

Unprotected Female (bitterly). Oh, I've a good mind to give you in charge, imposing upon people.

[She is suddenly arrested by the tableau of the OLD ESTABLISHED DECENT WIDOW with the Twins, in the white caps, very neatly made up for the forlorn and broken-hearted business under the railings at St. Dunstan's.

Unprotected Female. Oh, what lovely babies!—Oh, you shouldn't sit there in the cold! poor woman—

Old Established Widow with Twins (sighs heavily). Ah—h—h!

[Casts her eyes up to heaven and then down to the Twins, who don't exactly match, having been hired from different baby establishments.

Unprotected Female (gives a shilling). Buy some warm flannel for 'em—do—poor things—how sweetly they are sleeping!

Old Established Widow (in a voice rather husky from gin). Oh, the blessings of the widder and the fatherless, Mum.

[Weeps into the Twins' faces, causing them to sneeze in spite of the soothing influence of GODFREY.

Unprotected Female (continues her walk). It's dreadful to think on the distress one sees, I'm sure, besides all the impostors. *(She has now got to Farringdon Street.)* How ever am I to get over there!

[She pauses in dismay.

Dreadful Object (who is lying crouched with much art, with bare feet, pale face, while nightcap pulled very low down, and large naked shoulder coming through a hole in his tight waistcoat). Oh—h—h— *[Shudders.*

Unprotected Female (perceiving him). Ugh! poor creature! in this dreadful cold weather too! *(Reads the screeve, or inscription on the flag.)*

"Starving—no home—no friends." Oh, it's dreadful! Here, poor boy *(gives him sixpence),* get up, do, and go and apply at the work-house. They must take you in, you know. MR. JONES told me so.

Dreadful Object. Oh, I can't walk, I'm so weak, Mum.

[Groans, and subsides again with his face to the wall, and his bare soles and shoulder well displayed.

Unprotected Female. Oh, then, you must be supported. Here's a policeman coming; I'll ask him to take you.

Dreadful Object (supernaturally recovering himself). A crusher! vere? Olloh!

[Picks himself up very vigorously, and bolts down Farringdon Street at the rate of seven miles an hour.

Unprotected Female (almost giving way to tears). Oh, there's another impostor! What is a woman to do? I must talk to MR. JONES on the subject. He's to meet me at the Bank at two. *(St. Paul's strikes "two.")* Eh? I declare it's striking; I must get a cab, or I shall be too late. Here, hoy!

[Holds up her umbrella. A rush of cabs from the Stand. She is surrounded by cabmen and fiercely contended for. The SCENE closes as she is borne off in triumph by the successful combatant.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC SOYER.



ARLY last week, M. SOYER—warm from the Reform Club kitchen—was enjoying his skate in St. James's Park. Having laid out an imaginary dinner for a hundred upon the ice, he boldly skated to the thinnest place, and went souse into the water. Many persons believed the immersion of the cook to be the effect of accident. By no means: with that enthusiasm that marks and heightens the character of the man, M. Soyer spontaneously went through the ice that he might arrive at the full knowledge of the use and abuse of—dripping.

JENKINS TO SIDNEY HERBERT.

"SIR, I TAKE the license of addressing you as a Protectionist. What do you mean, Sir, by sending to my office, and asking me to subscribe to your scheme of emigration for needlewomen? Your Free Trade is the cause of all their misery, which, though their wages were as low as they are now, and their bread was dearer than at present, before PEEL's treason, would no doubt have ceased of itself, if the Corn Laws had been maintained. What the wretched sempstresses require is Protection. You must defend them from the competition of wives, sisters, and housekeepers, who make up their husbands', brothers', and masters' shirts. You may ask how this is to be accomplished? Wait till our party gets into power. No more at present than you got out of MARLBOROUGH from

"JENKINS."

The National Chamber of Horrors.

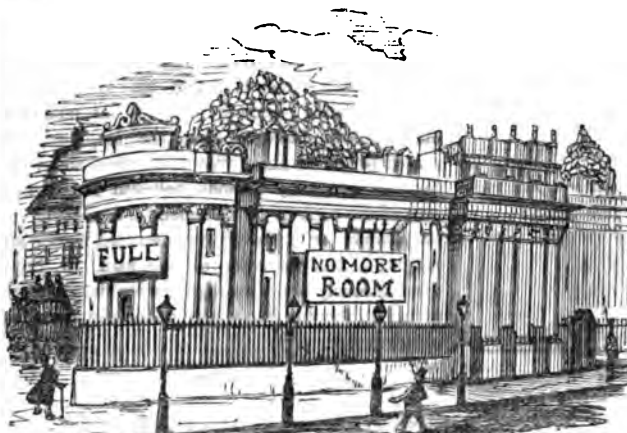
FROM a recent letter in the *Times*, it appears that the widow of BELZONI, in a state of extreme indigence, is another living example of England's ingratitude to its heroes and benefactors. If MADAME TUSSAUD would get together all the effigies of the neglected widows and orphans, such as MADAME BELZONI and NELSON's daughter HORATIA, of those who "have done the State some service," she might establish another, and a more edifying, Chamber of Horrors.

THE BANK AND ITS BULLION.



THE Papers are daily informing us of the glut of gold which has increased the bullion in the Bank to such an extent that the coffers of the establishment are crowded to inconvenience. We really think there ought to be an intimation that "no more money will be taken at the doors," and that a placard inscribed "Quite full," should be placed at all the entrances. So great is the *embarras des richesses* within the bank, that the clerks can scarcely grope their way through the heaps of gold, which flows in so fast, that they are in danger of being knocked down by the force of the current of the metallic currency. Threadneedle Street has, in fact, been turned into a sort of local California, and whenever a customer applies at the Bank for gold, the clerks have only to dig up a shovel-full from the ground about them.

With a glut of gold in the great National Establishment, a surplus in the Exchequer, and money with which nobody knows what to do in everybody's pocket, we shall begin to doubt the propriety of financial reform, and to consider whether the metallic plethora ought not to be relieved by a little wholesome extravagance. At all events we may hope that the abundance of cash in the country will take away all excuse for bad wages, and that peculiar kind of economy in the public service which leaves large sinecures untouched, and fastening its clutches on the salaries of the really working men, devotes itself to the reduction of useful—instead of useless—expenditure.



Thimblerig and Needlerig.

THE united efforts of the Legislature and the Police have almost completely succeeded in suppressing the Thimblerig. The Needlerig, however, is carried on to as great an extent as ever, and will be effectually put down only by the Public's discouraging it in ceasing to deal with the cheap sloop-sellers who victimise the poor sempstresses.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF UNDERTAKERS.

EXTORTIONATE Undertakers occasion Burial Clubs.
Burial Clubs pay Funeral Money.
Funeral Money tempts to Murder.

A Contribution from Mr. Batty.

CAN you tell me, Sir, what is the difference between TATTERSALL's and the Wood Pavement? No? Well, then, I'll tell you. TATTERSALL knocks down horses in lots, but the Wood Pavement does more; it knocks them up!

A VICTIM TO LET.

How easy is it to dip a pen in an ink-bottle and bring out nothing; how remarkably easy in comparison with the attempt to put either hand in either pocket, and bring out something! Ink is dirt cheap; but silver carries so much an ounce. These truisms are every day shining in the columns of the *Herald*, that will not be comforted with the doings of the Post-Office. These truisms are furnished by certain correspondents whose pens continually weep, and whose pockets are continually buttoned, in the case of R. G. HOWLETT, the postman discharged for distributing bills condemnatory of what was called the desecration of the Sabbath by the Post-Office authorities. The man circulated falsehoods, and did his best to create a revolt amongst his fellows. He was thereupon—and we think very properly—cashiered. However, the friends of the Sabbath, as they take delight to call themselves, further assuming, under the comprehensive distinction, various personal titles, smacking more of self-conceit, than of modest piety—contend that R. G. HOWLETT is a victim. Be it so. Why not then succour the persecuted? Why not recompense the martyr? Why not indicate the beauty of a pious cause, by aiding and assisting its heroic but discomfited champion? R. G. HOWLETT and family cannot live upon printer's ink; whatever their stomachs may be, they cannot, for wholesome food, swallow and digest the *Morning Herald*. No human chyle, however potent, can turn that to nutriment. R. G. HOWLETT is a victim—but why should he continue to be A Victim to Let?

Words of sympathy may be real, but there can be no mistake in minted sixpences. "A Friend to Order" writes very touchingly; and if every line he writes were even of the value of a pound of potatoes, nay, of a single potato, to the cashiered HOWLETT, he could immediately arrive at the value of his Orderly Friend's compassion. "One in Earnest" is very earnest in sentences; but his earnestness stops short at even a penny loaf in the matter of the rejected one. "An Income-Tax Payer" suggests, that, in the matter of HOWLETT, the QUEEN should be "appealed to as Defender of the Faith." The proposed suggestion may be valuable; but a ton of coals would prove a defender—not to be mistaken at HOWLETT's fireside—in the sharpness of this actual January. If HOWLETT could be fed upon goosequills, it would be well indeed with the cashiered postman? Quills are very useful instruments; but why not send the poor man the price of a goose?

If the feeling against what was thought to be, what will be, must be, and cannot otherwise than be, the desecration of the Sabbath by Post-Office wickedness, be so very wide and so very deep—why should poor HOWLETT be sacrificed? Why should there not be a HOWLETT testimonial? Where are the bankers, the merchants, the solicitors, the churchmen, who met and aired their piety, denouncing, with frothy indignation, the iniquity of the Post-Office? Where are these great actors—these stars—in the postal play of *Much Ado About Nothing*, every man playing either *Dogberry* or *Verges*? Why, gentlemen bankers, merchants, solicitors, and churchmen, here is poor HOWLETT—a man after your own pious hearts—a real actor, a downright striver in the cause—not a talker merely—suffering for his zealous championship. HOWLETT is starving. The glass is below freezing point, and HOWLETT and family need coals when up, and blankets when a-bed. HOWLETT is the child of your cause—of that cause that made your hearts swell so highly, and your brows perspire so freely when, from the platform, you let flow the lava of your eloquence upon the heathenism of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and felt yourselves mightily relieved and comforted accordingly. But here is no such glory for HOWLETT—HOWLETT, like MORDECAI, sits on the outer steps, and HILL, unlike HAMAN, will not be hanged for his iniquity.

Therefore, we say to you—bankers, merchants, solicitors, churchmen, and all men, good and pious, who renounce CLANRICARDE and his doings,—take HOWLETT, and, in his person, show to a backsliding world, what noble recompence awaits a some-time martyr. Let a cottage—a small model of the Post-Office would be a very significant erection—he straightway built for HOWLETT; let a joint annuity be purchased for HOWLETT and the wife of HOWLETT; let HOWLETT's children be bestowed in civic free-schools,—and let all the world, in the prosperous condition of HOWLETT, recognise on one hand the humble champion of truth, and on the other the munificent gratitude of truth's worshippers, the rich and the well-to-do. In this the Postman would not alone be benefitted; no, it would be to DO an example of justice to all the world, and not merely to howl it.

Small, however, is our hope of this. We fear, so far as the effectual assistance of the bankers, merchants, solicitors, and churchmen is concerned, R. G. HOWLETT will continue as he is—A Victim to Let!

INSANE PROPOSAL.—THE *Morning Herald* indignantly asks, "Why don't the Irish grow madder?"

Why, were this permitted, we should have more need of Protection than ever.

THE LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS.



light upon. We hope that, when his lordship comes to town, he will not object to enlighten London with some of those powerful rays, which he never fails to carry about with him in that enormous lanthorn, his mind—whose powers of reflection are almost unlimited.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE PALACE COURT.

THE Palace Court seems to have died rather hard, for, after having gone through its last day on Friday, December 28th, it gave a convulsive gasp, and had a few "more last words" on Monday, the 31st ultimo. The "last scene of all" was marked by rather an affecting incident, for when the judge retired to his robing-room, he was followed by the attorneys, who expressed a wish to present him with a testimonial.

His Honour, having consented to receive the proffered compliment, found a sheet of paper thrust into his hands, with the thanks of the attorneys inscribed upon it in fine bold text characters. Whether the testimonial was exactly the kind of thing his Honour had expected, we cannot tell, but he folded it to his bosom—or, in other words, placed it in his breast-pocket. He declared in a sad tone of voice that he had always tried to hold the scales of Justice with an even hand, however odd the proceedings of the Court may have appeared to the public in general. The usher went through the process of breaking his wand in imitation of *Prospero*, as a sort of farewell to his prosperity. The office-keeper, being unable any longer to keep his office, drew down the blind, raked out the fire, shut the door with a slam, and strewed some repentant ashes on the foot pavement before the door, where the "dogs of law" had been so frequently let slip upon any game that chanced to show itself.

THE BRANDY AND WATER FISHERIES.

THESE Fisheries are the most abundant in the Parks. The plan of fishing is very simple. You venture on the ice with a pair of skates, and where the ice is thinnest, of course you go in. You cut a flounder or two with your skates, and after going to the bottom, just to feel your footing, you come to the surface, where you find a rope presented to you. This you accept with all the warmth possible, and at the end you will find in your hands a glass of warm brandy-and-water. The best fishing is in Hyde Park, for there they give you the best brandy, and the least water. The Regent's Park preserve is not so good; and it has been found necessary to plant on the ice large placards, marked—

DANGEROUS:
BEWARE OF "BRITISH!!"

so as to warn enthusiasts from being taken in. A whisky fishery has lately been started in St. James's Park, but it has been described as very weak, and not at all equal to the current of "warm within," that flows through the famous Serpentine.

"Look on this Picture" if you can.

It is said that one of the pictures in the Vernon Gallery has sustained a slight injury at the hands of the artist employed to copy it. The excuse urged is a very plausible one, namely, that the damage, if any, having been done to a picture in the hole appropriated to the Vernon Collection, will never be seen.

A BLACK STATUE TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

PLEASANT is it to record the ready gratitude of bodies of men. Well, THOMAS CARLYLE, the man who, with his iron pen, pricks "wind-bags;" who, with his iron-tipped shoon, kicks "flunkeydom;" who, with his Volcanic fist, knocks down the giant "SHAM,"—THOMAS CARLYLE is to be rewarded by the West India planters for his late advocacy of "the beneficent whip," and the Kentuckian wrath with which he has all-but destroyed emancipated "Black Quashee," the wretch who will not work among sugar-canes, unless well paid for his sweat;* preferring to live upon pumpkin! to be, in fact, a free, luxurious citizen of accursed Pumpkindom. THOMAS CARLYLE is to be vicariously executed in black marble, and to stand in the most conspicuous spot of the island of Jamaica, with a pumpkin fashioned into a standish in one hand, and the sugar-cane pointed and nibbed into a pen in the other.

So should it be done unto the man whom the slave-holder delights to honour!

There will be copies in little—statuettes—for the American market, to grace the mantel-shelf of the Virginian man-buyer.

* See *Fraser's Mag.* for December.

THE RETURN OF PROSPERITY AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Now matters are mending; our exports, ascending,
Cause Business to caper and Credit to crow;
Our fisheries are rising in manner surprising,
And butter is moving, and cheese on the go.
Up cordage has gotten, and fabrics of cotton
Exhibit an increase delightful to see;
Glass, hardware, and pottery, with drapery, silk-shottery,
And leather, are doing as well as may be.
Our dealings in linen give proof of a spinning,
Which all Europe's spiders can't equal us in;
We've sold the world metals for saucepans and kettles,
And had a proportionate influx of tin.
With colours for dying and painters supplying,
We're driving a trade very flattering to hope,
Which consideration affords consolation
For not having been quite so well off for soap.
Despite contradiction, without any fiction,
Our stationery has advanced we may say;
The woollen trade, lastly, is prospering vastly:
The inference we draw from these facts is—Hooray!

"He Falls like Lucifer."

THE Railway Monarchy has undergone the last melancholy process of dissolution by the melting down of the wax figure of MR. HUDSON in MADAME TUSSAUD's collection. The Railway King has been reduced to a liquid state; though other acts of liquidation have yet to be gone through by the ex-sovereign of the Rail, whose treatment has been enough to melt anything or anybody. We cannot imagine a more complete downfall than that of a man driven out from the Baker Street Bazaar, and whose room is preferred even by MADAME TUSSAUD to his company.

A Slip-Shod Article.

SCENE.—*The Wood Pavement. An Omnibus, with both its horses at their full lengths on the wood.*

Calman. "Hollo, Bussie, why didn't yer take yer osses to the farrier's?"

Busman. "So I did, Cabbie, but in the 'urry of business, instead of shoes, he has given the warmint slippers."

LITERATURE GOING TO THE TAILORS.

SUCH is the rage for registering everything, that a keep-pace-with-the-times publisher has announced a new edition of "Letters to his Son," under the title of "*A Registered Chesterfield.*"

The High-Tides Hoax.

AN abortive attempt has been made by some astronomers—who appear to have gone star-gazing till they were moonstruck—to create a panic, by predicting a run upon the Banks of the Thames. Dirty Old Father Thames has kept his own dead and deadly level; not having done any more mischief than that of continuing to emit pernicious exhalations.

A STATION ON THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE LINE.



Traveller. "NOW THEN, BOY, WHERE'S THE CLERK WHO GIVES THE TICKET."

Boy (after finishing an air he was whistling). "I'M THE CLERK."

Traveller. "WELL, SIR! AND WHAT TIME DOES THE TRAIN LEAVE FOR LONDON?"

Boy. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. NO TIME IN PERTICKLER. SOMETIMES ONE TIME—AND SOMETIMES ANOTHER."

THE POPE OF FLEET STREET.

"SEASON your admiration for a while," readers. No Court in Fleet Street has become the Court of PIUS THE NINTH. As yet the Roman Pontiff has not sought an asylum over the way. His Holiness of Fleet Street is a Protestant; nevertheless, he is every inch a Pope:—nay, several inches more of a Pope than the great HILDEBRAND. For he is the founder of his own Popedom; not being in the least indebted for the same to the FISHERMAN; and he will prescribe your faith by his mere *ipse dixit*, independently of Scripture or tradition either. This *plus-quam*-papal Protestant Pope is the *Editor of the Record*.

His Holiness of Fleet Street published, the other day, a letter signed "ENQUIRER," signifying that a series of readings from SHAKSPEARE, commencing with "*Macbeth*" and "*Othello*," was about to be given at Exeter Hall, and demanding whether it was "as a sort of preparatory school to Drury Lane" that the building in question was founded?

To this was appended, in the shape of a note, the following pontifical rescript:—

"[ORATORIOS have been considered profane (considering the usual characters of the performers, and the spirit of the majority of the listeners) by some of the choicest Divines this country has produced. Miscellaneous Concerts, it has generally been conceded by Scripturally enlightened persons, breathe much more of the spirit of the world than of the Gospel. They constitute common ground where infinite mischief is done. These have gradually become apparently the staple subjects of profit to the shareholders of Exeter Hall. Now we have readings of *Othello*. Proceeding steadily in this downward career, we may expect presently to have acting of *Othello*. We dare say the Hall would make a good theatre. It seems full time for the proprietors to consider whither they are bound.—EDITOR.]"

Fearless of the thunders of the Fleet Street Vatican, we protest against the above allocution. If the first sentence of that document has any meaning, it is a gross and uncharitable insinuation against both the singers and the audience at the *Sacred Harmonic Society's* perform-

ances. Here is a pretty Pope, without any power of the keys, except that by which he unlocks the floodgates of calumny!

The next ensuing papal position is not very clear: for, if Miscellaneous Concerts "breathe much more of the spirit of the world than of the Gospel," they must breathe *some* of the latter: and how can that be, if even Oratorios themselves are profane? No doubt, however, it is intended for a condemnation of "Miscellaneous Concerts," based on the general consent of "Scripturally enlightened persons." Now there is, in a very well-known book, a faithful narrative, bearing on this point, to which we refer the "Scripturally enlightened"—and their Pope.

In the history alluded to, it will be found recorded that a certain Father's celebration of the return of his unthrifty son included "*music and dancing*."

The "Scripturally enlightened" may be aware that this authentic tale is figurative. Possibly they may know who is meant by the Father that is mentioned in it. Will they presume to say that He who related it would, if music—even dancing music—were in itself evil, have represented it as bearing a correspondence to anything of that Father's institution?

Let us return to our Bull.

Having denounced music, it could be only expected that our Pontiff should anathematise dramatic reading. Yet a better authority than his Holiness, who once lived in Bolt Court close by him—DR. JOHNSON—wrote a play, and went to see it in a red coat. Under the papal favour we submit that there is occasionally a deal of bigoted raving in Exeter Hall, to which the most ranting recitations from *Othello* would be infinitely preferable; and that the career which tends from STIGGINS to SHAKSPEARE is the reverse of *downward*. Although Miscellaneous Concerts were even very sinful, they might still be less wicked than fanatical howling.

JENKINS AND MRS. MOWATT.

MR. JENKINS, last week, favoured the limited world in which he moves with a notice of the first representation of MRS. MOWATT'S comedy, *Fashions; or, Life in New York*, a play which, according to the *Times*, "has been acted with success at every chief city in the Union," and was received at our Olympic here with "tumultuous applause."

"It may," says JENKINS,

"By some weak persons be thought ungenerous in us, when speaking of the production of a lady and a stranger, we employ any language that is not highly complimentary; but genius is of no sex."

And then JENKINS proceeds to abuse the lady and stranger's play, elaborately, in every particular, with all his mighty soul and gigantic strength. For the dead set that he thus makes, he must of course have a motive, which, had he limited himself to strictures on the production itself, might possibly have been supposed to be a no meaner one than an excess of critical zeal. But, MR. JENKINS not content with yelping at the play, must needs have a sap at the authoress. "When the actors," writes gently-sneering JENKINS,

"Had indulged us with another glance at their persons, a very general call from all parts of the house brought Mrs. MOWATT on the stage. The noise was then tremendous, and the shower of customary bouquets more weighty and continuous than we ever remember it to have been. The affair was a little overdone, for not only were the flowers provided too profusely, but the lady, in our eyes, appeared to be ready dressed for the occasion."

Why could you not have moderated the rancour of your pen a little, JENKINS? Why attack the lady and stranger personally? Is it your individual self or your order—JENKINS or Flunkeydom—that MRS. MOWATT has offended?

JENKINS, you say, that "genius is of no sex." Neither is criticism, as personified by you. At any rate it is not manly.

HOBSON'S CHOICE,

OR THE PERPLEXITIES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A SERVANT.



PETER GRUNSELL, the knife-boy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my green-grocer and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at Saint Blaize's Charity School, was our first foot-boy or page. Mamma thought that a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long), and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth, with his pale cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of Saint Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area-steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with the key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat, and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors

of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us: the knives and shoes of my domestic circle were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock: he did odd-jobs for the cook, he went upon our messages and errands; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers; he attended school at Saint Blaize's; he turned his mother's mangle:—there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE then took a just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from PETER to PHILIP, as being more genteel: and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trowers' seams, and a bunch of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who I should think could protect herself very well; but when PHILIP had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without PHILIP after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening, without that boy on the box of the cab.

MRS. CAPTAIN B. is fond of good living herself; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend to: but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed; and they got up rather late, for we are all good sleepers (especially MRS. B., who takes a heavy supper, which I never could indulge in), so that they were never called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking, that if these folks knew their luck; *sua si bona norint*, as we used to say at Merchant Tailors'; if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords, that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them; that, if they are ill, they have frequently their master's doctor; that they get good wages, and beer, and sugar and tea in sufficiency; they need not be robbing their employers, or taking fees from tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head-clerk, RADDLES, has a hundred and twenty a year, and eight children; the REVEREND MR. BITTLES, our esteemed curate at Saint Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my kitchen, or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good, elegant angel* of a MRS. BITTLES ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths: and that uncommonly shabby supper of dry bread, and milk-and-water, which the RADDLES family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place, (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town,) on my walks from Hampstead of a Sunday evening:—I say, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire—have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

Well then, this young PHILIP being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him, as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle, on which, or on a sack in his father's potato bin he used to sleep, and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen, and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it?—for the deuce knows how many they take,) meals a day upon the young rascal, was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress (for the little dummy in Holborn, a bargain of MRS. CAPTAIN B.'s, was always a tight fit,) grew tighter and tighter—as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians; the little gormandiser levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam pudding; and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which we make (from the Nawobb of Mulligatawney's own receipt) remarkably fine, and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage, (and which I must confess I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and *bothered* so about it,) the smashes that boy made were incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went; and the knobs off the covers of the vegetable dishes; and the stems of the wine-glasses; and the china punch-bowl my ANNA MARIA was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table; he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord! Lord! how I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again. But I had best not, for peace' sake, enlarge again upon that point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners made him sleepy as well as fat; certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual hour: then he was a little later: at the end of a month he came yawning down stairs after the maids had long been at work: there was no more polishing of boots and knives: barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's breakfast (MRS. CAPTAIN B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed), in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him, I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. And Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was "PHILIP you are a fool." "PHILIP, you dirty wretch." "PHILIP, you sloven," and so forth, all dinner time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, MRS. CAPTAIN B. always somehow pleaded for him and insisted upon keeping him. Well. My weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and MASTER PHILIP

* I say this, because I think so, and will not be put down. My wife says she thinks there is nothing in MRS. BITTLES, and Mamma says she gives herself airs, and has a cast in her eye: but a more elegant woman I have never seen, no, not at a Mansion House ball, or the Opera. L. H.

staid on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash*, which, though it wasn't in my *crochery*, did MASTER PHILIP'S business. Hearing a great laughter in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good housekeeper, and does not like her servants to laugh on any account,) stepped down,—and what should she find?



—MASTER PHILIP, mimicking her to the women servants, and saying, "Look, this is the way old MOTHER BUDGE goes!" And, pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban MRS. CAPTAIN B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, "Now, PHILIP, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing, lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so?" &c.

MRS. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business: for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after PHILIP had left us: and then Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket, as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy AUGUSTUS was something like him, and that he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, AUGUSTUS FREDERICK YORK BUDGE, a Midshipman on board the *Hippopotamus* frigate, CAPTAIN SWANG, C.B., (I knew the story well enough,) who died of yellow fever on the West India Station, in the year 1814.

HAMPTON COURT HOSPITAL.

THE existence of this charitable institution is not, perhaps, generally known. It forms a considerable portion of Hampton Court Palace, and, together with the remainder of that establishment, is supported wholly by involuntary contributions or taxes, which, according to a statement recently made by MR. W. WILLIAMS, late M.P. for Coventry, amount to £7,000 per annum. The objects of this valuable charity are the decayed members of that large but necessitous and deserving class, the aristocracy of this country, who are therein provided with a comfortable asylum, secure from the contamination of inferior paupers. It has, however, perhaps not without some show of reason, been alleged that a portion of the benefits of this State Hospital might as well be extended to a few of those who, or whose relatives, have done the state some service; and if this view should be adopted, the destitute widow of LIEUTENANT WAGHORN may be considered a worthy candidate for admission to begin with.

A VERY RAW MATERIAL.—MR. DISRAELI says that the land is the landlord's raw material; and so it is. But landlords have a much rawer material in the minds of those farmers whom they delude into continuing to pay excessive rents under the fallacious hope of a re-enactment of the Corn-Laws.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 11.—*The Bank. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE escapes from the hands of her Cab-driver, after an hour of stoppages, prayers, fears, remonstrances, higgings, and general uncomfortableness of all kinds.*

Unprotected Female (before the Bank entrance). Thank goodness! (Gazes eagerly round her.) Oh! I wonder where MR. JONES is? (St. Paul's Clock strikes "Three.") Oh! it's three o'clock, and I ought to have been here at two. (She enters the Court.) I thought he would have waited. (To the STATELY BEADLE in the cocked hat.) Oh, please, has MR. JONES been here?

Stately Beadle (vacantly). JONES?—There's a deal o' JONESSES.

Unprotected Female (with unsolicited communicativeness). It's MR. JONES, who is in the City, and has always come with me to draw my dividends; and he said he would meet me here to-day, at two; but the horrid cabman would get into a stoppage, and it's past three, and I don't see him; and I've got all my papers here; and if you please, do you think they'd give me the money? and where am I to go? and it's too bad of MR. JONES; for he knows I'm not used to business: and please, could you direct me to the Funds?

Stately Beadle (whose attention has wandered a good deal during the above). Fust door to the right.

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank you!

[Enters the door of the Rotunda, which, it being a dividend day, is filled with an average of half-a-dozen customers to each Clerk.]

Unprotected Female (looking about her in alarm). Oh, I wish MR. JONES was here. (Addressing herself to the nearest group of two very impatient City Gents, an embarrassed elderly lady, a deaf old gentleman, and a widow, all upon one Clerk.) Oh! please, I've come for my dividends. (Finding herself not listened to, she raps the counter.) Please, I've come for my dividends.

Clerk (in the same breath). Two three five—how will you have it? What d'ye make it? Eight four six eight and eight. Take it short? Seven three two. (Dispatches his group with incredible rapidity and good temper. To the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.) Now Ma'am, please.

Unprotected Female. If you please I'm come for my dividends—

Clerk (rapidly). Dividend Office.

[Dashes into the business of the next half-dozen customers, leaving the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in utter helplessness.]

Unprotected Female. Oh, they won't attend to me. It's shameful! They durstn't treat me so if MR. JONES was here (Violently thrusting herself to the desk), but I must have my dividends.

1st Customer (politely). Dividend Office, Ma'am.

2nd Customer (indignantly). It isn't here, Ma'am.

3rd Customer (humourously). First door round the corner, Ma'am.

4th Customer (savagely). Now, Ma'am, get out of the way.

Unprotected Female (gazing wretchedly from one to the other). Oh, it's my dividends.

Clerk (with contemptuous pity). Here—FORRESTER—tell her—

[FORRESTER gently conducts the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, vehemently protesting, to the Long Annuities Dividend Office.]

Forrester (thoughtfully to himself). Elderly lady. Longa isn't it, Ma'am? Here you are.

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank you, I'm sure I didn't know (goes to the nearest desk and addresses herself to nobody in particular). Please I've come for my dividends.

Clerk (seizing a disengaged moment and whipping open Transfer Book). What name?

Unprotected Female (not understanding). Eh? What?

Clerk. WATT? Go to the W's.

Unprotected Female (bewildered). The W's?

Clerk (pointing with his pen). Over the way—fourth desk—there!

Unprotected Female (mechanically obeying and accosting CLERK at the desk indicated). Please, I've come for my dividends, and they told me to come to the W's.

Clerk. Name?

Unprotected Female (replunged into bewilderment). What?

Clerk. Christian Name?

[Running over the "WATTS'S" with his finger in the Transfer Book.

Unprotected Female. MARTHA.

Clerk. No MARTHA WATT here. Must have made a mistake, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female (in great wretchedness). Oh, they told me to come.

Clerk. How do you spell your name?

Unprotected Female. S. T.

Clerk (indignantly). Then what do you come to the W's for? You gave me name "WATT."

Unprotected Female (explanatorily). No, I said "What?"

Clerk. Well, "WATT." That don't begin with S—T—

Unprotected Female. No—my name isn't WATT. I only said "What."

It's STRUGGLES is my name—MARTHA STRUGGLES.

Clerk (relieved and kindly). Go to S. T. and give your name, and they'll give you a warrant.

Unprotected Female. Oh—I don't want a warrant—I've come for my dividends.

Clerk (impatiently). Te—Te—Te. Why don't you bring somebody with you?

Unprotected Female (glad of the opportunity, is about to explain the defect in JONES). Oh, you see, MR. JONES—

Clerk. Well—well—never mind MR. JONES—go to the ST's—there (pointing with his pen,) and take what they give you. Now, Sir.

[To the next Payee.

Unprotected Female (gaining the ST's at last, with unusual directness). MARTHA STRUGGLES, and I've come for my dividends.

Clerk (discovering the name). How much?

Unprotected Female (plunging into her bag and bringing up a handful of papers). It's all down here.

Clerk (hastily). Put it down. Now, Ma'am.

[Proceeds to dispose of other applicants.

Unprotected Female (after performing a series of complicated calculations, puts in her paper triumphantly). That's it.

Clerk reading out (waggishly). 289734—two hundred and eighty-nine thousand, seven hundred and thirty four pounds—Ma'am?

Unprotected Female. No—no—two hundred and eighty-nine pounds, seven shillings and three-farthings, and I don't mind the copper.

Clerk (referring to book). No such sum under that name in Long Annuities. What stock?

Unprotected Female. In the Funds.

Clerk. Bank Stock, Consols, Reduced, Three-and-a-quarters, or Terms of years?

Unprotected Female (solemnly, but with much alarm). No, it's all in the Funds.

Clerk. Yes, but what Stock?

Unprotected Female (in a tone intended to inspire respect). In the Government Securities, every farthing of it.

Clerk (suddenly). Oh! you've got your Stock receipts there. Let me look.

[Holding his hand.

Unprotected Female (suspiciously). Oh, but MR. JONES said I wasn't.

They're my securities.

Clerk (half amused, half hopeless arriving at a result). Hold 'em tight, Ma'am; only let me look. Longs, and Three-and-a-Quarters. (Makes out the warrant for the Long Annuities' Stock.) Now, sign there, Ma'am. (Pushes the Dividend Book over to her. UNPROTECTED FEMALE is about to write her name promiscuously.) No, no. Opposite there—So.

Unprotected Female (suddenly seized with a qualm). But you'll pay me?

Clerk. Dear, dear, dear! Now, sign there. (Giving her the warrant.) So. (Signs.) Now, take that to the Rotunda, and they'll give you the money.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but can't you, please? I'd rather have it here.

Clerk. No. We don't pay here. There, it's that round room you came through.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but I asked there as I came on, and they wouldn't.

Clerk. But they will now, if you show 'em that. Now do go, Ma'am. These gentlemen are waiting.

[Pointing to a group which has been jointly and severally consigning the UNPROTECTED FEMALE to very unpleasant places during the above colloquy.

Unprotected Female (very humbly to the group). I'm sure I'm very sorry—But MR. JONES—(Her explanation is cut short by a rush of Payees; and she wanders back to the Rotunda. Addressing First Clerk, who has his hands full already). Please could you pay me my dividends?

Elderly Gentleman. Wait a moment, Madam.

Unprotected Female. They said you would if I showed you this.

[Holding up warrant. ELDERLY GENTLEMAN is disposed of.

Unprotected Female. Oh! please, could you?

Brisk Clerk. There's three before you, old lady.

[BRISK CLERK is disposed of.

Unprotected Female. Now, if you please—

Severe Widow (with much asperity). I beg you'll wait for your turn, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female (in a tone of dignified retort). Oh! by all means, Ma'am. (SEVERE WIDOW is disposed of.) Now, please, my dividends. [Hands over warrant.

Harassed Clerk (snappishly). How do you make it?

Unprotected Female. Oh! I didn't make it. It was my poor UNCLE THOMAS left it to me.

Harassed Clerk (glaring at her as with a desire to annihilate her). Add it up. How much is it?

Unprotected Female (with a ray of intelligence). Oh! it's £289 7s. 0½d. But I don't mind the copper.

Harassed Clerk (flinging back the warrant). It's only for £200.

Unprotected Female. Oh! then they've cheated me. I thought they would. Here are my securities. [Shows Stock Certificates.

Harassed Clerk (comprehending at a glance). £200 in Longs, the rest in Three-and-a-quarters. If you bring the warrant for the rest I'll pay you. You can only have £200 on this—

Unprotected Female (clasping her hands in despair). Oh, they didn't give me anything but that, and they said you'd pay me if I showed it you—and now you won't—Oh—

Harassed Clerk (on the verge of an explosion). Bless the woman!

Unprotected Female (passing suddenly from the depths of despair to the summit of felicity). Oh, there's MR. JONES! Oh, MR. JONES!

[Rushes towards that individual who enters the Rotunda; all but falls into his arms, and the SCENE closes on her rapture of relief.

HALVING THE CENTURY.



JUST now our table is cracking and groaning under a heap of letters on both sides of the controversy about the completion of the first half of the century. One correspondent illustrates his view by proposing that we should drink the half of a hundred barrels of stout in as many years, and informs us that half the hundred barrels will have been drunk so soon, but only so soon, as the last pot of

the fiftieth barrel shall have been swallowed. Our only objection to this mode of determining the question is, that he has not sent us the means of trying his experiment. We may apply similar observations to the propositions of those who ask us to smoke so many bundles of cigars, eat so much cheese, and wear out so many suits of clothes in half a century. The quantities of these articles are represented as given quantities, but all we can say is, that we have not received any of them. As to the matter in dispute, we need only remark, that if the year 1800 was the first year of the century, 1801 was the second year, 1849 the fiftieth, and the present year of grace, 1850, is the fifty-first. If not, then otherwise. To us, the question would seem perfectly clear, but for the following communication, which, being brief, we publish in extenso:—

"MR. PUNCH,

"My cousin BRIDGET, to my knowledge, was born on January 1, 1800. If we are now beginning the second half of the century, she must just have entered her fifty-first year. Yet a lady's word is undeniable; and all who have been acquainted with BIDDY for the last 20 years can testify that, during all that time, she has declared herself to be only thirty.

"Your constant reader,

"TEMPUS FUGIT."

Rogues in Grain.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Times says, with reference to "Servants' Poundage," "I know of one corn-dealer who invariably sends to his west-end customers three and three quarters for four bushels in every sack." If we were so treated by our corn-dealer through the connivance of our groom, we would send the former his corn back again, and give the latter the sack.



Mr. Walter Belville (*soliloquises*). "IMMORTAL BARD, INDEED!! I SHOULD JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN, MY BUCK, IF I HADN'T—BUT NO MATTER. [Exit growling.]

THE PROTECTION "DODGE."

Suffering Landowner (in a solemn and sonorous tone, with a glance at the first-floor window). My ky—ind fer—iends, I am ash—amed to app—ear be—fore you, and to ex—pose my mis—er—able state. * * *

I am a lan—ded prop—er—i—etor re—doo—ced to ger—eat mis—e—ry, ow—ing to the com—pe—tition of the foreigner. There is a ger—eat many of us as bad off as my—self and the count—er—y is a—being ruined all along off free—trade SIR ROBERT PEEL and MISTER COB—DEN. We 'ave only twen—ty millions of money in the Bank, also an iner—ease of £38,235 on the Cust—oms, also £371,899 on the Ex—cise, and £24,960 on the In—come Tax, pity the poor land—ow—ner re—doo—ced to mis—er—y wich they will soon low—er our rents, &c., &c.

Oh, my kind fer—iends is not this 'ard—Oh spare a ter—ifle of pro—tection for the poor land—owner—wich you will nev—er feel the want of it your—selves.

My ky—ind fer—iends, &c. &c. *da capo*.

Mr. Policeman Punch. Now then, you cadger, there, move on, will you, and don't be a gammonin' of the public.

A TEXT WORTHY OF COMMENT.

"GEORGE RUNY a boy aged 14, was put into the box to be sworn, and the Testament was put into his hand. He looked quite astonished upon taking hold of the book.

"*Ald. Humphrey.* Well, do you know what you are about? Do you know what an oath is?

"*Boy.* No.

"*Ald. H.* Do you know what a Testament is?

"*Boy.* No.

"*Ald. H.* Can you read?

"*Boy.* No.

"*Ald. H.* Do you ever say your prayers?

"*Boy.* No, never.

"*Ald. H.* Do you know what prayers are?

"*Boy.* No.

"*Ald. H.* Do you know what God is?

"*Boy.* No.

"*Ald. H.* Do you know what the Devil is?

"*Boy.* I've heard of the Devil, but I don't know him.

"*Ald. H.* What do you know, my poor boy?

"*Boy.* I knows how to sweep the crossing.

"*Ald. H.* And that's all?

"*Boy.* That's all. I sweeps the crossing.

"The Alderman said, he, of course, could not take the evidence of a creature who knew nothing whatever of the obligation to tell the truth."—*Vide Times' Police Report of Wednesday, Jan. 9.*

So, says the law, which the Alderman has to administer. But

are not these a conversation and a result worth noting, good people

of this wonderful time of Railways, Ragged Schools, Model

Lodging-houses, Soup-kitchens, Model Prisons, and other excellent

crutches for helping along this society of ours, which still stumbles

somehow, most sadly, in spite of them?

Here is the raw material of a citizen—a boy well half way to

manhood, who knows neither oath, nor book, nor prayer, nor God;

has but heard of the Devil even—and whose sum and substance of

knowledge is "how to sweep the crossing—that's all." A crossing-

sweeping machine this, with a superfluous soul in it apparently,

—that no man, or set of men, has thought it worth while to waken

—a tongue that the law ties—a sort of brute biped in the eyes of

all—who, introduced to a worthy Alderman and a police court, sud-

denly hears of the oddest things, oaths, and books, and prayer, and

God, and Devil—ideas which had not developed themselves in

crossing-sweeping.

But though Society leave this lump of Man to his besom and

his blank ignorance of right and wrong, and the powers the cof,—

and though Law, when he rises to say what he has seen—for he *can*

speak—says to him, "No! Be dumb, brute, how should'st thou

lift up thy voice among men?"—this same Society and Law would

use a very different tone, if once our brute biped should begin to

develop himself brute fashion—if he should strike or bite—or kick,

or take to satisfy his hunger—to prey, in short, wild-beast-like on

the world in which he is as a wild beast. Then Society would be

alert with its policemen, and committing magistrates and cells—

and Law with its judges and juries, and learned barristers, all

arrayed to deal justice upon this poor neglected brute, as if he

were a man.

A strange sight and one worthy of being weighed in these

times above all others. Our blunt ancestors went roundly to work.

If they saw without concern brute men gathering and growing

about them, they flogged, and imprisoned, and ironed and racked,

and hung, with right royal brutality of punishment. But now we

have changed the latter half of their system, while we leave the

former unaltered. While the animal sleeps, we let him sleep. But

once let him wake to show the animal in act, and we make a man

of him. His cage must be comfortable,—with "a regard

shown to his feelings"—his diet must be varied and succu-

lent—he must have sweet air enough—and cleanliness—and all,

in fact, that was denied him till the brute propensities awoke to

active life!

If any painter of our new Houses of Parliament want an allegory

for our Great Britain, we give him this—

Let him paint a great tree with a worm at the root; with

healthy boughs and withered; with fine fruit and sickly; here

blossom, and there blight; and Benevolence, and Piety, and States-

manship, carefully nipping a scabby fruit off this bough, and as

carefully nursing a dwarfed flower on that; and the crowd round

about clapping their hands and applauding the mighty work of

improvement; and all the while, a new scabby fruit, and a new

defective flower, appearing for each that is nipped off, or nursed

into sickly comeliness; and a few poor timid spectators hinting

that, "All this work about fruit and blossom, is vain, while

something must be wrong with the roots;" and nobody

listening to them—and the worm working and working towards

the heart of the tree, and "very general satisfaction with our

prospects."



THE PROTECTION "DODGE."

Suffering Landholder (in a solemn and sonorous tone, with a glance at the first-floor window).—MY KY-IND FER-IENDS, I AM ASH-AMED TO APP-EAR BE-FORE YOU, AND TO EX-POSE MY MIS-ER-ABLE STATE.

I AM A LAN-DED PROP-ER-I-ETOR RE-DOOCED TO GER-EAT MIS-E-RY, OW-ING TO THE COM-FE-TITION OF THE FOREIGNER. THERE IS A GER-EAT MANY OF US AS BAD OFF AS MY-SELF, AND THE COUNT-ER-Y IS A-BEING RUINED ALL ALONG OF FREE-TRADE SIR ROBERT PEEL AND MISTER COB-DEN. WE 'AVE ONLY TWEN-TY MILLIONS OF MONEY IN THE BANK, ALSO AN INCR-EASE OF £38,235 ON THE CUST-OMS, ALSO £371,899 ON THE EX-cise, AND £24,960 ON THE IN-COME TAX, PITY THE POOR LAND-OW-NER, &c. &c.

ALL THE TOWN'S A SLIDE.

(A Parody for the Frost.)

ALL the town's a slide,
And all the men and women merely skaters.
They have their slippings and their flounderings,
And one man in his life has many falls:
His fate having seven stages. At first, the infant,
Shivering and shaking in his nurse's arms;
And then the shuffling school-boy, with his highlows
And hobnailed sole and heel, cutting-out slides
Instead of going to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, till with woeful tumble
He and his mistress lie low. Then a soldier,
Wearing odd skates, and bearding all the park;
Jealous of others, sudden and quick in turning,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the deepest holes. And then the iceman
In fair round hat, with a good cape on, lined
With oilskin clear, and coat of formal cut,
Full of ice-saws and modern instruments;
And so he plays his part. The sixth stage slips
Into the lean and slippery pantaloons,
With icicle on nose, and stick in hand,
His India-rubber shoes a world too large
For his shrunk feet; and his poor trembling knees
Straggling apart like childish helplessness,
He tumbles on the ground! Last scene of all
That ends this cold and frosty history
Is a sharp wind—upsetting every one,
Sans stick, sans cloak, sans hat, sans everything.

HORRIBLE EFFECT OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

SUCH is the influence of evil example, that we shall be having our doll-makers taking their models from the assemblage of waxen horrors in Baker Street. Men are but children of a larger growth, and if full-sized people can be amused by murderers got up as mere dolls the size of life, it is to be expected that the smaller fry will take delight in having, as puppets to amuse their play hours, the miniature representations of those atrocious monsters in whom their parents take an interest.

The very prospect of such a profanation of one of the most pleasing instincts of little girlhood—a love of dolls—is sufficient to inspire us with a determination to put down a nuisance, which is bad enough when it corrupts the taste of our elders, but which becomes ten times more odious when it seems likely to bring contamination upon our female juveniles.



"SEE, DEAR, WHAT A SWEET DOLL MA-A HAS MADE FOR ME."

The Bath and Wash-house for Old Masters.

A GREAT deal has been said both for and against the picture-cleaning at the National Gallery. It seems undeniable that the cleaning of the old masters brings out their tints, but unfortunately, with such strength as to lay bare their canvases.

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE BRITISH STAGE.



New character has lately sprung up into the pantomimic sphere. He is—as little boys should be—seen, but not heard. His name is the *Sprite*. All his talent is concentrated in his body, arms, and legs. He is kicked about, thrown about, tumbled, twisted, and turned about in all possible and impossible directions. One moment he is a wheelbarrow—the next he is a human cracker, bounding across the stage, and ultimately disappearing through a chemist's window. He prefers walking on his hands to his feet. His skin is mostly green, when not red—but if it is not red, then it is mostly green with red stripes. His head is sometimes furnished with a pair of crimson horns, and his eyes, when he winks and ogles at the gallery, are not pleasant to look at, though generally rewarded with a loud cry of "Brayvo!"

The *Sprite* is on familiar terms with the *Clown* and *Pantaloon*, and allows them to take what liberties they please with him. He is open to all sorts of blows, smacks, and insults, and only skips and tumbles the merrier for them. The more he is kicked, the better he is pleased, and he rarely leaves the stage without some bodily affront. He respects, however, the *Columbine*, excepting in the first scene after the changes, when he joins hands with her without any pride, previous to falling flat upon his face with *Clown* and *Pantaloon*, by express order of *Harlequin's* wand. But it is in the last scene where he is the grandest. Look for him in the final "Bower of Sugar Candy," and you will see him on his head, standing on the topmost bar of the glittering cage of wickerwork. He is the crowning glory of the evening. If there is a "Cataract of a Thousand Bottles of Champagne," wherewith to send every one home madly intoxicated with the evening's Pantomime, you will behold the *Sprite* dangling by his feet in an ocean of blue fire, kissing his hands ecstatically to the pit.

The *Sprite* is proud of his high position, and he has one great virtue, which many a *Clown* might borrow from him with advantage—he never talks. There is another peculiar merit about his caoutchouc performances; and that is, like *Boxing-Day*, he only comes once a year. It is especially for this rare merit that we rank the *Sprite* far higher on the English Stage than many other performers whom we could mention. The *Sprite* has so identified himself, body and bones, with the British Stage, and has obtained so firm a hold round the necks of *Clown*, *Pantaloon*, and the British Public, that nothing short of the total annihilation of *George Barnwell*, or the sudden conflagration of all the copies in the world of *Jane Shore*, can possibly kick him off those boards that have been so nobly trod by GRIMALDI, and still feel the stupendous stamp of TOM MATHEWS.



CORN AND CROWN.

THE existence of the Monarchy is to depend upon the re-enactment of the Corn Laws. QUEEN VICTORIA'S Crown is to be secured in the sack of Protection or—or—but let MR. ROPER, who spoke a day or two ago, at the Dublin County Meeting, speak the threat for himself—

"Gentlemen," said MR. CHARLES ROPER, "if we are to have American prices for provisions, THE PEOPLE AT LENGTH WILL HAVE AMERICAN PRICES FOR GOVERNMENT."

And we are told that this observation was received with rapturous cheering. If corn is to range below 50s., let MR. SWIFT, the keeper of the Crown Jewels, look warily to his charge—if Indian cobs come in duty free, what a blight upon that bed of strawberry-leaves, the House of Lords! If the landlords do not protect high rents, they will have cheap Government. Thus—awful to consider its ultimate end!—the very chair taken by the Cavalier DISRAELI at Bucks, may become the official seat of PRESIDENT BENJAMIN at St. James's!

LAZARUS SHUNAMITE, FLORIST, COVENT-GARDEN MARKET, takes this opportunity—the Theatres being now in full blow—of informing ACTRESSES in general, that he continues to supply bouquets of all sorts and sizes, to be flung to ladies of every grade, during the piece, or on the fall of the curtain. He has bouquets constantly on hand for everybody, from *Lady Macbeth* down to *Little Pickle*—the high tragedy bouquet—the prima donna bouquet—and the bouquet for comic chambermaids.

The bouquets are arranged after the Oriental fashion, so that the actress has a nosegay and a criticism in the same bunch,—every flower meaning something. The expressions vary from "beautiful"—"delicious"—"angelical," to the enlarged sentence "Every Evening, if you please, until Further Notice!"

Actresses or Managers treated with, either nightly, for the run of a piece, or for the whole season. Orders for bouquets (and the Boxes) punctually attended to.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.



It delight in picking up stray straws of character, and balancing them on our mind's nose—for if the mind has an eye, of course it must have a nose.

The Railway still abounds in characters, though so many have recently been lost there. It has been at Woolverton, Birmingham, Derby, and many other stations of pressing hunger and thirst, that we have devoured—now with a stale bun, now with a basin of hot soup in our hand—the following little delicious bit of character. It answers to the name of—

THE RAILWAY REFRESHMENT GIRL.

How pretty she is! You jump from the train with six hours' accumulation of appetite. Your hungry eyes survey the stock of pastry and pork pies that are arranged mathematically on the Board of Ill-Health before you, and, in the tempting variety, you are puzzled which to choose. A fairy form with a blonde cap flits before you, and your indecision grows greater. A silvery little voice, no bigger than a fourpenny piece, asks you "what you will please to take?" and in the nervousness of your throat, you murmur coolingly, "Turtle, real turtle." The next minute is handed you a soup-plate, swimming-full of ox-tails—and mechanically you dip the silver spoon into it. You have scalded yourself, of course—but what matter? One glance from those loving eyes, and the pain has sweetened into pleasure. The plate is still before you, and you keep, blowing, blowing

—or rather sighing, sighing—but your eyes and thoughts are fixed on the moving Grace before you.

How good-natured she is! She has smiles and change for every one. Her hands fly over the table as nimbly as those of a German professor over the pianoforte. She plays on the teacups with the rapidity of Thalberg. Harmony seems to flow from her fingers, and each glass she touches becomes a musical glass.

But though the Railway Refreshment Girl plays so admirably, yet she is rarely heard to sing. Talk to her as much as you please, she seldom replies. The fact is, she discourses with smiles, and each smile is as good as a song, looking almost as if it said aloud, "Wilt thou love me then as now?"

Neatness waits on each little action she performs. She puts in the sugar to the negus herself, screws up the mouth of each paper bag so tightly that the mixed biscuits will not fall out, and never hands "coppers" (Shame that she should touch such things!) excepting in the handsomest envelope of brown paper.

Her dress is a study for a milliner. Her cap would win a smile from the most captious little *grisette*, and the gay, fluttering, strings, never obtrude themselves into the coffee, or the calf's-foot jelly, or improper places. Her apron is after the pattern of aprons that are worn by stage waiting-maids, only much prettier. Her gown shines like a summer's day, and brightens your eyes to look at it. Take her altogether (only the counter prevents that!) you would say that she lived all her life in a French Fashion-Book, and only came down upon earth for certain five minutes every day to feed a drove of starving passengers.

Is she mortal? For apparently she does not require the vulgar sleep that other mortals in bright petticoats cannot dispense with. Drop upon her at what hour you will, the Railway Refreshment Girl is always the same. At five o'clock in the morning she looks as sunshiny as at noon; at ten at night her eyes pour out as much brightness as in the middle of the day. Her dress, too, never betrays the smallest loosepin of hurry, or negligence. You can generally tell the time of day by a lady's hair; but it is quite impossible to say what hour it is—whether A.M. or P.M.—from the neat little head before you. Who ever saw a Railway Refreshment Girl in curl-papers? She lives in perpetual ringlets.

Your heart is at her feet—if feet she has any—for none are to be seen; and she appears to walk on wings. Your reverie deepens at every glance; your admiration is sunk to the depth of an Artesian well, and overflows all your nature; when suddenly a sharp bell wakes you up to life again. Timidly, you ask what there is to pay? and, leaving your soup and your heart behind you, hurry out, none the happier for the change that is ringing with a hollow sound in your waistcoat-pocket next to your beating bosom. Your appetite is unappeased, but your thoughts are full, and for hours you feast on the sweet recollections you have imbibed, if nothing else, from your interview with the RAILWAY REFRESHMENT GIRL.

HOPE FOR HUDSON.

THE *Chronicle*, in a very philosophical article on the treatment of spots and stains, shows how they may be discharged by proper means—shows how dirt, though inch-thick, will rub off reputations, when the dirt is well-dried.

"Thus [says the *Chronicle*, breathing hope to Hudson] in the course of not many years, by the effect of a prudent silence, and a decorous retirement from observation, a disgraced public man not unfrequently reverses his attainder, and—albeit slightly damaged in the eyes of those who remember the circumstances of his case—if he has courage enough to put a good face upon the matter, may recover his position."

Contemplating this sentence, we leaned back in our chair, looking—as is our wont when in meditation—upward to the ceiling; and thereupon, in a few seconds, we read, or seemed to read, these lines:

"From the *Morning Post*, Feb. —, 1860.

"Last night, at least 800 of the *beau monde* were entertained by GEORGE HUDSON, Esq., who, after a retirement of some years, in consequence of delicate health, though not indigestion, as generally believed, has again returned to a brilliant and numerous circle, of which he was in bygone time the soul and ornament; and whose long-lamented

absence has thrown occasional gloom over those *réunions* where (the emotion could not always be suppressed) some kind voice has whisper'd, "I wish he were here." We cannot give a list of the company; suffice it to say, it was composed of the leading stars of fashion; of all that makes life wise, and good, and noble, and brilliant. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and the supper was of a most profuse and costly description. We are happy to hear that, called by the unanimous voice of the constituency, Mr. HUDSON goes down to stand for Sunderland next week. He will, of course, be returned with one burst of triumph. By the way, one small incident may speak the amiable good-nature of the rich and worthy gentleman. Though much pressed for time, he has, at the request of the citizens of York, consented to sit for another full-length, for their Mansion House. Condescension like this is above all comment."

And this was the handwriting on the ceiling with the foreshadowed date of 1860.

LONDON MILK AND LONDON WATER.

THE principal difference between London Milk and London Water, after having been subjected to a careful analysis, appears to be pretty nearly as follows:—In the case of London Water you expect to find water at the bottom of the chalk; whereas, in the case of London Milk, you may be sure to find chalk at the bottom of the water.

NELSON'S DAUGHTER.

THE hard frost set in at an unlucky hour. We have it, upon what we would fain take as authority, that just as certain dignitaries of the two professions of arms—the Field-Marshal and the Admirals—had warmed themselves into a late determination to become the bud of a Committee to keep NELSON'S HORATIA from the patronage of France—a visitation threatened in loftiest wording by the President—just as the heads of the Navy and Army had resolved to appeal to the English nation in aid of NELSON'S daughter, the frost set in—the quicksilver dropt in the glass, and with it fell the sympathy of Marshals and Admirals. Like MUNCHAUSEN'S trumpet, their spirits were frozen in their martial bodies.

Otherwise, and had only the frost held off, we should have seen ere this, the name of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, with the names of all the Waterloo men, of the men of Trafalgar, shining—shining in a cluster—like the best of their own blood-bought stars. They would have been gathered together, the lustrous Committee—with power to add to their brilliants—for the purpose of vindicating the right of NELSON to the gratitude of Englishmen; a right, living and beating in the veins of his child. But just at the moment, the frost as we say, set in, and Marshals and Admirals, with their fingers prepared for the operation, could not—they were so cold—unbutton their pockets.

We know that the name of NELSON is already chargeable. Excise, or Customs, or Assessed Taxes, have one of the nibbles out of the many thousand, at the daily substance of the Englishman, such nibbles put together, making these pensions (without a word upon the sum that bought the NELSON lands,) thus allotted—

EARL NELSON, son of the nephew of ADMIRAL NELSON	£2000
COUNTESS OF NELSON, wife of the above	1000
DOWAGER COUNTESS, widow of the Admiral's nephew	2000
To name of NELSON	£5000

This is a good sum; very handsome salaries enjoyed upon the luck of alliance with hero's blood heroically shed. As for the Earl Admiral's brother, who inherited the profits of Trafalgar, and bobbed in for the coronet that missed the dead—he was in heart and soul as much allied to the sailor, as a barnacle upon the coppers of the *Victory* was a portion of her heart of oak. Nevertheless, they took PARSON BARNACLE, and gilded his simoniacal head with a coronet, and he—keeping the tenor of his way—cheated LADY HAMILTON, duly robbing the sailor's child, NELSON'S orphan HORATIA. Whereupon, the PRINCE OF WALES wrote letters of sympathy that, like all such epistles from his royal hand, were by no means worth the ink that blotted the paper.

In the meanwhile, HORATIA'S mother dies. The woman to whom England was indebted for the intelligence that made victory sure—for it took NELSON alongside the French fleet—dies in a corner of Calais, and, with little other than a pauper's funeral—(two Englishwomen clubbed old silk petticoats to serve for a pall)—was laid in earth, now turned to a timber-yard. The Parson Earl did not erect a hand's-breadth of stone. Yet, to him, stone must have been cheap enough. The man must have carried a quarry inside of him.

Nevertheless, England is very grateful to the memory of her hero. England buys a magnificent estate for NELSON'S black brother: England dresses the parson as Earl, and gilds him and his successors—and wives to boot,—inch-thick with the alchemy of the tax-man. And so we honoured the hero NELSON. We honoured him at St. Paul's; and we honoured him, dressing up a human lay-figure in his name—in the House of Lords.

And still, we honour NELSON in his Trafalgar coat. For is it not to be seen in a shrine of plate-glass at Greenwich? There it lies, a thing of daily honour—open to all worshippers.

And do we not honour NELSON in the very bullet—in the mortal bit of lead that deprived HORATIA of her father, to be exposed by her father's brother? Yes; we do honour even to that bit of mischief, since associated with the fate of NELSON—for only a while ago did not PRINCE ALBERT receive as a precious gift, that bit of lead; and did he not—if Court historians write truly—in a very graceful speech, express his value of the gift, and his determination to treasure it as a dearest relic?

We honour the Nelson coat—we honour the Nelson bullet—but NELSON'S child, NELSON'S living flesh and blood, are not of such value as moth-eaten woollen, or an ounce of old metal.

As, however, the Lords of the Admiralty permit the *Victory* to be shown, and, as where NELSON was shot is marked by an engraved plate—we suggest to them the eligibility of cutting a till-slit through the plank where NELSON fell, and placing a money-box below, with another plate above, thus marked—

"SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR HORATIA."

In this way, NELSON'S countrymen, desirous of contributing to a Fund for NELSON'S daughter, will know in what place to deposit their money. We do not suggest this without due cause, for, at this moment, we are

beset by a difficulty, having received a subscription for HORATIA, which is worded thus:—

"FIVE POUNDS FOR HORATIA FROM AN OLD MAID."

Now, as the frost has prevented the formation of the Committee, and, indeed, as the body of Marshals and Admirals may never thaw to congenial point again, we know not what to do with the subscription forwarded by our Correspondent, "An Old Maid," whose good heart shows that she deserved the best of husbands, and that husband the very best of sailors. Any way, we will wait a few days for the probable formation of the Committee. If, however, the hard frost seems likely to continue—and if, again, the Lords of the Admiralty will not comply with our suggestion, by establishing, in default of greater measures, a subscription-box aboard the *Victory*, so that we may forward the £5 to the fund there to be garnered—then, and with deep regret, we must return the money to the kind hand that sent it forth upon its journey of goodness—upon its task of true and gentle sisterhood,—to be further directed where the hand shall it list.

But let us hope better, both from the Lords of the Admiralty, and from a genial thaw.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



HAVING been admitted to a private view of this great national establishment which is—like a pert child—in a state of great forwardness, we proceed to give a description of what we observed. Over the Speaker's chair is a gallery intended for ladies which is screened with metal work, an arrangement in very bad taste, for the ladies themselves would be "metal more attractive."

The floor of the House is of iron, which is very hard indeed for Mr. O'CONNELL, and

other members, who may have a *faiblesse* for dying on the floor of the House, and who may not be prepared for taking in good part this touch of irony. The windows will be filled with stained glass, representing armorial bearings, which is certainly an odd sort of compliment to the persons whose shields are represented, for it stains all their scutcheons. The length of the chamber is 62 feet, which is nearly one third less than the Lords—an arrangement of which we cannot guess the cause; for the Lords are not likely, we suppose, to go greater lengths than the Commons.

The height of the building is 45 feet, which will allow certain eccentric members to go to their usual height of absurdity. The Houses of Parliament are to be connected with Westminster Hall by an enormous archway and a magnificent flight of steps, which it is expected will prove to be one of the most remarkable flights of fancy ever attempted by any architect. The cloisters are undergoing restoration: for it has been found that the beauty of the work in these "vaulted aisles," renders it impossible for a "vaulting ambition" to do anything but "overleap itself," in an attempt to improve them.

Windsor Theatricals.—Shakspeare Revived.

Julius Caesar and *Henry the Fourth* are to be acted before the Court at Windsor in February; when, in accordance with the spirit of recognition that complimented the dramatists last year, SHAKSPEARE will be duly honoured. As, however, in his case it is found impossible to command him to Court, the Chamberlain has received orders to proceed in due form to Stratford Church, and then and there to present the bust of the immortal Bard with a handsome coat of white-wash. After such painting of the lily, SHAKSPEARE must look up!

A ROYAL DAMPER.

THE papers inform us that the KING OF WIRTEMBERG has dissolved his diet, by which we understand that his diet being rather too strong for him, he has dissolved it by throwing cold water all over it.

SMOKING THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



WE are sorry to say, that the City has lately held the Hero of Waterloo so cheap, that London has been, what is vulgarly called, smoking the Duke with volumes of its celebrated smoke, until every statue of his Grace has become thoroughly graceless from the quantity of soot by which it is shrouded. We know that WELLINGTON swept everything before him on the Continent, but his statue at the Royal Exchange, looks as if he had swept everything behind him, including the chimnies in the rear, as well as all the flues of this great metropolis. We do not wonder at the Iron Duke being black in the face, with the neglect he has been made to experience. He that never showed an alteration of countenance at the fire of the enemy, has positively changed colour at the fire and smoke of the citizens.

We know that every statue may exclaim, "To this complexion must we come at last;" but surely the *Ramoneur* may provide something in the shape of a remedy. We would have the Duke first thoroughly swept, and then kept regularly hearth-stoned every week; for his present condition is really a most distressing one. When the wind is northerly he receives in his ear the whole of the smoke from the Bank parlours, while a western breeze turns the whites of his eyes into black with the culinary apparatus from the Mansion House. We are not favourable to what may be termed Hero Wash-up in its ordinary sense, but we would certainly have the hero of Waterloo undergo a regular Wash-up once or twice a year should occasion require.

MAKING VERY LIGHT OF IT.

A MR. DART, who seems actuated by the most laudable aims, has lately been lecturing on the philosophy of a candle. Though the subject is a simple one, we think that a candle, in judicious hands, might still serve as one of the lights of the age, notwithstanding the advance that gas has made, wherever it can find an opening. The philosophy of a candle must, at all events, put us up to snuff, and if an enlarged view is taken of the world of candles, the "mould of form" will come in for its due share of illustration. To those who are not prepared to take a bold plunge into the regions of tallow, it may be convenient to take a dip with the accomplished lecturer. It may seem like going back in the world of philosophy to return to the common candle, but *revenons à nos moutons* is a maxim that is not at all times to be discarded. The philosophy of the candle will, no doubt, bring to light some curious phenomena, as to how many times one pound of candles, which, by the ordinary rules of duration, will not go into two candlesticks, may be found to go easily into one grease-pot. We do not wonder at the *illuminati* seizing on a candle as a means of general enlightenment.

THE BOND STREET MENDICANTS.

A Useful Ballad.

To be sung about the Streets to a Psalm-tune, accompanied by a Grinding Organ, by a Party of Dukes, Lords, and Squires, in the worn-out Habitments appropriate to their Cause.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

YE kind Christian friends, subsisting by your labours,
With shame in this state we before you appear,
Reduced thus to beg from our poor hard-working neighbours;
Embarrassments, believe us,
And difficulties grievous,
The reasons are why you behold us here.
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

Restore us the Corn-Laws to keep our rents from falling,
The bread that you eat this is asking, we know;
But having before us a prospect so appalling
Of most extreme privation,
Through Free-Trade legislation,
Upon your charity ourselves we throw.
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

You know not what 'tis to put down a stud or carriage,
To give up a kennel, a yacht, or a tour,
Abandon the hope of an advantageous marriage,
Curtail display and splendour,
And influence surrender;
Strangers to such afflictions are you poor.
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

The farmers at last have begun to growl and grumble,
Upon them we cannot much longer rely,
And therefore we pray you, with supplication humble,
To tax yourselves to ease us,
And starve that you may please us,
Our incomes raised by famine prices high.
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

KING ALFRED his loaf with the mendicant divided;
Ye workmen, share yours with the poor 'squire and peer;
Oh, let not our piteous petition be derided;
But giving back Protection,
That we and our connexion
May live in clover, make your own bread dear.
Chorus.—Reduced thus to beg, &c.

GOING, GOING, BUT NOT GONE.

EVERY now and then we are startled by a false alarm—and we are very happy to find the alarm is a false one—of LORD DENMAN being about to retire from the chief-justiceship of the Queen's Bench on account of illness. Whether anybody's wish is father to the thought, or whether nothing is farther from the wish, or whatever the case may really be, it is quite clear that the cry of "Going, going," which is constantly got up in reference to LORD DENMAN, is one that finds no response in the mind of that distinguished judge, who is by far too good a judge to resign without reason an office he fills with so much grace, learning, and dignity.

The cry is invariably accompanied by the old air of the "*Campbells are coming*;" and if LORD DENMAN should be, as we are, tired to death of the tune in question, it will be entitled to the name of the tune the judge died of. We sincerely hope it will never earn such a hateful celebrity. We do not question the propriety of LORD CAMPBELL's succeeding to the Queen's Bench when there is a vacancy, but, notwithstanding his success in "*The Lives of the Chief Justices*," we hope the life of LORD DENMAN as chief justice will be prolonged, so as to prevent LORD CAMPBELL from having an opportunity just yet of attempting his own.

Shameful Libel.

THE *Morning Post* says, in allusion to the Windsor plays—

"The players' vanity has been the curse of the modern drama; and we cannot but lament that the highest power of the State should have unwittingly condescended to pander to the evil of the time."

Our *Post* tells of something monstrous. We have seen a black swan—a white raven,—but never saw, never heard of, a vain player. If there be such an animal, we would earnestly advise MR. TYLER, of the Zoological Gardens, to possess himself of the creature. It would be more than worth its keep, whether carnivorous, herbivorous, or farinaceous!

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



IN the days that we went floundering a short time ago, we thought we had used every precaution to avoid the many a slip between the heel and the hip, which the frosty weather exposed us to. We never recollect to have seen such a perfect process of "holding a mirror up to nature" as the streets exhibited, for the pavement was like glass, and every one who walked along could not only see himself in it, but felt himself on it rather too frequently. Hoping to preserve our standing in society, we resorted to gutta percha soles, but bitter was our disappointment after making them our sole reliance. The gutta percha gave us no purchase or hold upon the pavement, and our legs slipped away from under us, in consequence of our precautions having proved altogether bootless. It is true that, after the frost had disappeared, the papers were good enough to tell us how to get ourselves rough-shod for frosty weather. It seems we ought to have got a lot of old iron, reduced it to filings, mixed it with emery scrubbings, &c. &c., and having made the whole mixture thoroughly red hot, we ought to have put our foot in it. A person who could stand this might, we think, stand anything, as well as stand anywhere, and so far there would appear to be virtue in such a remedy against slipping in frosty weather.

In the event of the return of the ice, it may be desirable for our skating readers to be supplied with some means of maintaining that equilibrium which is so essential to true dignity. A balancing pole, supported by two footmen, will furnish the aristocratic votaries

of that pleasure, which glides away faster than any other, with the means of pursuing it unalloyed by those casualties which prostrate the best energies, and reduce the highest and the humblest to the same dumpy or bumpy level.



THE WAITER.

I MET the waiter in his prime
At a magnificent hotel;
His hair, untinted by care or time,
Was oiled and brushed exceeding well.
When "waiter," was the impatient cry,
In accents growing stronger,
He seem'd to murmur, "By and by,
Wait a little longer."

Within a year we met once more;
'Twas in another part of town.
An humbler air the waiter wore,
I fancied he was going down.
Still when I shouted "Waiter, bread!"
He came out rather stronger,
As if he'd say with toss of head,
"Wait a little longer."

Time takes us on through many a grade;
Of "ups and downs" I've had my run,
Passing full often through the shade
And sometimes loitering in the sun.
I and the waiter met again
At a small inn at Ongar;
Still when I call'd, 'twas almost vain—
He made me wait the longer.

Another time—years since the last—
At eating-house I sought relief
From present care and troubles past,
In a small plate of round of beef.
"One beef, one taters," was the cry,
In tones than mine much stronger;
'Twas the old waiter standing by,
"Waiting a little longer."

I've mark'd him now for many a year;
I've seen his coat more rusty grow;
His linen is less bright and clear,
His polish'd pumps are on the go.
Torn are, alas! his Berlin gloves—
They used to be much stronger;
The waiter's whole appearance proves
He cannot wait much longer.

I sometimes see the waiter still;
'Gainst want he wages feeble strife;
He's at the bottom of the hill,
Downwards has been his path through life.
Of "waiter, waiter," there are cries,
Which louder grow and stronger;
'Tis to old Time he now replies,
"Wait a little longer."

Ice-bergs in the Thames.

AFTER the breaking up of the frost—which broke up just at the close of every one else's holidays—the Thames was in such a state, that every voyage between London Bridge and Chelsea was a sort of Arctic Expedition in miniature. The *Bachelor* was ice-bound for some time in trying to effect one of those passages which form the most eventful passages in the life of a Thames mariner. Had the frost continued much longer, we might have looked forward to the total freezing up of the river, which would for a time have connected, in the bond of union, the opposite and sometimes opposing shores of Southwark and Blackfriars.

Nautical Swearing.

It was stated in the morning papers last week that in the Bail Court—

"SIR T. B. MARTIN took the oaths as Admiral of the Fleet."

Taking oaths as an Admiral of the Fleet, it may be thought, is much the same thing with swearing like a trooper; a practice which we hoped had ceased in the British Navy. We trust that the gallant Admiral uttered no stronger an expression than the wish that his timbers might be shivered; an imprecation, however, of which we should lament the fulfilment.

HOBSON'S CHOICE,

OR THE PERPLEXITIES OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A SERVANT.



By the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second HEROD, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers read this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy—be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a char-woman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen: get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may: but never have a boy into your place, if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort! A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is twice as long upon an errand as a man; a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertizes himself in the *Times* as a youth who has 2 years' character, and leaves you for higher wages, and another place. Two young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then, in a family council, it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen (our curate recommended to me our first man, whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions). I took JOHN TOMKINS out of the garret, where he was starving. He had pawned every article of value belonging to him; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor Curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, and blankets. He had not a hard master, and as for Mamma's scolding, he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred a-year. Well, JOHN TOMKINS left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running—"He never ad been used to cold meat; it was the custom in no good families to give cold meat—he wouldn't stay where it was practised." And away he went, then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman, whom I shall call MR. ABERSHAW, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth, which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with GENERAL HECTOR—only left because the family was going abroad, the General being made Governor and Commander in Chief of the Tapioca Islands—the General's sister, MRS. COLONEL AJAX, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, MRS. CAPTAIN B., waited upon her, MRS. CAPTAIN B. remarked that MRS. COLONEL's lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabbier shop—and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in MRS. COLONEL's room when MRS. B. entered it at 1 o'clock; but, perhaps, she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been either and not rum which MRS. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and MR. ABERSHAW stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour: and it was edifying to remark how he barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about; and, though he had a villainous hang-dog look of his own, which I could not bear, yet Mamma said, this was only a prejudice of mine, and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the look of my study-table; but, as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought, and once MRS. CAPTAIN BUDGE saw MR. ABERSHAW in conversation with a lady who had very much the appearance of MRS. COLONEL AJAX, as she afterwards remembered, but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime; and of course took the footman on the box of the fly, and I treated him to the pit, where I could not see him; but he said afterwards, that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime

was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were, our three children, ourselves, and MRS. CAPTAIN B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home,—the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most "singular" misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening with the paper; but the policeman, about 11 o'clock, had rung and knocked to say that the door was open—and open it was, sure enough; and great coat, and two hats, and an umbrella, were gone.

"Thank 'Evens! the plate was all locked up safe in my pantry," MR. ABERSHAW said, turning up his eyes; and he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night; he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, "Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspecting, enjoin' ot himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a knowd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't."

He was talking on in this way, when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like mad: and presently, out she ran, roaring out, "ANNA MARIA! Cook! MR. HOBSON! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!"

"Where's the scoundrel?" says ABERSHAW, seizing the poker as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards MRS. B.'s apartment, I following behind, more leisurely; for, if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there: but he was gone: and a large box of MRS. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strown about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out, in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and ABERSHAW, with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villain was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of MRS. B.'s misfortune, and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First, it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which, her rich purple velvet and her black satin, were gone: then, it was her Cashmere shawl: then, a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets; nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this; for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some; when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned, with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently, as none of this grief would mend matters, or bring back her money, we went to bed, ABERSHAW clapping to all the bolts of the house door, and putting the great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the numbers of the notes which MRS. CAPTAIN B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policemen—but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First, he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussey was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while MR. ABERSHAW gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined, and his accounts looked into, for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed, he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous SCROGGINS indeed.

As soon as the famous SCROGGINS saw ABERSHAW, all matters seemed to change—"Hullo, JERRY!" said he; "what, you here? at your old tricks again? this is the man what has done it, Sir," he said to me; "he is a well-known rogue and prig." MR. ABERSHAW swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could neither take my affidavit to this fact, nor was MR. SCROGGINS a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Bank Street Police Court, and examined by the magistrate.

Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the treadmill, and, seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfortunate in his youth, that he had not been in GENERAL HECTOR's service these five years; that the character he had got was a sham one, and MRS. AJAX merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve himself; he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I had seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police office and from our service, where he couldn't abear to stay, he said, now that his Honour was questioned. And MRS. BUDGE believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who she was sure had stolen her money: nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when MR. ABERSHAW and MRS. COLONEL AJAX were both transported for forgery.

THE PRIDE OF THE THISTLE.

THE beauty, the tenderness, of a poor Highland Girl is very well in poetry; but is an awful visitation upon the pride of an old Scotch family, "one of the oldest and most respectable—the descendants of the celebrated Lord President FORBES!" When WORDSWORTH apostrophises his Highland Girl—

"Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower,"—

the dowry of lilies and roses is of allowed value in verse; but not worth a bawbee when estimated by the "present possessors of the extensive estates of Culloden."

We have been mightily instructed by a recent instance of morality manifested by Scotch nobility. A young gentleman—positively one of the descendants of the PRESIDENT FORBES—falls in love with a poor Highland Girl "of considerable personal charms." The couple take flight, and are duly married. There is not a word to be said against the bride, if we except the one worst word—poverty. And then whatever roses she may have in her face—she has no blood, no old ennobled fluid in her veins. She is merely a good, beautiful, loving girl—and that is all. What a fatal match—what hymeneal degradation for one of the "descendants of the PRESIDENT FORBES!"

The lovers are pursued to Glasgow. "Fast as the priest can make them they are one." They are moreover fast asleep; but, says the account—

"The friends of the young gentleman soon roused them from dreams of love, and used persuasions, arguments, and threats, to induce him, to desert his newly-married wife, and return to his brother's mansion; but in vain—he had made his choice, and resolved to live and die in the society of his blooming bride."

Magnanimous descendant's of the PRESIDENT FORBES! We cannot but admire their devotedness to the nobility of honour and truth. They threaten and wheedle the young man to desert the woman he has, an hour or two before, sworn to cleave to for life; and when he will not abandon the young creature who has confided to him more than her existence—

"He was told that in a few days he would receive the small fortune secured to him as a younger brother by the family settlement, and that for the rest of his life he would be disowned by the family. The friends then left him, pursued their way northwards, and left the young and loving adventurers to their own resources."

This is truly noble. The young man's "friends," the illustrious descendants of the PRESIDENT FORBES, in their anxiety for the purity of the family 'scutcheon, do not see how it can be blotted, either by the falsehood of a man, or the broken heart of a woman; the man, being one of the great folks of Culloden, and the woman only a poor Highland girl!—A girl who, we doubt not, might stand for the poet's picture:—

"Thou wear'st, upon thy forehead clear,
The freedom of a mountaineer;
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

Any way, we would wager it, her "forehead clear" will not be deepened by the blush that ought to have possessed the faces of the "friends" of the bridegroom, earnestly entreating him to vindicate the nobility of his blood, and be a rascal. Such is the pride of the Thistle, as worn by the descendants of "the celebrated LORD PRESIDENT FORBES!" We wish them joy of it.

A TETOTAL PHENOMENON.

OUR American correspondent has met, in New York, with a convert to teetotalism, who, whereas, before taking the pledge, he used to see all objects double, now sees only their halves.

WOODEN HEADS OF SEVENOAKS.

1. How the Kent Farmers treated their Friend.



RECENTLY at the Sevenoaks meeting for the artificial augmentation of rents last week, EARL STANHOPE is reported to have made the following confession:—

"I had the honour of presenting in the House of Lords upwards of 80 petitions proceeding from almost every parish in Kent. They were not considered worthy of a single observation from either side, and I might as well have laid before them a number of old newspapers. As for addressing the House of Lords, I have occasionally thought it my duty to do so, but for all the effect, I might just as well have walked into my vegetable garden and addressed just so many cabbages and cauliflowers."

At which words the noble Earl's agricultural auditory exclaimed "Hear."

Now, if the Kent farmers had felt any sympathy with EARL STANHOPE, any indignation at the disrespectful treat-

ment which his Lordship described himself to have received from his Peers, they ought to have cried "Shame."

If they thought the House of Lords right in taking no notice of him, to shout "Hear" was consistent enough.

But it was very cruel.

2. Philosophy of an Agricultural Mind.

Subjoined is a special manifestation of the Landed Wisdom in conclave, as above-mentioned, at Sevenoaks assembled. A MR. J. BELL said that—

"There was an interest behind—one to which MR. CORDELL and those who acted with him were content to act as jackalls—the great moneyed interest (*Cheers*)—the great creditor class—the owners of public and private debt—the fund-holder and mortgagee, the money-jobber, usurer, and placeman it was, who alone had benefited from the low prices which had prevailed during the last 35 years (*Cheers*). If the present system should be persisted in, he would not give two years' purchase for the rent of England or the dividends upon the funds."

Firstly, how sensible is the complaint of the lowness of prices for the last 35 years, uttered by a gentleman who, in the same breath, bawls for a restoration of the Corn-Laws, which have existed during the greater part of that time!

Secondly, how sagacious that estimate of "the great moneyed interest" which supposes that the debt-owners and fundholders are seeking to maintain a system, which, if persisted in, will cause the dividends to cease to be paid. Either they, like pigs swimming, are cutting their own throats, or as suicidal an act has been perpetrated by MR. J. BELL, at Sevenoaks, with the rope which he was too liberally indulged with.

THE SMITHFIELD PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THESE celebrated *réunions* continue to be attended every Monday and Friday by numerous assemblies, of a refinement corresponding to the delicate atmosphere of the locality. The performance on Monday last presented no novel features, but afforded, as it never fails to afford, extreme gratification to the *habitués*. A *barcarole* by a sheep-dog attracted our especial notice, and a vocal symphony of hogs presented a curious contrast of the *trebles* and *tenors* with the *bassi*; though containing, we thought, several discords introduced with more effect than scientific skill. Another piece performed by these *artistes* had a strong resemblance to the *Concert Stück*. The Southdowns and Leicesters were strong as usual in their pastoral chorus, to which the cows gave effect by the addition of their low notes. An *allegro furioso* passage dashed out by an ox, and accompanied by a horn movement, told greatly on the crowd, at whom it was evidently directed. We have still to complain of the bad accommodation provided at these entertainments, and know not whether to refer their maintenance on their present inconvenient site to the obstinacy, or folly, or cupidity of their directors, or to all three causes together.

Shakspeare among the Cheap Tailors.

THE Shade of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, having perused certain accounts of tyrannous tailors, begs leave to suggest from a little play of his own, what he conceives to be a pertinent motto, to be painted in red letters over their shop-doors. The motto will be found in a play called "*Othello*," and runs thus:

"A SWEATING DEVIL HERE."

And therefore,—as W. S. further suggests,—a devil to be inconveniently avoided.



A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE PRINCIPLES OF PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

If we are to judge by the reports of the meetings now being held in different parts of the country, the kind of Protection most needed at these assemblies is the protection of the police,

or self-protection of a decided character. That the Protectionists and free-traders are determined on making a fight for their respective cause is quite evident. If the question is to be fought

out, the better way would be for a champion on each side to take up and put on the gloves, so that, after a fair contest, the combatants might remain hand and glove on friendly terms for the future.



AGRICULTURE—THE REAL “UNPROTECTED FEMALE.”

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 12.—*The outside of MOCKLER, FLY-TRAP, & Co.'s, Furriers', Shawl and Mantle Warehouse, &c., &c. The windows are barred with bands of all colours, and running at all angles, inscribed, "Selling off, fifty per cent. below prime cost." "Enormous Bargains." "Ruinous Sacrifice." "Must be got rid of at any Price." "Grand clearance Sales." "An immense number of Bankrupts' stocks." Bills of similar delusive import are stuck about every part of the shop. All the goods exhibited in the windows display small tickets of impassioned description, such as, "Récherché." "The Mode." "Just out." "Just in." "The last thing from Paris." "Chaste." "How elegant!" "Refined Splendour." "Irresistible!" "Quite the thing!" "Perfect Taste." "Original." "Highly becoming." "Acknowledged by all!" Female outer garments, of a general resemblance in shape, but a singular and recondite variety in name, are ticketed with startling titles, and more startling prices, as the "Camail des Carmélites, only £1 10s." The "Pardessus Popin court, £3 2s.!!" The "Redingote Rusniak, lined throughout with real sable, at £10.—A bargain!!" "Burnous à la Bou-Maza, from the balls of the Elysée, at £3 10s." Mantles, Mantillas, Mantellets, Mantelines, Beorikins, Burnouses, Bougainvilles, Bressets, Camails, Camailkas, Cardinales, Crachouras, Cole-hardies, Paletots, Pardessus, Pekins, Ponchettes, Ponchons, Polkas, Redingotes, Visites, Vitchouras, and others, too numerous to enumerate, and too difficult to pronounce, are fixed up for the admiration of passengers. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is gazing into the window, fascinated by a gorgeous and barbaric shawl ticketed, "Real India at £2 10s."*

Unprotected Female (thinks). Well, that is the sweetest, cheapest, thing I ever did see! Oh, I think it would become me uncommonly. And I could afford it out of my dividends. But then, perhaps, I oughtn't? Oh, yes! I must. (She goes to enter the shop, but starts back in horror at a very amorphous and mangy Lion, which guards the entrance, balanced by an equally distorted and dingy leopard at the opposite door-post.) Oh, gracious! what's that? Oh, it's only stuffed. (She enters the shop. Scene changes to the interior of the Establishment.)

[MOCKLER is keeping an eye to the Fur Department. FLY-TRAP waits up and down the Shawl and Mantle Department, in a Napoleonic manner, with his hands behind him, and his eyes before him, behind him, and in every direction, at the same time. The "Co." is in a small raised glass case, keeping guard over the Cashier, and checking the Entries. The shop is filled with ladies; and young "gents," in white ties and tender manners, are "shaving" them.]

Unprotected Female (rather appalled by the splendid scale on which things are carried on). Oh! if you please—

Fly-Trap (with lordly obsequiousness). A chair for the lady. Now, madam, what department? Our stock of furs is extensive and unique. We are sole agents to all the companies everywhere. Winter furs, Ma'am, no doubt? SIPKINS, this lady to the Fur Department, im-mediately.

Unprotected Female (drawing her breath which has been taken away, by MR. FLY-TRAP's douche of words). Oh, please—it's not furs. It was a shawl in the window.

Fly-Trap. MR. FRIBBLE—a chair for the lady. Shawl and Mantle Department, im-mediately.

[The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is chaired to the counter by one of "OUR YOUNG MEN."]

Young Man (letting himself down confidentially and sweetly over the counter to a level with the UNPROTECTED FEMALE's face, and leaning on his knuckles). Now, Mem, if you please, what can we have the pleasure of showing you to-day?

[With tender interest. Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, there's a shawl in the window—

Young Man. Certainly, Mem. (Whipping a pile of shawls on the counter and tossing them into a troubled sea of Paisley Lyons, and Norwich India fabrics). Very superior article in Lyons and India. A sweet thing this in Oriental style—folds into twenty-four—gorgeous—quite suit your complexion, Mem—(performs various feats of legerdemain with the shawls)—stout material—cleans beautifully—look under the light, Mem—what a gloss! and the design our own—that is—our Indian designer—we keep three in Cashmere and two at Lahore—delicious arrangement. (Folds, unfolds, tosses, tumbles, twitches, flashes into the light, flits into the dark, wreathes, unwreathes, and then pauses to watch the effect with intense sensibility.) At twelve twelve, Mem—only—!

Unprotected Female (praying inwardly for strength to resist temptation). Oh! they're charming, but, if you please, I don't want them. It's the one in the window—marked "real India, at £2 10s."

Young Man. Beg pardon, Mem. (Whips another pile on to counter of articles very inferior to the decoy shawl.) This is the article at £3 8s—Real India—an enormous bargain—we couldn't do it if it hadn't been for

the Punjab Victories—delicious—and go with that bonnet sweetly. (He becomes painfully impressed with the beauty of the shawl.) Lovely, indeed, Mem.

Unprotected Female (going through various testing processes of manipulation known only to females). Oh, but this isn't the same material at all.

Young Man. Begging parding, Mem, from the same loom—same shipment—if anything, superior. (With an appeal to her candour.) Now at £3 10s.—it's throwing 'em away! Let me put it up!

Unprotected Female. But it's not so good as the one in the window.

Young Man (with a smile of superiority). Ex-cuse me, Mem—shall we say £3 8s.

Unprotected Female. But the one in the window is only £2 10s.

Young Man (stinks at FLY-TRAP). You really must let me put it into your carriage—

Unprotected Female (flattered). Oh, I've not got a carriage. But if you please, I'd like that one in the window.

Fly-Trap (sharply and significantly, as customers go out shawled). Door!

[A Porter immediately plants his steps in front of the door inside, and begins cleaning the shop fanlight with preternatural care, completely blocking up the door-way.]

Fly-Trap (coming up blandly). It's the same article—madam—positively the same article—but of finer design. We put the worst in the window.

Unprotected Female. Oh, no, indeed—it was much better than any of them.

Fly-Trap. KNIPPER, show the lady the window article in India at two-ten. (A shawl is produced, which, by a sleight of hand, has been exchanged for the decoy one, in its progress from window to counter.) A very inferior article you will observe, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but that wasn't the one I saw.

Fly-Trap (deeply wounded in his feelings). This is a respectable establishment, Ma'am—and your words are actionable, I believe, before witnesses.

Unprotected Female (in agony at the notion of anything actionable). Oh, I'm sure I don't mean to—but, perhaps, haven't you made a mistake, Sir, or some of these gentlemen.

[To the Gents who are clustering round, and whose tenderness is chilling into the sternness of conscious rectitude.]

Fly-Trap (freezingly). I beg to observe we don't make mistakes in this establishment—I believe not, gentlemen.

[Looking round the young men, who agree with him.]

Unprotected Female (humbly). Oh, then, perhaps I'm wrong—but I don't want anything, please—so I'll go.

Fly-Trap. Go—Ma'am! Come into a respectable tradesman's, and rumple his goods, and insinuate against his honesty, and not buy anything! Go—indeed! How do I know what you came for?

Unprotected Female (piteously). Oh, indeed, it was the real India at two-and-ten, and I would have bought one, if you'd shown me any—but you haven't—so I'd rather go.

[Glances towards the door, as meditating a rush, but the Porter's blockade is still rigorously kept up.]

Fly-Trap. We don't know parties—but we lose a many articles by parties pretending to buy, and not buying.

[With a look of awful suspicion.]

Unprotected Female (in an agony of serious alarm). Oh no—I'm not—indeed, I've no pockets on—you can—no you can't—but I'm not.

Fly-Trap. KNIPPER, look out if there's a policeman.

Unprotected Female (clasping her hands). Oh, what for? Whatever have I done?

Fly-Trap. Shop-lifting is very common by parties pretending to be customers.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but I can prove who I am.

Fly-Trap. Parties being strangers and no reference asked—but if you purchase—of course—

Unprotected Female. Oh, I'll purchase anything—but indeed they're an inferior article.

Fly-Trap. One of the real India at three-and-eight for the lady, MR. FRIBBLE.

Unprotected Female (to herself). Oh, it's a shocking imposition! (JONES suddenly passes the shop.) Oh, there's MR. JONES! (She makes a bolt at the door, nearly upsetting the Porter, and, jamming herself very tight between the legs of his step-ladder, makes signals of distress to JONES.) Oh, MR. JONES—do, please, MR. JONES.

[Enter JONES. Consternation of FLY-TRAP, sudden relapse into general obsequiousness, and SCENE closes on the consequences.]

A Fond Father's Advice to his Son.

As you make your bed, my son, so you must lie in it, but if you stuff it full of bills, you will soon find it very hard lying to keep matters in the least straight. Drive the Dun from the door, and you need never trouble yourself about bolting; but if the bailiffs once begin knocking outside, you will never know again a moment's rest. So be careful, my son, how you make your bed, and avoid debt, for, believe me, many a young man has had his bed snatched from under him, and been thrown on the world, simply from sleeping on tick.—*The Registered, Chesterfield.*

THE WEATHER AND THE PAVEMENT.

DURING the late severe weather, it has been delightful to see the stern rigour of authority relaxing in an inverse ratio with the rigidity of the frost, and to witness the booted and belted policeman sharing the same slide with the hatless and homeless urchin. There is something seasonably benevolent in the earnest desire of everybody to "keep the pot a boiling." And indeed, as it is the province of the policeman to make all the world "move on," that great embodiment of the idea of progress could not be better occupied than in the pastime in which our artist has depicted him.



"Now, Old Gent, Move on."

The Serpentine, during the frost, afforded frequent instances of a Tarantula-like effect upon the police in general; for many of the force, that came to clear the ice, stopped to slide; and, one by one, they slid into the pastime which they should have checked as dangerous.

THE LION QUEEN.

ALL our readers know that the LION QUEEN—a young creature of seventeen—in the course of her performance, has been killed by one of her tiger subjects. One minute, the girl was alive, in all her pride of domination, ruling the beasts for twopences—the next, the tiger had fixed his teeth in her neck, the jugular poured out the life; and, in brief course, a Coroner's Jury sat upon the body. "Accidental Death." What has become of the tiger? Has it been killed? Or will the human blood that, in its ferocious instinct, it has shed, make the brute a more valuable beast—a greater attraction to the show? Will the tiger remain a more important member of Mr. WOMBEWELL'S company—or will it, as it has been suggested—become the only quadruped tenant of MADAME TUSSAUD'S Chamber of Horrors, the Tiger to MARIA MANNING'S *Ariadne*? Up to the present time, we hear nothing certain of the destruction of the brute.

The *Chronicle* has a fine essay on the miserable taste, the low craving for excitement, fostered by the performances of what are called LION KINGS and LION QUEENS—the Potentates—as it has appeared with other Powers, in these days of revolution—occasionally made quick conveyance of by their rebellious subjects. "We trust," says our contemporary, "that the recent frightful catastrophe will be the last of its kind, and that in pleasure, as in all else, we may see a healthier state of things brought about." We trust so too, and indeed, if we may credit a report—be it understood we only give it as a rumour—of the effect produced by the death of the girl BRIGHT in the most exalted place,—we have no doubt that the very highest example will henceforth tend to discourage all such brutal exhibitions.

Our readers may remember that, in the high and glorious days of VAN AMBURGH, HER MAJESTY and attending Lords and Ladies patronised a private exhibition of the tricks of "Sovereign sway and masterdom" manifested by the Lion King over his brute lieges on the stage of Drury Lane. More: HER MAJESTY was so pleased with the governing power of KING VAN AMBURGH, that she commanded EDWIN LANDSEER to immortalise his Majesty and four-footed subjects on: about half-an-acre of canvas, that, when filled and glowing—we were about to write, growling—with brute life ruled by human will, was duly exhibited at the Royal Academy; and was, until within a few days, a part of the royal collection. We hear that, since the death of the Lion Queen, and purely to exert the influence of high example, the picture has been taken down, packed up, and is about to be shipped as a present to the EMPEROR OF MOROCCO. In the dominion of his Majesty, Lion Tamers may certainly find a more congenial atmosphere than in highly civilised and Christianised Great Britain.

PROBLEMS FOR THINKERS.

How is it that JOHN BULL is continually having his pocket picked, when, nevertheless, he is always putting his hand in it?

If the Socialists could convert the world into one great common, would they make themselves asses or geese?

THE

HERCULES CHEAP PALETOT.

You've read the death of HERCULES,
In classic tale related;
But there the facts of his decease
Erroneously are stated:
Each schoolboy will at large recite
Fast as his Alphabet,
How that eximious man of might
Departed on Mount Ueta.

The hero, having ceased to rove,
'Tis said, his labours ended,
To sacrifice to FATHER JOVE,
That mountain steep ascended.
Desirous proper clothes to don,
Such as he would look nice in,
He put a Centaur tunic on,
To offer sacrifice in.

This tunic having been imbued
With Hydra's deadly poison,
Itself unto the wearer glued,
Like plaster with Spain's flies on.
Not to come off—the Income-Tax
A blister of the sort is—
It stuck to him like cobbler's wax,
And stung like aqua fortis.

Such direful pangs convulsed his
frame,
And pierced through bone and mar-
row,
That HERCULES felt much the same
As toad beneath a harrow;
Such agonies his nerves did rive,
Did trouble, vex, and tease him;
He chose to burn himself alive,
As thinking fire would ease him.

Now, this same story is a myth,
Or mystical narration,
In which there is of truth a pith,
Involved in fabrication.
The vest that poison'd HERCULES
Was bought from a slop-seller;
It was the virus of disease
That rack'd the monster-queller.

'Twas Typhus, which the garment
caught
Of Misery and Famine,
Hands that for some cheap tailor
wrought;
The Hydra-story's gammon.
Such clothes are manufactured still;
And you're besought to try 'em
In poster, puff, placard, and bill—
—If you are wise, don't buy 'em.

WIDOWS.

THE *Perth Courier* speaks of a colony of widows in Bridgend. They "almost worry a man," says the *Courier*, who ventures near their precincts. They patronise nothing that is not widow. They have widow-cook, and widow-waiting-woman. *Punch* further suggests that they should have their mice caught by widowed cats, and their eggs laid by widowed hens. And to conclude, and to make Bridgend quite a paradise, not a flower—certainly not the flower of bachelor's-buttons—should be allowed to infest their parterre; but, like themselves, their garden of life should run to nothing but weeds.

A JEWEL OF A WIFE.—A Wife who, whatever may be the journey, copies the sagacious elephant, and travels with a single trunk.

CHARTIST STATISTICS.



At a meeting of the Chartists at the London Tavern a few evenings ago, one of the company out-did almost all former efforts by insisting that the Charter had become actually necessary in consequence of "16,000 pounds having been paid last year for butter, eggs, and bacon for Buckingham Palace."

We do not pretend to know the data on which this assertion is founded, but we can only say, for the story of the £16,000 worth of butter, eggs, and bacon, that we cannot swallow one half of it. The speaker seemed to have the butter quite pat, but, unless the practice of putting it upon bacon prevails to an awful extent in the Palace, we really cannot see how the consumption can be effected, while, as for the eggs, we are

sure there are not half as many laid in England as are laid in his indictment.

It is rather ingenious on his part to suggest to the country that the Charter is the only mode by which its bacon can be saved, though it is obvious that, unless the royal household lived on eggs and bacon all the year round, the bill for these items could not amount to one hundredth part of the orator's estimate. We suspect he has got several wrong pigs by the ear, and we are satisfied that so much bacon as he alleges could neither be cured nor endured by the inmates of Buckingham Palace. To feed the household on nothing but salted swine would be rather rourvy treatment, and we can only come to the conclusion, that the Chartist DEMOSTHENES, in enlarging on the quantity of pig consumed in the Palace, was merely giving way to the propensity for going the whole hog, which is a characteristic of the party he is a member of.

THE TEA DEPUTATION.

On Wednesday, the 16th of January, a deputation from Liverpool, headed by its members, waited on LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, with the laudable desire of obtaining their consent to a reduction in the Tea duty.

The business commenced by a few words from SIR THOMAS BIRCH, who was very appropriately selected on this occasion, for, as the Premier (must have mentally) remarked, "BIRCH has always been looked upon as one of the principal representatives of Tea in this country."

MR. CARDWELL went into the arithmetic of Tea, and proved that, while in the United Kingdom the consumption amounted to only a pound and three quarters per head, it was nine pounds per head per annum in the Australian colonies. This, at a spoonful each, and one for the pot, gave several million cups of tea to the colonists, while, at the same strength of brewing, there would be little more than a dish (of Tea) per diem for the inhabitants of Great Britain.

MR. EDWARD BRODRIBB enlarged on the social merits of Tea, and insisted that, although mere spoons had sometimes made a stir in Tea, there was now a small but determined Tea party springing up in the kingdom, and, with all respect, he would say that the Government would eventually be teased out of the duty.

Another Member of the deputation took a view of the matter in reference to the agricultural interests, urging, that, so long as the genuine Tea was kept out of the country by the heavy duty, the hedges of the farmer would never be safe from those depredators who plucked a spurious sort of Twankay from the sloe, and stole for the Tea market that which was neither Hyson nor His'n.

After a few further remarks from other Members of the deputation, LORD JOHN RUSSELL courteously acknowledged himself the friend of Tea, and though some called it mere slop, sent over by our foes the Chinese, he was not one of those who regarded it as a "weak invention of the enemy." After intimating his willingness to take a Tea leaf, if practicable, out of the book of free trade, he assured the deputation that he and his friend, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, would, some day, after dinner, take Tea—into their best consideration.

The Romney Cat.

THE *Landstone Gazette* states that the EARL OF ROMNEY has, at the last Kent Sessions, shown a lively desire to employ the cat upon grown men. Five poor wretches, aged from 24 to 30, who, starving, had stolen six loaves, were recently whipped by sentence of his lordship! The nobleman's arms has for supporters two lions. We think his Lordship had better assume a couple of cats. His Lordship's motto is "*Non sibi, sed patrie.*" We would—circumstances of the lash considered—suggest an alteration: "*Non patrie, sed sibi.*"

MARRIAGES IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

At about this period of the year the newspapers amuse their readers with occasional lists of marriages in high life, and we do not see why as much interest should not attach to the intended pairing off of humbler couples. We have, therefore, authorised our "own correspondent" to poke his nose into private life, and our worthy Secretary for other-people's-affairs has favoured us with the following:—

The marriage between Young HOWARD, surnamed the Prince of the House of Coburg—he being an assistant in Coburg House—and the fair MATILDA JONES, familiarly known as the heroine of Waterloo, a *soubrette* she has gained by a long engagement on the commercial field of Waterloo House—will take place before the spring, as the bride and bridegroom must both be in town for the commencement of the season.

The nuptials of ORLANDO SNOOKEY, the attorney's clerk, with MISS ELIZABETH READYTIN, will be solemnised as soon as the bridegroom has saved up the money for a clandestine license. MR. SNOOKEY will be given away by a senior clerk, and MISS READYTIN will throw herself away with the assistance of the clerk and pew-opener.

The long-talked-of match between MR. JACOB SLOWCOACH, of the Long Room in the Custom House, and MISS MARTHA MAYDAY, of the Soho Bazaar, is still upon the *lepis*, the difficulty being to find the necessary sum for *tapisserie*, for the newly-wedded couple, should they mislead one another to the altar. MR. SLOWCOACH was understood to have stated that he had furnished a floor; but it seems he had only furnished an excuse for not having done so earlier.

The wedding of the gallant, dashing CAPTAIN CUTAWAY, with MADAME MERVEILLE, the fascinating milliner—not *millionaire*, as was once stated by mistake—will take place as soon as the *habeas* can be obtained for the removal of the gallant bridegroom elect from the Queen's prison, where he is at present confined with a severe indisposition to pay his creditors.

The above are a few specimens of the sort of domestic news furnished by some of our contemporaries, but we have taken our intelligence from a somewhat lower range of society, whose every-day life seems to us to possess quite as much interest as that of what are termed the upper circles.

FRIGHTFUL CASE OF STITCH IN THE SIDE.

Yesterday, the family of the Most Noble the MARQUESS OF FOUR-HUNDRED-THOUSAND were thrown into the greatest alarm by the sudden and, apparently, violent illness of the Marquess, who rose in his usual health, and partook of his breakfast with his usual vigour. The Marquess, having dressed himself to go out—it was observed by certain members of the family that he appeared in a new coat, one of the newest things of the season, brought only from the East the previous evening—was suddenly seized with the most violent pains—with the most tremendous attack of what is vulgarly known as stitch in the side. Medical assistance was immediately summoned, when, after a long and critical examination of the sufferer, it was discovered by the intelligence of the physician—intelligence, it must be confessed, extra-professional—that the cause of the attack was not in the anatomy of his Lordship, but in his Lordship's new coat. The coat, it appeared, had been made under the despotism of a "sweater," that it might be made dog-cheap, and—it is plain there must have been "magic in the web"—every stitch in the garment transferred itself into his Lordship's flesh. Never was nobility so dreadfully sewed up. His Lordship, having desired the coat to be given, as a conscience offering, to the Home for the Houseless, felt immediate relief; and is now going on as well as can be expected.

"Our Own Correspondent."

THE *Post's* "Own Correspondent," writing from Paris, says, very profoundly—

"Having exhausted that interminable topic, the weather, there remains, unfortunately, little else to speak about."

This exhausting person—exhausting the interminable—is, no doubt, a descendant of the Irish sailor, who, pulling up what seemed to him an interminable rope, gave it as his opinion that some murdering villain had "cut the end off."

CHEAP BIBLES.

THE wages paid to the wretched women by the British and Foreign Bible Society prove that, whatever else they may desire to make of religion, they have no wish to make it "binding."

A PRIVATE NOTE FROM MEMNON.—The Mummy is the strongest proof that the First Law of Human Nature is decidedly—*Self-preservation.*



A FRIEND HAS GIVEN MR. BRIGGS A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A COCK PHEASANT GETS UP, AND MR. BRIGGS'S IMPRESSION IS, THAT A VERY LARGE FIREWORK HAS BEEN LET OFF CLOSE TO HIM. HE IS ALMOST FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

"A VICTIM TO LET."

A DULL, simple soul, has earned a full right—if such right impart to him any enjoyment—to abuse *Punch*. He has paid £25 hard cash for the privilege; and declares himself, under certain conditions, ready to pay £25 more. For £50 he may have his bellyfull—or empty, as he may select the phrase—of abuse of *Punch*; enjoyed, as it only can be enjoyed, in a charitable cause.

Punch—in his last number but one—took occasion to speak of HOWLETT, denominating the dismissed postman—dismissed for Sabbatarian zeal—as "A Victim to Let." And the Victim was to Let. *Punch* dwelt upon the ungrateful fact. HOWLETT received much sympathy through the columns of the *Herald*—much praise, but no reward. The commendation was great and frequent, but there was not, for the destitute man, whose destitution was so piteously bemoaned, a single cut of solid pudding. *Punch*, thereupon, called on the platform Christians who had bellowed their piety, and, in their charity, pelted LORD RUSSELL—a man of earnest, unaffected religion—with the foulest words implying the foulest motives, to comfort and shelter the destitute HOWLETT; to show that their Christianity was a little deeper than their lips, descending even to their breeches-pockets. *Punch* was not the apologist of the offender HOWLETT, who—as *Punch* still believes—was rightly dismissed; but *Punch* would not see the ex-postman suffering the mere sympathy of his patrons, their patronage unrepresented by a single shilling. *Punch* called for tangible aid; and a correspondent of the *Herald*—

"ONE OF THE PUBLIC—A VOTER—AND PAYING TAXES WHICH I OBJECT TO HAVE DISSIPATED BY POST-OFFICE THEORIES AND ATTACKS ON THE SABBATH"—

Yes, "ONE OF THE PUBLIC," who is moreover all the above, and, for the length of his signature, may be the Sea-Serpent into the bargain—"ONE OF THE PUBLIC" is stung by *Punch* into practical sympathy for HOWLETT—and so, like indignant virtue,—comes down rap with £25 for the ex-postman.

"I beg—(says ONE, &c.)—with all my heart, and with many thanks to HOWLETT—to send him, through your kind hands, £25, and to request you to give it to him on

Tuesday, the 29th instant; and I beg to say publicly that if any individual, or number of individuals, shall in the aggregate send you, on or before that day, for a similar purpose another £25, then I will, on the 30th instant, send you a third £25 for the same purpose; and I hope we shall thus be able to give him a lift towards setting up in a respectable line of life."

There is heart in this, at least. Of the brains shown in the letter, we would fain not speak, seeing none. Nevertheless, we will give an instance or two of "ONE OF THE PUBLIC'S" no-meaning.

"One feels the utmost disgust at which the professed wit has attempted, as he thinks, to dismiss the poor man's case."

Punch did not attempt to dismiss it; *Punch* dwelt upon it; and the result is to the jocund HOWLETT—£25. "Give *Punch*," says "ONE"—

"Give *Punch* the rapid arid sentiments and vain heart-drying philosophy of his friend the *Times* to glorify, and he is grand and full of repetition; but give him the poor (who can make no return) to defend in simplicity and single-mindedness, and his professions prove as pot-bellied as the simpering portrait he weekly draws of himself."

Yes; "A working-man" says "ONE,"—"a working man who can't afford to pay threepence for *Punch*, is of no account." Yet here has *Punch* championed the destitute HOWLETT, causing more good to the man by such championship, than whole columns of *Herald* newspaper—of letters, long as tape-worm, and with head and tail equally distinguishable.

"ONE" declares that "a professed wit"—and "ONE" means *Punch* by the cruel sneer—is, generally, a heartless fellow. Be it so. "ONE" has paid for the opinion, and he shall enjoy it—every bit of it. It is only sound, solid, substantial dulness that has real heart in it. True charity, like *Portia's* picture, is only to be found casketed in lead. Now, "ONE"—we are glad to proclaim it—"ONE" has in him charity, at least.

We beg to ask for HOWLETT—who sends the next £25?—that "ONE's" second £25 may be forthcoming? What merchant—banker—churchman—or solicitor? What hero of the platform speaks—in Bank-note utterance—next?

PROSPECTS OF POLITICAL TRADE.

WHILE every other kind of business is fortunately looking up, the prospects of the Political Trade are, to the traders themselves, far from encouraging.

There is not much of the raw material of popular ignorance to give employment to the Great Grievance Manufacturers who have usually found a market for their stuffs, and the constant clack of those ever-working mills, the tongues of the talkative members, will in all probability be stopped for want of the usual supply to keep them going. The work of the session is likely to be slack, a circumstance that is extremely satisfactory; for when the work of legislation runs short, all other work seems to enjoy a state of healthful activity.

There appears no chance of any fresh importation of material for working up into yarn, with the exception, perhaps, of the usual cargo from Ireland, which always provides the heaviest commodities of the session. The machinery provided by Government for the production of such legislative fabrics as may be in demand, will, it is expected, furnish the requisite supply; and though the usual attempts will be made by some of the disaffected, to break the machinery up, there is every reason to believe that the peace of the house will not be seriously disturbed by the Parliamentary malcontents.

The weavers of the legislative web-work, which usually gets into a state of entanglement at an early period of the session, will most of them be out of employ, but everything out of doors will be much brisker in consequence. Even the firm, or rather the infirm of DISRAELI and Company will be working at a dead loss, if they continue to work at all, for their manufactured stuffs cannot obtain a price in the market. There has been such a glut of their wares, that the public have become quite weary, and though DISRAELI and Company may continue to open their mouths very wide—as the commercial phrase goes—they will not command a single offer.



COATS!—THE NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

MR. PUNCH—as an universal genius—has produced a Coat, that may be called the Novelty of the Season. It is denominated the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE-COAT; being a most comfortable garment for every time of the year, imparting an honest and pleasurable warmth to the heart of the purchaser, and being made upon the premises, is not contagious with the Sweating Sickness—a disease that centuries ago ravaged England—and has of late re-appeared with more than its original violence, many alarming cases—from the use of contagious garments—having appeared in the very highest ranks of life, endangering coronets, marquises and ducal.

The LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE is of the best and noblest materials—the wool interwoven with Goose Down; the Geese treated upon the most liberal principles, being only plucked once with the most scrupulous regard to justice:—the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE Geese being by no means such Geese as the Eider Ducks, of which animals it is written by MUDIE, in his "British Birds," as follows:—"The nest of the eider duck is lined with exquisitely fine down, which the bird pulls from her breast; and as the eggs are deposited"—(eggs made, by a certain modern process golden ones)—"she covers them with more of that down. The bird is so tame that she allows the people to lift her from her nest, REMOVE THE DOWN, AND EGGS IN PART, and again replace her, where [she lays a] fresh, and PULLS MORE DOWN! This process is continued, not only till the female can furnish no more down, but till the male also is in part denuded, as he comes to assist as soon as the supply of the female becomes exhausted."

Man, in his multifarious inventions, or, rather, adaptations, is under the deepest debt to the lower animals, although he has rarely the justice even to confess the obligation. As the coachmaker owes the thought of his spring to the leg of a grasshopper, so does Mr. Punch

owe the idea of his LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE COAT to the sufferings of the Eider Duck. "What," said Punch, sympathising with the poor plucked pair, "shall I pluck and pluck my poor tailor geese until they are almost naked, shall I lay upon them contributions until they can supply no more, and then out of their very misery, out of their absolute nakedness, put economy into my coats, and sell, not garments, but the blood and bones commingled, crushed, and with devil's dust, worked into a web? No: my tailor geese shall not be plundered Eider Ducks, but Geese, made to contribute down, for down's worth—Geese plucked with the fingers of mercy, and fed with the hand of justice.

The smallest quantity of goose-down obtained upon these principles has in it the warmth of an angel's wing. It defies all cold, and even in a deluge, lets the torrent run off it, like water from a duck's back. Many persons suffering under what was considered by their best friends and bitterest acquaintance, the most incurable contraction of the heart, have—wearing the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE—rejoiced in a sudden expansion of the organ. That "hollow muscle"—in the phrase of anatomists—has dilated with the warmest and most generous fluid, and—wonderful to relate—all the world and all its men and women, have been regarded with sympathising and affectionate eyes by the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE professor.

Mr. Punch has no wish to underrate the works of his fellow-labourers. It is only to repeat a many-told fact to state that there are Coats made upon such principles that the pockets they contain are narrow and comfortless as a rat-trap, and, therefore constantly shunned by the fingers of the wearer. It is otherwise with the pockets of the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE. They are ample and cosey, and have a magic in the web of their lining, that upon every just and merciful occasion, incontinently draws the hand of the wearer into them. It is upon this special account that the LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE has already been so largely patronised by the Heads of the Nobility, and the Heads and Hearts and Mitres of the Clergy.

Mr. Punch has disdained to register his LIVE-AND-LET-LIVE. On the contrary, patterns are to be had, gratis, at his office, from the rising to the going down of the sun.

CAUTION. No sweater should venture to apply, a pump being on the premises.

Wordsworth and Agriculture.

A MANNER of getting through the world, strongly recommended by economy and some other considerations, is described by the distinguished WILLIAM WORDSWORTH as that of

"Plain living and high thinking."

Just slightly alter these words into

"Plain living and high farming,"

and will they not express the very best course that could be suggested, just now, to the agriculturists?

Trembling on the Verge of a Joke.

THE Morning Chronicle was very near a joke last week, but not quite. Talking of the shabby conduct of Ministers towards the M. P. for Cockermouth, it said that last session they completely "unhorsed him off his hobby." As the ill-used M. P. in question is MR. HORSMAN, the Chronicle might as well have completed its joke, instead of leaving it to us to do, by calling him MR. UX-HORSMAN. (We do not wish to be too hard upon the "Chronicle," but it really must make its own jokes for the future. A list of our charges may be had at the Office, from £50 upwards.)

IMPOSING POSES.



OUT OF THE HOUSE.

IN THE HOUSE.

Who is this that harangueth,
And platters rail bangeth,
All bluster, and bully, and blunder—
Whom there's no hope of frightening
With Parliament lightning?
'Tis "FEARGUS defying the thunder."

But who is this coward,
From his platform down lowered,
Who is fain to the House to knock under—
Who so humbly up-renders
His accounts with Snig's-Enders?
'Tis "FEARGUS alarmed at the thunder."

QUADRILLE DES PATINEURS.

Arrangée pour les Chevaux d'Omnibus, &c.

BARON NATHAN has just been composing a new set of Quadrilles for Horses, to be danced in the public streets whenever the slippery state of the roads will allow.

We subjoin a slight sketch of the equestrian figures:—

The first dance is *L'Hiver*, which has evidently been suggested by *L'Eté*, and is danced as follows:—

First Omnibus advances.

Second Omnibus advances.

They do the *vis-à-vis* for several minutes, then perform the *gissade* from right to left, and from left to right, and fall on their respective knees, after several *balancez*, but, finding they cannot balance themselves, they execute a few *tremblements de pieds*, and rest their bodies at full length on the wood pavement.

Cad jumps down, and does the *cavalier seul*.

Policeman advances, and, waving his right hand, orders them "to move on."

Both Omnibusses maintain their first position.

Passengers get out, and *chassez* in all directions.

Omnibusses wheel round, and make the best of it.

Grand Finale. Horses retire to the knackers!

The second figure is much more simple, and is called *The Hansom Fling*.

Hansom chooses a fare for his partner for the Fling.

Partner throws himself into the arms of Hansom. Horse immediately cuts on the splashboard a few *jétés-battus* with his hind-legs; Partner retires into the furthest corner of Cab, Horse drops on one leg, and, after a rapid *dos-à-dos*, sets down Partner in the middle of the road.

Grande Ronde of strangers and pickpockets, who take Partner's handkerchief, and crossing over to the other side of the way, shuffle off in double-quick time.

Hop-Waltz by Partner into Chemist's Shop.

Hansom walks off.

N.B. The General Finale of *The Hansom Fling* is a Doctor's Bill.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 13.—*Hall of the Post-Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE, having "paid a little Bill" for a Friend in the Country, has been repaid the amount by a Post-Office Order, and has got as far as the Post-Office in a desperate attempt to get it cashed.*

Unprotected Female (gazing in perplexity at the range of doors and windows, duly described in very large inscriptions, "Accountants' Office," "Secretary's Office," "Receiver-General's Office," "Stamps issued here," "Paid Letters," "Unpaid Letters," "Mails going out," "Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, Jamaica, Mexico, &c., &c., &c." "For Newspapers only," "Letters received here after 8," "This box will be closed at—" "Electric Telegraph Office," "Messages received here."—*Pauses at the last.* "Messages received here." I wonder if they'd pay me at this window, if I delivered my message? (*Knocks timidly, and waits.*) I don't think there's anybody coming. (*Knocks again a little louder.*) What a many windows to be sure! I wonder how ever they get through their business. Is there ever any body coming?

[*Approaches to knock a third time, when she is startled into temporary imbecility by the hatch being thrown violently open from the inside, and the apparition of a Man's Head presenting itself.*

Man's Head (*sharply*). Now, Ma'am; what's your message?

Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, I want to know where I'm to get my money for a Post-Office Order?

Man's Head. Where at?

Unprotected Female. Oh, it only says Post-Office, Market Weighton.

Man's Head. Oh, Market Weighton; and what's the message? Give it me in writing, please.

Unprotected Female (*extremely confused*). Oh, here's the Order.

[*Pushes it in.*
Man's Head (*with an expression of peevishness*). Why, this is a Post-Office Order. Here, Ma'am—attend. Do you wish any message telegraphed to Market Weighton about this Post-Office Order?

Unprotected Female. Oh, the money's been paid at Market Weighton.

Man's Head (*concentrating itself in the effort to concentrate the wandering wits of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE*). What do you want, Ma'am? Have you any message for the Electric Telegraph?

Unprotected Female. Electric Telegraph? (*Puzzled*). Oh, dear no—it's a Post-Office Order—please? I thought as messages—

Man's Head (*disappearing, as the hatch closes with a slam*). Go to the—

[*Leaving it doubtful whether the direction be to the Money-Order Office or a warmer place.*

Unprotected Female. Yes—but where am I to go to? That's just what I want to know. (*Addressing herself to an unoccupied and SEEDY PERSON, who is engaged in discussing a baked potato.*) Oh, if you please, could you tell me where the Post-Office Orders go?

Seedy Person (*pausing in his progress through the potato*). Where they're sent, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but I want one paid.

Seedy Person (*pointing with his potato to notice "Money-Order Office removed to No. 1, Aldersgate Street."*)

Unprotected Female. Oh, but where's Aldersgate Street?

Seedy Person (*brightening at the prospect of a job, and pocketing his potato*). I'll show you for twopence—Marm.

Unprotected Female (*thankful for any guidance*). Oh, indeed, I wish you would, and I will. [*Institutes a search for twopence in her bag.*

Seedy Person. This way, Marm.

[*SCENE changes to the Money-Order Office in Aldersgate Street. A range of sliding hatch doors runs across the room, with labels above them "Orders Paid," "Orders Granted."* The ledge in front of them is occupied by a crowd of all ages, sexes, and sizes, about eight to a box—and the Clerks seem to have combined for the purpose of eluding payment of any Order whatever. There is a general expression of impatience, mingled with occasional resignation on the part of old hands.

Enter the SEEDY PERSON, showing in the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Seedy Person. There you are, Marm.

Unprotected Female (*paying him the stipulated fee*). Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. [*Exit SEEDY PERSON.*

Unprotected Female (*pausing to collect her energies*). Oh, I wonder if I shall have to wait till they're all served. (*She sits down on the bench*

that runs along the wall by the side of a DOLEFUL FEMALE of her own age.) It says "Payable from ten till four." I wonder if I shall have to wait till four? *[Expresses this wonder in her look at the clock.]*

Doleful Female (interpreting her feelings correctly). Oh, yes, Ma'am, indeed you will. I've been here these two hours, and I've tried ever so often, but the men will push in first.

Unprotected Female (in agony). Oh, I was sure I oughtn't to have come alone. But MR. JONES wouldn't.

[A lapse of one hour is supposed to intervene, during which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE has effectually stupefied herself in an attempt to master the Instructions on the back of her Order, interrupted by ten distinct rushes at a hatch, only to see somebody else get there before her. She has at last succeeded in overpowering a small boy, and has got command of a pig-on-hole.]

UNPROTECTED FEMALE. (Knocking with pardonable severity on the pannel). Oh, if you please, I've been waiting ever so long.

Clerk (within, who seems to be amusing himself with counting over gold and silver very rapidly, and making it up into little piles, and then taking them down again, to go over the same process backwards). In a moment, Ma'am.

[Another lapse of ten minutes.]

Unprotected Female (bitterly). Oh, really, if you please, Sir—would you—

Clerk (showing a wonderful power of not attending to anybody). Five—ten—six—eight. (Gets at last to a sum total.) Now, Ma'am?

Unprotected Female (with a gush of restrained speech, and pushing in her Order). An Order, if you please—at Market Weighton, for four pounds ten, and it isn't clipped or mutilated, and my surname is MARTHA, and my Christian name is STRUGGLES, and I've no occupation, and the party who paid it to me is a lady, who owed a small account—

Clerk (after several vain attempts to stop her). Ma'am—Ma'am—confound it, Ma'am. (This is delivered with such intensity, that it brings the UNPROTECTED FEMALE up short.) Can't you read? This is the window for granting Orders—not paying them.

[Hurls her Order back at her with disgust, and resumes his occupation of keeping people waiting.]

Unprotected Female (overcome by her failure). I'm sure it was the only window I could get at. Oh, dear me!

[A lapse of another hour, during which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE has further stupefied herself over the Instructions, but has mastered the distinction between the windows for granting Orders, and the windows for paying them. In the sixth attempt she has again established herself at a window.]

Unprotected Female (pushing in her Order). An order on Market Weighton, please, for—

Overdone Clerk (inside). They'll pay you lower down.

[Pushes back her Order.]

Unprotected Female (nearly reduced to coolness by desperation). They shall pay me, next time, if I see the Post-Master-General himself.

[A lapse of another half-hour, which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE has devoted to mute appeals to the consideration of parties, and visible demonstrations of helplessness. At last she succeeds "lower down." UNPROTECTED FEMALE pushes in her Order.]

Clerk (lower down). They'll pay you higher up.

Unprotected Female (firmly). They said higher up they'd pay lower down, and I won't go, if you please, without the money. I've been here three hours and a quarter.

Clerk (overpowered by her obvious determination). Where paid?

Unprotected Female (with unusual brevity). Market Weighton.

Clerk. Who by?

Unprotected Female. A party of the name of SMITH.

Clerk. Christian name?

Unprotected Female. Oh, I wonder if it was LUCY or SARAH, or JANE or MRS. SMITH, or their aunt SMITHERS that they've expectations from, and that lives with them?

Clerk (sternly). Christian name?

Unprotected Female (tries the exhaustive process). It isn't SARAH, Sir, is it?

Clerk (still more sternly). Christian name?

Unprotected Female. Is it JANE? But I shouldn't wonder if MRS. SMITHERS paid it, and perhaps it's in her name?

Clerk (tinging back Order). Surname, Christian name, and occupation of parties obtaining order must be given in full. See Instructions.

Unprotected Female (clinging desperately to the hatch). Oh—please—it was one of the family, but there are half-a-dozen of them, and I don't know which.

[She is borne back by new applicants, and falls exhausted and tearful on the bench. SCENE closes.]

THE AMERICAN FLOATING DRAMA.



SINCE the Drama has been going on so swimmingly in America, it is no wonder that, on the Mississippi and Ohio—according to the account of MR. BANVARD in describing his Panorama of those rivers—there are actually floating theatres, which travel from city to city situated along their banks. Dollars being scarce in these regions, the prices of admission are based on a system of barter; the substitute for hard cash being, for instance, a bushel of potatoes, or two-dozen eggs. Of course, any other useful commodities would be taken in lieu of silver, so that having no money in your pocket would be no obstacle to your seeing the play; provided you had a penknife or a pencil case about you that you could spare. As the payments must be proportioned to the quality of the places; supposing a seat in the gallery to be a pound of butter,

we might conceive a place in the dress-circle to be a bladder of lard; or a stall, a cheese; whilst for a family box the charge would be, perhaps, a family joint. It is clear that the aquatic actors of America need not starve. As to potatoes and eggs, which are capable of serving as missiles, we think, recollecting how our Transatlantic cousins treated MR. MACREADY, that there is a peculiar wisdom in taking all such articles at the doors.

POLITICAL FISTIANA.

THE YOUTHFUL STUNNER requests us to state that he may be heard of at the Pig and Tinderbox by any parties, whether Free Traders or Protectionists, that may happen to be passing that way. The STUNNER will be happy to initiate gentlemen of either way of thinking into the mysteries of the fistic science; a knowledge of which has become so necessary to both sides at Pro-Corn-Law meetings, where the discussion now consists of such literally knock-down arguments. The noble Art of Self-Defence the STUNNER contends is the best resource of the Protectionists; whereas nothing can be more desirable for the advocates of Free Trade than a fair stand-up fight and no favour. YOUTHFUL approves of the return to the good old English practice of deciding disputes by the fist, instead of by resorting to the unmanly use of the tongue and pen, and thinks that both cotton-spinners and farmers would meet on equal ground in a mill.

Something out of the Common.

MONSIEUR PROUDHON has just married a young lady of immense property. Now, if all "property is a theft," it is clear that PROUDHON stands at present in the ignoble position of a receiver of stolen goods, and the receiver, we are told, is fully as bad as the thief. PROUDHON was generally looked up to as "the SOLOMON of Communism," but the result has proved he was nothing in common with the great name, further than being an IKEY SOLOMONS. If tried by his own Laws of Property, he would most certainly be condemned "guilty of a-fence." The only thing he can do to save himself, will be to restore the property, which he clearly, by his own confession, has stolen.

The Universal Luminary.

LORD BROUGHAM is stated to have delivered a lecture on the subject of light, last Monday week, at the Institute of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and to have illustrated his discourse by means of an apparatus which he had got made by M. SOLEIL. In going to M. SOLEIL's, the noble and learned Lord went to the right shop for the means of experimenting on light, and doubtless was enabled by the help of SOLEIL to make his theory as clear as noon-day.

THE SCHOOL OF ULTRA REFORM.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR and his party propose to convert the House of Commons into the Charterhouse.



What he does with all the articles he buys we cannot tell. If the Pantechmicon were his, it would not be large enough to contain all the rubbish he has been accumulating these last ten years. His collection of sideboards alone would fill Hyde Park, and he must possess by this time more dumb-waiters than there are real waiters in England. There is a number of boot-jacks, also, which he must have upon his hands would have crushed any other man long ago. How he stands up against this daily accumulation of furniture is a trial of strength that but few men in the City could endure! Any body else's fortune would have been broken with one half the load that he must have upon his mind. We have actually seen him carry off six chests of drawers in one morning!



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT PIE.

Since a song of Parliament,—
Speeches cut and dry,
Four-and-twenty Members,
Each with his cry.

When their mouths they open
Each his cry to sing,
They make a pretty kettle of fish
To set before the QUEEN.

The Prince sits in his parlour
And there he takes his money,
The QUEEN sits in her nursery,
Looking sweet as honey.

JOHN BULL pays every farthing
And don't know how it goes
And outruns the constable,
Paying through the nose

It may be that he gives a great deal away, for he is certainly very liberal—otherwise what can he want with the innumerable work-boxes, brooches, and thimbles he is for ever purchasing? We are sure the Capitalist of a Mock-Auction is a very fond husband, and that he has a very large family of daughters, and that he never goes home to the bosom of his family without some little trifle tucked under his arm, to convince his dear wife, and each of his dear children, that, even in the midst of his boundless speculations, his thoughts at times rest lovingly upon them.

The Capitalist at a Mock-Auction is calm, self-possessed, mild, affable, and far from arrogant, as you would suppose from the enormity of his wealth he must be. If a stranger comes into the arena of his many triumphs, he gives way directly, and ceases bidding in his favour. Is not this condescension in one who has only to nod, and the most expensive article in the shop, nay, the entire shop itself, would be immediately knocked down to him?

You never would suppose from the Capitalist's appearance that he was so incalculably rich as he is. His dress, it must be confessed, is rather shabby. A rusty black suit is all that embellishes him, and his dirty hands are ungloved. But these are little eccentricities that Wealth is privileged to indulge in. A man that spends from £500 to £2000 a day merely in trifles and elegancies can well afford to be a little negligent in his person!

The name of the Capitalist has always been a mystery. We have watched him when a French clock, worth at least £80, has been knocked down to him for £10, and waited in anxiety for him to pronounce the mysterious name—but all in vain. A confidential smile was all that passed between him and the Auctioneer, and the clock was put on the shelf. In fact, his face is so familiar to every one connected with the establishment, from the large purchases he is continually making, that it is quite unnecessary for him to give his name, and yet, when we asked one of the porters who he was, the stupid man could not tell us. It is very strange that one who spends so much should be so little known!

As the clock struck five one day, we noticed the Capitalist was preparing to go to his dinner. We followed him, and found ourselves seated opposite to him in one of the many eating-houses that run round the Poultry. We naturally expected he would order turtle, iced punch, venison, ortolans, young peas, every expensive delicacy of the season; but will it be believed, that that great Capitalist, who had been lavishing his hundreds all day, did not spend more than 14d. upon his dinner, including his half-and-half and the waiter?

He started home, but called for no cab. "Well, you are a curious mixture," thought we, "of extravagance and economy." We walked after him, in silent admiration. He stopped, in a bye-street, and darted into one of the most wretched-looking houses. Soon afterwards we spied a light at the top part of the house. "Is it possible," we could not help exclaiming, "that in that lonely garret lives one of the greatest Capitalists of the present day?" No wonder that he has not room to accommodate all the sideboards he is perpetually buying!

This occurred a week ago. Since then we have had reason to suspect the honesty, or, at least, the sanity, of our friend the Capitalist. Yesterday we looked in at a Mock-Auction. The indefatigable Capitalist was there, as usual. A valuable mahogany sideboard had just been knocked down to him for £18 10s.

At twelve o'clock we passed again. Another sideboard was knocked down to him for £19 5s.

At three we passed a third time, and again he had another sideboard knocked down to him for £12 7s. 6d.; and on inspection we found he had purchased three times over the same piece of furniture. He had given upwards of £50 for the same sideboard!

We suspected our man instantly. Our admiration fell into the gutter. It was evident he was no more a Capitalist than we were. He was only playing the part of ROTHSCHILD for something like two shillings a day. Verily, everything at a Mock-Auction is mock, from the Auctioneer down to the Capitalist!

A Mockery, a Delusion, and a Snare.

We perceive by the railway intelligence of the past week that one of the large companies has given its resident engineer a portrait of himself and £500 worth of stock at par. Considering that everything in the Railway world is now at a tremendous discount, the presentation of anything at par to anybody is like giving him a ravenous bear, for it is ten to one but the shares will eat him up in future calls, to say nothing of the actual difference between accepting at par what may be already at discount. The portrait may give the affair a different complexion, and at all events it is better to be done in oil than done in railway securities.

TEETH WARRANTED TO BITE.

FOR the supply of lost teeth never think of consulting a regular practitioner in dental surgery. Go to an advertising dentist, who will only charge you 20 guineas a set for teeth, which, you may depend upon it, will certainly bite—the purchaser. One trial (which took place last week in a law court) will prove the fact.

A NOTE FROM ELYSIUM.



See you here every week, Mr. Punch—indeed, would it be Elysium without you—and, therefore, as a constant reader, and as a brother quill, a brother who was ever proud of his bit of goose—even when I wanted a dinner—I have to request a word through you to the Protectionists.

Shades as we are, we are still susceptible of what you say of us above; and feel as much delight when new editions of us come out, as I was delighted in my bloom-coloured coat, made by JOHN FILBY, at the Harrow, in Water Lane. If, then, we are pleasantly alive to a compliment, we are no less susceptible of vulgar usage. We do not like our lines pressed into wrongful service. It is a sort of moral forgery committed upon us, that stirs our ichor. Now, I who, whilst in your world, was one of the least irritable of creatures, I, who had not a drop of vanity of ink in my whole body—even I, am compelled to complain of the treatment that my poetry daily sustains at the mouths of the 'Protectionists,' as they call themselves. The ill-used lines—if I remember them aright—are these:—

"Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made."

"Now, Mr. Punch, these Princes and Lords have been put upon such hard service—have been so pawed and mauled about, that, I am sure of it, they are by no means the same people that originally came out of my ink-bottle. The Princes, are PRINCE PRETTYMANS, and the Lords, LORD NOODLES. I protest, Mr. Punch, I will not endure this. Again:—

"But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied."

"My peasantry were sturdy, red-cheeked fellows, with smockfrocks white as daisies on them,—now, these 'peasantry' have been so worked and belaboured at public meetings, that I shouldn't know them from serfs or Hottentots. I must request, Mr. Punch, that my property—the property enshrined in the four lines cited above, be in future respected, for a twelvemonth—say a twelvemonth, at least—not exposed either in parliament or upon platforms.

"We have a great deal of fun here, especially with our late critics, whom we now and then turn out and hunt, just as you, in the upper world, hunt hares: only there is this disadvantage in our sport, we cannot eat our game that, although duly killed for the time, is alive again for new diversion. But no one, better than yourself, Punch, knows that critics, like turtles, are very hard to kill. Like turtles, too, they have been known to live for a long time without their brains.

"You would hardly know JOHNSON—he has turned so droll and frisky. He is still attended by BARBER, his black servant; only he is not black here, all being of the same colour in Elysium, a melancholy fact that may cause very virtuous disgust in the bosom of THOMAS CARLYLE, whose letter, by the way, upon slavery, in a late *Fraser*, was publicly burnt here by an indignant flash from APOLLO—from that impartial God, whose light light's all; and even CARLYLE's 'elephant' England, and my own 'rat' Ireland.

"But to return to JOHNSON: I send you his last conundrum. Only think of '*Rasselas*' making conundrums! But here are all sorts of contradictions—all kinds of pretty amenities. I could show you a pattern for a sampler drawn by RAPHAEL, and a tobacco-stopper, carved and presented to PARR, I mean the DOCTOR, not the PILL PARR, by MICHAEL ANGELO. But JOHNSON's conundrum—it is of course at the expense of BOSWELL. 'What,' says the Doctor, 'What is the cause of the scarcity of timber in Scotland?' Nobody could guess it—not even MERCURY. 'Why, Sirs, this—because every Scotchman, when he comes to years of discretion, cuts his stick.'

"What think you of that from the 'Vanity of Human Wishes?'

"Yours affectionately, dear Punch.

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

"P.S. REYNOLDS and FLAXMAN, with a crowd of painters and sculptors, have been looking and wondering all the afternoon at DOYLE's book of '*Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe*,' which even REYNOLDS pronounces 'miraculous!' By the way, SIR JO-HUA sends DOYLE a subject, an allegory of the Protecting Landlord and the Protected Farmer. The subject is this—A Vampire Bat, bleeding its sleeping victim; bleeding and gently fanning while it bleeds. Will it do?"

THE DWARF AND THE GIANT.



We never remember such a curious illustration of the old puff of "Two Exhibitions in One," as that afforded by the career of LOUIS NAPOLEON. Little more than a year ago he was looked upon as a political dwarf, and every body was laughing at the idea of so very small an object being placed in a conspicuous position, for it was felt almost universally, that to elevate *si peu de chose* was not to uphold him, but to hold him up to ridicule. France seemed to be acting the part of showman in the midst of the fantastic absurdities of its revolution, and appeared to be crying out to the rest of Europe, "Walk up, here, walk up. You are now in time to see the Republican dwarf, the smallest President in the world. Walk up, and you will see a worthy follower of the American GENERAL TOM THUMB, so famous for his miniature copy of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON."

Scarcely six months, however, had elapsed, when the dwarf commenced shooting up in a manner that surprised the whole world, which had not been prepared for the upshot. Time's telescope has since acted as a magnifying glass of the most extraordinary power, for when at the close of 1849 we look at the dwarf of 1848, we find that he has outgrown all knowledge, and if he should out-grow his own strength, his rapid aggrandisement will prove in the end to have been a growing evil.

It is not surprising that a man, who seems to place no limits to his own political growth, should refuse to be restricted by any measures whatever. We never saw a more complete instance of an ell having been taken, where only an inch was intended to be given.

ISLE OF DOGS A PENAL SETTLEMENT.

As it appears that all our Colonies have given notice to EARL GREY that none of our convicts shall lodge and board with them, it has been determined by the Colonial Minister to make the Isle of Dogs a penal settlement. It is calculated that the island will accommodate, well-packed, about 100,000 felons. All communication will be cut off with the island, and a cordon sanitaire established upon the opposite shores. We are further enabled to inform our readers that MR. GEORGE HUDSON, newly-cleansed and sweetened for the office, will be appointed Governor of the Island, with permission occasionally to hoist his flag—three stags in a field improper—on board the *Wye*. Government engineers and architects have been ordered to the island, to make the necessary preparations, and to commence the building of a mansion for the Governor. The mansion, it is understood, will be of the I. O. Unicorn order, faced—and very boldly faced—with composition.

A Coroner on Fire.

THE Coroner for the City of London is so warm in his official zeal, that he insists upon sitting on every fire he hears of. Some people object to his doing so, and he no sooner sits upon a fire than he finds himself hauled over the coals rather unceremoniously. His Salamandrine ambition proves a spirit deeply imbued with the philosophy of HOBBS, and there is no doubt that, in sitting upon a fire, he feels he has an additional range—though sometimes a kitchen range—of usefulness. The Coroner takes very goodtemperedly all the remarks made upon his alleged officiousness, and indeed it is not surprising that a functionary, who is always ready to sit upon a fire, should not be easily put out, and requires a great deal of cold water to be thrown upon him, before his enthusiasm is completely damped.

THE RAILWAY SHARE-MARKET.

A SLIGHT rise in the price of waste-paper has given an impetus to almost every description of Railway Shares: and there is no doubt that when some of the heavier stock—the coarse cartridge paper—has been cleared off, the heavier railway stock will sympathise.

A SIBTHORP.

Q. When will the Irish people cease to call for repeal?
A. When there are no fools left *within Erin*, to listen to them.

THE HEALTH OF EUROPE DURING THE LAST WEEK.

FRANCE is excessively weak, and her constitution is gradually breaking up. She says she has the weight of a mountain on her breast that prevents her rising. She still complains bitterly of the great vacuum in her chest.

Russia has been troubled with a slight attack of yellow fever. Bleeding was recommended, and was instantly carried out to a copious extent in the City. Russia has felt very much better since, and is very thankful to England for the unexpected relief.

Austria is endeavouring to regain the strength she has lost in Hungary. She is still stunned with the dreadful blow she received there, which was nearly the death of her. She is recommended to keep quiet for some time to come.

England is collecting her members together, and rubbing them up for the grand fight that is expected to come off on the 31st instant. She feels quite strong enough, she says, to spurn the smallest offer of "Protection."

Ireland is still very low and weak, but hopes to pick up a little during the Session. She is strictly ordered not to make a noise, and to refrain from all quack medicines.

CLERICAL CONUNDRUM.

Q. WHY is the case of GORHAM v. THE BISHOP OF EXETER, in the view of the Privy Council, like PROFESSOR KELLER of plastic notoriety?
A. Because it's a poser.

THE CUSTOMS OF OUR COUNTRY.

"HOSPITALITY (like property) has its duties as well as its *rites*!"—and this is best proved by the duties that are always levied at the Custom House whenever a stranger lands in England to partake of its hospitality.

KENTISH FIRE AND SMOKE.

We have often heard of Kentish fire at public assemblies, but never, hitherto, of any Kentish smoke, though the fire in question is usually accompanied by much vapour. Kentish smoke, however, of the densest kind, was emitted last week by the Pro-Corn-Law orators on Penenden Heath.

GENEROUS REDUCTION OF RENT.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL held his meeting of tenants in Dublin last week. It was not very numerously assembled, for we doubt if the number of his tenants exceeded ten. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL said he would detain them but a few minutes. He then began a speech which lasted two hours. In the course of it he said, "He had heard a great deal of the hardness of the times, and he must say they were particularly hard upon him, for let him work as hard as he would, he could hardly make a decent penny. As for Repeal, it was fairly reduced to its last penny. What did he make last week? Why only tenpence-halfpenny! And the week before? Why, nothing but a dirty fourpenny-bit! He should like to reduce their rents, but, in the face of such terrible truths, how could he do it? However, he was the last man to tax their good-nature, and so he would leave the matter entirely to their generosity. As for himself, he didn't ask for anything! They might give exactly what they pleased." (*Tremendous cheering, which lasted several minutes.*)

After this the Meeting separated, and we are happy to state that in consequence of the liberal proposal of MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, every one availed himself of it; and as the rent was left entirely to them, they thought the best thing was to leave it alone. The amount of "Rent," therefore, collected at the doors did not exceed a penny postage stamp, and there are some strong doubts whether that has not been used before!

THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY.

(Being a Letter from MR. J—s PLUSH to a Friend.)

"MY DEAR RINCER,

"ME and MARY HANN was very much pleased with the box of feznts and woodcox, which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flayivour. Some we gev away: some we hett: and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann as sent em will holways find a glass of sometthink comforable in our Barr; and I hope you'll soon come back to London, RINCER, my boy. Your account of the Servants' all festivities at Fitzbattleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovvly (I dont know how to spell it) with LADY HAWGUSTER, emused MARY HANN very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so: but in my time I thought the fun didnt begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind suvices to MRS. LUPIN, and tell MUNSEER BESHYMELL with my and MARY HANN's best wishes, that our little FANNY can play several tunes on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

"Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and theres no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

"Although Im not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfears very much with my abbitts and ixpeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set holf to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann, who likes to take things heazy; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Ayemarket or Old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to MRS. JEAMES and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when shes outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will occur in the best reglated famlies you know) or when some private melluncolly or sorer of my own is a bagitating hof me.

"Yesdy evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter—I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, involving the carrickter of our profession—tha' professhn which you and me MR. RINCER, did onst belong to—I'm not above that professhn. I ave its hintarests and Honor at art: and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother—not that I need be phonder of him for that, on the contry, I recklect at our school where I hunt the fust rules of athography and grammer, the Brothers were holwis a pitchen into heach other—but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah! I regret that hold FATHER TIME is doing sometthink to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder which once I war!

"A commady, Sir, has been brought out, (which Im surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grismass Olydays in the Country) in which I was credably informed—one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, a *Footman*, forms the prinsple drammitis-pursony. How is my horder represented on the British Stage I hast myself? Are we spoke of respectful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or purfeshn? I was determind to see; and in case of hanythink inslant being said of us, I took a key with me in horder to iss propply; and bought severl horingers jest to make uce of em if I sor any *necessaty*.

"My dear RINCER. I greave to say, that though there was nothink against our purfeshn said in the pease—and though the most delligit

and sensatif footman (and Ive known no men of more dellixy of feelin and sensability than a well reglated footman is whether hin or hout of livry) could find folt with the *languide* of the New Commady of "*Leap Year*," yet its prinsples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved purfeshn.

"The plot of the Pease is foundered upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, MR. BUCKSTONE, discovered in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epears that in Lip-Year (or whats called Bissixidle in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbatty of choosing their usbands, and not as in honyary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckmend you old feller who are a reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year, and kip *hout of the way* that year) and this pratice must be common enough in Hengland, for a commady is a representation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts every one of the men to marry: igsept one, and she asts two of em.

"Onst upon a time there was an old genlman by the name of FLOWERDEW as married a young woman, who became in consquince MRS. FLORA FLOWERDEW. She made this hold buck so Appy during the breafe coarse of his meddrimonial career, that he left a will, hordering her to marry agin before three years was over, failing vich, hevary shillin of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair. Aving maid these destimentry erangements hold FLOWERDEW died. Peace be to his Hashes!

"His widder didnt cry much (for betwigst you and me F. must have been rayther a silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal manner in a house somewhere in the dreschon of Amstid I should think, entertaining her frends like a lady: and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom: had her own maid, a cook & housemaid of coarse, a page and a MANN.

"If I had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a better Ithe, than MRS. FLOWERJEW did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. Its that which dixtinguidges us from the vulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the gentleman as hacted VILLIAM WALKER, MRS. F's man, was sadly defisht. He was respectble, quiet, horderly, hactive—but his figger I must say was no go. You and me RINCER ave seen footmen and know whats the proper sort—seen em? Hah, what men there was in hour time! Do you recklect BILL the Maypole as was with us at LORD AMMERSMITHS? What a chap that was! what a leg he ad! The young men are not like us, TOM RINCER,—but I am diverging from my tail, which I reshume.

"I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a settling his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre I fown myself in presnts of MR. & MRS. C. KEAN in a droring-room, MRS. K. at a table pertending to right letters, or to so ankyshuffs, or sometthink, MR. K. a clapsing his &s, a rowling his his, and a quocating poatry & BYROM and that sort of thing like anythink.

"MRS. KEAN, she was the widdo, and MR. K. he was VILLIAM the man. He wasnt a Buttlar dear RINCER like U. He wasnt groom of the Chimbers like MR. MEWT at my Lords (to whomb my best complymnce), he wasnt a mear footman, he wasnt a page: but he was a mixer of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip; he had a coat like a Hunndress John; he had the helegant mistary of MR. MEWT, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about him which I wish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

"Haltho in hour time, dear RINCER, we didn quost BYROM and SHIKSPYER in the droring-room to the ladies of the famly, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect*, and the young JEAMES do talk po'ry.—Well, for severl years, during which he had been in MRS. F's service, WALKER had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at onst to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of missis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a genlman in livry goin on between em, and in one word that they were pashintly in love with each other. This wout surprize *you* RINCER, my boy; and in the coarse of *my* expearance I might tell a story or two—O LADY HARABELLAR! but Honor forbids, and Im mumm.

"Several shutors come to whoo the widow; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impresshn on her heart. One she takes as a *husband on trial*—and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprenticeship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Harny, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requestes her to pay for his loss of time, and the clothes he has horderd in horder to captivate her. Finely the piece hends by the widdo proposing to WILLIAM WALKER, her servant, and marrying that pusson.

"I don't ask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquirer whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtship, or igsamming other absuddaties in this Commady. I look it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, RINCER. Hand, I cant help seeing that is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

"I say theres a Prinsple in a honist footman which should make him purtest and revolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fatle pashn may hapy bany day to hany Mann; as a chimbley-pott may drop on his head, or a homnibus drive hover him. We cant help falling in love with a fine woman—we are men: we are fine men praps; and praps

she returns our harder. But whats the use of it? There *can* be no marriages between footmen and families in which they live. There's a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-books for the use of JOHNS that a man may not marry his Missus—If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. JOHN would be holways up in the droring room courting; or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry: you'd get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate propply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord? It's impawsable. We may marry in other famlies but not in our hown. We have each our spears as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the fust flor; hours is the basemint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal brutherin. I would cut that Man dedd who married his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and families will leave off iring footmen haltogether and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies cant marry them, and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn is a good one, and whether it woodnt be a pity to spoil it.

"To MR. RINCES,
"at the DUKE OF FITZBATTLEAXES,
"Fitzbattleaxe Castle, Flintshire."

"Yours hever my dear RINCES,
"J. P."



THE "KNEE PLUSH ULTRA" OF SENTIMENT.

A CONSCIENCE MONEY-MANIAC.

A GREAT deal of cash must pass through the hands of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; yet nobody, one would think, would contribute more to the amount than he could help. Not so. Among the acknowledgments of those unaccountable remittances of conscience-money to Government which are almost daily published in the *Times*, it was notified the other day, that—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from T. C. D. the first halves of Bank notes for £60, remitted as a sum considered to be owing to Government."

Considered to be owing to Government! Then T. C. D.—initials that we feel tempted to suppose to stand for "Tender Conscienced Donkey"—is not *certain* that he owes Government the £60. Come—surely, in a dubious question like this, a man may be allowed to give himself the benefit of the doubt.

A Curling Match on the Ice.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose stupid head ought to be brought at once to the barber's block, has written to us to know what is the meaning of the recent Curling Match on the ice, between the EARL OF MANSFIELD and the EARL OF EGLINTON. Our correspondent, to whom, we should be very sorry to correspond in any particular, is imbecile enough to ask us how it happens that the noble Earls, who must have so many o'her irons in the fire, can procure time to pop a pair of curling irons into the fire also? We will not condescend to explain to our feeble-minded correspondent that "curling" is a fine old sport, very different from the effeminate practice of twisting the hair into ringlets; and we can only add, that if he could now behold us, he would witness a specimen of another kind of curling, for he would see our lip in the very stiffest curl of contempt at his—anything but—"blessed" ignorance.

THE DODGE OF NICHOLAS.—Whilst the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's dodge is To Bear in one sense, it is evidently to be For Baring in another.

THE RASH REFORMERS OF DOWNING STREET.

It has been stated, on authority, that Ministers mean to bring forward this session a scheme of their own for the re-adjustment of the parliamentary representation; as, by the time these words come fairly before the universe, will probably have been signified in the speech from the Throne. We hope LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his colleagues will do nothing rash in the attempt to improve our glorious Constitution. But we fear that their measure of reform will be too sweeping. For instance, we are afraid that they will fix the pecuniary qualification to vote, at too low a figure, and depart too widely from the good old principle of making money the criterion of ability to exercise the franchise.

We are apprehensive that they will give an insufficient preference to breeches-pockets over brains in determining the standard of elective rights. Nay, we are not without dread that they will be so precipitate and reckless as to allow every respectable man a vote provided he is a taxpayer, and can write his name, and read a column of *Punch*. We think it too probable, also, that they will be for approaching more nearly than they ought, to an equalisation of electoral districts, and granting constituencies of equal populations, representatives in unduly small disproportion. We are further alarmed lest they should concede the ballot, or devise some other inconveniently stringent security against bribery, corruption, and intimidation. In short, we tremble with the expectation that they will go too fast and too far, and confer more political power on HER MAJESTY'S subjects at large than the bulk of the people wish to be entrusted with.

IF YOU'RE AN EDITOR, BEHAVE AS SUCH.

AS LOUIS NAPOLEON has turned Editor of a weekly newspaper, we hope he will be a little more charitable towards his comrades of the press, otherwise the public prosecution of a journal will look very much like an act of private opposition, and a heavy fine imposed on an Editor will appear as if it were an attempt to crush a rival journalist. For instance, this spirit of competition might be carried to such an extent, that every French paper in Paris might be suppressed, every Editor imprisoned, in order to force an enormous sale for *Le Napoléon*.

The Republic of France is quite noisy enough without LOUIS NAPOLEON wishing to be President, also, of the Republic of Letters. He will soon find that Parnassus is a much more difficult Montagne to get over, even, than the one in the Assembly. At all events, if he is determined to play at editing, let him play it in a generous, brotherly spirit, and not turn it into a game of "Prisoner's-Base," for every Editor who happens to be on the opposite side to him.

We strongly suspect that this new mania of editing a newspaper, and, calling it *Napoléon*, is only indulged in by the President in order to prove to the nation that he is literally the *type* of his Uncle!

The Unblushing French.

HORACE VERNET is really at Rome, commissioned to paint subjects—to be enshrined at Versailles—commemorative of the late feats of the French army in the Eternal City. The impudence of this is astounding. It is as though a housebreaker, proud of his occupation, should order himself to be painted—the picture to become an heirloom—with all his implements of trade about him. The crowbar, the false keys, the mask, crape and the dark lantern!

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.—THE CHARWOMAN.



If there is one person more than another whose life is regularly passed in Nooks and Corners, it is the Charwoman's! Her sun, it may be said, rises in a cobweb, and sets in a cupboard.

She knows more of a house than the mistress herself. Its most inmost recesses are laid bare to her. Not a floor but what has disclosed its secrets—not a boudoir, not a consulting-room, not a family sanctuary, however private, but has made a clean breast to her, and felt all the better afterwards for the confession. This confidence, however, is never very well repaid, for it is seldom that the Charwoman gets more than 1s. 6d. a day, with her beer, tea, and sugar; or at the best 2s. a day, and "to find herself."

This ignominious expression, "to find herself," is, however, rather applicable to the Charwoman, for it is always a difficulty, when she is wanted, to know where to find her. Washerwomen, monthly-nurses, and ladies who do a little mangling, all have cards, but we never saw a piece of pasteboard yet that had the face to own to the profession of "a Charwoman." No brass plate, or painted board either, displaying that honourable title, flanked by a pleasing request to "ring the top bell," flashes upon our recollection.

Be it modesty, or a horror of the income-tax, or a healthy mixture of the two, we cannot tell, but there is decidedly a great difficulty in finding out the abode of the Charwoman. Like Echo, she is to be "heard of" in the circle of a large neighbourhood, but no one can tell the precise spot where she dwells. The only chance is by

enquiry of the milkwoman, or the butcher, or the baker, who enquires of his man, who says he'll ask his "good 'ooman," who he thinks knows a neighbour that can let MRS. GRIMES know that "she is wanted,"—and it is only by this hunt-the-slipper fashion that MRS. GRIMES eventually turns up.

But when MRS. GRIMES has once promised to come, she is sure to come. We never knew a Charwoman yet break her appointment. Nothing but her own death, we think, would make her do it. She rings the bell before the "milk," even before the "sweeps."

Her social position is not to be envied much. She is the lowest grade of domestic—even lower than the maid of all work, to whom she officiates as a sort of maid of all work herself. Mistresses have but little love for her, for she is never called in but at the last extremity, and the house is never comfortable till she is out of it. Her reverses in the course of the day are endless, but she must bear every little turn of fortune with cool equanimity, even if it be the fate of her pail to be violently kicked down stairs by coming in contact with master's indignant boot.

How "master" does hate her, to be sure! With the mistress it is simply an antipathy, only a genteel aversion; but if she were a bailiff, or a mad bull, or a fire in the house, there could not be a stronger desire on the part of "master" to have her instantly put out. He knows there is no comfort, no luncheon, no dinner, no answering the bell, as long as the Charwoman is pattering, steaming, scrubbing, slopping about, from one room into another. He hates the clatter of her patters—for Charwomen are still shod with these detestable iron shoes—and woe to them if he finds them lying about the hall! The chances are that they part, never to meet again.

She slaves, and yet never gives satisfaction. She is expected to do the work of six days in one. Let her come with daybreak, and leave close upon the stroke of midnight, she can never do all the work that is required of her. She pleases no one. Even the servants take a pleasure in finding fault with her. She is disowned by the very person who has engaged her. No lady talks of "her Charwoman," any more than a gentleman breathes a word about "his pawnbroker." The nearest admission that is ever made to the fact of her existence is that "Mrs. GRIMES has come to assist." And yet her characteristics are so patent that none but a Countess, who had been confined all her life in a drawing-room, could possibly be deceived as to her appearance. The dirty mob-cap,—the battered bonnet, generally black, that perches on the top of it,—the soiled ribbons that, sun or rain, are never tied,—the tucked-up gown, and bare arms, that are of an unpleasant redness all the way up to the sleeve,—are so many witnesses making oath to her identity.

The Charwoman, it must be confessed, is of a most forgiving disposition. Loaded, as she is, with the insults of the entire house, she is too willing to help any one. She fetches the beer,—lays the cloth,—washes the plates,—toasts the muffins, &c., and waits at table until the servants have their dinner or tea, before she touches a scrap herself. She addresses JEAMES, and the clerical-looking Butler, as "Sir;" and Cook, and my Lady's-maid, are always spoken to as "Ma'am." And yet, strange to say, the Charwoman is, in ten cases out of a dozen, a decayed servant herself. She has generally saved a little money—married a speculative JOHNNY—soon lost all in the "green line," and become "the drab of a thing" that she in her proud prosperity snarled at and snubbed. (*Moral (aside): "Be kind to your inferiors."*)

There are many more strange Nooks and Corners to be found in the character of the Charwoman, but we have not time to explore them just now, much less space to record the result of our discoveries. We must throw down, therefore, without comment, the following fugitive facts, which we cannot help catching as they buzz in our ears, and fly in our faces, with all the impudence of London blue-bottles.

The Charwoman averages from 40 to 60. She has a remarkably good appetite, and can eat anything. She wears large pockets, which keep gradually swelling towards night-time, and has a penchant for snuff, which she carries in a screw of brown paper. Report declares that she smokes, but as this habit is never allowed to interfere with her avocations, we have no right to enquire into the rumour.

She has a large family, but they are rigidly forbidden the house she is "charing" at. The same law is enforced against her husband, but quite unnecessarily, as he has too much sense to show himself. It is supposed he has some post in a public Pillar, or Monument, or Light-house, or in the Police, for he is never seen from one year's end to another.

There are many speculations as to the honesty of the Charwoman, but she is poor, and therefore we must not wonder at her being suspected. The "Ladies" down stairs, however, always lock up their tea-caddies, JEAMES counts his spoons, Cook hides her kitchen-stuff, and Missus makes a general clearance, whenever MRS. GRIMES comes to stop for a day. Whatever is missing, the Charwoman is sure to be the thief. Everything that is broken is without fail the handiwork of her fingers. The Charwoman is invariably the Cat for the week after her visit.

And for all her trials, labours, snubbings, and accusations, she has but one compensation, and that is a dish of tea. The Saucer is the Lethe in which she drowns all the cares of the day. Buttered toast, and tea! Give her plenty of butter, plenty of thick toast, and ponds of strong tea, and she is happier than any bride at a wedding feast. As she lifts the brimming saucer, time after time, to her thirsty lips, she pours out the experiences of her profession. A fresh family is cut up with each new slice of toast—the scandal of the whole neighbourhood is stirred up, though not much sweetened, and handed round, for the tastes of her kitchen audience. For if there is an Inquisitor in an Englishwoman's home it is the Charwoman, for she has the *entrée* of every house, and, as you sit in the parlour, there she is accumulating evidence against you under your very feet. Ladies, both in the parlour and the pantry, should beware of this secret tribunal, which runs from parish to parish, and speaks of them, according as they behave to that universal outcast, that out-door drudge, that "general sweeping-machine," that hardest-worked servant of servants, the Charwoman.



THE REAL STAFF OF LIFE.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE COMMUNISTS.

YESTERDAY a numerous meeting of gentlemen holding the doctrines of Socialism and Communism took place at the *For-under-the-Rose*. Among the company we observed some of the most notorious rogues in the metropolis. Owing to the admirable arrangements of the police, there occurred no interruption of the proceedings.

The chair was taken by a MR. MOODY, a personage with a hideous expression of countenance, and a great beard.

The CHAIRMAN briefly stated that the object of the meeting was to consider what course to take with regard to the Protectionist agitation excited among the agriculturists by the aristocracy. He believed there was a good time coming, and they'd ave to wait but a very little longer.

MR. MOBBINS hated the aristocracy with all his heart and soul. (*Hear.*) But he would hold a candle to a duke—or to a wuss than a duke—to light him to play his (MR. MOBBINS'S) game. The cry of Protection to Agriculture was askin' of Parliament to raise rents by checkin' competition. There was no difference between that and askin' Parliament to raise wages by the same means. (*Hear.*) Except this. The rent was to be screwed out of the poor man's loaf, for the idle; whereas the wages was to be took out of the rich man's income for the industrious. What was Socialism but Protection for everybody! The base aristocracy was pullin' in the same boat with themselves. He would say, "Pull away, my harpies!" (*Laughter.*) He was for pullin' along with them so long as they was a steerin' the same course. (*Hear.*) When done with, he'd fling 'em overboard. (*Tremendous Cheering.*) He would move—

"That Protection to Agriculture being a legislative interference with Competition, its principle is, in the opinion of this here meeting, identical with that of Communism and Socialism."

The resolution was seconded by MR. WILDGOOSE, and carried *unanimously*.

MR. FIREDRAKE would clapse the Protectionist aristocrats in is open harms. (*O.A. O.A.?*) The Protectionists were turning, not only Communists and Socialists, but regular jolly Red Republicans. What did MR. CHEETHAM say the other day at the West Norfolk Meeting? "If he were in PERL's position he should be afraid of the poniard and dagger, and so he had a right to." (*Prolonged cheering.*) He (MR. FIREDRAKE) was glad to hear respectable farmers begin to talk about poniards and daggers. CUFFY, his self, never beat that. Then, at the same meeting, MR.

BOWYER SMITH, and MR. BAGGE, cursed free-trade and PEEL; the rest awearing in chorus with 'em, and MR. FRANKLIN, a parson, as good as sayin' Amen! This was roaring worthy of the Mountain. (*Hear.*) Let them flare up, then, and jine the Protectionists. Protection now, and the Democratic and Social Republic for ever! He would call upon them to resolve—

"That the best course as can be adopted by the Communists and Socialists for the promotion of their ulterior objects, is that of fraternising for the present with the Protectionists."

The resolution having been seconded by MR. BRIXTON BEDLAM, and carried by acclamation.

Three cheers were given for LORD STANLEY and M. LOUIS BLANC; for M. PROUDHON and the DUKE OF RICHMOND; for MR. DISRAELI and LEDRU ROLLIN; for SIR J. TYRELL and M. RASPAIL; and for SERJEANT BOICNOT and COLONEL SINTHORP.

After which, thanks having been voted to the Chairman, the meeting separated, and we came away—without our handkerchief.

"A VICTIM TO LET."

OUR wrong-headed, good-natured friend, with a long signature, who in the *Harold* abused poor *Punch*, simply, we take it, because it was not in the dull man's brain to understand truth when edged with satire—and therefore incontinently cut his fingers with it—our friend has gone beyond his liberal promise, and sent his second £25 to HOWLETT, the dismissed postman, even though no intervening sum of £25 has been subscribed. HOWLETT, however, is the richer man by £50, for his benefactor's misinterpretation of *Punch*, who stung dulness into liberality. *Punch* complains not. He is willing to be misunderstood, when the error bears such golden fruit to the destitute. Nevertheless, *Punch* marvels at the meaning of HOWLETT's benefactor, when he says—

"The philosopher *Punch* shows how relentless are his orders from head-quarters, by still maintaining, against the plainest evidence, that HOWLETT was 'rightly dismissed.'"

Again:—

"Neither will the public accept (at least as a reason why they should quietly submit to the demolition of their Sabbath) of *Punch*'s testimonial—[Is the Sabbath so broken to bits by LORD JOHN?—however true it may be—that LORD JOHN RUSSEL is a man of earnest and unaffected religion.] For be it from me to say that such is not the case; but it is impossible not to see what these words mean in *Punch*'s use of them."

Firstly, *Punch* confesses that it is always his desire, moreover, always his practice, to write from "head-quarters:" namely, from all the quarters of his own head.

Secondly, If, as our dull friend confesses at the last, "it is impossible not to see" what *Punch* means—if this be really true in the particular case of our obtuse reviler,—we congratulate him on his amended intelligence. It is quite worth the £50 he has given to HOWLETT, who, we trust, will make the best and most profitable uses of the benefaction.

"SPEAKING DAGGERS."

ONE MR. CHEETHAM, a Protectionist (not a bad name for a small corn party) at the Oakham Meeting, said:

"He could not help thinking that phantoms of ruined farmers would haunt the sleeping pillow of SIR R. PERL. Knowing how much he was execrated, he should think he must move about in fear and dread. Even if SIR R. PERL should have a majority again, he dared not take office. He (MR. CHEETHAM) knew that if he was in SIR R. PERL's position, he should be afraid of the poniard and the dagger, and so he had a right."

Since the awful, but no less popular appearance, of "*Giles Scroggins's Ghost*"—sung at all the playhouses—we can conceive nothing, in even an agricultural sense, more harrowing than the "phantoms of ruined farmers," all with shadowy pitchforks, and moonshine flails, threatening the "sleeping pillow" (why are not pillows wide-awake?) of SIR ROBERT PERL. Done into a comic song, GILES SCROGGINS would be laid for ever.

But one word with MR. CHEETHAM. A person who talks of poniards and daggers, expressing his ready belief that a man "has a right" to fear them, may—by the unreflecting—be thought to be the very sort of person who would not hesitate to use them. Let MR. CHEETHAM, in the matter of speculative assassination, hold his tongue, if he would hold his character.

A GROSS IMPOSITION.

MR. DISRAELI, in his Speech on the Address, declared that "What the land now wants is simple justice." We are no agriculturists, but we should say that the land was in want of something besides justice just now—we mean better cultivation. If this were carried out to a large extent, the land would not have reason to complain, even though it should be a good deal put upon.

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.



MR. FERRAND MISINTERPRETED.

AT a late Protection, and very Free Speech Meeting, MR. FERRAND developed yearnings that must have touched the sympathies of MR. CALCRAFT of the Old Bailey, provided that functionary ever amuses his grim leisure with anything so solemn as MR. FERRAND's orations. MR. FERRAND, assuming that, some day—the date not named—corn and cotton would come to a fight, and that COBDEN—(cotton being down)—would become prisoner to corn, declared it to be his intention—ready-made and home-made—to hang COBDEN to the next tree, compelling JOHN BRIGHT—on pain of hanging too, “like twin cherries on one stalk”—to do duty as executioner. A few days after, a MR. WORTLEY, at Hailsham, an orator of the like fire with Ferrand—a companion lucifer from the same bundle—prayed for COBDEN that he—

“Living, may forfeit fair renown;
And, doubly dying, may go down
To the vile earth from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

MR. FERRAND, reading the above, immediately dispatched a little note—full of amenity—to the speaker; a note running as follows:—

“My dear Sir,—I have read your speech at Hailsham with great delight. Permit me, however, to suggest when you repeat it—and Protection, I fear, has but one string to its fiddle—that you improve the last line of the quotation to adapt it the better to the spirit of our cause. Let it run thus:—

“Unwept, unhonoured, nor unsung.”

“Believe me, my dear Sir, with sentiments of admiration arising from kindred feelings,

“Mr. Wortley.”

“Yours, faithfully ever,
“B. FERRAND.”

Glut of Officials in France.

SUCH is the competition for employment in the financial department of France, that the authorities declare their inability to read the applications, much less to answer the applicants. French finance has got into such a state that it would seem to have been nobody's business, and as nobody's business is everybody's business, everybody is now offering to look after it. We should say that, as far as capacity goes, the whole of the public would be about upon an equality, for every one seems equally incapable of finding a remedy for the financial difficulties of the republic. In a case that really looks like one in which nothing can be done, those who are competent to the doing of nothing naturally feel themselves as well adapted as the rest of the community for giving their services.

ALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befel,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings;
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where—
Vy, it vas at four-and-twenty,
Guilford Street by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was ELIZA DAVIS,
And she went to fetch the beer:
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprized to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,
For to judge him by his look:
Tarry jacket, canvass trowsies,
Ha-la MR. T. P. COOKE.

Presently this Mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal—
Pray, saysee, Excuse my freedom,
You're so like my Sister SALLY!

You're so like my Sister SALLY,
Both in valk and face and size;
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes!

I'm a mate on board a wessel,
I'm a sailor bold and true;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you!

What's your name, my beauty, tell me?
And she faintly hansers, “Lore,
Sir, my name's ELIZA DAVIS,
And I live at twenty-four.”

Hofttimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet:
And at twenty-four was welcome,
Twenty-four in Guilford Street.

And ELIZA told her Master,
(Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady with him,
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),
And she told how CHARLEY THOMPSON
Reely vas a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet,
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valkin in the public street.

And ELIZA listened to them,
And she thought that soon their bands
Would be published at the Fondlin,
Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers,
(Vich her master let some rooms),
Likewise vere they kep their things, and
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked CHARLEY THOMPSON
Came on Sundy veek to see her,
And he sent ELIZA DAVIS
Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore ELIZA vent to
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious CHARLEY THOMPSON
Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers, their apartments,
This abandind female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas;
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.

Vile the scoundrie CHARLEY THOMPSON,
Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em
Vich these raskles little sore;
Namely, MR. HIDE the landlord,
Of the house at twenty-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,
Just afore he vent to sup;
And on looking up he sor the
Lodger's vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled;
Something's going wrong, he said;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat;
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman able-bodied
Took this voman to the cell;
To the cell vere she was quodded,
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked CHARLEY THOMPSON
Boulted like a miscreant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom;
By the beak they was committed,
Vich his name was MR. COMBE.

Has for poor ELIZA DAVIS,
Simple gurl of twenty-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art,
(Vich most every gurl expex),
Let her take a jolly pleaseman;
Vich is name peraps is X.

The Bank Coffers!

WE have heard so much, and we hear so frequently, about the Coffers of the Bank, that our curiosity is rising to a tremendous pitch about these mysterious articles. How much will a Coffer hold? How many Coffers have they got at the Bank, and if all the Coffers should happen to be “chuck” full, where do they chuck the surplus bullion?

Our early and infantine idea of a Coffer was, that it is an affair something like a coal scuttle, and that there is always one standing full of bullion under the side-board in that most wonderful apartment, the Bank parlour. We shall be happy to accept an invitation from the Governor of the Bank, to go over that establishment, any day when he happens to have nothing to do, and when the Coffers, regularly polished and sand-papered up for the occasion, may be placed before us.

Manners and Customs of y^e Englyshe (New Series) No. I.



ye 'Serpentyne' duryng a hard frost. *Pullycke upon it.



SHAMELESS MENDICITY.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

From "The Original Brown Bear," Piccadilly, to the Emperor of all the Russias, Greeting.



IGHTY CZAR,

"FROM my public and elevated position I see and hear a thing or two that's going on, — and I do assure you, tremendous Autocrat, that, whatever that COBDEN may say to the contrary, you are very highly spoken of by many people—specially folks of substance, with money they

don't know well how to lay out at decent interest—and your loan praised and taken accordingly.

"Two or three merchants (with oranges and hundred-bladed penknives) who trade under me at the short stages and 'busses, are particularly disgusted with that Cotton COBDEN, whose unadorned eloquence thought to re-button thousands of pockets that were open and gaping, and ready to pour forth their blood in the cause of five per cent., and for the glory of your Czarship. The chances were—thought COBDEN—that a lumping lot of the loan would be left on the hands of the contractors; for he hoped to demolish the reputation of my NICHOLAS. He dared to insinuate that even an Emperor might be insolvent or unprincipled; that even the magnificent two-headed eagle—with, of course, two stomachs to match—might be little better than a felonious magpie. He insinuated the probability—I shudder as much as bear can shudder, and growl again with indignation at the thought—the probability that the glorious Czar might be very liable to pick a quarrel with England for the purpose of swindling the English bondholder, when he promised that Woolwich arsenal should afford no assistance in the recovery of the debt—no cannon-balls be served as writs, and no execution be levied in the shape of squadrons. All this is disgusting—mischievous. But these calumnies have not worked upon the virtuous, but timid people, hungry for five per cent., who need not now continue to satisfy themselves with three, or at best, three-and-a-half.

"Vain is the craft of the demagogue! Good, excellent men, good in themselves, and doubtless excellent as trustees, anxious to obtain the best interest for their clients, the widowed and the orphaned, have gone into Russian bonds: they have trusted their gold to paper ships, and—and their confidence is very becoming, graceful to themselves, and no doubt profitable to the Emperor.

"Nevertheless—my NICHOLAS—that arch-agitator COBDEN has dared to hint the probability of the death of a Czar of all the Russias! As if an Emperor was ever known to die, especially in Russia! Nevertheless, the atrocious idea has entered COBDEN's dark mind, and revelling in the thought, he has painted to a timid, money-loving people, the possibility of the Emperor's successor repudiating the loan contracted by his then sainted parent!

"I quite agree with the *Morning Post*—one of the newsmen just under me read the passage that—

"There is not half the difference which superficial observers might imagine between the gangs of MAZZINI, who yelled their ribald jest at the window where MADAME ROSSI was watching the body of her murdered husband, and the demure gentlemen who congregated to hear COBDEN's hints about the uncertainty of the Czar's life. The Italian villains certainly wanted one useful vice of their English friends, namely, hypocrisy."

"The uncertainty of the Czar's life! Why, let 'em canvass London Assurance Offices, and see if a Czar's life isn't a life held as immortal as the life of Phoenix at the office of that name. Ask whether, the life offered,—the Amicable would not embrace it—the Anchor drop upon it—the Argus look with all its eyes delighted at it—the Atlas, with new joy at his heart, sustain it—the Britannia, like a sister, hug it—the Pelican, with its best blood, foster it? The Emperor's life, say I—the Emperor's justice! Why, in Russia, when was ever life sacrificed—when, in any sense, hempen or otherwise, was PETER ever robbed to pay PAUL?

"And then, my CZAR, 'what a pother,' as MR. BARABBAS, the orange-man, observed, 'about the morality of the loan.' What a joke! Where, I should like to know, is the morality in money? Whereabouts, in his anatomy, the heart of PLUTUS? 'In a purely commercial country,'

observed MR. COSEY to MR. CRUMBS, both waiting for a Kensington 'bus—'in a purely commercial country, the breeches' pocket has no morals. This is a sentence to be written in letters of diamond over the architrave of every Exchange, and to be bowed to—as the Persian bows to the rising sun—by every broker and merchant, at least once in the morning.'

"What matters it to the lender, who gets his interest," rejoined CRUMBS to COSEY, 'how money is employed? Consider ten hundred thousand pounds, as an army of a hundred thousand men—accounted and armed to murder, burn, and pillage. What of it? The English moralist sleeps comfortably in his bed, and what matters to him how his hundred pounds earn their yearly interest of five? *Pecunia non olet*. The money may certainly be steeped in the blood of Poland, and may pass through the fires of Hungary,—again, I demand, what of it? The five per cent. is paid, and—no questions ought to be asked, at least, Sir—but here's our 'bus—at least in a commercial country.'

"I—the Bear—agree in the opinions of MR. BARABBAS, that the loan is perfectly moral, because commercially profitable. 'As for abusing the BROTHERS BARING, why, Sir, it's all very well,' said HUNKS to CLOSE, waiting for a Hammersmith—'all very well, but all cant. In a commercial country, people would prefer 5 per cent. through the hands of the BROTHERS CAIN to 4½ from the BROTHERS ABEL.'

"Glad—most mighty Czar—to see your loans at high premium, and am

"Yours, sympathetically,

"THE ORIGINAL BROWN BEAR."

THE NEW CABINET.

[Found at the Star and Garter, Richmond.]

First Lord of the Treasury	MARQUESS OF GRANBY.
Lord Chancellor	MR. PLUMPTRE (of course with a Peerage).
President of Council	LORD STANLEY.
Home Department	MR. NEWDEGATE.
Foreign Department	MR. DISRAELI.
Colonial Department	MR. UDQUHAET.
Postmaster-General	MR. SPOONER, (with permission to do what he likes with Sundays).
Com. in Chief of Forces	COLONEL SIXTHORN.
Chancellor of Exchequer	LORD GEORGE LENNOX.
Secretary at War	LORD ALEXANDER LENNOX.

[Here the paper is torn, and other names are illegible. A quotation from the DUKE OF RICHMOND's Speech on the Opening of the Session may, however, be made out. It runs—"I am prepared, if this amendment is carried, to get rid of the present Government."]

MR. COBDEN'S QUERISTS.

To MR. COBDEN.

DEAR SIR,

THE following questions—of a nature very similar to those to which you alluded the other day at Manchester—are a few out of many that I have been desired to ask you by certain country correspondents, who don't seem to approve of you very much.

In advocating Free Trade, Peace, and Financial Reform, are you really actuated by a feeling of hostility to the nobility and gentry, occasioned by an affront received by you in early life from somebody of the superior classes? If so, how were your feelings hurt?

When you were sent by your employers to wait upon a Duke with some patterns, did his Grace tell a menial to take you down stairs, and give you some beer?

Is it true that a young lady of rank boxed your ears for making her an offer over the counter?

Did a noble Marquess offend you by offering you sixpence in return for helping him on with his great coat?

Is your antipathy to the military profession, in particular, owing to a Colonel of Dragoons having once requested you to hold his horse?

Perhaps you will be so kind as to answer these enquiries at your perfect convenience. Perhaps you may be of opinion that their best answer would be one such as I saw some time since among the Notices to Correspondents in a sporting paper—"X. Y. Z. is an Ass."

Your sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

VERY STRANGE, BUT VERY TRUE.—The electric telegraph is now one of the really sovereign powers by which the world is governed, and though civilisation, with a thousand other blessings, may be said to be advanced by the potent engine, it must be admitted that wherever the electric telegraph holds its sway, it rules with rods of iron.

WANTED, A MEMBER FOR SUNDERLAND.—As it is essential that the Person Applying should show a Testimonial for Clean Hands, it is indispensable that Parties appear on the Canvas and the Hustings without Gloves.

GEMS FROM ADVERTISEMENTS.

"A beautiful hand is indispensable to all; it is the distinguishing mark between refinement and vulgarity. With the aid of Amandine every hand in the kingdom may be rendered soft, beautiful, and white, every rude impression of weather or hard usage removed, delicacy of touch restored, and the seal of elegance impressed upon it—let its present condition be ever so unpromising."



(Overhearing.) "Now, MISTER, I WANTS MY DELICACY OF TOUCH RESTORED, AND THE SEAL OF ELEGANCE IMPRESSED UPON MY BUNCH OF FIVES."

A PUSH FOR A PLACE.

Poor BUGGINS, the Usher of Westminster Hall, is harassed out of his life with heartless whispers about "an evident want of vigour in his cry of 'Silence! Pray, Silence!'" and cruel insinuations that the official voice of the Usher should be finally hushed, and limited henceforth to the narrow arena of the domestic circle. Malicious stories are in circulation about an alleged shakiness in the hand, while handing in a compute, and there are sinister allegations afloat that the gown of legal stuff—and nonsense—should be laid aside at once for the paletot of privacy.

We have watched BUGGINS for years—having had little else to do in Court—and we can affirm that his roar of "Silence" has, if anything, gained in depth what it has lost in pitch, and that his *sostenuto*, or holding the note, on the word "Pray," when his demand for silence is in the form of an entreaty, may be ranked among one of the finest efforts of the *voce di petto* (his pet voice) that we ever heard.

Protectionist Candour.

THE Protectionists commenced the session in the House of Commons on the opening night with a burst of candour that argues excellently well for the future avowal of faults and fallacies. When LORD JOHN RUSSELL very properly asked, with a view to the saving of time, whether it was understood the debate on the Address was to be concluded on the next night, a cry from the Protectionists of "No, No! No understanding on this side the house" became loud and general. The confession of a deficiency of understanding is the first step—though it may be a very long way off—towards the supply of the absent commodity. We should not have been so uncomplimentary to the Protectionists as to go the whole length of their own cry of "No understanding" on their side of the house, but as the assertion was made very generally, and the whole party seemed eager to assent to it, we are not disposed to be contradictory.

RATHER LONG-WINDED.

THE Speech from the Throne was telegraphed over 9000 miles of wire within an hour of its delivery. Though the Speech was above the average in point of matter, it must be confessed that never was a Royal Speech so thoroughly wire-drawn before.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE HAVING BEEN APPOINTED, UNDER HER LATE AUNT'S WILL, EXECUTRIX AND SOLE RESIDUARY LEGATEE, FINDS HERSELF COMPELLED TO GO TO PROVE THE WILL AT DOCTORS' COMMONS.

SCENE.—Dean's Yard, Doctors' Commons. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE descends from her Omnibus mysteriously. The bag is swollen to unusual dimensions. Her face wears an expression of anxiety and determination. A pimp-nosed Doctor, in his usual state of half-and-half, is leaning against the side-post of the archway.

Unprotected Female (thinks very hard). Yes, this is Dean's Yard. That's the way in the map, and then I take first turn to the right:—and then—no, first turn to the left; and then, I'm in Carter Street, and then third turn to the right is—I'm sure Bell Yard's out of Carter Street, and that leads into Great Rider Street; but I'm not to turn to the left.—then—Dear, dear, I thought I could remember the map. (Looks nervously down Dean's Yard.) But I don't think I do—quite—

Pimp-nosed Man (nervously and confidentially). "Clericalness—Courts, Marm, or—What—Marm, appy-to-show-yer-al-of-em-down-err, Marm, want a Proctor—or a Doctor, Marm?"

Unprotected Female. Doctor? No, man; what should I want a Doctor for? Yes—it is down here, but I won't say what I want: for there's no saying, if law papers do get stolen.—Grasps the bag very tight, and starts down Dean's Yard, determined to find the Proctor for her.

Pimp-nosed Man (following her rather nervously). HART-PROCTOR—or Doctor, Marm, if you'll say who knows em all.

Unprotected Female. Go away, do, man. She is privately becoming possessed by the notion that the PIMP-NOSSED MAN has a design upon her bag. You needn't follow me, for I know my way perfectly.

Unprotected Female. (Shaking her head with a look of defiance.) Dean's Yard.

Pimp-nosed Man. Anybody you want, Marm, appy-to-show-you. Will Office is open till four-to-day, Marm.

Unprotected Female. I declare I'll call Police if you don't go, man. (PIMP-NOSSED MAN shrugs his shoulders and goes back to his office.) How dare you? Oh! I wonder what Mr. TRIPPEL's in?

More Pimp-nosed Man (overhearing her). Proctor, or Doctor, or Judge, Marm?

Unprotected Female. Oh! here's another of these men. (Grasps her bag more tightly than ever.) I know I ought to find it myself; but I can't. Oh! it's a part of the name of TRIPPEL if you please?

More Pimp-nosed Man. Is it SIR JOHN, or the Doctor, or TRIPPEL and WADDLEDOTS?

Unprotected Female. What can he mean by SIR JOHN, and the Doctor? It's TRIPPEL T-R-I—

(Is proceeding to spell the name from the card furnished by her Solicitor.)

More Pimp-nosed Man. It ain't no use a spellin' of it—they're all one family—There's SIR JOHN and the Doctor and the Proctors.

Unprotected Female. All called TRIPPEL—Oh, I wonder which it is I want?

More Pimp-nosed Man. They mostly does run in twos and threes in the Commons—besides TRIPPELS, there's SIR JACOB STYNNER RUST, and there's DR. RUST, and there's DR. STYNNER, and there's STYNNER, RUST, and STYNNER, and there's DR. TYKE, and TYKE and TWATILES, and DR. TYKE TWATILES, and young DR. TWATILES. It runs in families a deal, it does, 'ereabouts—Oh, I knows 'em all—bless you!

Unprotected Female (making up her mind to the revelation with some diffidence and clutching her bag). It's this card—please. (MORE PIMP-NOSSED MAN is going to take it.) No, you can look at it—

More Pimp-nosed Man. It's the Proctor—'ere—Marm—it's terrible difficult to find. I'll show you. We expects a trifle.

Unprotected Female. Oh—if you please—my good man.—I'll give you sixpence.

SCENE changes to the Clerk's room at TRIPPEL and WADDLEDOVE, Proctors. A very nervous CLERK is apparently employed in filling in a pen.

Unprotected Female. Oh—if you please—

Clerk. If you please, Ma'am—Whom did you please to want?

Unprotected Female. Oh—MR. TRIPPEL, if you please.

(Nervously grasping her bag.)

Clerk. MR. TRIPPEL's in Court, Ma'am—but if you'll leave your papers, or a message—

Unprotected Female *(at once detecting his design to obtain surreptitious possession of the papers and defraud her of the property)*. Oh—no thank you—it's of no consequence—thank you. *(Aside.)* I'm sure I oughtn't to mention the will to a stranger. *(She leaves the office.)*

More Pimple-Nosed Man *(who has been waiting for her)*. Now, Marm, where to?

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank you!—I don't want you, man, any more. *(Pays him and then stands irresolute.)*

More Pimple-Nosed Man *(sidling up)*. Bless you, Marm—I know—it's a will.

Unprotected Female *(in agony)*. Oh, man, how dare you? Go away this minute, or I'll call Police.

[MORE PIMPLE-NOSED MAN, finding there is nothing to be done, retires.

Unprotected Female *(suddenly sees a direction board "To the Will Office")*. Oh, the Will Office! That must be where I'm to go. They'll tell me what to do, there.

[SCENE changes to the Interior of the Will Office. A very musty and still room, with a range of desks along the centre, and open recesses with shelves on each side, filled with squat and antique volumes, lettered and numbered. Men and women are consulting various documents on the desks, and respectable and silent Clerks are employed in taking out and replacing the volumes.

Unprotected Female *(timidly)*. Oh, is this the Will Office, please?

Clerk. Yes, Ma'am! What will? Give year, month, and name.

Unprotected Female. Oh, it's a last year, in July, and the name is SARAH JANE STRUGGLES. And I'm come—

[CLERK disappears. She looks round with a vague apprehension.

Clerk *(brings volume)*. Sh—Sp—Sr—St—very odd—you must be wrong in the year, Ma'am, or the name!

Unprotected Female *(earnestly)*. Oh, no, indeed—it's my aunt. I'm sure I'm right, for I had expectations, and I'm sure I remember.

Clerk. No such will of that date, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh—but that is the date, I assure you.

Clerk. Can't be, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh—indeed—I've got the will.

Clerk. Probate? Let's see?

Unprotected Female. No; I've got the will itself.

Clerk. Then, it's not been proved?

Unprotected Female. I've come to prove it—but I can't find MR. TRIPPEL; so I thought perhaps they'd prove it here—as it's all correct.

Clerk. Pooh—pooh—pooh—Ma'am. This is the Will Office.

Unprotected Female. Yes, so I thought.

Clerk. We don't prove wills here—we get 'em after they're proved—you must find your Proctor—he'll settle it for you.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but he's not at home, Sir, please.

Clerk. Pooh—pooh—pooh—Ma'am, we really can't attend to you—one shilling, for search.

Unprotected Female. Eh?

Clerk. One shilling, please—for search.

Unprotected Female *(paying without the least notion what for)*. Oh, if you'd only—

[CLERK turns away to another party.

More Pimple-Nosed Man *(who has followed her at a distance into the office)*. Now, Marm—you can't find nothink in the Commons, without somebody as knows all about it—come—I'll show you the Court for a tanner.

Unprotected Female *(suddenly resolving to put herself into the hands of the MORE PIMPLE-NOSED MAN)*. Now, my good man. *(Approaching him.)* Oh, I declare, he smells awfully of drinking. Oh, you're sure you're not drunk?

More Pimple-Nosed Man *(very impressively)*. Nuffin stronger nor tea; nobody never drinks nuffin in the Commons.

Unprotected Female. Then if you could show me the Court. I want MR. TRIPPEL, and he's in the Court.

More Pimple-Nosed Man. 'Ere you are, Marm.

[SCENE changes to the Court.—SIR JACOB STUNNER RUST is in the chair.—DR RUST is on his legs as Advocate in a red gown behind an estrade.—MR. RUST as Proctor in the cause is sitting at a table in the centre, in a black gown. DR. TRIPPEL is Advocate on the other side, and MR. TRIPPEL is Proctor. A Divorce case is being carried through the Court in a conversational but slightly sleepy manner.

More Pimple-Nosed Man *(in an awe-stricken manner)*. That's SIR JACOB, that are in the gown and the chair—and that there's YOUNG RUST on his legs in his red gown, wick he's a Doctor, and they all wears 'em to-day; he's a rum un is YOUNG RUST; and that's t'other YOUNG RUST in the black gown, wick that's the Proctor's table, and there's TRIPPEL—'ere—

[Whispers the Usher, who whispers TRIPPEL, who leaves his seat and advances to the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in a bland manner.

Unprotected Female. Oh—please—Sir—I beg your pardon for disturbing you, but—here's my card, and one of WADDLEDOT and CRIPPLES, my solicitors, *(gives cards)*, and I've come to prove my poor aunt SARAH JANE's will—and *(very mysteriously)* I've got it in my bag—and I'm certain that man's drunk.

[Looking with great severity at the MORE PIMPLE-NOSED MAN, whom the closeness of the Court seems to have rather overpowered, as he sways to and fro a good deal, and shows a desire to drop asleep on his legs.

More Pimple-Nosed Man. All right.

Trippel. The will, my dear Madam, if you please.

Unprotected Female *(extracts it from her bag, and commits it with secret misgivings to TRIPPEL, who unfolds and examines the date indorsed)*. Good gracious—my dear Madam—death on 28th July, and here we are on 28th January—by heavens, you've just saved it!

Unprotected Female *(clasping her hands)*. Oh, gracious goodness, what is it? isn't it good, Sir?

Trippel. The six months expire to-day. If we hadn't proved to-day, we should have had the Stamp-office down upon us! *(UNPROTECTED FEMALE almost faints at the dim horror which this prospect suggests to her.)* But we must swear you—without delay—without the least delay.

Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, I'd rather not swear anything.

Trippel. Absolutely necessary—as executrix—and then you can sign.

Unprotected Female. Oh, if you please, I'd rather not sign. MR. JONES has always told me to be very cautious about signing.

Mr. Trippel. You must really, Ma'am. I'll fetch the Doctor.

Unprotected Female. Oh no, thank you, Sir. I shall be better directly. It's only nervousness. Oh! I don't want the doctor, really.

Mr. Trippel. Ha! ha! ha! It's my brother, I mean—DR. TRIPPEL, LL.D., not M.D., a Doctor of Laws, Ma'am, not Physic.

Unprotected Female. Oh! but please if you do without signing—

[DR. TRIPPEL is brought up, and SCENE closes on the impressive ceremony of swearing the UNPROTECTED FEMALE against her will.

THE THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MEMBER.



NEVER speak, but I think all the more.

I often think, if Members spoke no more than I did, that business would get on all the better for it.

I think the reporters are at the bottom of the long debates. If there were no reporters, there would be no speeches, and, there being no speeches, we should only have to divide, and the Session might easily be over in one day.

I think, if cigars and refreshments were allowed in the House, it would tend very much to enliven the debates, and would do more towards bringing opposite parties together than all the speechifying in the world. I half think, if CORDEN and DISRAELI only had a sherry-cobbler together, they would not care a straw afterwards about any little difference of opinion; and I do think, if MUNTZ were to offer SIBTHORP a cigar, that it would almost induce the staunch old colonel to cross over from one side of the House to the other.

I think, if we were to meet earlier, and not to break up so late, it would be much more rational. It does appear strange, not to say ridiculous, that some 500 gentlemen should sit up all night to talk about the nation, when all the nation is in bed. And I think, if this arrangement were carried out, that our wives would like it all the better. I know I should, for my wife will always sit up for me, and question me about "my speech." Now, this addressed to a man who never by any accident says a word, is particularly unpleasant at two o'clock in the morning. No! if there is one thing I pride myself upon more than another, it is upon never having made a fool of myself by attempting to speak. I think, but never speak,—and that's better than many others, who speak without thinking.

I think I'm about the only man in the House who hasn't made a fool of himself.

Now, for a man who never says a word, I think I've said enough.

A Good Price given for Breezes.

WE read last week an advertisement in the Times headed:—

"CONTRACT FOR BREEZE"

Here's a grand opportunity for those married gentlemen who have more breezes at home than they know what to do with!

A GOOD SIGN.—If there were any doubt as to the falsehood of the absurd rumour that LORD JOHN RUSSELL was irrevocably pledged to finality, or having come to a stand-still, his numerous notices of motion would at once negative the supposition.



THE FROST GOES, AND MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE IS DISAGREEABLY FRESH AFTER HIS LONG REST. HE SETS UP HIS BACK AND SQUEAKS, AND PLUNGES AT EVERYTHING HE MEETS.

WHERE IS BLISS TO BE FOUND?

THE song-writers have frequently asked with some slight variations of phraseology, "*Where is Bliss to be found?*" and we are glad to be able at last to answer their question by saying, once for all, that "Bliss is to be found in the last scene of every pantomime."

The searcher after happiness has only to go to the theatre where the usual Christmas entertainment is given, and by following the precept of the moralist, to "Wait for the end," he will be sure to make the desired discovery. The curtain will certainly not descend until he has seen either the "Halls of Bliss," the "Realms of Delight," the "Groves of Felicity," or the "Saloons," "Temples," or "Porticos" of "Joy," "Mirth," or "Happiness."

It is true, that as that which is "One man's meat is another's poison," so that which the play-bills describe as "bliss" would be an intense bore to the world in general; for pantomimic rapture usually consists in maintaining a most uncomfortable position, amid a disagreeable blaze of blue or red light, and a drizzling shower of uncomfortable sparks from smoky fireworks. If such are the elements that rule in the Halls of "Bliss," it is clear that MORTRAM's firework manufactory, in the Westminster Road, must be, *à fortiori*, an Elysium.

We know that there is no pleasure without pain, but we should decline a *locus standi* in the "Halls of Delight," when the condition of such a standing is, that you stand upon your head on the top of a pike, with a Roman candle stuck into your mouth by way of Roman-candle-stick, and a Catherine wheel revolving round your nose instead of its own axis. The poet who told us, that "ignorance is bliss," was certainly right as far as pantomime bliss is concerned, for it would be much better to be ignorant of such bliss altogether. A walk through the "Halls of Happiness" after the curtain goes down, when clown is being released from the top of the pole, upon which his popularity has placed him, and the other heroes and heroines of the night descend from their uncomfortable elevation into the arms of the carpenters, while the fireman extinguishes the sparks still remaining with his heavy highlows, and prepares his hose for the night—such a ramble behind the scenes would afford sad proof of the emptiness of all theatrical felicity.

NELSON'S HORATIA.

We think we now spy hope for NELSON'S Daughter. We trust that, the Aristocracy rejecting her, she will now be adopted by the People. *Punch*, to aid in the publicity of the subjoined, copies it from the *Times* of Feb. 1:—

HORATIA NELSON.—If W. M., the writer of a letter in the *Times*, of December, 1849, will CONFER with H. B., Post-office, Canterbury, he will hear of several persons anxious to fall in with his suggestion for "a National Subscription in behalf of NELSON'S Daughter."

Punch has, he thinks, to make an admirable suggestion to the excellent people of Norwich. As NELSON was a Norfolk man—(a real Norfolk Dumpling, transmuted by MARS into a cannon-ball)—as NELSON began his education at the High School of Norwich,—*Mr. Punch* suggests to the Mayor of that city the propriety of beginning the public work, by calling a public meeting in aid of NELSON'S Child.

A Compliment to Jack.

The *Naval Circular* notices the arrival of the *Hecate* at Portsmouth, from Bermuda, with this compliment:—

"It is gratifying to state, that although her crew is one borrowed from the *Excellent* chiefly, among whom are some famous gunners, not one case of desertion to America has occurred, although she lay some time off an American port."

Thus, it would seem, that English tars, when shipped to American markets, like English printed cottons, are most to be praised when warranted—not to run.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

CHARITABLE persons are in the habit of sending portions of five-pound notes by way of contributions to benevolent objects. We are sorry to throw a slur upon what is undoubtedly a very noble action, but when a man forwards a bank note in two separate pieces, truth compels us to declare that he is only doing things by halves.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.



Medical Student. "WELL, OLD FELLER, SO YOU'VE 'PASSED' AT LAST."
Consulting Surgeon. "YES; BUT I DON'T GET MUCH PRACTICE, SOME-
HOW—ALTHOUGH I AM NEARLY ALWAYS AT HOME, IN CASE ANY ONE
SHOULD CALL."

MR. PUNCH ON CHURCH AND STATE
EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH has often made his appearance at Willis's Rooms, but, being a decided opponent of "National Education upon strictly Church Principles," he kept away from the building last Thursday when the friends of Church Education met to uphold their plan.

MR. P. declares that he is as much interested in the Education question as any Prelate, Archdeacon, Warden of Winchester College, or Majesty's Counsel learned in the law then present at Willis's; where, as of course they had hired the rooms for their own purpose, they had as good a right to dance to their own tunes, so to speak, as other folks do at the same place, upon payment of their money. It is only in the columns of the *Times* newspaper that MR. P. reads a record of their proceedings: and of these, as he also is a public preacher, he feels himself bound to speak.

That eloquent Q. C., who presided over the meeting, and whose tongue is so sweet that even when he speaks against you, one is charmed to hear him: that accomplished orator, MR. J. TALBOT, stated not unfairly what the purposes of the Government Education Scheme are: and presented it in what he called its hideous deformity.

"The government plan," MR. TALBOT said, "was now renewed in all its hideous deformity, and required instant resistance. (*Hear, hear.*) It was proposed to constitute a central school for the supply of district schools with teachers, in which there was not to be the slightest approach to a Church Character, no connexion whatever with Episcopal superintendence, no profession of faith, no creed, no catechism, but a deliberate bringing together, under the plea of comprehensive education, every variety of dissent and of difference, or indifference, in religion, the probable result of which would be universal scepticism and infidelity. In connection with this was the system of inspectors, men responsible to the Committee of Education alone, and quite independent of the bishops and of ecclesiastical authority, and whose whole business related to the dissemination of secular knowledge rather than of religious truth, (*Hear, hear.*); ample algebra, much mathematics and mechanics, land surveying, and what not; but of religion, nothing; of dogmatic teaching, nothing."

Now, beauty is a question of taste like any other; and MR. P., taking MR. TALBOT's statement as his own, declares in the face of the honoured public of Great Britain, that this plan of education, pronounced by MR. TALBOT to be a "hideous deformity," is, in MR. P.'s eyes, a very pretty plan.

P., as heartily and earnestly wishes that there may be schools established throughout England, for the "dissemination of secular knowledge, ample algebra, much mechanics and mathematics, land surveying, and what not"—as he heartily and earnestly denies that their result will be "universal infidelity and scepticism." A black Fetish man, or a priest of the Obi persuasion, may not wish his woolly congregation to learn to read, or to listen to the white missionaries, lest they should begin to doubt of MUMBO JUMBO: a conjurer does not allow the children to get too close to his table, or they would see how some of his tricks are

performed:—these are the precautions of knaves and quacks—not of enlightened teachers and professors of the truth. The learning of it can't lead to error. Does the learning of algebra lead to a disbelief in the Gospels? Does a knowledge of mechanics cause a man to doubt in the miracles? What else do young men learn at Cambridge, but algebra and mechanics? It is a blasphemy against the Truth to say that its consequences are lies and evil; and he doubts it, and is a coward regarding it, who fears dangers to it, from too close public investigation. We won't look at truth, now-a-days, as travellers do at Romish relics, across a railing, or through a glazed hole, with a verger at their sides canting out his account of the wonder. That sort of guardianship is good for the Crowns of the Three Kings, or the Bones of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, but not for the Truth. It belongs to all; its book is always open and ready for every man's eyes. It is set up in the public place now, and does not sneak in sanctuaries to be exhibited occasionally by the priest, and locked up at night by the beadle. Truth is not physic or poison, to be administered carefully by Divinity Doctors; but bread, life's sustenance, of which every man may take his reasonable share, without asking grace of the physician. It is not we who doubt its wholesomeness, who say "Come all men and partake of it;" but those who would keep the public away from it, except under the prescription of the doctor. Doctors? psha! GORHAM is a Doctor; PHILLPOTTS is a Doctor; MR. NEWMAN was a famous Doctor of our schools, which he has quitted for quite a different practice; MR. NOEL was a regular Doctor and has left the College;—we speak of these learned persons not with the slightest disrespect for the opinions which each holds, and which they bear conscientiously through evil and good repute; but, because the very notoriety of their differences pleads for toleration, and proves that there ought to be a neutral ground where English boys and girls may learn reading, and sewing, and geography, and the multiplication table in quiet. Are not these things good, true, and wholesome? Is it not good that all should know them? It is good that a Wesleyan milk-maid should be able to spell, that an Anabaptist plough-boy should know his multiplication table, that a High-Church tailor's apprentice should know something of history, and a Low-Church young cobbler should be able to write decently, whatever differences of religious opinion there may exist between him and the little Papist who is casting up a Rule of Three sum at his side. Oh, you doctors, you are brawling and battling among yourselves ceaselessly, and yet you cry out that there are none but you who are fit to teach little children to write and to spell, and that their souls are in peril if your eyes are not over their slates and grammar-books!

Here, for instance, at this meeting, gets up MR. NAPIER from Dublin, who says that the Government scheme of teaching children of all religious denominations to read, is "an attempt to exclude God from the Government of the world; to separate Providence from man; to set up the wisdom of man against God's truth." In this way the honourable gentleman raves and blasphemes, because two boys of different religious persuasions sit at the same bench to learn the multiplication table. This is a zeal ardent, indeed; worthy of LAYNEZ, the heretic-burner; worthy of CALVIN, the Socinian-roaster; worthy of the wickedest days of the wickedest persecution. Oh, NAPIER of Dublin, who are you, to come from Ireland, and charge with atheism all England that does not agree with you? What commission or authority have you, that you so meddle with the Divine name? How dare you to call me atheist? blasphemer!—that am born by the Divine will, as you are; that worship it and acknowledge it as you do; though I do not believe as you do, (thank heaven!) or, that a consequence of my creed is a curse of the greater part of mankind? MR. NAPIER, who charges us all with rebellion against the Divinity, so that we are so many devils—neither more nor less—this amiable gentleman is "one of the friends of Education on strictly Church principles," and a popular Champion to choose in the days of her dolours and difficulties.

After him rises MR. G. A. DENISON, another auxiliary of Mother Church, who is likely to make her cause popular.

"By every means at their command, the Committee of Education were seeking to make education independent of any definite form of religious faith; in quarters exercising no contemptible influence over the Church there was manifested a fearful indifference to divine truth; latitudinarianism was finding favour in high places. (*Hear, hear.*) But the greatest danger of all was the practical negation of definite truth which was found so largely in the Church itself, from that spirit of compromise which led men, for the sake of what they erroneously called peace, to fritter away the objective truth; from that sickly sentiment which made men shrink from unfurling the banner on which were written the awful words, 'This is the Catholic Faith, which unless man believes, he cannot be saved.' (*Hear, hear.*) The effects of this spirit of negation and of compromise were not far to seek. The question of education had been from the first, between the maintenance or the surrender of the creed and doctrines of the Church Catholic and of the catechism of the Church of England. (*Hear, hear.*) All education flowed from and necessarily depended upon the doctrine of regeneration in baptism. (*Hear, hear.*)—that doctrine which had so monstrously been of late made subject of appeal to a court not necessarily composed of Churchmen, and having necessarily no spiritual character."

Now, MR. NAPIER from Dublin, what do you say to this doctrine of the origin of education, by MR. DENISON from Oxford? Very likely your little Dublin boys never heard of such a thing. Do you believe it, —or don't you? If you don't, MR. DENISON refers you with politeness, but with pain (for his curses do not seem to us to have the NAPIER smack) —MR. DENISON refers you to the paragraph in his speech, beginning,

"This is the Catholic Faith," &c. Now, MR. NAPIER, do you hold this doctrine, or not? if not—you know the consequences—you are as badly off as the atheists whom you were assaulting just now. And the chances are that being an Irishman you do not believe it: it is certain that very few of the little Irish children have ever read it, or heard of it: some of PHILPOTTS's boys may hold this doctrine, but GORHAM's boys don't: GORHAM denies it flatly: and half the Church of England with him. Things may be changed since we went to school, but in our time, we believe that the head-masters of public schools did not begin lessons every morning with a statement of "Boys, all education flows from, and necessarily depends on, the doctrine of," &c. Why should they? when they disagree about it in Doctors' Commons, when the archbishops themselves are very reserved about it, and the Bench of bishops is mum. After these laymen rises MR. SEWELL, who says, that, if my boy learns to spell at a school where the Catechism is not taught, he is brought up under a system

"Which must inevitably destroy in the created being veneration for the Creator, in the child love for the parent, in the pupil respect for the teacher, in the subject obedience to the state."

And after SEWELL comes the Warden of Winchester, who declares "that the Committee of Council of Education are not only forgetful of their duty to their God and to the people, but also of their duty to the Sovereign"—declarations rather alarming, certainly, were the truth of them proved: but let us hope that the clerical gentlemen are wrong, and led away by professional zeal, rather than think that Her Majesty's Government, and the Council of Education, and the School Inspectors, masters, mistresses, and pupils, are in the deplorable condition described, and all cursed from beginning to end. Let us humbly hope, we say, that your Reverences are wrong. Among the approvers of the Government Educational Scheme, are persons just as wise as you; among the Inspectors, other clergymen no doubt as good. The gentlemen of whom you say that they "forget their duty to God and the Sovereign," are by age and education capable of judging for themselves; it may be that a knowledge of the multiplication table, however acquired, will not lead to Atheism, and that Jews, Methodists, Baptists, and Socinians, honour their fathers and mothers as well as you do.

O gentlemen! O servants of the poor dear old Church of England, while you are boxing and brawling within the sanctuary, why send forth these absurd emissaries to curse the people outside? They don't mind your comminations; they are only jeering at your battles. "As sure as you learn geography without us," shrieks SEWELL from the tower, "you'll be —." "Go it, GORHAM—Pitch into him, PHILPOTTS!" bellows the mob, grinning through the windows. "Beware of the multiplication table," cries out the Warden from the door:—and the people are looking at BADDELY and BAYFORD fighting over the font. Alas and alack! we are in times of difficulty. Why don't you, archbishops and bishops with ten thousand a year, tell us what to do? you waggle your venerable wigs and say nothing. The chief priests are silent, and the Levites are in commotion. One walks out of the place altogether and leaves his cassock (and brings his Nemesis) behind him: ever so many more quit it, and get the tops of their heads shaved, and have themselves christened over again, each as a new man: BAPTIST walks off and has himself rebaptised in Gray's Inn Lane—O! the times are sad! O, Ministers of our venerable mother—keep quiet tongues in your heads, for her sake, will you? O pious laymen, such as DENISON and NAPIER, do, do if you can, restrain yourselves from cursing so freely. The people in this country will learn to read and write; they will not let the parsons set their suns and point out their lessons, or meddle in all their business of life: and as for your outcries about infidelity and atheism, they will laugh at you (as long as they keep their temper,) and mind you no more than MUMBO JUMBO.

A Few Stumbling Blocks in the Path of Fame.

BY MR. BRIEFLESS.

BEING engaged as junior in a cause, and finding myself described in the papers of the following day as "another learned gentleman."

Going into Court without our wig and gown, to hand a compute to the Usher, who tells us that "those things can't be taken from the attorney's clerk, but must be handed in by a barrister."

Having a half guinea motion, and refusing it on the plea of "other retainers elsewhere;" the real fact being that it does not pay for the sake of a solitary ten-and-six to incur the usual charge of one pound nineteen for the robing-room.

Having to open the door to a client while our clerk has gone out for a lobster, and the clerk bursting into the room with the lobster just as we are quoting "CRABB'S Digest."

SAYINGS WITHOUT DOINGS.

"I SHOULD just like to pay you off," as JOHN BULL said to the National Debt.

"I wish I could get things into the right train," as the UNPROTECTED FEMALE said to herself when she saw her luggage going away from her in all directions.

THE WATER KINGS.



CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* suggests that having caused the overthrow of the Railway King, it is now time to free ourselves from the despotism of the River Gods, who tyrannise over the community. The water question is one that comes

home to our hearts and our hearths, our cisterns and our tea-kettles. If we go on drinking poison at the present rate, the survivors will begin to regard their tea-urns as so many urns to the memory of departed relatives. We suspect that there are several consigned annually to a Thames watery grave, without their being in the least aware of the liquid being the cause of their liquidation of the debt of nature.

It is bad enough to be poisoned, but it is still worse to have to pay an enormous price for the lethiferous trash, which, laid on through leaden pipes, renders the "piping times of peace" more deadly than war to the water drinker. The rates are fearfully high, and if you seek redress at the fountain head, the New River head is the only one that is accessible. The water despotism must be overthrown; we must revolt against the aquatic authorities who have usurped the fork of NEPTUNE, which they only use to make the public fork out as much as possible.

LOUIS-NAPOLÉON "SPARE THAT TREE."

THE Parisians must be getting as nervous as a lot of old aspens; for there is continually something happening to frighten them out of a portion of the few senses that may still remain to them.

Within the last few days considerable excitement has been caused by the removal of some of those eyesores—the dead trees of liberty. Upon some of them had been placed various flags and revolutionary emblems, which being hoisted to the top of the high trees, were regarded by the Government as little less than high treason. The disaffected on the other hand, thought LOUIS-NAPOLÉON guilty of a design to cut up the Republic root and branch by laying the axe—without axeing the permission of the people—to the trees of liberty. For our own parts we think that if these sorry symbols of the Republic are not likely to flourish or put forth foliage, it is quite as well that they should be compelled to take their leaves by order of the authorities.

NELSON'S "HORATIA."

PUNCH is a little embarrassed by the communication of a "Constant Reader"—albeit very flattering to *Punch*, and very indicative of impulsive generosity on the part of the aforesaid "Reader;" of whom *Punch* has to request an early line, that the "Reader's" communication may be returned to him. *Punch* being desirous in this, and in all matters, of no other testimonial than the rewarding sympathy of his Readers, and the approval of his own conscience.

In default of the "Reader" not seeing the above—or seeing it, not acting upon it—the communication, though at present very perplexing to *Punch*, will be forwarded to the benefit of some object that may make the best and speediest use of the difficulty.

A line, however, is earnestly requested from a "Constant Reader" a line recapitulating the substance of his former letter, that there may be no mistake in the person replying to this, *Punch's* emphatic solicitation.

Another "Case" for the Protectionists.

WE read the other day, in one of those amusing miscellanies, a "City article," that pepper was getting up, and we foresaw at once that the Protectionists would have a good cry directly they set their eyes on pepper. They will of course bewail the additional difficulty of getting their rents in those cases where the rent is a pepperoom, and with a frantic shout of "Look at pepper," they will declare they are being ground down worse than ever. There is no fear that the article will maintain too high a price, for pepper is about the last thing that people will pay for through the nose very readily.

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY HODGE PODGE.

TO EVERY ONE GREETING: The Parliament meeting,
Punch orders his faithful reporter, reporter,
While nothing mis-stating, to give the debating,
But cutting the speeches much shorter, much shorter.

In the strife and the tameness, there's always a sameness,
Another day's very like one day, like one day:
So after some weedings, we give the proceedings,
In the way that they happened on Monday, on Monday.

With eloquence manly, up rose the LORD STANLEY,
And talked about ADMIRAL PARKER, yes, PARKER;
Some papers he wanted—though papers when granted,
Will often make matters much darker, much darker.

Then came MARQUIS LANSLOWNE with look soft as swans-down,
Trusting quarrels with Greece would be fleeting, quite fleeting;
The documents granting LORD STANLEY was wanting,
The matter thus pleasantly meeting, yes, meeting.

Discussion proceeded, though none could be needed;
LORD LANSLOWNE's compliance had stopp'd it, had stopp'd it;
But one or two members kept poking the embers,
Till their Lordships conclusively dropp'd it, yes, dropp'd it.

On the very same night too, as they had a right to,
The Commons 'bout Greece had been asking, been asking;
LORD PALMERSTON's readiness, with obstinate steadiness,
MR. GIBSON adroitly was tasking, was tasking.

Then MISTER DISRAELI determining gaily
To physic LORD P. as with senna, with senna;
Said, relations with Turkey look'd gloomy and murky,
As well as with Spain and Vienna, Vienna.

Next ANSTEY, call'd CHISHOLM, delighting in schism,
A word introduced 'bout Moldavia, Moldavia;
When PALMERSTON coolly put down the unruly,
With his usual off-hand behaviour, behaviour.

The address the report on, no sooner was brought on,
Than there rose with a look of dejection, dejection,
MISTER PACKE, who lamented in terms discontented,
The loss of his dear friend Protection, Protection.

MR. HUME in replying to MISTER PACKE's sighing,
Demanded Reform from LORD RUSSELL, LORD RUSSELL,
Which set many seeking at once to be speaking,
And threw the House into a bustle, a bustle.

Then both sides together got arguing, whether
Free Trade was a good or a bad thing, a bad thing;
There rose such a bother, 'twixt one and the other,
The confusion was really a sad thing, a sad thing.

LORD RUSSELL, however, by earnest endeavour,
In answering questions succeeded, succeeded,
Proceeding to mention—he thought an extension
Of the franchise, at present, not needed, not needed.

Next came some orations and small observations,
Evincing no wondrous discernment, discernment;
And a member who woke up, the night's business broke up,
By moving at once the adjournment, adjournment.

THE CREDIT OF AN EMPEROR.

OUR dingy friend, SOULOUQUE, having got tired of a tub for his throne, which furnished a butt for ridicule, has been sending orders to Paris for splendid upholstery, to uphold his imperial dignity. The furniture was put in hand, but the manufacturers want the cash to be in hand as well as the furniture. SOULOUQUE having been called upon for a remittance, and being almost as destitute of money as he is of clothes, sent off a cargo of sugar, in the hope that it would sweeten anything like bitterness on the part of his creditors. The Parisian tradesmen were, however, not to be done by anything so raw as a lot of brown sugar, and have returned it all on SOULOUQUE's hands, who has no way of showing his anger but by his black looks, which we need not say are quite lost in the distance. He is rather disgusted at the manufacturers being so excessively reluctant to part with their furniture, and he thinks—though he has not said as much—that persons who are so chary of their chairs and tables, must be most un-charitable characters. Instead of sending out the *fauteuils* and easy lounges, he ordered, they have by their refusal of credit, given him a setting down of a very different nature.

THAMES WATER IN THE NURSERY AND THE GARDEN.

To the Editor of "Punch."

"ESTEEMED SIR,

"As you do not always reject scientific communications, I venture to submit to you a curious case illustrating the comparative effect of Thames water on animal and vegetable life. I took my house—which derives its water-supply, through a Company, from the Thames—about a year ago. I had scarcely been in it six months, when my children's growth seemed to have stopped, and they had become evidently emaciated. My doctor ascribed these alarming symptoms to the water we drank. Behind my house I have a little back garden, with cabbages in it. Not far from our residence there is an Artesian well. The doctor recommended me to give the well-water to the children, and the Thames-water to the cabbages. His advice was followed, with equal benefit to my plants and my progeny. The latter, on leaving off Thames water, soon regained flesh; the former, on being supplied with it, began to vegetate luxuriantly. I wonder what those peculiar principles can be in the water of the Thames, which, whilst they stunt the human frame, are so highly nutritious to vegetables? Can you inform

"Your fervent Admirer, SIMON PURE?"

* * The peculiar principles contained in Thames water, in addition to their more useful properties, evolve such a quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which is inflammable, that if the River continues much longer to be the receptacle of the London sewage, we believe even our Correspondent will be able to set it on fire.

AFFAIRS OF HUNGARY.



THESE affairs have, altogether, been treated in the House of Commons with a spirit of pleasantry that instructively proves the truth of FIELDING's axiom, that there are many people who can bear the misfortunes of their neighbours like Christians. Shooting of brave soldiers, hanging of venerable legalists and judges, and scourging on the naked back, under the glaring eyes of a savage soldiery, wives and mothers—though mortal, horrible and loathsome to the sufferers, may be very placidly talked about—nay, eloquently defended, to "a frigid house" by members of a British Parliament.

Thus LORD DUDLEY STUART made his statement of the atrocities suffered by Hungary at the incarnadine hands of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—(his Lordship read over the list of death)—a terrific catalogue, to startle Kaisers at some time—when—

LORD C. HAMILTON wondered at anybody who could think ill of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA! The House (LORD S. must acknowledge) was as cool as a cucumber, with all his pother about Hungary. And who could think Austria's young Emperor any other than an Imperial flower—the very pink of Potentates—a perfect gentleman?

MR. DISRAELI said the whole matter was ridiculous. Some noisy people had been hung and shot and whipped in Hungary! Well, hadn't people been shot and flogged in Ceylon? If there were halts and cats in Hungary, were there not halts and cats under English dominion in the East? People who could not—as he could—look upon these matters, and generalise them with a philosophic spirit, adding thereto a shake of Cayenne and a squeeze of lemon,—people who could not do this, were people of a very narrow mind, and—perhaps, he was very sorry for them.

And here, for the present, the matter (bleeding Hungary) rests.

Our Colonel's Experience.

WE are delighted to find our old friend, COLONEL SIXTHORP, on his legs again, overwhelming the Government with inoffensive abuse *à propos* of any and every question before the House. Alluding to the Commission for the Grand Industrial Display to take place next year, the Gallant Colonel is reported to have said—

"If such were to be the component parts of the Commission he would only augur, for experience had made him wise, that there would be nothing but triek and manoeuvre."

We hope our Colonel will not repeat this. There is a certain sort of persons who are proverbially said to be made wise by experience. We would not hear our Colonel's enemy class him with such, nor shall he, with our acquiescence, do our ear that violence.



MR. BRIGGS, NOT BEING GOOD AT HIS "FENCES," GOES THROUGH THE PERFORMANCE OF OPENING A GATE.

PUNCH'S PRIZE PALETOT.

A PRIZE OF FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS worth of recommendation is offered by *Mr. Punch*, of 85, Fleet Street, London, for the best specimen of a PALETOT, to be exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Condition 1. That a jury composed of 1½ men = 12 tailors, six of whom shall be masters, and six journeymen, shall be empanelled to adjudicate on the merits of the competing garments.

Condition 2. That the Paletot, as regards pecuniary figure, shall be reasonably adjusted to the pocket of *Mr. Punch's* nether garments.

Condition 3. That the Paletot shall be calculated to wear some little time without bursting at the seams, or getting threadbare, or the lining becoming detached from the cloth.

Condition 4. That the Paletot shall be adapted to display to the greatest advantage the elegant proportions of the person of *Mr. Punch*.

Condition 5. That the Paletot shall be of such a texture as to impart perfect comfort to *Mr. Punch's* sensitive skin.

Condition 6. That it shall impart the same agreeable feeling to *Mr. Punch's* equally sensitive nerves and conscience.

Condition 7. That the preceding condition may be satisfactorily guaranteed, the workmen who made the several Paletots shall be produced, and testify that none of those vestments were worn by them in the making, for want of other clothes, and whilst afflicted with a catching disorder. Also, that for their labour in the manufacture of the Paletot they were paid fairly by their employers.

Condition 8. The Prize-Paletot shall be called the Gentleman's Wrapper, to distinguish it from the Wrap-Rascals, or those cheap Paletots, of which the cheapness is obtained by starvation wages, and which are bought with a knowledge of that circumstance.

CURIOUS INCONSISTENCY.—It is singular that the Protectionists should make such a fuss about British Industry, whilst they themselves are so completely abroad.

THE EXCHANGE CLOCK.

A RUMOUR having got into circulation that this respectable member of the Horological Society was suffering from an internal complaint, which had deprived him of the use of both his hands, a letter has been written to the *Times* by his physician, MR. DENT, who has had his case—we mean the clock-case—under treatment. It seems that the patient, like many other inhabitants of the City of London, had been injured by want of attention to cleanliness, the dirt standing nearly an inch thick on his face and hands, and there being such an accumulation of particles in those passages which ought to have been quite free, that how he has gone on so long is quite a miracle.

We have ourselves been to visit the clock twice within twenty-four hours, and we were glad to find he had come round completely. We are happy to hear that the Gresham Committee have set a watch upon the Clock, and that MR. DENT, the physician, is directed to "look up" now and then through a glass sky-light, in order to see whether his services may be required.

Railway Punctuation.

THERE is nothing that has so little punctuality about it as railway punctuation, a truth of which every line of BRADSHAW'S *Guide* furnishes frequent instances. The other day, on the North Kent, the train was out in its punctuation, and was brought to a dead stand-still from a deficiency of steam power, or in other words, it came to a full stop for want of a coal-on. There were several notes of exclamation and interrogation from the passengers; but the guard could not or would not explain the cause of the full stop, which so much curtailed the accommodation of the passengers.

FEARFUL INUNDATION.—The most ruinous inundation, and the largest destruction of property that has occurred for some time, has been occasioned within the last year or two by the HUDSON having overflowed its own banks, and exhausted nearly everybody else's coffers.



THE FREE-TRADER'S VALENTINE.

COBDEN.

LOVELY maiden look not shy,
Kindly unto me incline :
I can give you reasons why
You should be my Valentine.

Turn not angrily away ;
Peace and plenty shall be thine,
If you will but sweetly say
You will be my Valentine.

AGRICULTURE.

On your words I will rely,
Nor for cold Protection pine ;
Its forebodings I defy,
You shall be my Valentine.

I'll to household wants attend,
All good things in me combin
Mutton, beef, and beer I'll send
To my faithful Valentine.



SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

MR. JONES has a literary friend, GRIDDLES, who has a Comedy brought out, and has "left MR. JONES's name" for a private box on the occasion. MR. JONES has persuaded the UNPROTECTED FEMALE to accompany him. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is under the impression that JONES has gallantly paid for the box, and JONES is under the impression that he need not disabuse her of such notion.

SCENE. Outside of the Theatre, with the usual scene of contrary behaviour on the part of the vehicles, their horses, and drivers. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is in great terror by the side of MR. JONES.

Cabman (outside). Yah—Stupid—now then—where are you a shovin' to?—*[Politeness forbids our following this "interpellation" further. Unprotected Female (shudders). What dreadful language!]*

Mr. Jones. Disgusting! *(Chivalrously.)* I must silence these ruffians. *[Makes a violent attempt on the front window of the Cab, and has his hat crushed several times in the unsuccessful effort to open it.]*

Unprotected Female (admiring his energy, but dreading the consequences). Oh, pray don't mind it, MR. JONES, for my sake—I don't care—indeed I don't!—*(A fresh interchange of foul-mouthed repartees among the cabmen, &c.)* Oh—it's dreadful!

Bill-Seller (appearing and disappearing at the cab window). Bill of the play, Ma'am—Bill of the play, Sir—only a penny—

Jones (sternly). No, woman, we don't want one.

Unprotected Female. Oh—she'll be crushed!

Bill-Seller (reappears). Bill of the play, Ma'am—

Unprotected Female (in horror). Oh, gracious, she's got a baby—and an awful of play-bills, and a basket of oranges.

Jones (still more sternly). Go away, do, woman, we don't want one.

[During all this time, the cab has been performing a series of sticks, jolts, bumps, curvets, sudden pulls up, sudden startings forward, grindings of the curb-stone, &c., &c., &c., to the grievous discomfort of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, whose only comfort is MR. JONES. His conduct is firm and dignified. Cab stops.]

Unprotected Female. Thank goodness.

Mr. Jones (jumping gallantly out). Now, my dear Madam.

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE, who really looks very well, dressed for the play, scuds under the portico. JONES pays something, and follows her.]

Cabman (following him). Hollo—wot's this? *(Gazing helplessly and ignorantly at MR. JONES's eighteen-pence.)* 'Ere—you—*[Nudges JONES.]* Jones (in a withering manner). Go about your business,—you black-guard!

Unprotected Female. Oh—dear—please—

Cabman. Two bob's the fare, and it ort to be arf-a-crown for a female!

Unprotected Female. Oh, give it him—please—do anything—

[A small crowd of linkmen, orange girls, &c., &c., has gathered, and enjoys the conversation.]

Jones (who cannot bear to be imposed on). Why, you scoundrel, it's within the mile and a half.

Cabman. Pay me my fare, will yer?—you calls yourself a gentleman—yah—you calls her a lady—I dessay. *[Sticks his tongue in his cheek.]*

Jones (pausing for words to express his wrath). Oh, you—by JOVE—I'll—

Unprotected Female (clasping his arm passionately). Oh—please—pay him. Oh—please.

Jones (feeling his helplessness). Oh, you blackguard. I'll—

[Pays him, in the most awful state of mind. CABMAN winks at the group of listeners, remounts his box, and drives off amidst general approbation. MR. JONES guides the UNPROTECTED FEMALE into the House. Having been accustomed to pay to the Pit, he has a very vague notion where to apply for his Box. He passes the MONEY-TAKER.]

Money-Taker. Hollo! here—now, you Sir!

Jones (in a haughty and aristocratic manner). Oh! it's a private box.

Money-Taker. Show your ticket.

Jones (with some humiliation). Oh! I've no ticket. My name's left.

Money-Taker (suspiciously). Oh,—wait. Here! *(Calls.)* Boxkeeper!

Unprotected Female (shrinking into a corner, and feeling that she and MR. JONES are rank impostors). Oh, gracious! I thought you had a ticket?

Jones. Oh no! my name's left. It's all the same. Confound it! Where's the Box-keeper?

Money-Taker (having lost all respect for MR. JONES and his party). Stand back, Marm. Sir, you musn't block up the way—

Unprotected Female (suddenly wishing she had not come). Oh! really,

MR. JONES—*[BOX-KEEPER arrives with his list.]*

Money-Taker (pointing to JONES). Now!

Jones. MR. JONES's box? My name's left for a box.

Box-Keeper (examining his list). No such name on the list.

[JONES stands confounded.]

Unprotected Female. Oh! please—Had'n't we better pay or go back—or something. Oh, why did you?—And where's your aunt, and your brother-in-law, SMITH, and the rest of the party that was to have met us? Oh! really—

Jones (in abject confusion). Oh, it's very annoying—but couldn't I see somebody? Is MR. GRIDDLES in the house? I must see MR. GRIDDLES.

Box-Keeper. He's not here. He'll be behind.

Jones. Oh! which is the way behind? I'll go—

Box-Keeper (contemptuously). You go out again, and then round the corner—fourth door. *[JONES is rushing off.]*

Unprotected Female. But I'm not to be left here, in this way, and all the people going in and out. Oh, really—

Jones (soothingly). For one minute—my dear—madam, only a minute.

[He abandons her.] Unprotected Female. Oh, I'm sure if I'd known, I'd never—*(A party enters.)* Oh, if any body comes that knows me, what will they think? *[Enter another party.]*

Elderly Gentleman. MR. SMITH's box.

Unprotected Female (with sudden conviction). Oh, that must be his brother-in-law, SMITH. Oh—*(Seizing the ELDERLY GENTLEMAN's arm) is it MR. JONES's MR. SMITH?*

Elderly Gentleman (much staggered). Eh—hollo! what?

Elderly Gentleman's Wife (much scandalised). Is the woman drunk?

Unprotected Female. Oh, please, is it MR. JONES's brother-in-law—because we expected you, and he's gone, somewhere—I'm sure I don't know anything about it—but I'm left. Oh, are you MR. JONES's MR. SMITH?

Elderly Gentleman (very savagely). No, I'm not anybody's MR. SMITH.

Elderly Gentleman's Wife (very much amazed). MR. JONES's MR. SMITH, indeed!

[They sweep on into the Theatre, leaving the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in confusion and abandonment.]

Re-enter JONES, radiant.

Jones. Here it is—here's the order—all right. I've seen GRIDDLES.

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE, too glad to find any protection, follows JONES without remonstrance.]

Box-Keeper (very loud). GRIDDLES' party!

Unprotected Female (disgusted at being called GRIDDLES' party). Oh, really *(They are conducted up several flights of stairs: the UNPROTECTED FEMALE whose respect for JONES and herself diminishes with every flight.)* Oh, MR. JONES, are we going to the gallery?

[JONES (who has not yet recovered himself from the combined effects of the CABMAN and the MONEY TAKER, does not trust himself to reply.)]

[SCENE changes to the box, which is on the top-tier, very small—very dirty, just over a lustre, and commands a view of only one-eighth of the stage, and the crowns of the actors' heads within that limited area.]

Box-Keeper (showing in MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE).

Want a bill, Sir?

Unprotected Female (innocently taking one). Thank you, Sir.

Box-Keeper (answering an imaginary question as to the price). What you please, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female (timidly). There's a penny.

Box-Keeper (with unutterable disgust, to JONES). What you please, Sir.

Jones (suddenly letting loose his pent-up wrath). Go to the devil.

[Hurls the bill at him.]

Box-Keeper (between his teeth). Nice—private-box—company!

Unprotected Female (with a sudden desire to cry, and a sense of profound self-contempt). Oh—really—and where's your aunt, and your MR. SMITH's party?

Jones (in an under tone, and with a sudden desire to precipitate himself into the Pit). 'Drat it all! I don't know.

[A lapse of three hours of a profoundly stupid and thoroughly legitimate Comedy of GRIDDLES'. The green curtain falls, and leaves MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE intensely wretched.]

[SCENE changes to the outside of the Theatre. The usual clashing, cursing, cutting in and cutting out. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE stands in horror.]

Linkman. Now, my lady—call yer ladyship's coach? Don't I know yer noble husband—now?

Jones (in a stentorian voice). MR. JONES's cab.

Linkman (echoing). MR. JONES's cab.

1st Cabman. The Gent 'ailed me.

2nd Cabman. No; it was me you took off the rank.

[Both Cabmen bar the way, and make preparations for fighting MR. JONES and each other.]

Unprotected Female (in utter despair). Oh! please, either of you.

Jones (opening a door of Cab No. 3). In here.

[Thrusts UNPROTECTED FEMALE in, and is preparing to follow her, when he is seized by CABMAN No. 1, while CABMAN No. 2 hangs on to the window frame, and SCENE closes on the Tableau.]



Betrothed (who does not dance the Polka). "I SHOULD LIKE TO PUNCH HIS HEAD—A CONCEITED BEAST."

MR. HORSMAN'S ANATOMY.

AN interesting dissection and demonstration of an Organised Humbug was made last week by MR. HORSMAN, in the Hall of St. Stephens' Legislative Society. The Humbug in question is called the Ecclesiastical Commission. Its organisation consists of certain Bishops, combined with some laymen, distinguished and undistinguished, of the Church of England: and formerly included a Secretary, of whom the best that can be said at present is, *non est inventus*. The design of its formation was to provide for spiritual destitution; instead of which it has been employing itself chiefly in building palaces for Bishops. With a large remainder of the funds of the concern that were not thus misapplied, the Secretary bolted. Nobody knows where he is; nor does it appear that MR. DANIEL FORRESTER, or any other such pursuivant, has been commissioned to find out. Happy Secretary, in not having been a foreman that absconded with the contents of his employer's till, and was had up at the Central Criminal Court, and sentenced to seven years transportation! *Finis coronat opus*. With such a career, such a secretary, and such a consummation, is not the Ecclesiastical Commission, a regular Humbug, a thorough Humbug, a Humbug from beginning to end?

Our Foreign Feuds.

SNUBBED as we are by Spain, slighted by Austria, at odds with Greece, and barely on speaking terms with the world at large, unless some very great improvement takes place in our foreign relations, and provided—to borrow a word or two from MR. CARLYLE,—the next Speech from the Throne is not to be a Sham-Speech concocted by a Phantasm-Cabinet, the passage in it alluding to the assurances, &c., received from foreign Powers, will run somewhat thus:—

"I continue to receive from almost all foreign States and Sovereigns the most unequivocal manifestations of disrespect and resentment."

LORD PALMERSTON's broils are indeed pretty dishes "to set before the QUEEN."

MUCH OF A MUCHNESS.—Since the recent disclosures of gross falsehood practised by Railway Boards, the term "lie direct" has been amplified into "lie directory."

THE THOUGHTS OF A SILENT MEMBER.

I THINK it is absurd quarrelling; and so by remaining silent, I keep my friends and make no enemies. If you wish never to quarrel, I know of no surer plan than never opening your mouth.

I think quarrels in the House only bring disrepute upon it. It is like a matrimonial squabble in the street. A large crowd collects, cheers, shouts, urges both parties on, and laughs at them all the while. Not a person troubles himself about the cause of the row. It is a source of amusement to them; and they are perfectly indifferent which side is right, or which is wrong. It is the same with our squabbles. The nation does not care one jot about them, further than the little amusement it gets out of them. Depend upon it we are only laughed at.

I think, however, that when we do quarrel—when we regularly make a night of it—that strangers should be ordered to withdraw. It is bad enough quarrelling; but I consider it fifty times worse letting all the world into the secret. If we do make fools or blackguards of ourselves, there is no necessity why everybody should know it. Why cannot we quarrel peaceably, quietly, amongst ourselves? As for the reporters, they make half the mischief. If they hear anything bad, delicacy should teach them not to say anything about it; I wonder they are not tired of circulating so many evil reports.

I think I would not be Prime Minister for all the world. What with the sharp work, and the immense grinding, it strikes me as the life of a continual grindstone, which must wear out the stoutest blade in no time. No omnibus horse is harder worked, and worse whipped, or more severely pulled up when he makes a stumble. Besides, he gets no thanks, excepting when he goes out; I know I should earn my small portion of thanks as soon as I could, for I should look upon myself as an unfortunate man who had fallen into the ice, and that I should not feel comfortable till I had got myself well out of it. I do not think there is much chance of my ever being Prime Minister, but to avoid accidents, I shall not try. I think LORD JOHN knows me better than to suspect I would take any mean advantage of him.

JOCULAR LONGEVITY.



SOME extraordinary instances of longevity in the regions of facetiae are upon record, but we recollect nothing in the annals of the venerable which comes up to the following:—There are still living in a burlesque, which shall be nameless, six puns whose united ages amount to 425 years. The whole of the puns may be seen every evening in a state of tolerable activity, with no other signs of decay but a shortness of breath, which creates a necessity for the omission of the letter H in cases requiring aspiration. Three of the aged puns were familiars of Old JOE MILLER, and one of them boasts that he has assisted at every performance of every burlesque that has ever been written. We are happy to see that the venerable character of the puns causes them to be treated with respect by the public, who never smile even at their infirmities. One of the puns boasts of being on the best terms with several members of Parliament, Judges, and other dignitaries, who have always a good word or a *bon mot* to say for him.

WIT AND WISDOM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"SAPIENZA," gentlemen of the rural districts, is Italian for wisdom. It is also the name of an island concerned in the squabble between our Government and Greece. Now, you will be enabled to perceive the force of the subjoined remark which the EARL OF ABERDEEN, commenting on ADMIRAL PARKER's demonstration at Athens, is reported to have made in the House of Lords. His Lordship

"Did not mean to deny that it might be better for our Government to be in possession of Sapienza; but even wisdom ought only to be obtained by legitimate means."

This is a rather vivid flash of that mild merriment that is wont to set the Peers in a titter. A faint coruscation shows brightly in a dark place. LORD ABERDEEN is a "wit among Lords" and a pretty respectable commoner among wits. It is a pity that he did not go on while he was in the vein, and say that LORD PALMERSTON was at sea in the Piræus, or would get into a mess by meddling with Greece. Indeed, our foreign policy in general is so absurd in itself, that the noble Lord might, without any impropriety, have turned all its points into puns, and converted every one of its questions into conundrums.

"AN APPEAL TO THE ARISTOCRACY."



We hate treason—even the treason of the Servants' Hall, or Butler's Pantry; hence, we must express our most devastating contempt of the principle that has put a goose-quill into the traitorous hand of an individual who has written and published a pamphlet called—

"An Appeal to the Aristocracy, the Upper and Middle Classes of Society, to Remedy the Existing Evils Regarding London Servants."

The writer is an Ex-Footman, a Retired JENKINS; a traitor who has shed his plush as a viper casts its skin, and is now *exultans in suis viribus*—or, to take a free translation, is now strutting in plain clothes. There is no name to the pamphlet; but the whole style of the thing crawls with the obsequiousness of the most obsequious liveryman. Every line smells of the JENKINSONIAN hair-powder. However, to give our reader a whiff of the fellow's quality. Having knocked off the House Steward, or Butler,—the Head Groom or Stud Groom, the Trainer, or Racing Groom—all of whom, he, one and severally, shows to be worthy of no other livery than the Woolwich pepper-and-salt, turned up with iron ornaments at the ankles: after these, the ex-plush ruffian comes to "Ladies' Maids." And here he begins by a warning to all English mistresses. He says—

"I am obliged to believe, in addition to these qualifications, that, taking them, [ladies' maids] generally as a class, they are also not the most moral in the world. There is one I would especially extend to your notice to avoid—it is 'the young and pretty woman, recommended from the country as a perfect treasure, so unlike those horrid London Maids:' this is a most dangerous intruder. . . . But, as I said before, we must not class them all alike; at any rate, 'the treasure from the country, so unlike those horrid London Maids,' is best avoided. Indeed, I would much recommend—"

What, fair ladies, think ye? What would this traitorous JENKINS, this fellow who, found out in his worthlessness, has evidently been cast off by some honest English girl,—what does this yellow-plush-hearted varlet recommend?—Listen:—

"Indeed, I would much recommend in this particular department, the services of our French neighbours: there is, rest assured, to all ladies, something so much more pleasing, added to a willing, light-hearted, satisfactory quickness and intelligence in their calling, which is a sort of second nature in them, so far preferable to the comparative slow movements and inordinate presumption and vanity of our countrywomen."

And yet, there may be gratitude in this paltry, unpatriotic JENKINS. The Roman twins were suckled by a wolf. The writer of the above, was, no doubt, wet-nursed by a French poodle.

And what the fellow's remedy for the evils abounding in English servants? How would he abolish English Ladies' Maids, casting them, no matter to what destitution, to what misery, in favour of the "willing, light-hearted, satisfactory" services of our French neighbours? Why, he puts the remedy in the way of a question, and asks—

"Can anything be more easy, or any course more simple, than the calling together a meeting of some of the highest and wealthiest of our aristocracy and higher classes, during the time of the season in London and sittings of our Houses of Legislature, when they are most likely to be in numbers on the spot."

And there and then to obtain a pledge from them—

"That they will forthwith, from that time forward, send for their house stewards, one and all, and briefly state their fixed and unalterable determination, in consequence of the change of times, to discharge all those of their domestic establishment that will not serve them at a reduced rate of twenty-five per cent. in all descriptions of wages, subsistence moneys, and the like."

All the English Ladies' Maids of "comparative slow movements and inordinate presumption," being cashiered, no matter to what destiny, in favour of the "willing, light-hearted," Ladies' Maids of France.

Punch, it may be supposed, is no friend to impressment; but with a view to a proper reward being vouchsafed to the ex-pantry writer of the "Appeal," *Punch* would propose that the traitor be immediately sought for and seized, and kept in safe keeping, until a certain ship be said to sail for Van Dieman's Land; the ship that shall bear from our coast hundreds of half-starved, broken-spirited Englishwomen. On board this ship, let the writer have a special appointment; namely, an appointment for the whole of the voyage, not to open his mouth to a female passenger, and continually to wring swabs in the ship's "head."

THE WORST OF TAXES.

SUPPOSE, readers, that there existed a tax upon water, which, in its operation, compelled the poorer classes to slake their thirst at cess-pools; to drink sewage, and mere sewage, qualified "with no allaying Thames."

Such a tax there is, which renders living water—the knowledges of good and truth—dear, and so withholds them from the many; whom it drives to swill abominable slush, replete with all manner of pollution.

That tax is the tax on paper. For a full view of its workings, see MR. CHARLES KNIGHT's remarks on "The Struggles of a Book against Excessive Taxation."

MR. KNIGHT shows that, by reason of this impost, cheap and good publications do not pay; whilst the cheap and nasty, weekly vented in myriads by the scoundrelhood of the Press, are remunerative. The former class of works he typifies—we thank him for the use of the figure—as the Fountain; the latter as the Sewer; and he gives an estimate of the comparative cost of their production. The Fountain can only be set up at a considerable expense, both in materials and architects' wages. The Sewer is established at small charge, and fed by scavengers, for scavengers' hire. The Sewer can be turned on, at a low rate, with profit; the Fountain—in consequence of the Paper-tax—not. Take off the Paper Tax, and the Fountain can compete with the Sewer. If farther reason is wanted for the removal of this Protection to Literary Filth, let Government ponder the following words of MR. KNIGHT:—

"Upon a tolerably accurate calculation, I have, from my own unaided resources, expended during the last twenty years, eighty thousand pounds upon copyright and editorial labour. During the same period I have paid fifty thousand pounds paper duty, which sum has become a double charge to me by the inevitable operation of a tax upon raw material. May I venture to ask what, during these twenty years, the Government has done for the encouragement of learning and literature, equal to the sum which it has exacted from me in the shape of a tax upon knowledge?"

MR. KNIGHT ought not to lose his investment. Some few crumbs, at least, of the bread which he has cast upon the waters should be restored to him. He asks not a pension, but the repeal of the Paper Tax. Grant it, my Lords and Gentlemen, and if good instruction has the effect it is said to have, the amount will soon be saved in prison expenses. Do an act of justice to MR. KNIGHT, and remove a prohibitory duty on wholesome beverages, and a bonus on the sale of poison.

A MINISTER IS INFALLIBLE!

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said, last week, "A Cabinet Minister cannot be sorry for his expressions." The old fable was, "A King can do no wrong." The new one apparently is, "A Cabinet Minister can say nothing wrong." At least, however wrong he may talk, he need not be sorry for it. This is a latitude of speech which none but a Minister can indulge in. He may advance what he likes, but will withdraw nothing. This is another reading of Finality, an expression, which, if we remember right, LORD JOHN has had occasion more than once to be sorry for. Since LORD JOHN has a taste for curious dogmas, the following is perfectly at his service:

"The Minister who is never sorry for his expressions, makes at best, but a sorry Minister."

Railway Signals.

WE dare say that out of the various Railway Signals that have been invented by ingenious enthusiasts, we should find many signal failures, but we are not quite prepared to go the length of the Railway authorities in rejecting all other plans, and declaring that the break is a sufficient means of communication between the guard and the engine-driver, particularly when we recollect that the "break" is usually one affecting the arms, legs, and heads of the passengers.

"Vous en avez Menti"

THE French papers of last week tell us that the above words, uttered in the Chamber by M. LEO DE LA BORDE, "caused a great sensation." We cannot but wonder at this. Considering that the courtesy is flung at somebody's head about once a week, it only shows that, the French at least, are not "a people of habit."

AN OLD QUESTION SETTLED AT LAST.

WHO IS MILES' BOY?

MR. HANVARD, MR. BONOMI, and MR. BREES, are clearly "Three Miles' Boys" from the fact of their Panoramas all running that distance.

THE EXTREME OF PROTECTION.—There is a great fitness of things in LORD JOHN MANNERS' standing for Colchester; for his Lordship is so thorough a Protectionist, that, no doubt, he is prepared to vote for Protection to Native Oysters.



SAILORS ON SHORE CAROUSING—AS IT WILL BE WHEN THE GROG IS STOPPED.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

(New Version.)

[A COMMITTEE of flag officers and captains, with ADMIRAL SIR BYAM MARTIN in the chair, is now sitting at the Admiralty, to pronounce on the expediency of reducing the present allowance of grog which is daily served out to the seamen of HER MAJESTY'S Navy, a fair compensation being made to them by a proportionate increase in the amount of their pay. It is a notorious fact that the majority of punishments which take place in the British Navy, are either directly or indirectly the result of drunkenness; and the transition from the "cheerful can" to the cat of nine tails, is but too frequently a consequence of the inevitable laws of cause and effect.—*Times*.]

AVAST! how degen'ra'te the age is!
 What lubbers we soon shall become!
 They talk of increasin' our wages,
 And low'rin' our 'lowance of rum.
 Time was, we JACK TABS—when we twigg'd it—
 Perferr'd liquor to pay or to prog,
 And BEN BRACK, and JACK RATLIN,
 BILL MIZEN, KIT CATLIN,
 And BUNTING, and BOWLING,
 Like porpoises rolling,
 Continually swigg'd it:
 And, dear me! there's nothing like grog.
 Of my pay I had spent my last guinea,
 And gone was the whole of my wealth;
 Says the Doctor, "JACK! don't be a ninny,
 And drink out both money and health."
 To the leeward I lurch'd—and he twigg'd it—
 And call'd me a sad drunken dog.
 And he blister'd and bled me,
 On washy slops fed me,
 And bade them to shave me,
 And physic he gave me,
 Such stuff!—and I swigg'd it!
 But, dear me! 'twas nothing like grog.

The Chaplain one Sunday was preachin'
 A sermon as dry as old junk,
 And me and my messmates was teachin',
 As how we should never get drunk:
 But I show'd him the can—and he twigg'd it—
 And saw I was drunk as a hog.
 When tipsy, for scorning
 His Rev'ence, next morning
 I had ten dozen lashes,
 And my back was in gashes;
 And all 'cause I swigg'd it:
 And, dear me! there's nothing like grog.
 Believe me, there's no way like drinking,
 To lead you to that side the grave;
 It disables the wisest from thinking,
 And to tremble it makes e'en the brave.
 As for me—I suppose you have twigg'd it—
 From perpetually gettin' agog,
 Never mind what the weather,
 For whole months together,—
 Here's my hand all a-quiver,
 And I've burnt up my liver,
 So hard have I swigg'd it;
 But, dear me! there's nothing like grog.

Railway Anomalies.

THOUGH the Railway Directors have generally gone far above the estimates within which they should have held themselves, they have fallen very low indeed, in the estimation in which they are held. It may be further remarked by the philosopher, that the shareholders have themselves in a great measure to blame for their property being at a discount, which would never have been the case if the conduct of the directors had been earlier discount-enanced.

THE SELF-PRESENTATION PIECE-OF-PLATE CLUB.

[PROSPECTUS,—PRIVATE AND CIRCULAR.]



Having struck, and at the same time, the congenial minds of several individuals, that society is divided into classes, namely, the Class that is honoured and enriched with pieces of plate, in the way of Testimonial, and the Class that is not,—

The marked injustice, the social discrepancy, is sought to be remedied and set straight by the establishment (in confidence) of a Piece-of-Plate Club that shall at once be Self-

Presenting and Self-Supporting. With this View it is thought desirable that a Society be formed, to be composed of a certain number of individuals, who, having no expectation that their Merits and Virtues, though intimately well known, and equally well appreciated, will be represented to them in so many ounces of gold, silver-gilt, or modest silver, by Others,—

Are nevertheless desirous to pay some slight mark (in the way of Goldsmiths' Hall Mark) of esteem and veneration to Themselves.

And thus much for the sentiment, the philosophy, and the Aesthetics of the Club under consideration. It is now high time to proceed to the most efficient means of its practical development.

It is proposed that the Club shall consist of at least not less than [] Members. That subscriptions shall be paid weekly, monthly, or quarterly; the subscriptions being of any amount from One Shilling to One Hundred Pounds, according to the Value of the Testimonial, that is the Laudable Object of Ambition to the Subscriber.

That Once a Month, a Drawing shall take place of the Names of Members (the number to be hereafter decided upon) to be duly Plated. That the Members so Drawn shall have immediate permission to decide upon the Testimonial to be by Themselves presented to Themselves, on giving Sufficient Security to the Club for the payment of the Silversmith's Bill (by paying it) for the Object of the Selected. That Every Member—as best knowing Himself—shall write his Own Inscription, recording his Own Virtues, and hallowing his Own Merits.

Thus, after the Establishment of THE SELF-PRESENTATION PIECE-OF-PLATE CLUB, it will be wholly attributable to the indolence or the poverty of every man if he have not upon his own Side-Board some flattering Record of his Excellence, in the Shape of a Salver—a Wine-Cooler—a Bread Basket, or an unassuming Cellaret.

Further Particulars of the Club will speedily appear in the Public Prints. Thus much is, for the present, imparted, that it may beneficially work and ferment in the Public Intellect.

The Meditated Circle of the Club will be very Comprehensive, taking in All Classes of Men, from the Member of Parliament anxious to eternise, in a Candelabra, his Own Sense of his Own Eloquence, and his Own Unwearied Watchfulness of Public Interests, to the Parochial Beadle who, on a Small Silver Mug, would speak of his Fidelity, his Civility, his Integrity to the Parish at Large, and his Suavity and Benevolence to Little Boys in Particular.

N. B. To Husbands, desirous of Commemorating the Virtues of their Wives in at least a Silver Tea-Pot, the Club offers an Opportunity of displaying perhaps one of the most, if not the most, noble Emotions of the Human Heart.

Please to Give This Paper to the Lady of the House.

A TRUTH FOR THE TIMES.

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that when statesmen get into place they become often oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

A RUN OF BAD LUCK.

THE Red Republicans made a futile effort a week or two ago to disturb the peace of Paris, when the soldiers, laudably anxious to avoid bloodshed, took the hint of their commander to disperse the mob at the point of the toe, instead of at the point of the bayonet. We wish we could look upon the little affair as literally the last kick of the Red Republicans. The method adopted by the military was perfectly successful, for the soldiers no sooner took to their toes, than "the Reds" took to their heels with wonderful rapidity. The fugitives, who had just before been assuming an alarming attitude, were at once rendered ridiculous, even in the eyes of the women of their own party, and will no doubt remember for some time their collision with a detachment of foot, and its ignoble consequences. We dare say they will attempt to make out—after the fashion of their own historians—that they suffered no discomfiture at all, and that it was nothing but their own tremendous enthusiasm that ran away with them.

THE LAND.

An Echo to Barry Cornwall's "Sea."

THE Land! The Land! The grumbling Land!

The poor, the always at a stand:

Without a penny, without a pound,

It turneth the same dull circle round.

It brays for relief, for Protection cries,

Or like a naughty creature lies.

They've got the Land! They've got the Land!

But to help themselves won't lend a hand.

With debts above, and debts below,

And a mortgage wheresoe'er they go.

If a chance should come, while they wail and weep,

What matter! The Land will go to sleep.

I hate, oh! how I hate to hear

Their murmurs foaming in my ear!

When some mad member bays the moon,

Or whistles Protection's dull old tune;

And tells how goeth the corn so low,

That it really never will pay to grow.

I never heard Protection's roar,

But I saw the humbug more and more,

And backwards flew to reason's test,

Which proves Free Trade to be the best.

For Free Trade always appear'd to me

The thing that's right, and that ought to be.

The landlords look'd black, with rage and scorn,

In the hour when fair Free Trade was born.

The noisy whistled—the Tories old

Declared themselves completely sold;

And never was heard such an outcry wild,

As welcomed to life PEEL's Free Trade child.

We've lived since then in calm and strife,

A few short summers, an active life;

With wealth to barter and power to range,

Where'er we can make the best exchange.

But alas! there's only the same dead stand,

When we turn to look at the poor old Land!

DUNCES OF DOWNING STREET.

MINISTERS are at a loss what to do with the Ten Hours Factory Bill, which, owing to a defect in its wording, proves inoperative. For the present they had better send it to the Dead Letter Office. Really, Parliament must have an Editor to prepare its acts for publication. His salary would cost the country but little, as a gentleman of moderate literary attainments would be competent to the employment. He would only be required to possess the ability to write the English language correctly, an art, apparently, beyond the reach of statesmanship. To create such an office would be giving some little encouragement to the profession of the Pen. What but faulty composition can be expected of a Government that neglects Literature.

High Ways and Low Ways.

It may be cited as a melancholy instance of the ruinous effect of credit, that several turnpike trusts are in a state of insolvency. It may be further observed, that the ticketing system, which has been in full force amongst all these concerns, most commonly leads to bankruptcy.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS.



THE political gales which have recently set in have blown no good to the poor old hull of Protection, which is now so beaten about that the miserable craft can scarcely sustain the craftsman who continues to adhere to it. The horizon exhibits a very dreary prospect, showing nothing but a few unhappy agricultural gulls in the distance, who still hover over the wreck, while the skipper, clinging desperately to an old locker—as a drowning man catches at a straw,—waves in the air his signals of distress, and shouts to the winds his vain lamentations, which even echo disdains to answer.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

THE GREENGROCER WHO WAITS AT PARTIES.

ABOUT five o'clock there is a quiet ring at the bell, labelled "Servants'." The next minute a pair of heavy feet are heard tramping along the hall. You look out, and see a huge mass of great coat, carrying a big bundle in a coloured handkerchief. In one second it has dived down the kitchen staircase. It is the Greengrocer.

Soon afterwards the sound of feet is heard over-head. The elegant figure of a man, with his hair curled, is on the top of a pair of steps, arranging the chandelier. His costume would be of too stern a blackness, if it were not delicately softened by the purity of a white neckcloth. He glides over the soft carpet, making no sound, save a pleasant jingle that is played after him by a waving bunch of seals, like a peal of fairy bells. The extreme neatness of the pump, if nothing else, would tell you that it is the Waiter.

With the quickness of a pantomimic change, the Greengrocer has transformed himself into the Waiter. If he had stood at the side-wing of a theatre, and the carpenter from behind had pulled the string out of his great coat, the change could not have been effected quicker. And what a change! It is hard to believe that the two individuals—the butterfly and the grub—have sprung from the same body. You can scarcely imagine the fluttering thing before you serves greens in the day-time!

What is it that refines him? How is it that, by simply decorating his neck with a wisp of clean muslin, and winging his feet with an aerial pair of pumps, the nature of the Greengrocer is so completely changed? We shall really believe that there is something spiritualising in the profession of a Waiter, and that a gentleman, to be a perfect gentleman, should put the last touch of polish to his education by going through a six months' course of rubbing mahogany tables.

Look at the specimen before us! An hour ago he was a hard, dingy, lump of a man. How bright he is now! He sparkles and burns with new fire, and that Promethean fire he has stolen from the kitchen-grate. Call on him to-morrow. Catch him behind his apron, and you will not recognise in the soiled hands that are playing at marbles with the potatoes, the BEAU BRUMMEL of the Berlins who helped you so gracefully to blanc-mange the evening before. Or observe him

when he is on the front bar of a covered van, whipping a jaded white horse, with "eighteen insides," to Hampton Court. You would hardly believe that dusty-looking man with a short pipe in the corner of his mouth was the same bright creature that only yesterday was playing about the room, like summer lightning, shedding a radiance wherever he darted in and out with his napkin. There is decidedly some vivifying charm, some magic reviver, that lies hid in the butler's pantry.

But on no other could this charm act so ethereally, on no other would this reviver operate with such lustre, as on the Greengrocer! It would be absurd to try it on the Butcher, and the Chimney-Sweep would be equally ridiculous. The Milkman unfortunately knows nothing of waiting, excepting at the area gate. The Tailor wants aristocratic presence for the high office. The Baker, when asked for Bread, would hand you the loaf on the palm of his hand. The Cheesemonger would be tasting the cheese before he took it round, and the Postman, if told to inform the gentleman that the "tea was waiting," would deliver the message with a tremendous double knock. No! the Patent to wait at parties has been exclusively lodged by Nature in the bosom of the Greengrocer.

Besides, his good temper is a key to open every door and every heart. The waiter that is only laid on for a night, is always better tempered than the waiter who is a regular fixture. The tender way in which the Greengrocer behaves to children would be a cheap lesson to many a big-calved Johnny. He never kicks them, or calls them "brats." He lets them pilfer the "sweets" as they come out, as much as they please, and if they get between his legs when he is carrying some mighty dome of a silver dish-cover, he manages somehow to bear up against it, where any other servant would be violently upset. He is as affable below. He compliments the lady's-maids, and jokes with the cook, helping her to unspit joints, and untie pudding-bags. There must be something in the atmosphere of spring onions and summer cabbages, that, to contract a loan with the Latin grammar,—

"—emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus."

After the fatigues of the evening, his temper is as little ruffled as his fine linen shirt. He helps on great coats, and fastens goloshes, with the most nimble readiness, and if you give him a shilling, he hides his emotion by turning away his head.

Then comes the washing-up, and then,—painful duty! implying distrust, but which he cheerfully goes through—the counting "the plate." After that he is free. The Waiter is cast off—the Greengrocer is himself again. Exit the butterfly, and enter the grub.

He sits down to supper—and all the good things you had at dinner are brought out for his meal. He has the choice of the best. The whole larder is spread on the kitchen-table before him. There is a large tankard foaming with fresh beer. There are innumerable glasses of wine, which he criticises, as he takes a sip of each. His opinion is greatly respected, for who tastes more wine in the course of his life than the Greengrocer who waits at parties? The professed cook unbends to him, and drinks his health out of the pewter, for, independent of his being a man who pays taxes, he is a talking directory of the whole neighbourhood. He is a great personage, for the Greengrocer, in addition to his other duties, is a large purveyor of situations. Accordingly, if a servant wishes to "better him or herself," the Greengrocer is always the great oracle consulted. He knows the wages of the best houses, the most becoming liveries, and the perquisites, and the strength of the beer, attached to each. He is a portable Servant's Bazaar,—a living column of "Want Places,"—but without the usual stipulation on the top, "All Answers must be prepaid."

The last person in the house is the Greengrocer. About eleven o'clock (we are supposing it is a quiet dinner party) the same sound of heavy feet, or perhaps a little heavier, is heard tramping along the hall. The same mass of great coat, above which now peeps a red comforter, is seen going out, carrying the same bundle in a coloured handkerchief. It may be that the bundle has grown a trifle larger, for in the fulness of his heart the Greengrocer has not forgotten he has a wife and family. In another minute the street-door is bolted. The Greengrocer has gone home to smoke a pipe by his own fireside.

Beauties without Paint.

THE Picture Cleaning Mania has extended all the way to Holyrood, where the portraits have most of them been brought to the scrubbing brush, and are rapidly finding a soap and watery grave. The alleged object of placing the pictures in the hands of the charwoman is to bring out the colours, and the attempt is so far successful, for in these cases the colours are most thoroughly brought out, and cannot be brought in again. Nearly all the pictures we have seen, after their having undergone the cleaning process, are remarkable for their similarity of subject, for they look the pictures of misery.

"OUR LATEST" FROM ROME.

LETTERS from Rome of the 8th instant announce the return of the Pope to his capital as definitively fixed for the 1st of April.

The Lamentable Ballad
OF
THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH.

From the Times of Feb. 14.



OME all ye Christian people, and listen to my tale,
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,
By the Heastern Counties Railway (vich the shares I don't desire),
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not transpire.

A travelling from Bury this Doctor was employed
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was CAPTAIN LOYD;
And on reaching Marks Tey Station, that is next beyond Colchester, a lady entered into them most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,
And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum slep;

The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,
Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust class ticket, this lovely lady said,
Because it was so lonesome she took a secknd instead.
Better to travel by secknd class, than sit alone in the fust,
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she nust.

A seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail;
Saysee you look unwell, Ma'am, I'll elp you if I can,
And you may tell your case to me, for I'm a meddicle man.

"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "I ony look so pale,
Because I ain't accustom'd to travelling on the Rale;
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest:"
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.

So in conversation the journey they beguiled,
CAPTAIN LOYD and the medical man, and the lady and the child,
Till the warious stations along the line was passed,
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.
"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "for your kyindness dear;
My carriage and my osses is probbibly come here.

Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"
The Doctor was a famly man: "That I will," says he.
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,
Then she gave the doctor the child—very kind he nust it:
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sate from,
Tumbled down the carriage steps and ran along the platform.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,
The Capting and the Doctor sate there in a maze;
Some vent in a Homminibus, some vent in a Cabby,
The Capting and the Doctor vaited vith the babby.

There they sate looking queer, for an hour or more,
But their feller passinger neather on 'em sore:
Never, never, back again did that lady come
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of his Thum!

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,
When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss?
Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind and mild,
And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,
And made it very comforable by giving it some pap;
And when she took its close off, what d' you think she found?
A couple of ten pun notes sewn up, in its little gownd!

Also in its little close, was a note which did conwey,
That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way:
And for its Headucation they reglarly would pay,
And sirtlingly like gentlefolks would claim the child one day,
If the Christian people who'd charge of it would say,
Per advertisement in the Times, where the baby lay.

Pity of this bayby many people took,
It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look;
And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see
Any kind lady as would do as much for me;

And I wish with all my art, some night in my night gownd,
I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound)—
There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,
She'd adopt this little baby, which her parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this hoffer fair,
Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,
Hordering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,
To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexity, this pore meddicle man,
Like a sensible gentleman, to the Justice ran:
Which his name was MR. HAMMILL, a honorable beak,
That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

"O Justice!" says the Doctor, "instrugt me what to do,
I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you;
My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills,
(There they are in Suffolk without their drafts and pills!)

"I've come up from the country, to know how I'll dispose
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and the clothes,
And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you please,
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor wants his feez."

Up spoke MR. HAMMILL, sittin at his desk,
"This year application does me much perplesk;
What I do adwise you, is to leave this babby
In the Parish where it was left, by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart—
He might have left the baby, but he hadn't got the heart,
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!
Think, if you've been guilty, innocent was she;
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!

X.

HAPPY AND HUME-OROUS.

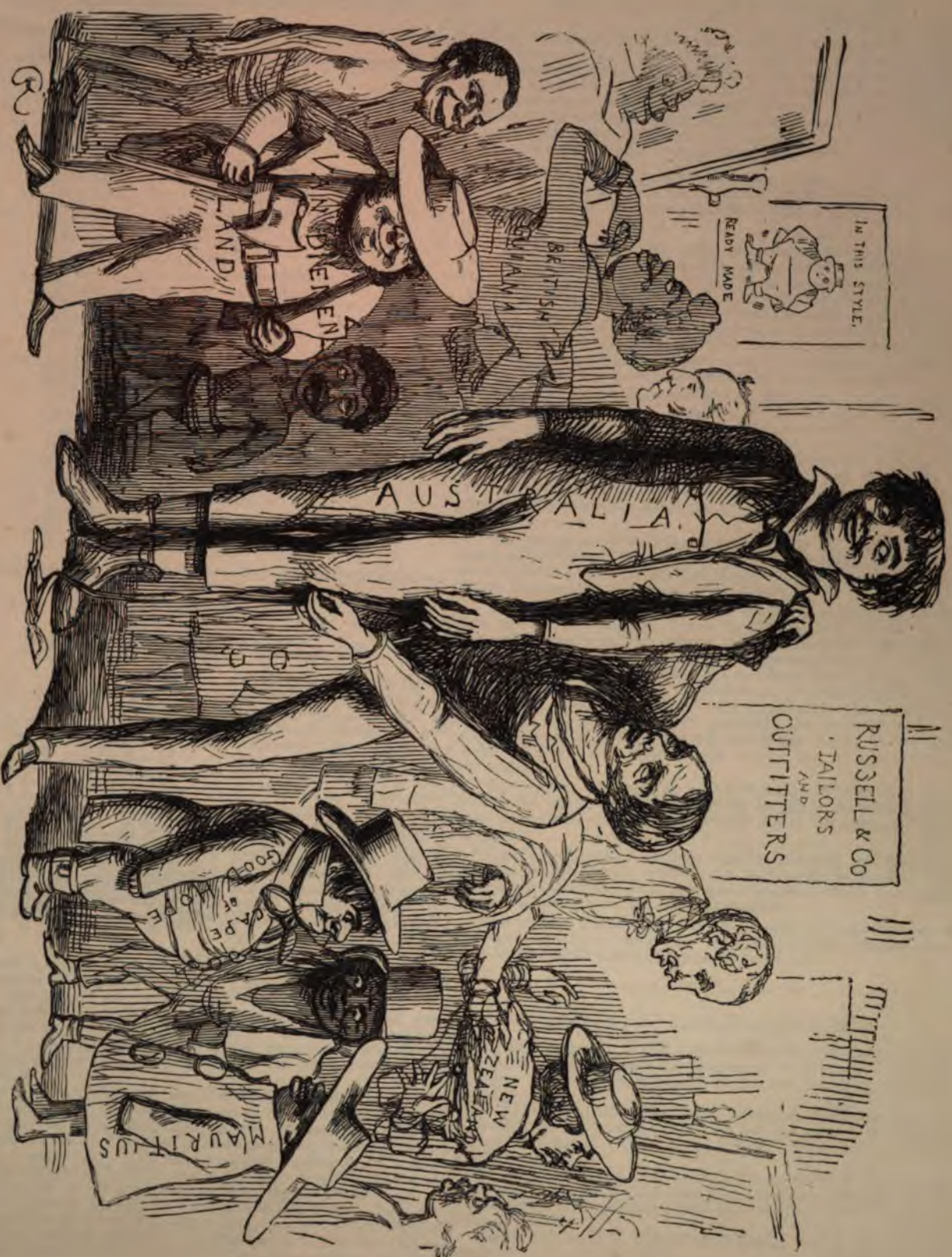
It is not often that MR. HUMR indulges in a joke—for he is economical even of his wit—and he avoids humorous as well as all other extravagance. He did, however, a few evenings ago indulge in a sally, which, though coming from the venerable JOSEPH, might have been mistaken for an "Old JOE," but which was really of a rather fresh and buoyant character. He rose for the purpose of moving for an address to HER MAJESTY, recommending the abolition of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and at the same time gave notice of a motion proposing a drawback on bricks—the point evidently being the coupling of the Lord Lieutenant with bricks in general. Now the antecedents of the present Lord Lieutenant prove him to be a brick in the largest sense of the word, and hence arises the combination to which we have thought ourselves justified in prefixing the epithets "happy and Hume-orous."

TO BE DISPOSED OF.—A small Joke Business, doing from six to seven puns per day. The dinner connection is good, and capable of improvement, with an average stock of linen, and appetite moderate. No professed punster or pickpocket need apply. The concern is only parted with in consequence of the proprietor going into another line—the penny-a-line. Any person retiring from the latter business, and having on hand a few Sea Serpents, early Gooseberries, Mermaids, or Earthquakes, not much the worse for wear, may hear of a purchaser.

Manners and Customs of the English (New Series) No. 2.



A Fashionable Club. four o'clock p.m.



LORD JOHN TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE COLONIES

GOOD MEASURES FOR THE COLONIES.

J. RUSSELL AND CO., *Downing Street, Home and Colonial Tailors,*

Invite attention to their New System of Colonial Measurement.

With joy and pride a parent sees
His children climb about his knees;
Pleased we regard the tiny elves,
The little dittos of ourselves;
It is a gratifying sight
To witness their increasing height,
And mark, as every father knows,
How quickly they outgrow their clothes.
A change of garb, too, must be had,
Soon as the child becomes a lad;
We then select a manlier style
Of clothing for the juvenile.
With little Bulls JOHN BULL is blest,
'Tis time that they were rightly drest;
RUSSELL AND CO. will undertake
The requisite costume to make.
With needful measures duly squared,
To meet all wants they're quite prepared.
Suits they provide for every age,
Of growth according to the stage,
Adapted to each size and shape,
Yes; from Australia to the Cape,
Jamaica, Canada, Ceylon,
RUSSELL invites to try them on;
Easy they're warranted to sit,
Full freedom to combine with fit,
And elegance with what must be
Resistless—strict economy,
In which all other firms compete
In vain with RUSSELL'S, Downing Street.

* * Measures to order, and a New (Blue) Book will shortly be published.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.



As there is no greater marvel among the Mysteries of London, than what becomes of all the Clowns, Harlequins, and Pantaloons when the pantomime season is over. For a few weeks at Christmas holiday-time the metropolis teems with specimens of the class alluded to, and we find them bound together in a bond of brotherhood, united into a human wheel-barrow, piled up into a pyramid, or groping together through the Cave of Despair on every stage in London. Out of the pantomime season the race seems to become extinct, and we never hear of a Clown, for even that remarkable specimen of humanity "a country Clown" is fast fading away, and we scarcely ever read of a case of "clownish ignorance." It is true there may be a sprinkling of Clowns in the provinces and elsewhere, in the form of "Clowns to the ring" where horsemanship is going on, but even then there is an enormous surplus of Clowns wholly unaccounted for, and the Clowns to the ring can embrace but a very limited circle.

As the London pantomimes are now coming to the close of their career, we would ask what is to become of the Clowns that will be thrown upon the wide world, together with the numerous pairs of Pantaloons and the accumulation of Harlequins who will have to exchange the magic wand for far less enchanting wanderings. We have asylums for decayed everythings, and as nothing—except Stilton cheese—decays so fast as the gymnastic powers, why do we not have an asylum for decayed Clowns, Pantaloons, and Harlequins? They are accustomed to a good deal of buffeting about, but the severest blow of all must be, the stoppage which the withdrawal of the Pantomimes necessarily puts to those kicks which are the source of all their half-pence.

REASON FOR BELIEVING A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS DISHONOURD HIS BILL.—"His word is as good as his bond."

THE GREAT DUNUP CONTRACTS.

THE commercial world has been a little startled, and the "city" taken somewhat by surprise, at the announcement of a novel class of contracts, which seem to offer peculiar advantages to one at least of the parties concerned. "Perhaps," says our commercial correspondent, "the matter may be better understood from the following advertisements, which have been handed about during the last week on 'Change,' though they have not yet formed the basis of any positive transactions. We quote one or two specimens of the announcements alluded to."

"MR. DUNUP is now prepared to receive tenders for the supply of meat, fuel, and cigars, for the use of the DUNUP establishment, and specimens of the articles named may be at once sent in to him under the following regulations:—

"The Meat Contract will remain open during an unlimited period, in order that time may be allowed for testing the effects of Free Trade, and that the contractor may have the fullest opportunity of altering his prices according to the markets. Every butcher tendering for the supply must send in a quantity of not less than three pounds per week of prime beef or mutton, as specimen food, until the contract is either accepted or declined, and MR. DUNUP does not bind himself to any particular period for the adjudication, as it is expedient to open the door—his own private door—to competition as wide as possible.

"With reference to the article of fuel, MR. DUNUP is now ready to receive samples of coal in quantities of not less than one hundred weight, which must be shot at the expense of the parties tendering at any time between the present date and the 31st of December, 1850, when the sealed tenders will be opened for the purpose of adjudication. MR. DUNUP does not bind himself to accept the lowest tender, and he will require a deposit at the rate of sixpence per sack to cover the expense of cellarage, the actual cost of consumption, and the removal of ashes.

"The parties tendering will not be bound by the quality of their latest supply, but will be at liberty to amend their tender from time to time by sending in fresh specimens of superior qualities at any period before the acceptance or refusal of the contract.

"The rules respecting the tender for the supply of cigars will be the same as those that have been framed for food and fuel, except that no particular quantity will be insisted upon, and a single cigar will be received as a sample from any respectable party desirous of tendering. Every cigar must be accompanied by a certificate from a duly qualified chemist, guaranteeing the purity of the leaf, and certifying the non-employment of the native cabbage in the process of its manufacture. As each cigar will have to undergo separately the somewhat elaborate process of smoking, MR. DUNUP will not pledge himself to any limitation of time, which might hastily commit him to a second class commodity.

"The tenders need not be sealed, but may be wafered, as it is desired that the parties tendering should be put to no more expense than is necessary for the due carrying out of the purposes of the contract.

"Lowness of price, it has been already intimated, will not be an essential in determining whether the tender will be received, and persons are invited to keep in view first-rate quality rather than cheapness in the selection of the samples forwarded.

"The contract is not confined to the merchants or manufacturers of any particular locality; but it has been placed on the broadest basis so as to allow of its taking in as many as possible."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH POLICEMEN.

THE Englishman is as laconic as an electric telegraph's message. The Frenchman is as lengthy and as pompous as an American President's message. Observe the difference in the two following expressive examples.

The English Policeman says briefly and sharply, "Move on there."

The French Policeman takes off his hat and says in the blandest manner, "Messieurs, il faut que je vous prie de ne pas empêcher la circulation."

The above polite little order, or entreaty rather, will be found in the Paris correspondence of the *Times* on the occasion of the late Tree of Liberty riots. The infuriated mob took off their hats, bowed, and instantly retired.

Imagine Policeman X. addressing an English mob in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen, I should esteem it as a personal favour if you would be kind enough to disperse, for you may not be aware that by loitering here you are greatly impeding the general circulation."

We wonder if it would have the same effect as "Now, Gents, move on."

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE LADIES.



FAN-NY FAL-LAL, although she was not rich, nor a person of rank, was a ve-ry fine La-dy. She would pass all her time reading no-vels and work-ing cro-chet, but would ne-glect her house-hold du-ties; so her hus-band, who was a ve-ry nice man, and fond of a nice din-ner, be-came a mem-ber of a Club, and used to stop out ve-ry late at night, which led to ma-n-y quar-rels. How fool-ish it was of FAN-NY to ne-glect her house-hold du-ties, and not to make her AL-BERT hap-py at home!

STRANGE BIRDS IN ENGLAND.

We find from one of the newspaper naturalists—a most industrious and entertaining class—that several *rare aves* have been upon a visit to this country in consequence of the season's severity. We have remarked, as an indication of the probable severity of the season, the presence lately of some very strange birds in Parliament.

Some of these strange birds are of the goose tribe, their peculiarity consisting chiefly in their being web-footed, which prevents them from taking a firm stand and often gets them into a wretched hobble. Among other varieties of *rare aves* our attention has been especially called to the *Ampelis Garrulus*, or Waxen Chatterer, so called from its being very soft and very talkative. Of this class there are several fine Parliamentary specimens now to be seen, but they are considered excellent game for the keen political sportsman who delights in bringing them down, a feat which is rather difficult of achievement, though a good hit well aimed will often dispose of the Parliamentary *Ampelis Garrulus* most conclusively.

The *Colymbus Arcticus*, or Black-throated Diver, is a very disagreeable bird, whose visit to our Commons is always marked by extreme coldness and severity. The blackness of the throat is attributed by political naturalists to a sort of black slimy matter generated in the bird itself, and discharged from the mouth, while others think the Diver acquires the quality alluded to from a habit of diving very much in dark, troubled, and dirty water.

NEW PEERAGE.

WE believe it is no longer a secret that MR. JONES LOYD has been raised to the peerage by the appropriate title of BARON PHILOSOPHERSTONE.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE HAVING BEEN REQUESTED BY A FRIEND TO PICK HER UP A DAVENPORT, CHEAP, ATTENDS A SALE BY AUCTION, WHERE SUCH AN ARTICLE IS TO BE DISPOSED OF.

SCENE. All the rooms of a "family mansion," with the "new and fashionable household furniture," distributed in a bewildering and contradictory manner, the beds in the dining-rooms, the mangle in the front parlour, the hall chairs and umbrella-stand in the back attic, the eight-day clock in the back kitchen, the dining-tables in the best bed-room, and the splendid suit of drawing-room furniture in complete rout all over the house. The "old and choice cellar of wines" has come up-stairs to the first floor front, and looks uncommonly fresh about the corks. The genuine oil-pictures, by the first masters, have been "collected from the continent" in Wardour Street and Holborn. There is a great deal of dirt on the hall floor, and the hands of the Brokers and Brokers' Men, with a pervading atmosphere of varnish, bass-matting, shavings, stale tobacco, and fresh porter. Numerous parties, principally Ladies, are looking at everything, and marking in their catalogues; Brokers are submitting the furniture to violent tests, tugging drawers out, jamming them in, tossing, punching, and doubling-up cushions and mattresses, rubbing the French-polish from chiffonniers, chairs and tables, and chipping off mouldings, ornaments, and salient points from everything that has any.

Unprotected Female (reflects with astonishment over the third eight-day clock she has met with in an unexpected position). Well, I'm sure, they seem to have had three and four of everything in this house! I've counted the rooms and the beds, and there's at least two beds to a room; and they had four mangles; and I can't think where they can have laid all the carpets. (Sniffs an article of furniture.) They must have been French-polishing everything just before they went. And most of the things look quite new. [She gazes at a chest of drawers.]

Prosperous Broker (coming out of a top drawer). Nice article, Marm. If you think of purchasing, (mysteriously), 'ere's my card—I'm well known to FIPKINS—this 'ere's one of FIPKINS's sales. 'Appy to bid for you, Marm—and set a wally on anything aforehand.

Unprotected Female. No, thank you.

Mouldy Broker (in a low tone). Buy for you on arf terms, Marm. (Aside and alluding to PROSPEROUS BROKER.) E's a Jew, e is. Want a nice feather-bed? 'Appy to bid for you.

Unprotected Female (with dignity). Thank you, I shall buy for myself. (Sees Davenport.) Yes; I think that's the sort of thing MRS. SMITHERS would like. (Pulls open a drawer in it, and nearly dislodges an avalanche of kitchen chairs.) Oh, gracious, it's so tight. (Tries to shut the drawer.) Nasty thing, it's all stuck together with the varnish. (The drawer suddenly shuts of itself with unnecessary violence, and the kitchen chairs are with difficulty prevented, by the joint efforts of a Pembroke table and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, from coming down upon her head.) Oh, somebody—please could you help me with the table?

Beery Broker (extricating her). 'Ere you are, Marm. You'd better take me, or you'll be doing of yerself a mischief. 'Appy to do anything for you, Marm. But it's all rubbidge this 'ere. 'Ere's my card—my establishment's in Finsbury—sells and buys on commission.

Unprotected Female (who is gradually being led away by the influence of the probable bargains about her). Thank you; I only want one article—

[She performs a pantomime with sofa cushions.]

Beery Broker. 'Ay, Marm—nothink but 'ay. I could let you 'ave a lot of prime 'orse-air articles dirt cheap.

Promiscuous Porter. Want a Porter, Marm? Wans kept, and punctuality, neatness, and despatch, in town or country. [Offering card.]

General Agent (confidentially). Happy to do anything for you, Ma'am.

Facitious Broker (cheerfully). Now, Ma'am—are we going in for a little bargain, to-day? Bless you, I'm known to the authorities and the ladies—all has JACKSON. Attends Custom's Sales, and private auctions. [Very pertinaciously.]

Unprotected Female. Oh! I wish you would all go. I don't want anybody, and I'm not going to buy anything.

Facitious Broker. Oh, gammon! I knows the ladies. You can't help it. Ollo! There's FIPKINS going up-stairs.

Auctioneer's Man (calling at door). Twelve o'clock. Sale!

[A general rush of Brokers and Buyers, in which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE is swept up-stairs.]

[SCENE changes to the front drawing-room, with MR. FIPKINS, the Auctioneer, in his pulpit on the Spanish mahogany dining-table.]

Auctioneer. Now, what shall we say for the console with marble slab, turned rosewood leg, and ormolu claw? What shall we say for the classical article? Eight pounds for the console. Quite rococo, ladies, and the Parisian style. Eight ten, for the classical article—eight fifteen is bid for the console. Look at the style of that leg. Nine—nine four is bid—nine fifteen. The slab is of the finest galleons antico. (The UNPROTECTED FEMALE follows in breathless attention.) An article suited to the boudoir—ten two—ten four is bid. No advance on ten four? Going at ten four.

Unprotected Female (shaking her head contemptuously). Ten pounds four for a rubbishing thing like that! Well!

Auctioneer. Thank you, Ma'am. Ten six—no advance on ten six for the classical article. Going at ten six—going, gone! (The classical article is knocked down.) Superior pair of 36-inch library globes. Shall we say five pounds for the highly finished globes—terrestrial and celestial? The use of the globes is a part of every education. These are the globes on which that branch of the sciences is taught. Five four—five six—highly-finished constellations. Five eight—ten—fourteen—six pounds is bid—with leather covers complete—and a book—going at six.

Unprotected Female (who, not having learnt the use of the globes does not follow this lot with much interest). Oh, dear, there's MRS. ROBINSON. (Nodding sweetly to MRS. R.) How d'ye do? How d'ye do?

Auctioneer. Thank you—six two—going at six two; no advance on six two for the globes—going at six two—gone! (The globes are knocked down at six two.) The next lot is the highly-finished set of levelling instruments, with case and stand, complete, by DODDLES; indispensable to the engineer, and now offered at three pounds. Three ten—three twelve—going at three twelve—no advance on three twelve?

Mrs. Robinson (nodding the question to the UNPROTECTED FEMALE). Are you going to buy?

Unprotected Female (nodding the answer). Yes.

Auctioneer. Three fourteen is bid. Going at three fourteen—going—gone! (The levelling instruments are knocked down.) A unique set of Gobelin tapestry, from Paris—four pieces; the "Rape of the Sabinas," "Acis and Galatea," "the Triumph of Alexander the Great," and "Joshua commanding the sun to stand still." The set is offered at fifty guineas.

[The bidding begins spiritedly, and has reached seventy guineas, with the accompaniment of a florid but rather inaccurate description of the date, subjects, and seat of the manufacture from MR. FIPKINS. The hammer is suspended at seventy-three ten.]

Mrs. R. (who is fond of conversat on, and apt to carry it on at a distance by telegraph, nodding the question). Isn't that an awful price for such ugly things?

Unprotected Female (whose notions of art are in their infancy, nods her answer). Perfectly ridiculous.

Auctioneer. Seventy-four—thank you—going at seventy-four—no advance on seventy-four—gone! (The tapestry is knocked down.)

[The UNPROTECTED FEMALE recognises other acquaintances, and is profuse of nods amongst them.]

[A lapse of three hours. The Davenport is put up at last.]

Auctioneer. An elegant rosewood Davenport, brass finished, with turned legs, and nest of drawers, complete. What shall we say? Three ten for the Davenport. (UNPROTECTED FEMALE hastily nods.) Three twelve. (FACETIOUS BROKER, who has had his eye upon her, nods.) Three fourteen. (BEERY BROKER nods.) Three sixteen. (PROSPEROUS BROKER nods.) Three eighteen. (UNPROTECTED FEMALE nods very nervously.) Four pounds.

Unprotected Female. I mustn't go above four pounds.

[FACETIOUS BROKER nods again.]

Auctioneer. Four two.

Unprotected Female. It's a pity to let such a nice thing go. [Nods.]

Auctioneer. Four four. (UNPROTECTED FEMALE nods, bidding against herself.) Four six. (MOULDY BROKER nods.) Four eight. (All the Brokers by a curious coincidence take to nodding.) Four ten—twelve—fourteen. Five pounds is bid.

Unprotected Female (who has become perfectly reckless). I must buy it now. They can't go beyond five two. [Nods.]

Auctioneer. Five two is bid—five two.

[The prize is snatched out of the hands of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE by a fresh burst of bidding from the Brokers, which runs the Davenport up to six ten. UNPROTECTED FEMALE, who seems to have lost her senses, nods convulsively.]

Auctioneer. Six twelve! Going at six twelve. No advance on six twelve. Gone!

[The Davenport is knocked down to the UNPROTECTED FEMALE at about three times its value. Four o'clock strikes from several of the eight-day clocks. FIPKINS leaves his pulpit. The UNPROTECTED

FEMALE, overwhelmed with remorse for what she has done, rises dejectedly and is going.]

Auctioneer's Clerk. 'Ere, Marm—twenty-five per cent. deposit, if you please. Wait a moment and I'll make out your list.

Unprotected Female. Oh, I've only bought a Davenport. If you'll tell me what I've to deposit.

Auctioneer's Clerk (casting up). It'll be sixty-two pound ten, Marm, please.

Unprotected Female (not in the least believing her ears). What?

Auctioneer's Clerk. 'Ere's your list, Marm. (Reads rapidly.) Rich gilt marble console, £10 6s.; pair 36-inch globes, £6 2s.; set of levelling instruments, with case, £3 14s.; set of four pieces tapestry, £74; a patent mangle, £9 8s.; a refrigerator, £9 4s.; four dozen superior Port, old crusted, £9 10s.; a double-barrelled fowling-piece, with case, and extra barrel, £8; a dozen door-plates with the name "SKIMMER," 14s.; a bath chair, £12; a shop-counter, with fittings, and a surgeon's door lamp, £6; an opossum skin robe, model of a New Zealand canoe, and dried head from New Guinea, £3 4s.; rosewood Davenport, £6 12s.; £62 10s. is the deposit, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh, gracious goodness! That's somebody else's account. I'm sure I never did! Oh, never!

Auctioneer's Clerk. Eh? Every one knocked down to you.

Facetious Broker. Yes, we see 'em. We thought you was in the miscellaneous line, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh! but I never did. I'm sure I never did. I don't want any fowling-pieces, or door-plates, or dried heads. Oh, please, I'm sure I didn't.

Clerk. I see you bid—every time.

Prosperous Broker. 'Appy to take the Davenport off your hands, at two ten, Marm. [Winking at his brethren.]

Mouldy Broker. I'll guv you two twelve, Marm—that's the full vally of the article.

Clerk. Now, Ma'am—if you'll give me the money—or a cheque.

Unprotected Female. Oh! but I hav'n't it; and I didn't—indeed. Oh, indeed—I never did. Oh! please—you can inquire. I don't keep a shop where they sell such things. How could I buy instruments, and wines, and door-plates, and things?

Clerk. Females makes werry rum purchases. Bless you, they buys loads of things they doesn't want.

Mouldy Broker (sententiously). Poor creturs, they can't 'elp it. Sell the Davenport, Marm?

Porter. 'Appy to pack your purchases, and take 'em 'ome, Ma'am. Got a wan below, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but I didn't. [In the extremity of agony.]

Clerk. I see you nod 'em down. Every one.

Unprotected Female. Oh—it was MRS. ROBINSON. I wasn't bidding. I was only nodding. I never bought anything. Oh, never! never!!

[She invokes the Universe to witness. The SCENE closes on her despair.]

THE LUCKY FAMILY.

ANOTHER ELLIOTT has been added to the ten thousand and one ELLIOTTS already attached to Ministerial appointments. A foreigner would imagine that the ELLIOTTS had the monopoly of talent in England, or else that they were a race as numerous as the SMITHS. The present reign will be chronicled in future histories as the "Reign of VICTORIA and the ELLIOTTS." The last appointment is recorded in the *Daily News* of Feb. 11. It seems that the original stock of ELLIOTTS is very nearly exhausted, and that they are now beginning with the persons who have married into the family. The husband of an ELLIOTT has been appointed to the office of Engineer at the Admiralty.

The COBURGS were at one time known as the Lucky Family to marry into. It was the surest step to rapid promotion. The ELLIOTTS, however, will soon supersede them. Next to a handsome dowry nothing will be so valuable as the hand of an ELLIOTT. It will be taken anywhere as equivalent to a good £1000 a year at least, and, if the times are particularly good, will be eagerly snatched at as sure to throw the happy owner into the best berth at the Admiralty.

MR. HUME should move for a return of all the ELLIOTTS who hold offices under Government, with specifications of their united ages and joint incomes.

What's in—a Livery?

THE box-keepers at the Olympic Theatre are dressed in handsome liveries. A nervous old gentleman, who went to see *Ariadne* the other evening, was greatly alarmed at their appearance, and, when the box-keeper asked him for his ticket, he drew him aside, and said, after great hesitation, "My name is ORRIDGE, but I must beg you will not announce it." He was evidently labouring under the fear that, the moment the door of the dress circle was opened, the servant would bawl out, in the loudest voice, "Mr. and Mrs. ORRIDGE!" in the same way that guests are announced at an evening party.



First Old Fozzie. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."

Second Old Fozzie. "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"

THE LATEST HUDSON TESTIMONIAL.

It is rumoured that the "honourable" member for Sunderland has applied for and been actually refused the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. We are glad to find that the interests of these unhappy hundreds, whose stewardship has generally been entrusted to any hands, however dirty, that have been ready to accept the trust, are at all events sufficiently cared for to prevent them from being consigned to the charge of Mr. HUDSON. Three years ago he would, no doubt, have undertaken to make the Chiltern Hundreds so profitable, that every separate hundred of them should pay ten per cent.; and if a company had been advertised with his name as Chairman of the Board of Directors, to run a railway to Chiltern direct, with a hundred branches for the accommodation of all the hundreds, the shares would have come out at four or five premium.

We never exactly understood what the Chiltern Hundreds really are, and our imagination has wandered vaguely from a hundred of walnuts to a hundred of coals; but whatever they may be, they are considered too valuable, at any rate, to admit of their stewardship being consigned to the individual who has given so unsatisfactory an account of his stewardship in matters of a more extensive nature.

FOOD FOR THE MIND.

IN republics it is usual to discard titles altogether, but every day brings forth some new and astounding title in the republic of letters. We have had all sorts of odd names, including Man and his Motives, and Woman and her Mission, to which will no doubt soon be added Girl-Boy and his Gig, with other similar productions. One of the greatest puzzles we have met with in this line, is a new work whose scenes are evidently laid in the poultryyard, and we shall be much obliged to any one who will enlighten us as to the probable contents of



TURKEY

AND

ITS DESTINY.

THE CENTURY (BEHINDHAND) OF INVENTIONS.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

MR. OLDCASTLE begs to call the attention of all OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, and others of the old school, to his OLD FASHIONED ESTABLISHMENT for the sale of articles of all descriptions, in use among our forefathers in the GOOD OLD TIMES, but of late too generally displaced by a parcel of new-fangled inventions. MR. O. invites particular attention to his extensive stock of genuine OLD MOULD CANDLES and DIPS, warranted made of mere Tallow, and unequalled for guttering, the Moulds requiring to be snuffed every five minutes, and the Dips oftener still, thus enabling any enterprising MANAGER, desirous of reviving the PALMY DAYS OF THE DRAMA, to restore, with all their effect, the original Foot Lights to the Stage. WHALE OIL, for LAMPS, thoroughly unsophisticated, recommended to Tory families and Boroughs in lieu of Camphine and Gas. A large assortment of PRIMITIVE TINDERBOXES, for which the upstart Congreve will be found no Match. Flint and Steel Guns, and Pistols, for Fowling and Self-Defence, that snap or flash in the pan full as frequently as they go off, thereby diminishing by one half the risk attending the use of Percussion Firearms. Great Coats, four times the weight of any of the flimsy Wrappers now in vogue, and of a proportionably handsome price. Real Beaver Hats that get rough with the least breath of wind, and show themselves to be 30s. articles, and none of your paltry Paris Nap. LEATHER BREECHES AND GAITERS; also Top and other Boots of antique style and workmanship. Watches of ample dimensions, with Chains or Ribands, and Bunches of Seals, adapted to a portly gentleman's fob.

* * A Baker's Shop is attached to the Establishment for the supply of the Old Loaf at the Old Prices to all those who have a distaste for the Novel Cheap Bread.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

WE hope that in the next edition of the *Physiologie de Goût* some notice will be taken of the following advertisement, which appeared a few days ago in the *Times* :—

A MARRIED GENTLEMAN, whose business requires him to live near the Post Office, would have no objection to TAKE CHARGE of a WAREHOUSE in the city. As money is not an object, he would undertake it on very reasonable terms. Unexceptionable reference will be given.

Now, in the name of common sense, we would inquire what can be the peculiar attraction to this Married Gentleman of a "Warehouse in the City" that he should be so desirous of looking after it. We might imagine that pecuniary considerations supplied a sufficient inducement, were it not that he expressly repudiates all mercenary motives by distinctly alleging that "money is not an object" with him.

It is not very complimentary to the wife of the Married Gentleman, that he should yearn for a Warehouse in which to while away his leisure hours. He is perhaps of a contemplative turn of mind, and regards a Warehouse as a place well adapted for meditation after office hours, when, to use the language of the poet—

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound him,
Left there without a light,
With goods and boxes round him :
The stools and chairs,
The sundry wares,
Of solitude the token ;
Leave him alone,
The clerks all gone,
By nought the silence broken."

For an individual sentimentally disposed, and anxious to do a bit of MARIUS over the ruins of Carthage, after business hours, the run of a deserted Warehouse in the city, after dark, may be a desirable investment of his leisure.

HINT TO WATER-COMPANIES.

It has been calculated that the Metropolis might be supplied with many thousands of gallons of water obtained by being separated from the London milk. If this be true, whatever DR. BUCKLAND may say, a pretty abundant source of water-supply exists in the chalk formation.

A MONUMENT TO SIR PETER LAURIE.



PUNCH—laying his hand upon a blank sheet of foolscap—has registered a vow to take no sort of pleasure, to mix in no vain delight, until he shall have performed a solemn duty to the City of London, and a heart-deep satisfaction to himself.

Punch calls upon all men with hearts in their breasts, and what is more, with sixpences in their pockets—upon all such happy beings, to come forth, and subscribe at least a tester towards a monument for SIR PETER LAURIE! London's SIR PETER—the world's SIR PETER—Punch's SIR PETER!

It is needful to take breath before Punch attempts to number the many claims of his hero to the peculiar consideration of the world—the many public virtues of LAURIE, the Knight of the Thistle!

Has he not entirely put down suicide? Has man or woman sought untimely death, since SIR PETER sonorously declared that he would no longer permit the custom of dying? Since the time that SIR PETER made the grave ridiculous—from that hour, no sinner has voluntarily sought it; a sustaining truth, to be vouched for by all coroners!

Has not SIR PETER declared for the impenitence of erring man? Has he not propounded the grand idea—that has sunk like a leaden plummet into the very depths of society—that once a thief, always a thief? Would not SIR PETER, if he could, lock the gate of mercy, and throw away the key?

Has not SIR PETER demolished JOSEPH ADY—annihilated Jacob's Island—and repealed the wood-pavement—the latter thing, as one would have thought, quite after SIR PETER's own head and heart?

Has not SIR PETER—
(But here, our pensive printer informs us that he has no room in the present number for the full treatment of the theme.—Punch must therefore say nothing of at least a bushel of SIR PETER's claims, and with a pang for the omission—come to SIR PETER's last, and, perhaps, his greatest triumph!)

Has not SIR PETER cut down [the proposed salary of MR. SIMON, the city officer of health, from £700 a year to £500? Has he not saved the city £200 per annum? He has; and if the £200 divided into farthings, and endowed with copper voice, could shout or squeal SIR PETER's praise—poor, small, weak, and all unworthy, would be the approving sound. No; upon every warming-pan, upon every candle-stick—upon all things brazen and brassy, the praise of LAURIE should be struck with loud and approving hollowness!

Mark, how finely—how logically—SIR PETER disposes of MR. SIMON. The Man of Health is utterly demolished by the Knight of Wisdom:—

"He considered that MR. SIMON's Report was quite enough to give any one the cholera. (Laughter). He warned the Court that, if they were to increase salaries every time they had an interesting Report, next year their feelings would be harrowed up to the lamentable extent of 1000*l.* a year. (Laughter). The amount of 500*l.* a year was ample remuneration for all the services which could be required from an officer of health for a population of only 50,000 persons, and he should oppose any increase of amount where there was no increase of duty."

SIR PETER's powers of humour are tremendous. He would be too much for the gravity of an ape. There was a certain philosopher who died in a fit of laughter, upon seeing a donkey eat figs. If, in return, any individual of the race of asses is to be killed by hearing a philosopher make a joke, LAURIE is the man predestined to that execution. Let all asses beware of him!

"MR. SIMON's Report"—propounded LAURIE—"was quite enough to give any one the cholera." Whereupon, the Alderman proposes that the salary of the man who is to take good heed of the pest, doing his best to defeat the evil, shall have the lesser reward—£500 in lieu of £700. Or, rather, does not LAURIE, in his own waggish way, mean to insinuate that the Report is a flam—a ghostly romance—a mortal falsehood, concocted with the base intention of frightening honest aldermen into cleanliness? Is not the whole document a subtle assault upon the time-honoured interests of dirt?

Any way, SIR PETER's amendment was triumphant. He moved in defence of muck, and carried his motion. Whereupon, we would have a monument erected to LAURIE—a monument suggestive of his public worth and sterling talent. Something that should combine a double compliment to his utility and his economy. Hence, we would propose the erection of an inverted Tin Slop-Pail (with a proper inscription) to the honour of the Alderman. A Tin Slop-Pail, on a slab of Scotch Granite!

We are rather pleased with the notion of the significance of the thing. It is at once, hollow, dirty, and cheap.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE "PARTY."—A Person in want of an occupation, and advertising for the same in the *Times*, informs the world, that "The advertiser being highly respectable, no retail business will suit." This gentleman seems to be somewhat less consequential logically than he is personally. His address is given as K.—Should it not have been S.N.O.B.?

THE SUN'S WALK.

THE sun got up from his damp sea bed,
For a tour of observation
He donned his paletot of London fog,
And his night-cap of Thames exhalation,
In whose fleecy haze he wraps up his rays,
When he visits the English nation.

He toddled down to St. Stephen's
On a Wednesday daylight sitting,
And heard Ministers quash a proposal rash,
For the window-tax remitting:
And the Sun remarked, "They've sat in the dark,
Till for dark than light they're more fitting."

From St. Stephen's he turned to St. Giles',
Guided less by seeing than smelling,
For he ran his nose 'gainst the walls that rose
Round each damp and darksome dwelling.
"No wonder," said he, "they won't admit me,
Lest of such sights I should be telling."

He met his old foe, Fever,
At his feast in the damp, so goulish;
And heard MR. BUMBLE, at the Poor-rates grumble,
Which struck him as somewhat owlsh;
While the guardians who lord o'er the parish board
Are Messrs. Penny-wise and Pound-foolish.

Like mites from old cheese, the houses
Poured forth their squalid dwellers;
The young folks sallow, the old green-yellow,
And all those blanched cheeks were tellers
Of the same sort of tale as the lettuces pale
Grown by amateurs in cellars.

He tried to get into a tenement
Which was let out to these poor creatures,
But each window was barred by the tax so hard
Against a glimpse of his features:
Daylight and fresh air had no business there,
Except as over-reachers.

From out of an open cess-pool
He saw the gas freely wander,
Poisons more and less pure, from gully and sewer—
And it caused the Sun to ponder.
"What harm could it be, if I were as free,
As Mr. Typhus yonder?"

All through Saffron Hill he strove to get in,
But they wouldn't give him permission:
He tried Rosemary Lane and Whitechapel in vain,
'Gainst the tax-gatherer's opposition;
Till after a while, to a stately pile,
All amazed, he found free admission.

"Ha! Ha!" thought he, "'tis easy to see,
Here's a better dispensation:
This no doubt is a home to which old folks come,
Who've deserved well of the nation;
A resort for the old age of Industry,
Or a club for people of station."

He wandered at ease through the passages,
Peeped through windows wide and airy,
Roamed the light corridors, upon all the floors,
From the attics down to the area;
When with sudden dismay he heard somebody say
'Twas the Peniten-ti-ary!

Official Changes.

GATE-KEEPER JONES has taken possession of his country seat—the Windsor chair—at the entrance to the enclosure of St. James's Park, and Constable SMITH of Kensington Gardens is staying for the present at his little box in Bayswater. The family of the BROWNS remain at the Lodge, Hyde Park, and hold their Ginger Beer *matinées* and Curds and Whey *réunions* as usual. There is a rumour of a vacancy in the Gate-keepery of one of the Parks, but it would be premature to say anything at present. We have however heard that an official cane will shortly be at the disposal of the Government, and we need not say that there will be no difficulty in finding many candidates on whom the cane might be bestowed most advantageously and deservedly.

EARL OF HAREWOOD FORBIDDING THE BANNS.



NOTICE.—In consequence of the continued Practice of overcrowding and taking Lodgers into the cottages of the Harewood Estate (more especially within the village of Harewood), contrary to the express agreement and regulations; Notice is hereby given that any Cottager being a Tenant of EARL HAREWOOD, and who shall from the date hereof take in any Lodger, or whose Son or Daughter shall marry or bring home to the cottage, Wife or Husband, without having previously obtained PERMISSION from the E. or H., shall receive notice to quit, which notice shall be strictly enforced, and if in employment of the said E. H., shall be discharged.
W. MAUGHAN, Agent.

A NOBLEMAN in the north of England, has issued the above notice to his tenantry, prohibiting them from taking lodgers into their cottages, or allowing a son or daughter to marry and bring home a wife or a husband, "without having previously obtained permission" from the peer alluded to. This measure is adopted, on the plea—which is not a bad one—of preventing the over-crowding of cottages; but we think we could suggest something better than a prohibition of those ties which Providence designed should be formed, and which it seems must not be formed upon certain estates, without the sanction of the landlord, on pain of ejection from home, and dismissal from employment.

If instead of pulling down cottages on their estates, landlords would build more, so that it would be unnecessary to crowd those that exist, with lodgers; and a son or daughter upon marriage, could find another roof beside that of the parent, the prohibition referred to in this case, would not be required.

Perhaps, too, if wages were rather better, there would be no necessity for a landlord to forbid the banns, with a view to the prevention of what, instead of being as they ought to be and might be, happy and prudent unions, are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, "Improvident Marriages."

TWELVE MEN IN A BOX.

We have in our time heard various articles mentioned as the props of our glorious Constitution, but there has never been any question as to the fact of "twelve men in a box" affording much material support to British liberty. We admit the truth of the assertion, though, as the "box" is continually changing its contents, the twelve props will occasionally turn out to be twelve sticks, a circumstance of little consequence, for the props are merely temporary, and one set is being always replaced by another set, so that the value of liberty is not likely to suffer much from casual infirmity.

The following paragraph taken from a leader in the *Times* will throw a light upon what we have been saying—

"The jury, with that ingenious facility of compromise to which juries alone attain pronounced a verdict for the defendant, who had characterised Mr. O'CONNOR as a swindler, and then expressed their opinion that the honesty of the latter gentleman 'stood unimpeached.'"

We were as much puzzled as our contemporary at the result alluded to in the above extract, but as our Constitution is often said to be a perfectly consistent whole, though made up of a mass of apparently conflicting particles, we must believe that great Constitutional authority, a British jury, to be always right in the main, though apparently coming to a conclusion involving the most palpable contradictions. How a man can be pronounced a swindler without having been libelled, or suffered the smallest impeachment of his character, is to us a riddle, which we cannot hope, and will not attempt to, elucidate. The decision in the case before us reminds us of the old Irish verdict of "Murder, and served him right;" for the jury in Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR's case, say in effect, that the defendant was justified in abusing the plaintiff, but that his character remains unimpeached.

There seems to us to have been a by no means "soft impeachment," which if unmerited—as the jury decided it was—should, we imagine, have entitled the plaintiff to damages. If a man has his eyes blacked, his nose broken, and his teeth knocked out by an assault, it would be very hard when he appeals to the law, to be told to his very teeth, and in the very face of his damaged features, that he is none the worse and that his assailant is acquitted. Such is the consolation Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR has experienced. He goes into Court, declaring he has been beaten black and blue in reputation. The defendant does not deny, but justifies the treatment he has offered to the plaintiff, who, when he seeks redress, is told "there, run along, go away, you're not hurt in the least; and the person who has attacked you is not guilty of any thing."

A PRETTY PAIR.

It is suggested that Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR and Mr. HUDSON had better pair off immediately.

THE LIMBO OF GREATNESS.

MADAME TUSSAUD may be called the old clotheswoman—the second-hand broker of this world's pomp. "The greatest price given for left-off vanities" might be written over her doorway; and as the dangling black doll indicates—though wherefore, we must write and ask the editorial conjuror of *Notes and Queries*, to know—that rags are purchased within, so should a tin crown and wooden sceptre, suspended in Baker Street, give commercial notice to the heirs and executors of departed greatness. At the sale at Marlborough House, MADAME TUSSAUD has been an adventurous purchaser.

"The full-length portraits of their late Majesties, GEORGE THE THIRD and QUEEN CHARLOTTE, formerly occupying positions in the grand dining-room, and ticketed at £50 each, have found favour in the sight of MADAME TUSSAUD, in whose saloon they will henceforth be associated with their prototypes in wax."

That the father of his people, and the mamma to match, should be made part and parcel of a shilling show! That pictures, so sincerely venerated, so passionately idolised in the life-time of their originals,—should be treated with no more reverence than the daub of any "King's Head" that swings and creaks at the door-way of an ale-house! There is a neglect, a want of gratitude in this, that is melancholy—depressing. We think the rightful reverence of folks in high places is perilled by a custom that associates their relics with a twelvepenny treat. *Punch* would therefore suggest a higher kind of Humane Society, whose business it should be to purchase and preserve the remains—whether pictorial or household—of great people, that the vulgar may not—as vulgar people are very apt to do—triumph in their degradation and adversity.

When GEORGE and CHARLOTTE sat for these pictures, it would have been a wickedness approaching high treason, to dream of their future fate—a destiny that now makes the *vera effigies* of sacred majesty a part of a show with the infernal machine of FIESCHI, and the satin gown of MRS. MANNING!

HARD DRIVING AT MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER is now exhibiting performances in the coaching line unrivalled from the time of the Olympic charioteers to the palmiest days of the turnpike-road. Certain mill-owners there are driving coaches-and-six through an Act of Parliament, namely, the Ten Hours' Bill, in which blundering legislation has left a gap admitting the operation of the shift and relay system, and thus of the driving achievement above mentioned. The gap ought to be stopped as soon as possible, since the Manchester coach-and-six, like a sort of JUGGERNAUT's car, rolls, in passing through it, over the unfortunate factory children. HORACE alludes to the "Olympic dust," or the dust created by the ancient chariots; the Manchester coach-and-six has raised a dust—apart from "devil's dust"—which, it is to be hoped, will ere long arrest the progress of the vehicle.

CIVIL WORDS COST SOMETHING.

ONE would imagine that there was no great harm in asking for a thing, even if nothing was to be got by it; but the fact is, that if nothing is got by it, a great deal is lost by it when asking takes the form of a petition to Parliament. It is to be wished that people who are always wanting impossibilities would be satisfied with a refusal, and take an answer once for all, instead of going to the legislature annually with a request which, if it leads to no Bill in either House, saddles JOHN BULL with a printing and stationery bill of no ordinary magnitude. It is true enough that Parliament gives nothing unless it is asked, but there is so much unnecessary axeing as to call loudly for the pruning-knife. The teetotallers have spent a little fortune of the public money in petitioning that all the spirit shall be taken out of the army and navy, while the petitions for economy have been poured in and printed at such an extravagant rate, that a large amount of taxation is absolutely necessary to pay for them.

Civil words, we are told, cost nothing; but the number of civil words addressed to the legislature would form a very formidable item among the Civil Contingencies. Every one who has a wish, and chooses to turn it into wishy-washy language, hashes up a petition, and gets some Member to move that it be printed, when forthwith JOHN BULL has to pay a heavy sum, because SNOOKS is anxious to see the Hindoos provided with copy-books, or *Murray's Grammars* distributed among the Yahoos, or would like to see the duty taken off everything; or because SNOBBINS wants a Charter, with eight or nine new points to it.

We appreciate at its utmost value the privilege of petitioning Parliament, but we like moderation in everything, and we think petitioning is carried on in these days with somewhat too little regard to either reason or economy. It seems that there is annually a very large sum expended in simply folding petitions; so that, in addition to the outlay for printing them, it costs not a trifle to double up and do for them. If the legislature would make a point of giving us good measures without waiting to be asked, the trouble and expense of petitioning or printing petitions would diminish very rapidly.

MORE PROTECTION FOR NATIVE INDUSTRY.



PUNCH.—I've been a beggar now of thirty years' standing. I'm the original broken-down respectable tradesman, with a worn-out pair of gloves, who holds his head down in shame for selling sticks of sealing-wax in the open streets. You must have observed me leaning against a door-post in St. Martin's Court, and in Leicester Square, and about the most taking corners of Regent Street. I'm very well known about town; and by the artistic way in which I almost sink to the ground, have picked up many a good dinner. My creature comforts, however, have been sadly walked into lately, by a set of impostors that have no business in London at all—I allude to those Lascars. They block up every alley, and crawl about in long processions with their hands upon each other's shoulders. In the frosty weather they come in for all the coppers; for, let me shiver as much as I will, I cannot, for the life of me, look half so dead with the cold as they do with their thin muslin kilts and shirt sleeves that look as if they had been snowed upon. The town swarms with these blacks; and they will ultimately drive every respectable English beggar out of the market, unless PROTECTION is instantly given to the native manufacturer.

"We cannot compete with these foreign beggars. Their wages are much lower than ours. They can live upon less, consequently do not mind working for less; and they can get up a more showy article for less—an inferior article, it is true, but one which goes off better on account of its gaudy staring colour. They can start without a farthing's capital, excepting an old sheet; whilst we English artists require means to cultivate the pavement, which I call 'the beggar's raw material': and we must have money to buy sealing-wax, or account-books, or chalk and colours, to turn that raw material into anything like a paying price.

"I can assure you, Sir, those Lascars are eating the venison off our plates. We soon shan't have a leg of mutton to stand upon, or a

cap to cut, if these foreign beggars are allowed to cut the ground from under our feet. Free Trade in our profession will not do. I demand Protection for Native Industry, and we must have it: or else in a short time Begging will be reduced to such a low thing, that no Gent will think of turning his talents to it. We cannot compete with these Lascars, and that's the plain black and white of it. I call on Mr. DISRAELI—at least I would, if I knew his address—to

PROTECT THE BRITISH BEGGAR.

"Please, Sir, find a corner for this cry of an Old London Beggar, who is nearly reduced from affluence to beggary in consequence of this confounded Free Trade. I have the honour to remain

"THE ORIGINAL BROKEN-DOWN RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN."

"I've drawn up a petition embodying the above facts, on the doorstep of the National Gallery, where it lies every day for the signature of all true Protectionists. If MANNERS is the gentleman I take him to be, he will call upon me, and put his noble hand to it."

AN INFLUENTIAL ORGAN TO MR PUNCH.

"SIR, "LIKE yourself, I am an organ of some importance. I express the feelings and sentiments of some of the greatest men that ever lived. For instance, I am frequently the exponent of no less a mind than that of the immortal HANDEL. I expect, therefore, that you will admit my opinion to be of some weight.

"You appear to think it scandalous that the late Secretary to the Ecclesiastical Commission has disappeared with a large amount of Church property, unpursued by a detective constable, unadvertised in the *Hue and Cry*. To me it seems a matter of indifference whether the funds should have been appropriated by the Secretary, or misapplied, as doubtless they would have been, otherwise, in building Episcopal Alhambras. Prelates' palaces, I take it, have run away with more money than the Secretary has.

"It would be another matter if the property had been likely to be devoted to any use. For instance, if the Commissioners had designed to consider me in its distribution. Mind, I am privileged to blow my own trumpet-stop.

"The proverb says that one is known by one's associates. Were this true, I should be sorry. What a character I should have, if judged of by the set of choristers and singing-men that I am forced to accompany! A class of vocalists, whom no manager would engage as supernumeraries, hired at menial's wages to perform in a church!

"Now, a little more money would create a much better choir; and half the sum that has been swallowed by the Secretary and Bishops' architects would have made me and my children—the sons of sacred harmony—happy. Come, Sir, and listen—

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise,"

and say whether the execution of the said anthem is not, nine times in ten, a disgrace to the place, the age, the Dean and Chapter, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. I protest against being made, as I constantly am, an accessory to the murder of old TALLIS, and NARES, and DR. GREEN, and DR. BLOW. In the name of ST. CECILIA I invoke the Commissioners to bestow a portion of their ample means in aid of

"THE CATHEDRAL ORGAN."

RUINATION FOR GOWNSMEN.

A CIRCULAR, issuing from a certain Inn of Court, offers on the part of a recently established "firm," calling themselves Legal, Clerical, and Private Agents, to transact every description of private agency, to give their clients gratuitous legal advice, to procure pupils for the Bar and the Church, to buy and sell advowsons, to collect tithes and rents, to negotiate loans, arrangements with creditors, and the purchase and sale of estates: in short, it would seem, as agents or doers, to do all, every thing, and every body, that is to be done. We are induced to put this apparently uncharitable construction on their views in consequence of their scheme with regard to gentlemen in difficulties, including a proposal of

"Making such reasonable Cash advances as the nature of their affairs may require; thus acting in a private manner as Bankers to our Clients; and we have reason to believe from our former experience, that this feature in our business is an ACCOMMODATION MUCH REQUIRED BY UNDERGRADUATES AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE."

A nice arrangement this for defeating any measures that may be adopted by University authorities for preventing young, foolish, extravagant Undergraduates from running into debt! A capital plan for removing any obstacles which the ingenuity of parents, guardians, tutors, may place in the way of such spirited youths on the road to ruin. We should like to know what interest is charged by MESSRS. HUMSWORTH, "S. C. L., Oxon," and MR. SPIFF, "B. A., Cantab;," also in what proportion their advances on bills may consist of bricks, or British Havannahs, or "gross of green spectacles."



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

MR. BRIGGS CAN'T BEAR FLYING LEAPS, SO HE MAKES FOR A GAP—WHICH IS IMMEDIATELY FILLED BY A FRANTIC PROTECTIONIST, WHO IS VOWING THAT HE WILL PITCHFORK MR. B. IF HE COMES "GALLOPERRAVERING" OVER HIS FENCES—DANGED IF HE DOANT!

STANLEY'S POOR DOLLY.

WHY is STANLEY melancholy?
CLARENDON has spoiled his DOLLY,
Scratched the colour off her face,
Smashed poor DOLLY's fragile case,
Tossed her like a shuttlecock,
Torn to bits her orange frock,
Kicked and beaten her about,
Ripped up and turned her inside out,
Damaged her in every point,
Put her nose quite out of joint,
Pull'd her limbs off, left not one
Leg for her to stand upon;
And—as in short it may be said—
Completely knocked her on the head;
And all because of STANLEY's folly,
Who would tease CLARENDON 'bout DOLLY.

Drunkenness in Sport made Sober Earnest.

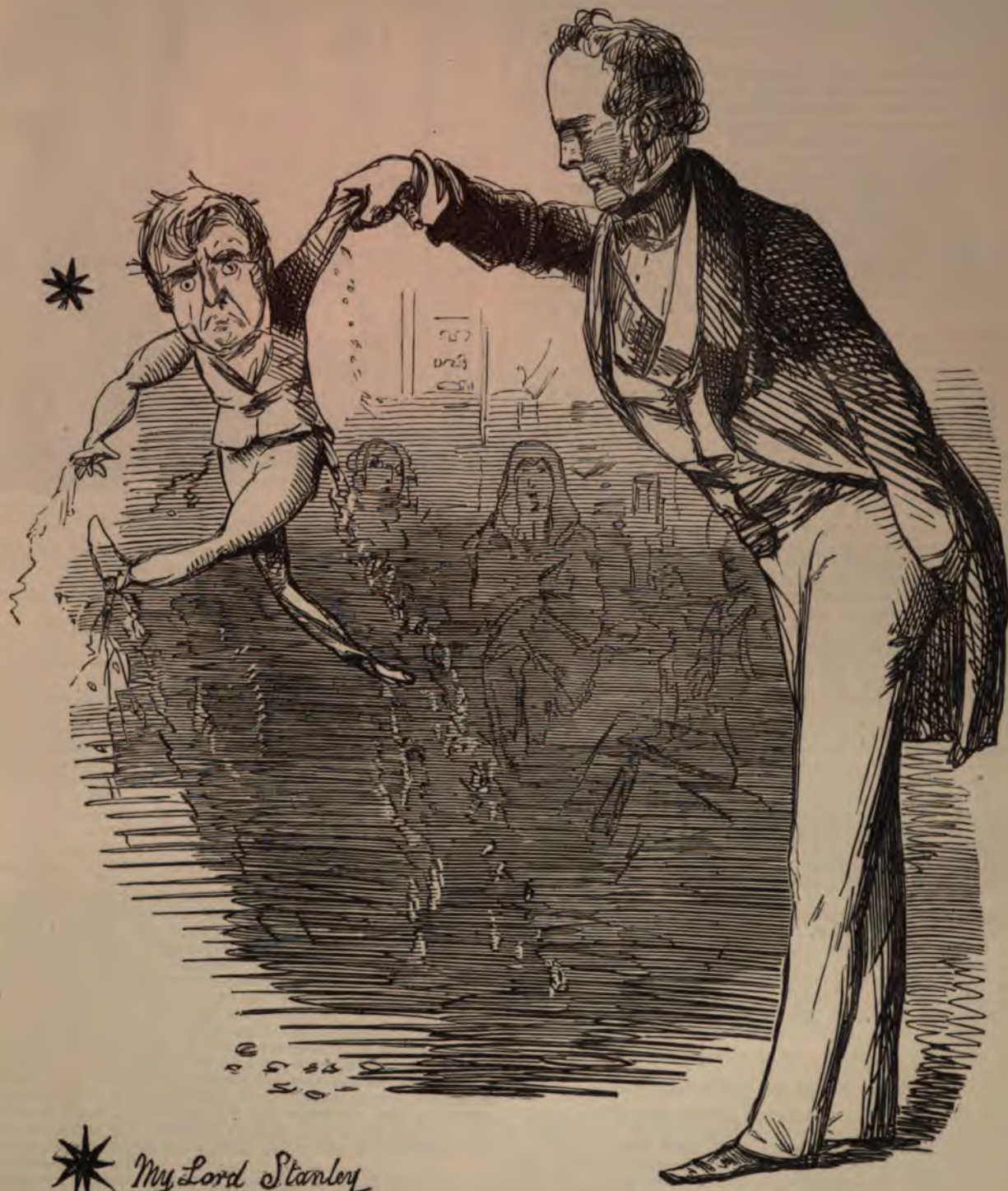
"TELL me," says the Querist, "which should be preferred, brandy-and-water in their combined state, or brandy and water separate?"
"Verily," replies the philosopher, "brandy-and-water in union represent mingled delight, but the spirit and the pure element in their divided condition constitute unmixed satisfaction."

LEARNING FOR LORD PALMERSTON.

In directing the late aggression on Greece, the Foreign Secretary has shown a sad insensibility to those associations which we have learned to cherish in our school-days. We do not envy that man's feelings who could order the blockade of the Piræus without a compunctious reminiscence of THEMISTOCLES and PERICLES; to say nothing of CORYDON and LYRANDE and ALCEBIADES. LORD PALMERSTON ought to have recollected that to Greece we are indebted for all our intellectual civilisation; for SOCRATES, XENOPHON and PLATO, HOMER and ACHILLES. He would not have sent ADMIRAL PARKER to menace Athens, if he had reflected that from the land of Hellas we derive our *πολιτεία*, our *νόμος*, and our *ἀρετή*, our first and second Aorists, our *τὸν* & *ἀναμνησθέντες*, and our never-to-be-forgotten *πολυφλοίσβοιο ἐθλασσης*.

Medals a Little Over-due.

THE DUE OF *Richmond* has complained in the House of Lords that medals have not been awarded to all the British heroes who were engaged in the *Peninsular* actions from 1794 to 1814. By all means let the survivors of battles fought fifty-six years ago receive an acknowledgment of their services, for which purpose, probably, at this time of day, a very few medals will suffice. *Seniores priores*, however, is a good rule, and attention is certainly due, in the first instance, to the claims of such veterans, yet living, as were present at Cressy and Poitiers.



LORD CLARENDON SHAKING ALL THE BRAN OUT OF
THE DOLLY BRAE AFFAIR.



TAKING STEPS FOR THEIR OWN COMFORT.

"WELL, MY FRIENDS, YOU SEEM TO HOLD AN ORDINARY AT THE STEPS OF MY DOOR EVERY DAY AT 12."

CLIMBING UP THE NORTH POLE.

Of all foreign climes there must be none so difficult to get to the top of as the North Pole. We feel convinced that no one but a Bedouin Arab will ever do it, unless perhaps it is MR. STILT, for, in standing on his head on the top of a pole, that gentleman has reached the very summit of his profession. By the way, what a position for a brilliant display of fireworks!

As for ourselves, knowing "how hard it is to climb," we shall leave the North Pole in the hands of others. We are perfectly content with MR. BURFORD'S Panorama. An iceberg is a kind of obstacle we should never attempt to get through, especially with the chilly conviction that we should only be met on the opposite side with another iceberg. An ocean, with a splitting, stunning set of icebergs, continually dancing reels and quadrilles, is not exactly the kind of society we feel anxious to plunge into. We prefer ALMACK'S, with the ices provided by GUNTER.

It is true that the Aurora Borealis is a very magnificent sight, and we imagine MR. BURFORD must have borrowed Aurora's rosy fingers to have painted the beautiful one he has hung round his Arctic first-floor. Still the feeling that if you put your head out of window to look at it, you immediately lose your nose, must take away a great deal from the pleasure, for the wind is so cutting on those Snow Hills, that no Turk's Head could possibly hang out for an hour without being cut to pieces. Besides, *toujours* Aurora Borealis must eventually prove a bore, for however successful a thing may be on its first appearance, very few of us would like to sit it out for 200 consecutive nights and days. The Aurora Borealis is a substitute for the sun, or rather it is a sun done in colours. The effect is not unlike the reflection at night from a chemist's window. Fancy Trafalgar Square lighted up with a string of SAVORY and MOORE'S green and pink bottles, and you have the Aurora Borealis brought at one *coup d'œil* to your mind's eye, but with this improvement, that there is not anything half so ugly at the North Pole, as the National Gallery.

The streets, and lanes, and courts, and squares, are all formed in the Arctic Regions, of ice,—of immense high walls of ice. Picking your way is very difficult, as none of the streets are named, or the houses numbered, and you lose yourself before you know where you are. Building is carried there to a greater extent, even than it is round London. You go to sleep in an open field of water, and, on waking up, find yourself hemmed in by a floating row of crescents and towering palaces of ice that must strike a chill into the boldest heart. It must be very awkward when a ship gets into a *cul-de-sac*! What a turn it must give them, or rather, what would they not give to be able to turn and get themselves out of their awkward scrape. We cannot imagine a greater "tarnation fix." There the ship is held between the two dead walls of crystal as in a nut-cracker, and if the walls close in the least,

the ship is cracked as easy as a monkey cracks a nut. The narrow streets of the City are bad enough when one of PICKFORD'S vans comes galloping down, and you have only just time to nail your body to the wall as thin as a picture, to save yourself being crushed; but what must it be then at the North Pole, where there are no Mews, nor a single shop where you can run into!

MR. BURFORD'S Panorama suggests all these frozen horrors without painting them. The water is so natural, that you cannot believe it is done in oil. The ice sets everybody's teeth on the chatter; the ladies' teeth, with the proverbial loquacity of the sex, chattering, of course, more than the gentlemen's. Taken altogether, it is the most beautiful bit of frieze-painting our eyes ever watered in looking at. In summer, it will be quite a Magnetic Pole, for the coolness of the spot will be sure to attract all London to it. What a superb luncheon-room it would make for FARRANCE during the dog-days!

N.B. There is a long pole exhibited with some fur dresses in the room; and as many persons have allowed their curiosity to be stirred up by this long Pole, and handle it and look upon it evidently as a very great curiosity, we are requested by MR. BURFORD to state, that the pole in question is not the North Pole, nor has it, for what he knows, any connexion with it.

PUFF PASTE.

OUR eyes have lately been arrested by what may be termed the very mean process of a summons to stay our further proceedings, and turn into sundry small shops in the metropolis to eat A FREE-TRADE PIE. This alleged luxury is advertised as juicy with the meats of Smithfield, succulent with the savoury kidney, ambrosial with the fish of Billingsgate, and gushing with the luscious syrup starting from the plethoric pores of the vernal rhubarb. Such is the confidence of the speculators in these puff-paraded patties, that a reward of £5000 is offered to any one who can produce (at the price) "a larger and a better" pie. The connection between Free Trade and the pie in question is by no means obvious, nor has any attempt been made in the placard before us to explain where, how, why, or in what respect such connection exists.

There is a pretended quotation from EPICURUS, and several great men of antiquity are cited *à propos* of the pie, but the only hero of the past whose name is appropriate to pastry—we mean, of course, our old friend PIE-US ÆNEAS—is by some accident overlooked. We have in our time had much experience in articles of this description, and there was a time, ere sober reflection had taught us to curb the sharpness of our expressions, that we were seldom long without something tart in our mouth.

We have learnt at the cost of experience—and many halfpence—that size is no test of quality, and that in pastry, as in mankind, excellence is not always to those looked upon as the great. If we had known how to moralise upon a pie before eating it—which we never could—we should have said "Trust not to that which seems externally overflowing with goodness, for the sweetness that is always ready to rise to the surface is soon exhausted, and is often a proof of hollowness within." *À propos* of pies, we will conclude with one fact in Natural History, founded on long observation, and we should be glad if VON HUMBOLDT, TIDE-MAN, Untidy-man, or any man, would explain to us the mystery which we have discovered.

We want to know, and we ask the simple question of the whole of the natural historians now living, how it is that all pigeons of which pigeon pies are made, have each four legs. If there is any doubt as to the fact being as we have stated, let any one buy a pigeon pie at a pastry-cook's, let him compare the protruding claws or "tootens" with the number of birds below the crust, and if it is not found that there are four of the former to one of the latter, we will eat our own words, and—what will be worse still—a Free-Trade pie.

THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.

THE admirable proposition of PRINCE ALBERT to hold in this country an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations has excited unusual interest, which has extended even to the *chevaliers d'industrie* of France,—an order which it is expected will be largely represented at the forthcoming gathering. These gentlemen will, it is expected, exhibit various proofs of their industry, which is emphatically the industry of all nations, for there is not a nation on the earth which does not contain among its people several who have at their fingers' ends the industry alluded to. Such arrangements will, however, no doubt, be adopted, as will restrain the specimens of this sort of industry within as narrow limits as possible, and any *chevalier* found in the practice will, whatever his apparent station, be brought at once to the station of police in the immediate neighbourhood. It is said that most of the American States will contribute specimens of their ingenuity, but Pennsylvania declines sending anything to England, which contains already so many proofs of what it can do, in the shape of numerous creditors who have been done by its cunning device of repudiation.

A HEAVY BLOW AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT.



WE wonder the Protectionists are not tired of continually hitting SIR ROBERT PEELE. The sport must have grown rather monotonous by this time, especially to SIR ROBERT, who must wish they would choose some other subject for their thumps. We would recommend him to present that pugnacious corps with a handsome dummy of himself. It should be labelled, "Traitor" on the breast, so as to excite their ire all the more, and exhibited in the large room of the Carlton, or some other place of Tory resort, where it might be kept constantly on view. By this means the Protectionists would be able to vent their rage against their late chief to their hearts' content, and SIR ROBERT, by being well thumped in private, would probably receive fewer blows in public. The fact of its being a dummy, also, would bring it perfectly on a level with the understandings of those whose only public aim for the last three years has consisted in abusing the cleverest man (next to BENJAMIN DISRAELI, of course,) of their party.

A GOVERNOR BURIED ALIVE.

ONE of the most extraordinary cases of premature interment that has ever come to our knowledge has recently been given in the German, and copied into the English newspapers. A remarkable feature of the affair is that the sepulture has been quite voluntary on the part of the individual buried, and that he has caused the vault to which he has consigned himself to be fitted up with much splendour, as if he was under the influence of a kind of vaulting ambition, which he has taken those unusual means to gratify. The annexed paragraph, which has almost as much of the gay as of the grave about it, will explain the circumstances under which a Governor has become, as it were, his own Shillibeer, and performed his own funeral:—

"The cold is so severe at Kamtschatka that the Governor has been compelled to quit his usual residence at St. Peter and St. Paul to bury himself under the earth—that is to say, he has retired to his subterranean Palace, which is 20 metres below ground, and is capable of accommodating 200 persons. This palace is perpetually lighted by lamps. Most wealthy private persons have dwellings of this kind, but it is rarely cold enough to induce them to flee thither for refuge."—Hamburgh Borsenhalle.

This underground residence is evidently a luxury in Kamtschatka, though we suspect that even in the coldest seasons that part of our population which lives in underground kitchens or cellars from necessity, and not from choice, would willingly exchange their subterranean apartments with the chilly Governor, for the coldest garret in his dominions. His Kamtschatkian Highness can have little room for exercise, and a walk about his grounds must be anything but cheerful or salubrious. The fact of most wealthy persons having a subterranean residence, gives us the idea of high life below stairs being carried to the highest, or rather to the lowest, pitch in Kamtschatkian society. At the balls given in the underground palace of the Governor, the dance most in vogue is, of course, the Cellar-ius.

ANOTHER PEERAGE.—It is rumoured, only we do not believe the rumour, and hope the reader will display the same intelligence, that MR. DISRAELI is to be made a Peer, for the purpose of getting him out of the House of Commons. He will assume no title, it is said, but merely change his name to UPPER BENJAMIN.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

MR. JONES, AS SOME REPARATION FOR THE GREAT FAILURE OF THE PRIVATE BOX, HAS INDUCED THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO AN EXETER HALL ORATORIO.

SCENE.—*The Strand, near Exeter Hall, with the confusion incidental to a Friday night. MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE make their way with some difficulty through the crowd of Orange-sellers, Sellers of Books of the Performance, Vendors of Tickets, and Touters for vendors of tickets.*

1st Touter (at Cigar shop-door). Tickets, Sir? Only three left. HERR FORMES, to-night, Ma'am. Have 'em cheap.

Unprotected Female (to MR. JONES). You've got tickets, MR. JONES, of course?

Jones (with some confusion). Why, no. We shall get 'em cheaper at the doors, I believe. They're three shillings at the Hall.

2nd Touter. Two tickets only, Sir—equal to reserved. I assure you you won't find any further on.

Unprotected Female (checking MR. JONES). There, MR. JONES, he says we shan't get any, further on. Hadn't we better?

Mr. Jones. How much are they?

2nd Touter. Five shillings each, Sir; and they're getting up sixpence a minute.

Mr. Jones (with the proper feeling of a man who will not be imposed upon). Oh, stuff! It's an imposition. We shall get 'em for half-a-crown, at the cigar divan—I always do.

Unprotected Female. It's a shame to let these people have tickets this way.

3rd Touter. Tickets, Sir, for "The Creation." The last, I assure you, Marm.

Unprotected Female (who is resolved to take the matter out of MR. JONES'S hands). How much, if you please?

3rd Touter. Six shillings, Marm. You'll get none noveres else under seven.

Jones (very indignantly). Infernal imposition—We'll get 'em at the Hall. Come on, pray; come on.

Unprotected Female. Oh! but why didn't you this morning? There, it's only a quarter to seven, and we shall never get places.

4th Touter. Tickets, Sir, tickets—only seven bob—Nothink under eight, at the 'All.

Unprotected Female. There, I told you so—they're getting up. We might have had them for three, six shops further back.

Mr. Jones. I'll go back and get them.

[*Is about to abandon the UNPROTECTED FEMALE for the purpose.*]

Unprotected Female. Oh! please, MR. JONES—you mustn't leave me in this crowd. I shall be squeezed to death. Oh! I'll go with you. (They turn and make a futile struggle against the tide). Oh, we must go on—We can't get back—Oh! indeed, I won't go back.

Jones (feeling himself compromised). Here you, tickets. (Disburses sixteen shillings). By JOVE, it's abominable of the directors. I'll write to the Times—Sacred music, too.

Unprotected Female. It's just what I expected—I told you we ought to have got tickets before.

Jones (impatiently, and feeling the loss of his money). Well, we've got 'em now. (Sotto voce). Dear enough, at the money.

[*They have by this time reached the Hall steps. The crowd already dense, becomes denser and denser. Some ladies in the front are already going into hysterics, and their gentlemen struggling wildly, trying to procure them a supply of air and elbow-room.*]

Unprotected Female. Oh, it's dreadful! Oh, MR. JONES—Oh! please, Sir—(To a STOUT GENTLEMAN who has intruded the greater part of a very large body into the UNPROTECTED FEMALE'S standing room). Please, you're perfectly sitting upon me.

Jones (*indignantly*). Sir—do you hear? You're sitting upon this lady.

Stout Gentleman (*helplessly*). Sir, ever so many people are sitting upon me. I won't sit upon the lady more than I can help.

Unprotected Female. Oh, I shall be smothered—Oh, please get off.

Jones (*witheringly*). Do you hear, Sir? Get off, will you, Sir,—this instant.

Stout Gentleman. If they'll get off me. I don't like it, Sir, I can tell you. It may be the "Creation," but I'll be hanged if it's re-creation.

Jones (*savagely*). Sir, you're no gentleman. (*The Stout Gentleman makes no reply*). Sir, I insist on your card.

Stout Gentleman. If you can get your hand into my right coat pocket and won't take out my handkerchief,—you'll find my card-case.

Jones (*beside himself*). Sir, you're a blackguard.

Unprotected Female (*who knows JONES's fiery and chivalrous nature*). Oh—please—don't—MR. JONES—Oh, Sir, never mind (*to Stout Gentleman*). I don't care—I'm quite comfortable—Oh dear, dear—(*The pressure from without augments*). Oh!—Oh!—

Jones (*making the most terrific efforts for space*). Stand back, do; the lady's fainting—

Patient Person. Sir, there are several ladies fainting. You must expect it if you bring females.

Unprotected Female (*by this time nearly unconscious, is stung into life by the word "female"*). Sir,—you're no—

[*The rest of the sentence is crushed out by the rush that follows on the opening of the doors. MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE are swept up the stairs by the avalanche. MR. JONES makes the most frantic efforts to retain his hold of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, but is separated from her. She is left by the crowd at the pay-place.*]

Check-Taker. Ticket.

Unprotected Female. Oh, MR. JONES has got them. We've been separated. (*Sees MR. JONES struggling in the sea of heads below*). Oh—there he is—here—MR. JONES—he's up here.

[*Telegraphs wildly to JONES, who at last is flung exhausted beside her.*]

Jones (*as soon as he has recovered breath*). By JOVE, it's shameful! It's rascally—you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

Check-Taker (*impassively, as being accustomed to such addresses*). Tickets.

Jones (*giving his tickets*). I'll write to the papers—You see if I don't.

Unprotected Female (*in dread of JONES's wrath leading to some new embarrassment*). Oh—do come—please MR. JONES—you know he can't help it.

[*They enter the Hall. The usual scene presents itself; every seat is filled, the lobbies are filled with indignant standers, and helpless people who have lost their parties; a general tone of rage, mingled with wretchedness, prevails over this portion of the audience.*]

Unprotected Female. Oh, there's not a single seat.

Spectators from behind. Move on in front—sit down—make way.

Jones. By JOVE—I must write to the papers—this is most scandalous.

Gentleman with a Wand. Now, Sir, you really must not block up the passages.

Jones (*sarcastically*). If you can show me where we're to go. This is a pretty Harmonic Society—this is!

Gentleman with a Wand. Abundance of room under the gallery.

[*JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE are gradually hustled under the Gallery, where all they can hear is a storm of hisses, as M. COSTA comes into the Orchestra—and all they can see is the large of a Stout Party's back, immediately in front of them.*]

Unprotected Female (*who is broken down by disappointment and the effects of pressure*). Oh—please—I can't see the least, and I shall die of the heat—oh—do, let's go home—

[*Cries of "Shame, shame," "COSTA, COSTA." Hisses. "Return the money," &c., &c., amidst which the 700 Performers burst into the opening movement of the "Creation."*]

Jones (*maddened by a sense of injustice, and the sufferings of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, who is obviously preparing to faint*). Let us out—here—let us out. By JOVE, we'll have our money back. Make way for a lady who's fainting.

[*Extricates the UNPROTECTED FEMALE with some trouble from the crowd, and regains the CHECK-TAKER's box. The lobby is filled with a crowd in the same state of mind as MR. JONES.*]

Mr. Jones. Now—you, Sir—here—there's no room in the Hall—not a seat, by JOVE—I want my money back.

Check-Taker (*blandly*). Where did you buy your tickets, Sir?

Jones. I bought them of a fellow in the street, and paid sixteen shillings for two.

Check-Taker. You were cheated of ten shillings, Sir.

Jones. And what do you mean by selling tickets to blackguards like that? But I'll expose the system—I'll write to the Times.

Check-Taker (*with extreme politeness*). If you had bought your tickets at the Hall, Sir, it wouldn't have happened.

Jones. Oh, bother—give me back my money.

Check-Taker. You really must apply to the gentleman you bought your tickets of. I've no doubt he'll return the money.

Jones. By JOVE, this is swindling. At all events, you'll give me back my tickets.

[*CHECK-TAKER returns them. Jones dashes out of the Hall as well as the limp and shattered state of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE will allow him*]. Here, hollo—cab—here, cab—

[*Runs wildly along the Strand for a cab, leaving the UNPROTECTED FEMALE at the door, more dead than alive.*]

Speculative Man (*to UNPROTECTED FEMALE*). Buy your ticket, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh, don't talk to me, Man. I don't sell tickets—there's no room inside.

Jones. Here's a cab. By JOVE! it's the most infernal shame this letting in more people than the place will hold. It's robbery.

[*Puts UNPROTECTED FEMALE into cab.*]

Speculative Man. Buy your tickets, Sir?

Jones. How much will you give?

Speculative Man. Three-and-Six.

Jones. Here. [*Hands him the Tickets, and takes the money.*]

Unprotected Female (*indignantly*). Oh, MR. JONES, when you know there's no room—How can you?

[*SCENE closes on her disgust and MR. JONES's humiliation.*]

THE STREET OPERA SEASON.



GENERALLY before the opening of Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres (for which BALFE and COSTA are making their usual preparations,) the Street Opera season commences, and we now find vocalists, as well as instrumentalists, in every walk along the public thoroughfares.

The old stringed quartette of four blind double basses has reinforced its instrumental power with a new stock of catgut, which supplies three or four strings that have been missing for some years, and we have now a completeness of effect which was difficult to attain when the executants had to deal with defective instruments.

A seventh trombone has been added to the brass band of nine, and, in order to give effect to martial music, a triangle has been attached to the elbow and knee of the cornet-à-piston who renders his passages on both of

his instruments very conscientiously. The celebrated *basso-profondo* in a sailor's costume has acquired fresh depth since last season by an extra hoarseness, which gives great additional *aplomb*, at a slight sacrifice of power. His "Will you love me then as now?" may be looked upon as a perfect triumph of nothing over everything.

We never recollect an instance in which, considering the smallness amounting almost to total absence of resources, so much has been accomplished. Young SNOOKS, the runaway shop-boy, or, more properly speaking, the counter-tenor, has acquired considerable breadth in person, if not in style, since last season, and his shake is more nervous—particularly when he sees a policeman coming—than it used to be. We witnessed the other day his extraordinary run up a passage, diversified with the most astonishing *salti*, while the *bâton* of Policeman K., who acted as conductor on the occasion, was beating all the time.

THE WOLF OF EXETER HALL.

SOME little time ago we had occasion to take contemptuous notice of the animadversions of a pseudo-sanctified newspaper called the *Record* upon the directors of Exeter Hall for permitting SHAKSPEARE to be read in that half-conventicle, half-concert room. The Exeter Hall directory, we understand, has objected to the further use of the Hall for SHAKSPEARE readings, because certain MAWORM Societies renting portions of the building, threatened to quit if any more SHAKSPEARE were suffered in it. Yet songs,—many frivolous, not a few of questionable tendency,—are allowed every Wednesday, where SHAKSPEARE's noble poetry and true philosophy may not be heard. It has been remarked with disgust that among the Exeter Hall songs has been included a coarse and vulgar one celebrating murder and robbery, and sung nowhere else but at Free-and-Easies, called "The Wolf." That, however, is not the kind of Wolf that is the most odious there. The worst Exeter Hall Wolf—the Wolf with truly hideous howl—is the Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.



EFFECT OF STOPPING THE GROG.

"COME ALONG, JACK, MY HEARTY; NOTHING LIKE LAYING UP FOR A RAINY DAY."

THE SELF-ASSERTION OF SUNDAY.

BACKED by a numerous and respectfully signed petition, I demand the total discontinuance of Post-Office Labour during my twenty-four hours. My objection to such labour altogether is quite different from the cant of my pretended partisans, who howled against Ministers for employing a few London postmen during part of me, in order that many postmen in the country throughout the whole of me might rest.

I repudiate the hypocritical sanctimony that would make me a pretext for depriving the jaded citizen of a healthful excursion, and denying a person the means of conveyance to the sick bed of a friend or relative. I regard the man who would stop the railway trains on my account, and yet allow his dinner to be cooked in spite of me, as a miserable impostor. But, apart from higher considerations, all who possibly can ought to have a holiday once a week, and I am the day for it. I do not want to be forced upon anybody, but this I will say: that to compel the conscientious to disregard me is persecution; and all should at least enjoy the option of observing me; that is to say, the Christian Sabbath, or

SUNDAY.

OLD BAILEY CANNON-BALLS.

MR. EDWARD KENEALY, barrister and late candidate for Dublin University, has been held to bail to appear, without wig or gown, on the shady side of the Old Bailey bar, charged with the grossest cruelty to his child. We shall give no opinion of the case, further than to hope that MR. KENEALY may clear himself of the accusation; otherwise we know of no process that can return the learned gentleman, sweet and wholesome again to the fraternity of barristers. MR. BURNIE, a legal friend of the accused, very solemnly declared, that—

"If he went to the sessions, it would be his duty to defend a grand principle, and he should speak cannon-balls."

If evidence bear out the charge, we take it nothing short of cannon-balls can be of any avail to MR. KENEALY; certainly cannon-balls discharged from brass ordnance.

LORD BROUGHAM'S EXHIBITION FOR 1850.

LORD BROUGHAM was among the higher Westminster personages who met to discourse of the appointed Exhibition of 1851. There was some excellent talk. The good EARL OF CARLISLE delivered himself with his characteristic earnestness and elegance. Then came the French Ambassador; then London's Bishop; then Prussia spoke through CHEVALIER BUNSEN; then America gave utterance, in the words of MR. LAWRENCE. All proceeded in the most cordial manner; everybody full of satisfaction, everybody animated by the hearty and enlightened sentiments variously delivered. This unanimity, however, could hardly please LORD BROUGHAM. The cordiality of the meeting was almost an affront to himself; it was plain, he was restless under the good-humour delivered and enjoyed about him. Whereupon, he got himself to move a resolution, that, after his best manner, he might throw two or three squibs and crackers amongst the rejoicing people gathered together. His Lordship was, of course, successful. Nothing but cheers and plaudits had been heard until LORD BROUGHAM opened his mouth. Then came the difference; for his Lordship—departing from a consideration of the things to be exhibited at the great commercial festival of 1851—suddenly fell upon that day of special constables, April 10, 1848; that day when every one held himself over to keep the peace, and perfectly succeeded. Adverting to the sights to be presented to the eyes of our foreign guests—

"He hoped we should not have the trouble, further, of showing them—but if occasion arose, we should show them—how here such spectacles as that of the 10th of April, 1848, are received." (*Cheers and Hisses.*)

Then, pleasantly stimulated by the sibilation, BROUGHAM continued, saying:—

"We should show them that, although preparations are made on such occasions by the QUEEN'S Government to preserve the QUEEN'S peace, such preparations are not needed, for that the citizens themselves at once put down, as quietly as effectually, the miserable despicable attempt at disturbance." (*Renewed Cheers and Hisses.*)

It is with this feeling that, as we understand, LORD BROUGHAM proposes to contribute an instrument that, in the very triumph of the show, shall—like the skeleton at the Egyptian banquet—call up dismal thoughts, to overcast and sadden the revel. On the 10th of April, 1848, LORD BROUGHAM was a most distinguished Special Constable; the admiration of servant maids, and the terror of little boys, who—when become the oldest inhabitants of their parish—will no doubt tell their great-grand-children of the grace and agility of BROUGHAM and VAUX. Well, it is his Lordship's intention to contribute to the Exhibition the identical staff—now a precious thing, a part of history—with which he entered on his special duty. That staff, in the like manner that yews and cedars are dwarfed into trees of inches—that staff contains within itself the whole bulk and massiveness of the British oak. The acorn was planted by CARACTACUS—the bark of the flourishing tree was carved by KING ALFRED, and the whole timber compressed into one small weapon for the special hands of a BROUGHAM. Reflecting on the origin and history of the staff, we are not surprised that, even at so peaceful a meeting as that of the inhabitants of Westminster, his Lordship should flourish the bit of oak about him, with the vivacity of an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair.

CHANCERY IN DANGER.

(*Draught of a Petition to the House of Commons.*)

WE, the undersigned, loyal subjects of HER MAJESTY, warmly attached to all our time-honoured institutions, and in particular to the High Court of Chancery, beg leave humbly to approach your Honourable House, and pray you not to pass any measure calculated to abridge or simplify the proceedings of that Court, wherein we, your Petitioners, have vested interests.

We submit that practitioners in equity have a prescriptive right to a portion of the property of this country, represented by the average amount which is spent in litigation respecting the same.

We are prepared to furnish your Honourable House with returns, showing the number of suicides and cases of insanity, referrible, during a term of years, to the working of the Court of Chancery. We entreat you to consider that inquests are generally paid for at so much each, that cases of derangement give rise to commissions of lunacy, and also exert a material influence on the number of inmates of asylums for the insane. We therefore implore your Honourable House not to assent to any measure, which, by limiting the operation of Chancery in the respects abovementioned, will diminish the customary business, and abridge the regular gains of your petitioners. And your petitioners as by interest bound will ever vote, &c.

* * * Left at our Office for signature by all Equity Draughtsmen, Chancery Barristers, Coroners, and Keepers of Lunatic Asylums.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.



THE BOLD SMUGGLER WHO WALKS THE STREETS.

You know the Bold Smuggler at once, because there is nothing nautical about his appearance. He does not wear a blue-striped shirt—nor pumps—nor a belt—nor a straw hat—nor loose canvas trousers. More than this, to prove how little he has to do with the sea, he wears braces. He looks infinitely more like a stolen-dog-seller than a Bold Smuggler.

The Smuggler's haunts are principally at shop windows. The West End is his favourite cruise. He picks up the best prizes in the rich channels of Regent Street.

The way in which the Smuggler captures a prize is very easy. When a simple-looking craft anchors in front of a print shop, he runs in alongside of him. He pours a broadside, a very mild one at first, rising no higher than a whisper, such as, "D'ye want any cigars, Sir? you shall have 'em very cheap." But if that makes no impression, the next broadside is thrown in a little stronger, being compounded of "Chinay dresses-walenscenes lace-French cambric hankychiefs-Injay shawls," and similar deadly ingredients, that are generally fatal for presents. But the young craft mostly surrenders at the first shot, and then all the Smuggler has to do is to tow him quietly into some secluded little creek, where he can plunder him at his leisure.

This towing requires most clever tacking. The Preventive Service (the Police) may be on the look-out, and give chase. This seldom occurs, however, for the Smuggler knows all the stations of the Police, and manages to steer pretty clear of them.

The Prize at last is run on shore. The bay is a public-house in some narrow inlet of a street. They sail rapidly through the bar,—clear the yard at the back—and there, into some dark cave of a washhouse, where neither the eye of man, nor the bull's-eye of the police, can penetrate, is the prize quietly hauled. It is all done without a breath being heard. The Smuggler has long ceased to say a syllable in favour of his "prime cheroots." There is not even the creaking of a boot to disturb the silence of the gloom.

A door is unlocked. The Prize is requested to walk in. No hospitable ray shines from within to guide his wavering steps. The Smuggler in charity seizes his hand, and acts as a friendly lugger to the unhappy craft he has captured.

The first sound that grates upon the ear of the sleeping silence is the striking of a lucifer-match. In another minute a weak tallow candle endeavours to throw a light on the blackness of the scene. There is more silence, more darkness, and more lucifer-matches. At last the candle is really lighted, and illuminates the thick figure of a second Smuggler, that during the struggle has tiptoed into the gloomy cave.

Then the plunder begins. What rich shawls are unfolded, and held up in all their breadth, and draped over the Smuggler's expansive shoulders, to display their inviting richness ! They seem large enough to cover Hyde Park, and with colours so gay that a lady would not be happy till she had folded them to her heart. Cambric stores are curiously fingered and violently stared through, to investigate their delicate fineness. Little violet-coloured boxes, full of the creamiest laces, as tender as cobwebs, are emptied on the dirty table, whilst the Bold Smugglers exchange entertaining fables about their marvellous origin and value.

But where are the cigars? True! JIM will run out and fetch the box. It doesn't do to keep their store here on account of the Excise. They're so precious sharp.

The Smuggler No. 2 is soon back again. He couldn't find the box, but he can give the gen'l'man two or three as a specimen of the lot. They're the primest Hawannahs, and couldn't be had not for three times the money anywhere else.

The cigars are lighted. The gen'lman has his doubts as to their authenticity, and modestly expresses them. This opinion is bluntly resented by both Smugglers, and one of them takes the liberty to bolt the washhouse door.

Hereupon the Prize gets alarmed. He gently states that he does not wish to make any purchases to-day, and hints a pressing desire to go home—a desire which elicits all the ferocious daring of the Smuggler. He plants his big back against the door, and roughly insinuates "that trick won't do. He doesn't stir from this 'ere place till he has bought sumfin. It's very likely they're a going to let him loose to run and give information agin' 'em. They've been served that dodge once too often. How do they know he's not an Excise Officer in disguise? So he must purchase sumfin, and then he's as much in their power, as they are in his'n. The gen'l'mn must excuse him, but they're poor folk, and they can't risk their necks on the igh seas just to be put in jail for nuffen."

There is no escape. The Prize, evidently, will not be sent adrift till he has been cleaned out. The Smugglers look threatening. Their black faces grow blacker with rage—they whisper together, and growl and cough most forebodingly. The Prize amends his opinion touching the cigars. They are not so bad as he thought at first. A negotiation of peace is then entered into, and he ultimately puts down two pounds for a box of the "best Hawannahs," and a couple of cambrio handkerchiefs.

The money is paid, and the Smuggler reminds him that they have not got the cigars with them. But he will give the gen'l'man a receipt for the money, and he promises the box shall be left to-morrow at the Fleece Inn, in Holborn, before six o'clock. What name shall it be left in?^p

The Prize gives his card, the goods are packed away in their former hiding place, and he and the Bold Smugglers saunter out together. As they pass through the bar, he is astonished to hear the landlord call one of his comrades back with the curious intimation "that those four cigars have not been paid for."

For a whole week he enquires regularly once a day, at the Fleece Inn, "if a box of cigars has not been left there in the name of ADAM SIMPLETON?"

As for the cambric handkerchiefs, they are given to the housemaid the next day for dusters. A month afterwards our Prize hails in Regent Street the self-same Smuggler. He tells him that he has never received the Havannahs, and innocently requests to have his two pounds returned to him.

The Bold Smuggler laughs boldly in his face, and denying his acquaintance, as well as his debt, gives him more than the amount of it in abuse and blackguardism—for every Smuggler knows that however rich a Prize may be the first time, there is no chance of ever catching him a second.

Young Prizes that float up from the country, laden with boundless treasures, should beware of the Bold Smugglers that infest the streets of London! You invariably pay through the nose for smuggled goods, more especially for cambric pocket handkerchiefs and cigars.

The Very Latest Secret.

PUNCH believes he is grossly violating Ministerial confidence, in stating, that a certain worthy, wise, and weighty Alderman is about to be raised to the peerage, by the style and title of BARON OVERTWENTYSTONE.

THE NEW PEER.

THE Banker Lord must have his name destroyed :
The Peerage must be pure—no Peer, ALLOYD.

OLD SAYING (NEW VERSION).

"DON'T CARE" came to a Snig's End.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY IN FRANCE.



Down, Frenchmen, with your Tree of Liberty,
The wretched emblem of an empty boast!
Clear ye away the sapless mockery,
Now, nothing but an inconvenient post;
And chop it into logs to burn,
That it may serve some useful turn.

"Sapless, you say. Good stranger, look again,
And you'll discern it is a living tree."
In faith 'tis true—its buds I see quite plain,
Blossom and leaf, distinct as they can be.
Nay, I can e'en distinguish now,
Fruit, thick and full, on every bough.

Seeming, erewhile, a dead old poplar—lo!—
—Only to think how outward sense deceives!—
View'd closer, 'tis a flourishing wild aloe,
For prickles having bayonets; swords for leaves:
And it bears cannon-shot, and bombs,
And musket-bullets for its plums.

To the revision of the mind's eye, thus,
Paris, thy Tree of Liberty appears,
Which thou didst plant, with such a world of fuss,
Since but a little less than two short years:
Sword-law and Soldier-rule its fruit—
A mighty Tree indeed—to shoot.

To outward view 'tis still a wither'd trunk,
What other was it ever like to be?
Transplanted—sure, by people mad or drunk—
In its green youth, what hope of such a Tree?
If Freedom's timber you would grow,
You must not think to rear it so.

No: first, your care must duly set in earth
The seed—your acorn is the only kind—
And then the Tree must be inured, from birth,
To brave the nipping frost and stormy wind,
And oft the lightning to defy,
Reaching its proud arms to the sky.

This is the sole true Tree of Liberty,
Fixed in the soil with everlasting roots;
Beneath its shade thrives peaceful industry;
Pounds, Shillings, Pence, and Order, are its fruits.
Then burn your Maypoles, worthy folk,
And cultivate the British Oak.

A MODEL WOMAN.

We hear that a statue—an embodiment of the perfection of a woman—is about to be erected on the heights of Folkstone; a statue that shall carry with it a great moral lesson. It is no other than the Statue of a Woman (about to travel)—with only one portmanteau!

How to ADVANCE IN THIS WORLD.—Let your advances be like those of a pawnbroker, who never makes a single advance unless he is quite sure that "it is the ticket."—*Our Prophetic Soul.*

WAITING AT THE STATION.

We are amongst a number of people waiting for the Blackwall train at the Fenchurch Street Station. Some of us are going a little farther than Blackwall—as far as Gravesend; some of us are going even farther than Gravesend—to Port Philip, in South Australia, leaving behind the *patria fines* and the pleasant fields of old England. It is rather a queer sensation to be in the same boat and station with a party that is going upon so prodigious a journey. One speculates about them with more than an ordinary interest, thinking of the difference between your fate and theirs, and that we shall never behold these faces again.

Some eight-and-thirty women are sitting in the large Hall of the station, with bundles, baskets, and light baggage, waiting for the steamer, and the orders to embark. A few friends are taking leave of them, bonnets are laid together, and whispering going on. A little crying is taking place;—only a very little crying,—and among those who remain, as it seems to me, not those who are going away. They leave behind them little to weep for; they are going from bitter cold and hunger, constant want and unavailing labour. Why should they be sorry to quit a mother who has been so hard to them as our country has been? How many of these women will ever see the shore again, upon the brink of which they stand, and from which they will depart in a few minutes more? It makes one sad and ashamed too, that they should not be more sorry. But how are you to expect love where you have given such scanty kindness? If you saw your children glad at the thoughts of leaving you, and for ever: would you blame yourselves or them? It is not that the children are ungrateful, but the home was unhappy, and the parents indifferent or unkind. You are in the wrong under whose government they only had neglect and wretchedness; not they, who can't be called upon to love such an unlovely thing as misery, or to make any other return for neglect but indifference and aversion.

You and I, let us suppose again, are civilised persons. We have been decently educated: and live decently every day, and wear tolerable clothes, and practise cleanliness: and love the arts and graces of life. As we walk down this rank of eight-and-thirty female emigrants, let us fancy that we are at Melbourne, and not in London, and that we have come down from our sheep-walks, or clearings, having heard of the arrival of forty honest, well-recommended young women, and having a natural longing to take a wife home to the bush—which of these would you like? If you were an Australian Sultan, to which of these would you throw the handkerchief? I am afraid not one of them. I fear, in our present mood of mind, we should mount horse and return to the country, preferring a solitude, and to be a bachelor, rather than to put up with one of these for a companion. There is no girl here to tempt you by her looks; (and, world-wiseacre as you are, it is by these you are principally moved)—there is no pretty, modest, red-cheeked, rustic,—no neat, trim, little grisette, such as what we call a gentleman might cast his eyes upon without too much derogating, and might find favour in the eyes of a man about town. No; it is a homely bevy of women with scarcely any beauty amongst them—their clothes are decent, but not the least picturesque—their faces are pale and care-worn for the most part—how, indeed, should it be otherwise, seeing that they have known care and want all their days?—there they sit upon bare benches, with dingy bundles, and great cotton umbrellas—and the truth is, you are not a hardy colonist, a feeder of sheep, a feller of trees, a hunter of kangaroos—but a London man, and my lord the Sultan's cambric handkerchief is scented with Bond Street perfumery—you put it in your pocket, and couldn't give it to any one of these women.

They are not like you, indeed. They have not your tastes and feelings: your education and refinements. They would not understand a hundred things which seem perfectly simple to you. They would shock you a hundred times a day by as many deficiencies of politeness, or by outrages upon the Queen's English—by practices entirely harmless, and yet in your eyes actually worse than crimes—they have large hard hands and clumsy feet. The women you love must have pretty soft fingers that you may hold in yours: must speak her language properly, and at least when you offer her your heart, must return hers with its *A* in the right place, as she whispers that it is yours, or you will have none of it. If she says, "O Hedward, I ham so unappy to think I shall never beold you agin,"—though her emotion on leaving you might be perfectly tender and genuine, you would be obliged to laugh. If she said, "Hedward, my art is yours for hever and hever," (and anybody heard her), she might as well stab you,—you couldn't accept the most faithful affection offered in such terms—you are a town-bred man, I say, and your handkerchief smells of Bond Street musk and millefleur. A sun-burnt settler out of the Bush won't feel any of these exquisite tortures, or understand this kind of laughter: or object to Molly because her hands are coarse and her ankles thick: but he will take her back to his farm, where she will nurse his children, bake his dough, milk his cows, and cook his kangaroo for him.

But between you, an educated Londoner, and that woman, is not the union absurd and impossible? Would it not be unbearable for either? Solitude would be incomparably pleasanter than such a companion.—

You might take her with a handsome fortune perhaps were you starving; but then it is because you want a house and carriage, let us say, (your necessities of life,) and must have them even if you purchase them with your precious person. You do as much, or your sister does as much, every-day. That however is not the point: I am not talking about the meanness to which your worship may be possibly obliged to stoop, in order, as you say, "to keep up your rank in society"—only stating that this immense social difference does exist. You don't like to own it: or don't choose to talk about it, and such things had much better not be spoken about at all. I hear your worship say, there must be differences of rank and so forth! Well! out with it at once, you don't think MOLLY is your equal—nor indeed is she in the possession of many artificial acquirements. She can't make Latin verses, for example, as you used to do at school, she can't speak French and Italian as your wife very likely can, &c.—and in so far she is your inferior, and your amiable lady's.

But what I note, what I marvel at, what I acknowledge, what I am ashamed of, what is contrary to Christian morals, manly modesty and honesty, and to the national well-being, is that there should be that immense social distinction between the well-dressed classes (as, if you will permit me, we will call ourselves) and our brethren and sisters in the fustian jackets and pattens. If you deny it for your part, I say that you are mistaken, and deceive yourself woefully. I say that you have been educated to it through Gothic ages, and have had it handed down to you from your fathers (not that they were anybody in particular, but respectable, well-dressed progenitors, let us say for a generation or two) from your well-dressed fathers before you. How long ago is it, that our preachers were teaching the poor "to know their station?" that it was the peculiar boast of Englishmen that any man, the humblest among us, could, by talent, industry and good luck, hope to take his place in the aristocracy of his country, and that we pointed with pride to Lord This who was the grandson of a barber; and to Earl That, whose father was an Apothecary? what a multitude of most respectable folks pride themselves on these things still! The gulf is not impassable, because one man in a million swims over it, and we hail him for his strength and success. He has landed on the happy island. He is one of the aristocracy. Let us clap hands and applaud. There's no country like ours for rational freedom.

If you go up and speak to one of these women, as you do (and very good-naturedly, and you can't help that confounded condescension) she curtsies and holds down her head meekly, and replies with modesty, as becomes her station, to your honour with the clean shirt and the well-made coat. And so she should; what hundreds of thousands of us rich and poor say still. Both believe this to be bounden duty; and that a poor person should naturally bob her head to a rich one physically and morally.

Let us get her last curtsy from her as she stands here upon the English shore. When she gets into the Australian woods her back won't bend except to her labour; or, if it do, from old habit and the reminiscence of the old country, do you suppose her children will be like that timid creature before you? They will know nothing of that Gothic society, with its ranks and hierarchies, its cumbrous ceremonies, its glittering antique paraphernalia, in which we have been educated; in which rich and poor still acquiesce, and which multitudes of both still admire: far removed from these old world traditions, they will be bred up in the midst of plenty, freedom, manly brotherhood. Do you think if your worship's grandson goes into the Australian woods, or meets the grandchild of one of yonder women by the banks of the Warrawarra, the Australian will take a hat off or bob a curtsy to the new comer? He will hold out his hand, and say, "Stranger, come into my house and take a shakedown and have a share of our supper. You come out of the old country, do you! There was some people were kind to my grandmother there, and sent her out to Melbourne. Times are changed since then—come in and welcome!"

What a confession it is that we have almost all of us been obliged to make! A clever and earnest-minded writer gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor in London; he goes amongst labouring people and poor of all kinds—and brings back what? A picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like it; and that the griefs, struggles, strange adventures here depicted exceed anything that any of us could imagine. Yes; and these wonders and terrors have been lying by your door and mine ever since we had a door of our own. We had but to go a hundred yards off and see for ourselves, but we never did. Don't we pay poor-rates, and are they not heavy enough in the name of patience? Very true; and we have our own private pensioners, and give away some of our superfluity, very likely. You are not unkind; not ungenerous. But of such wondrous and complicated misery as this you confess you had no idea? No. How should you?—you and I—we are of the upper classes; we have had hitherto no community with the poor. We never speak a word to the servant who waits on us for twenty years; we condescend to employ a tradesman, keeping him at a proper distance, mind—of course, at a proper distance—we laugh at his young men, if they dance, jig, and amuse themselves

like their betters, and call them counter-jumpers, snobs, and what not; of his workmen we know nothing, how pitilessly they are ground down, how they live and die, here close by us at the backs of our houses; until some poet like HOOD wakes and sings that dreadful "*Song of the Shirt*"; some prophet like CARLYLE rises up and denounces woe; some clear-sighted, energetic man like the writer of the *Chronicle* travels into the poor man's country for us, and comes back with his tale of terror and wonder.

Awful, awful poor man's country! The bell rings and these eight-and-thirty women bid adieu to it, rescued from it (as a few thousands more will be) by some kind people who are interested in their behalf. In two hours more, the steamer lies alongside the ship *Culloden*, which will bear them to their new home. Here are the berths aft for the unmarried women, the married couples are in the midships, the bachelors in the fore-part of the ship. Above and below decks it swarms and echoes with the bustle of departure. The Emigration Commissioner comes and calls over their names; there are old and young, large families, numbers of children already accustomed to the ship, and looking about with amused unconsciousness. One was born but just now on board; he will not know how to speak English till he is fifteen thousand miles away from home. Some of those kind people whose bounty and benevolence organised the Female Emigration Scheme, are here to give a last word and shake of the hand to their *protégées*. They hang sadly and gratefully round their patrons. One of them, a clergyman, who has devoted himself to this good work, says a few words to them at parting. It is a solemn minute indeed—for those who (with the few thousand who will follow them,) are leaving the country and escaping from the question between rich and poor; and what for those who remain? But, at least, those who go will remember that in their misery here they found gentle hearts to love and pity them, and generous hands to give them succour, and will plant in the new country this grateful tradition of the old.—May Heaven's good mercy speed them!

A HINT FOR A NEW HANSARD.



THE idea suggested to us by the following paragraph from the *Times* of Monday pleased us mightily:

"In Saturday's paper, by a typographical accident, the commencement of SIR J. WALSH's speech was omitted in the summary of the debate in the House of Commons, and the conclusion attributed to MR. REYNOLDS."

An "accident" of this nature seems to be such a very lucky one, that the occurrence of a few more

such "accidents," which might easily be "done on purpose," would be an immense boon to the Newspaper Reading Community.

The occasional omission of the first half of one speech, and the last half of another, would effect a saving of exactly fifty per cent on the whole amount, and would cause an economy of the editor's space and the reader's time, that both parties would appreciate. Considering how many speakers come to a conclusion quite independent of what they have been alleging in the first portions of their harangues, there could not be much harm done by the reporters now and then beginning at the end of a speech, or leaving off in the middle. A much more truthful picture of the debates would thus be afforded, for many of the orators speak to no practicable end; and, of a great many others, the only valuable part of the speech is the conclusion or stoppage.

It must have been rather annoying to the parties concerned in the above typographical *mélange*, but we dare say SIR JOHN WALSH's wind-up did quite as well without any commencement of its own, and that MR. REYNOLDS's exordium fitted in at the beginning, just as well as the one that had been made for it. We wish our daily contemporary would introduce a series of these Parliamentary cross-readings, by which a great portion of the debates that are now without any interest at all, could be made amusing at any rate.

Wanted, a Few Bubbles.

MR. PUNCH, having read with extreme emotion that there is the amazing amount of £17,000,000 in the Bank cellars,—calls upon the ingenious and craving to come forth like men, and blow a few bubbles! Any sort of bubble will do, if it only have the tint of novelty. No old hand need apply, and no letter with the post-mark "Sunderland" will be taken in; lest the compliment should be returned by the writer.

THE FARMER'S TAXED-CART.—EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.



[We insert the subjoined account of a singular dream, as forwarded to us by a respectable agriculturist, with a request that *Mr. Punch* would "put un into his pea-per if so be he thought 'a was worth a corner in 't, and had got room for un."]

"Arter I'd smoked my pipe and drink'd my jug o' beer t'other night, I vell asleep in my arm-chair, and had a dream. Seemingly I was a ridun to market in my taxed-cart—you knows what a taxed-cart is, I s'pose—Taxed!—I doan't know what bain't taxed now-o-days; but no matter.

"I thought the old smooth road was all broke up, and I was a drivun' over the bare flint stones without Protection. The cart bumped and jolted along, and went slower and slower, till at last Blackbird stopped short and ouldn't go no vurther. I geed un the whip, but 'twart o' no use; and the old hoss set to a kickin' ready to knock the trap all to pieces.

"Thinks I, 'why, this here looks as if the cart was overloaded, and yet I can't zee what wi'.' Whereupon my eyes appeared to be opened, and then I zeed what I'd got in un. In the fust place, a cart-load of gurt sacks, as I vancied. When I come to look closer at 'em I found they was taxes.

"There I zee the Hop-Ground Tax, and the Hop Duty as well; the Fruit-Ground Tax, the Malt Tax, the Land Tax, the Poor's Rate, the Highway Rate, the Church Rate, the County Rate, and I doan't know

how many moor rates and taxes. 'Dash my buttons!' I sez to myself, 'you may well call a carridge like this a Taxed-Cart.'

"But besides all this, lo and behold you, I found I was carryun' company wi' me. Lookun' over my shoulder—over the right as well as the left, *Mr. Punch*!—who should I discover but the Landlord and the Paason, one o' one side and t'other o' t'other. The Landlord was squatted on a sack stuffed wi' Rent, and the Paason was a straddle over another cram full o' Tithes.

"'No wonder,' I heer'd a voice say, 'you can't git on, Farmer.' I looked out, and there was a stranger, though I thought I recollected a likeness of un draad in your pea-per.

"'Hollo!' sez the Landlord, 'here 's that feller COBDEN—bless him!'

"'Amen!' answers his Reverence.

"'You're tryin' to goo the old way to the old market,' says the stranger. 'You can't do it.'

"'Which is the way, then?' sez I.

"'That 'ere turnin' to the right,' a sez, and pints to a finger-pooast directun' 'To FINANCIAL REFORM.' I turned the hosses head to the road he show'd me; off started old Blackbird directly full split: the Paason and the Landlord sung out, 'Stop!' and I woke with their hollerun', and found 'twas a dream.

"Not all a dream, though, *Mr. Punch*, and mark my words, you may 'pend upon 't, that what I dreamt—and moor than some folks dreams of—will afore long come true."

HINT TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE Humane Society dined together last week at the Freemasons' Tavern. In the course of the evening a number of persons who had been rescued from drowning by the Society marched in procession through the room. Among the number was the illustrious SOYER, who, as the world knows, was nearly "glacé en surprise" the other day while skating, and was preserved to culinary and political Reform by the Society's means. We notice the appearance of M. SOYER for the purpose of recording the wish that he may have presided, on this occasion, over the preparation of the dinner of a Society that so well deserved a good one. After saying thus much, we may be excused for

recommending that the Humane Society should extend the sphere of its operation. Why should its benevolence take an exclusively aquatic turn? In the metropolis, at least, more persons die by gas than by water. Let the Society lend its aid in diminishing the mortality occasioned by the sulphuretted hydrogen which is exhaled by our filthy drains. Or, still keeping to its favourite element, suppose it endeavoured to obtain a pure water supply for London. Were the attempt successful, it would save many additional lives; for such water as Londoners mostly drink poisons greater numbers than it drowns.



GULLIVER AND THE BROBDINGNAG FARMERS.

"He called his hinds about him, and asked them, (so I afterwards learned,) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature resembling me?"

Vide "Gulliver's Travels."

JUDICIAL AUCTIONEERS.

UNDER the new Act for releasing Encumbered Estates in Ireland, the Judges are empowered to sit in open court and dispose of land by auction. It is nothing new to see property knocked down by due course of law, but the process of getting rid of it beneficially to all parties by legal process, is something no less original than agreeable.

We hope the puffing system will not be adopted, nor indeed do we fear that it will, for their Lordships are clearly actuated by a determination to "keep the thing respectable." We should be sorry to see the court covered with placards announcing "Little Paradises," "Unencumbered Elysiums," "Eligible realms of Freehold Bliss," or with any of the other clap-trap modes of attracting attention to a sale by auction. We could pardon some such announcement as the following:—

MR. BARON RICHARDS,

admitted by detraction herself to be

"NOT A BAD JUDGE,"

will, with the valuable assistance of DR. LONGFIELD, in their conjoint capacity of Government Commissioners for the

SALE OF IRISH ENCUMBERED ESTATES,

have the pleasure—if pleasure it may be termed without a solecism—of submitting to Public Competition a splendidly unique and incomparable series of

LOTS OF LANDED PROPERTY,

the whole of it being divested of Encumbrances in Mortgage, Rent-Charge, &c., amounting to the astounding sum of

EIGHT MILLION POUNDS,

which would undeniably go some way towards

PAYING OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

A more tempting opportunity of investing capital in that truly laudable, and, even in an Englishman, patriotic object, the cultivation of Irish soil, so earnestly advocated by the florid and convincing eloquence of

SIR ROBERT PEEL,

never perhaps presented itself even to the fertile imagination of

CAPABILITY BROWN.

"Now or Never," therefore, should be the motto for any enterprising Capitalist desirous of promoting

THE REGENERATION OF IRELAND.

The Conveyance of these Estates has been so simplified as to preclude the slightest apprehension on the part of the Purchaser of being introduced to too familiar acquaintance with

GENTLEMEN OF THE LONG ROBE;

and he may rest assured that he will require

A VERY SMALL BOX FOR HIS TITLE DEEDS,

which will confer upon him what the celebrated DR. JOHNSON would have styled the potentiality of rendering the famine-stricken population of Ireland really and truly some of the

FINEST PEASANTRY IN THE UNIVERSE,

thus effectively carrying out the creditable intention of the

GOVERNMENT OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

*. Although the Sales will take place in a Court of Justice, MR. BARON RICHARDS will endeavour to banish all gloomy associations by emulating the usual *facies* of the Auction Room; an attempt in which he is allowed to have felicitously acquitted himself on his very first occasion of wielding the Hammer.

THE NEEDLES OF LONDON.

To hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay is a venerable proverb of hopelessness—to discover a needlewoman in London seems a matter of no less despair. THOMAS CARLYLE has, from his paper pulpit, fulminated the fact that "no needlewoman, distressed or otherwise, can be procured in London by any housewife to give for fair wages fair help in sewing." This is very true. The sempstress is a thing of mystery. She dwells in the attics and back rooms of courts and alleys; but how to discover her? Why, SIR ROBERT PEEL has anticipated the remedial reply—"Register, register." Perhaps, MESSRS SHADRACH AND ABEDNEGO, or any other benevolent Samaritans of the thimble, would allow a book upon their premises, wherein the needlewomen might write their names and addresses in honest ink. At present such writing, in the books of such tradesmen, is done in tears.

AN APPEAL FROM THE FIRST OF APRIL.

To SIR R. INGLIS, BART.

"SIR, "PERMIT me, the First of April—allowed by the wisdom of our ancestors to be the greatest hoax of a day, the greatest sham of all the 365—to appeal to you as a gentleman, a patriot, and a member, for perhaps the wisest university upon earth,—to appeal, I say, against a growing custom that, if not straightway ended, will deprive me of my vested rights, transferring what has hitherto been the hallowed property of the First of April to my younger brother, April the Tenth.

"Since 1848, when my younger relative started into absurd importance, swaggering up and down with a constable's staff, and expressing himself willing, and rather desirous to fight, when there was nobody to fight withal, I—the First of April, JOHN BULL's Saint's day (if, kind SIR ROBERT, you will allow me the expression)—I have been made nobody. Not a soul has thought of my claims to noodledom, as a great author would call it—but all reverence, all thanks, expressed and paid to my vapouring younger brother. This is too bad, SIR ROBERT. There is not only ingratitude in such forgetfulness, but great social danger. Are the universities quite safe, if the First of April is to be thus despised? Are twenty state offices I could name altogether secure, if the tom-foolery, hitherto a part of myself, is eclipsed and forgotten?

"It is with great grief I find a patriot and consequently a staunch conservative like yourself giving his powerful name and influence to my fraternal rival, the Tenth. On MR. W. J. FOX's Education Motion, I find these words spoken by SIR ROBERT INGLIS:—

"He had contrasted the education of the people of this country with the more advanced education of other nations; but would he exchange the moral education of the people of England for that of Prussia or France? On the 10th of April, 1848, had we not reason to thank God for the character of the people of this country?"

"It was only a few days ago, at a meeting in Westminster, upon the great Cosmopolite Exhibition that is to be, LORD BROUGHAM dragged in, I may say it, by the very hair of his head, *that* Tenth of April! Indeed, when is he not introduced?—when not forced before the public?—now dandled at Exeter Hall—now pelted at Protection Gatherings!

"I have really put up with this unjust preference for my junior relative, to the utter neglect of myself, until even my proverbial simplicity is outraged. I *now* must speak. I now must implore all statesmen and all Members of Parliament—the distinction is very obvious—to forego this foolish preference, this unjust patronage of an upstart, not yet two years old, in kindly recollection of my claims—claims that existed long before the knowledge of the oldest senator. In the homely but no less pathetic words of the advertisements I cry—

"Englishmen! Ministers! M.P.'s! Return—return to your First of April, and all—all shall be forgotten.

"I have the honour, SIR ROBERT, to remain—no upstart—but yours always,

"THE ORIGINAL APRIL FOOL."

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

THERE is no limit to the recklessness of the penny-a-liners in providing pabulum for a paragraph. If the spider had a shilling an inch allowed him for his web, he could not set to work with more alacrity than is shown by the penny-a-liner in spinning the yarn of fiction into the form of fact, and, indeed, like a green spectaclled monster, "making the food he lives upon." Numerous have been the premature deaths of celebrated men at the hands of the reporters for the newspaper press, who, having earned a shilling by the announcement of a distinguished character's decease, have pocketed an additional sixpence by briefly bringing him to life again. To kill an individual for a day or two is, however, a venial offence, inasmuch as he can always prove his own existence by entering an appearance at any time, but it is far different with the case of the gallant MAJOR EDWARDES, who had no sooner come home from India, and put his foot on the Waterloo Station of the South Western Railway, than some penny-a-liner, in human form, must needs marry him, and bestow upon him two ready-made little ones.

The Major lost no time in getting himself paragraphically divorced, and repudiating the pair of infant pledges in which he had no interest. He very naturally objected to the adoption of the system of "families supplied" on the very gratuitous terms upon which he had been just supplied with a family. His alleged wife turned out to be a black Ayah; and we are of opinion that, on the very face of it, the allegation of his marriage ought not to have been put forth, for if it had been so, the fact—as well as the lady—would have worn a very different complexion. Such a plea as there having been a nigger female with him, cannot hold; and we must insist that, to use the professional term, there was not even enough to give colour.



MUCH TOO CONSIDERATE.

Robinson. "THERE, BROWN, MY BOY, THAT'S AS FINE A GLASS OF WINE AS YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE."

Mrs. Brown. "A-HEM! AUGUSTUS, MY DE-AR. YOU ARE SURELY NEVER GOING TO TAKE PORT WINE. YOU KNOW IT NEVER AGREES WITH YOU, MY LOVE!"

DEATH OUT OF TOWN.

THE Report on intramural interment is a most discouraging document. It treats death as a nuisance, and ought, therefore, to arouse the opposition of those worthy men—the genus LAURIE and HICKS—who look upon a London tombstone as bearing, only with a difference, an extract from the Great Charter. With the recommendation embodied in the Report once carried into effect, and all London church bells are henceforth dumb—dumb in so far as funeral solemnities appeal to them. The giddy, calculating wayfarers of London streets are, moreover, deprived of a most touching moral lesson; for they will not have their idle or commercial feelings deepened into meditation by the frequent appearance of walking funerals, shouldering and edging their way through a crowd of busy life. This, no doubt, is only another attack upon another vested right, and—but we leave the measure in the hands of SIR PETER LAURIE, who will, we fear it not, behave with becoming indignation upon so important a matter.

The Report recommends that a vast cemetery for the million be established. Erith is said to be the spot pointed at. To this spot there will be easy access by railway; and further, by steam-boat, that, at several appointed stations, shall, on certain days, take up its freight of mortality. How civic bodies, in their gilt barges, rowed to iceed punch and white-bait, will suffer the death-boat to poison the Thames and their sense of animal enjoyments is yet to be known. The measure has not yet been approved of by the Court of Aldermen, and that Court boasts at least a LAURIE!

The Report further recommends that the cemetery be planted with trees. For—

"It appears that decomposition invariably goes on more rapidly near the roots of trees than in any other parts of the burial-ground; that the earth is always much drier near the roots of trees than elsewhere; that the fibres of the roots are drawn towards the site of the grave, and are often observed to penetrate right through the decayed wood of the coffin-lid."

The products of decomposition are "recombined," says the Report, "into living and healthful vegetable structures," and thus what were the mortal elements of men and women, may become yew and cypress, and weeping willow. In lieu of poisoning a city atmosphere, the human earth is transferred into a thing of healthful beauty. Very old, indeed, is the thought—but no less welcome in the admirable Report before us. How solemn—how profoundly significant is the old legend of ADAM and the Tree of Paradise!

ADAM, being now ready to die, felt a fear of death, and desired earnestly a branch from the Tree of Paradise. He therefore sent one of his sons thither to fetch one, in hope that he might escape this dreadful reward of sin. The son went, and made his petition to the cherub who guarded the gate, and received from him a bough, but ADAM meanwhile had departed. Therefore the son planted the bough upon ADAM's grave. It struck root, and grew into a great tree, and attracted the whole nature of ADAM to its nutriment. This tree—say the Talmudists—together with the bones of ADAM from beneath it, was preserved in the ark. After the waters had abated, NOAH divided these relics among his sons. The skull was SHEM's share. He buried it in a mountain of Judaea, planting the tree with it, and the place was called from thence Calvary and Golgotha, or the place of a Skull. And of that

tree was made the Cross, so that he who perpend the matter well"—writes our old author—"shall find that whole ADAM as it were is re-collected in and under the cross, and so with an admirable tie, conjoined to the vivifical nature itself."

Beautiful and sustaining is the thought of this solemn legend! It descends with an especial comfort from churchyard yew and cypress.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

THERE were on Monday night no less than eight divisions of the House of Commons, by Protectionists popping up one after the other to move "that the Chairman report progress, and ask leave to sit again." We do not exactly see what progress there could be to report, when obstruction was so much the order of the day that everything in the shape of business was stopped by the repetition *ad nauseam* of the motion we have specified. If we had been the Chairman, we certainly would not "ask leave to sit again;" for, after eight divisions upon one proposition, we think we should have had quite enough of it.

We will not question the great devotion of the Protectionists, as well as of all other parties, to the interests of their country; but we think it is a very unfortunate mode of showing their zeal, that they should impede the public business for an entire evening, by proposing over and over again a motion which rendered impossible anything else in the shape of motion, and brought the House to a dead stand-still. Perhaps, however, the Protectionists act on the motto, "*Divide et Impera*," and imagine that, the oftener they divide, the better their chance of governing.



"LOR! WHAT A MOST ABOMINABLE GLASS—I DECLARE IT MAKES ONE LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT!"

THE TEST OF INTELLIGENCE.

As most persons differ as to what the Suffrage should be, we propose the following test:—"That every one who reads *Punch* shall be entitled to a vote."

DIED—On the 3rd instant MR. W. P. HALE's left whisker, to a deep black. It has left behind it a red whisker, inconsolable for its loss.

THE BAR AND THE STAGE.



APTAIN RYNDERS and others—principal brawlers in the FORREST riots at New York—have been acquitted by an American Jury. We are not surprised at the result. Had MR. MACREADY been maimed and disabled by the ruffians who only pelted him with foul eggs, possibly they would have had some significant testimonial to etermise the memory of the deed. MR. VAN BUREN, counsel for the accused, took a very philosophical view of the privileges of an audience. The learned gentleman seemed to look upon actors as school boys are apt to consider frogs or cockchafers; things made for sport—for fun; to be pelted with stones, or impaled on corking-pins. "Acting," says VAN BUREN—

"Acting is not a concededly useful art, protected by the law, but it is a mode or fashion which depends for its existence upon the gratification of the public in an unrestrained way. That such is the rule, appears to me to be so clear, that no reference to authority could make it plainer. It has been done from time immemorial, and not merely in reference to the actor and his performance, but in respect to his private conduct, as an actor, off or on the stage."

Acting not being a useful art, what is to be said of play-writing? Is *Hamlet* little better than the kaleidoscope? Is *Lear* not useful—only exalting? And then MR. VAN BUREN, with a triumphant peroration, asks—

"How are you to get down the throat of a man and know the reason of his applauding?"

Very true: impossible. Now it is easy to get into the pocket of a counsel—the actor in horse-hair—and know the reason of his sophisticating. The licence of the bar, however—as impudence and brutality are too often mis-called—takes especial liberties with the actor. Give a counsel a playhouse case to deal with, and—nine times out of ten—he considers himself justified in his worst. The great man, with the loftiest contempt and the sharpest wit to match, despises and lacerates the poor player. Even our own SERJEANT WILKINS, whose delicacy has become a proverb—so that at the bar Mess nothing is more common than to hear, "as meek as WILKINS," "as gracious as WILKINS," "as golden-mouthed as WILKINS"—even that mild, magnanimous man, cannot forego the temptation of sport with the actor. A few days ago, a young lady brings an action against MANAGER MADOX. The actress is a person of unimpeached character; an excellent woman. Nevertheless, even WILKINS must have his joke; for he expresses his sympathy with managers who have to deal with actresses "who come to rehearsals after dinner." The hilarious, vinous attempt at wit, is here patent; and the joke is all the more gay and daring, from the fact that the milky WILKINS knows that rehearsals never take place after dinner. The Serjeant himself was once a promising actor; and at Stoke Pogis always secured the bespeak of MISS GRIMBY's boarding-school when he acted *Rosencrantz*. Therefore, the wit of the Serjeant's allusion to feminine intemperance is the more to be relished. It is the known falsehood of the thing that makes it so very piquant, and so very honourable—as the phrase goes—to the head and heart of the beneficent WILKINS.

DOMESTIC DIALOGUES.

A DUN having knocked at the door, it is opened by a servant, and the following dialogue ensues:—

Dun. Is your master in?

Servant. No, Sir.

Dun. Is your mistress in?

Servant. No, Sir.

Dun. Is your young master in?

Servant. No, Sir.

Dun. Any of the family in?

Servant. No, Sir.

Dun. Then there's nobody in?

Servant. Oh, yes, Sir; the execution's in—you can walk up and see that, if you like.

THE "NO BENEFIT" OF THE ACT.

IN consequence of the recent decision by which it turns out that any millowner may defeat the intentions of the Factory Act, we beg to suggest the *Unsatisfactory Act* as the most appropriate name for it.

THE DEBT OF NATURE.—No Englishman dies exactly poor, for he leaves his share in the National Debt to his children!

IGNORANCE FOR THE MILLION!

Respectfully Dedicated to SIR R. H. INGLIS and MR. PLUMPTRE.

LIGHT for the many! needful lore,
In vain the good and wise implore,
And wherefore is there none?
INGLIS his portly bulk expands,
And interposed dense PLUMPTRE stands,
With all Cant's congregated bands,
Between them and the Sun.

"No school without religion!" whoop
The zealot band, the bigot troop,
(Mild names the crew to call),
Knowing that England can't agree
What that religion is to be,
And therefore, in reality,
They cry, "No school at all!"

Unless with orthodoxy taught,
The Alphabet's a thing of naught,
The Grammar is a snare;
Arithmetic a net of sin,
Geography a Demon's gin,
To catch the souls of children in,
As these good folks declare.

"Religion! Not a school without!"
You teach it cleverly, no doubt,
By your parochial plan;
The Lesson drawled with dronish note,
The Catechism rehearsed by rote,
The gabbled Collect, much promote
True piety in man.

'Twere mighty well could you impart
What is the learning of the heart
Task-like, as A. B. C.;
Could formal pedagogues inspire
What childhood hardly can acquire
But from the teaching of a sire,
Or at a mother's knee.

Say, INGLIS; is it for your creed
You won't let children learn to read;
Or hold you but a brief
For Oxford, whom you represent,
Oxford, on domination bent,
Though torn to pieces with dissent
As to her own belief?

Well; stand in Education's way,
And still obstruct the public day,
INGLIS and PLUMPTRE too;
Whilst every wretch in darkness bred,
To freight the hulks, the drop to tread,
Because through Ignorance misled,
Shall render thanks to you.

AN ARTICLE WRITTEN DURING THE FOG.

"WEN we lok arund us we see noting but the gratest obskurity and we runn abut in vane for a frendlyhandto ledus out of the prvdng darnessssss Grece Austra and Switser land frowndownupon us and the Russian Bare growls ominously LOUIS NAPOLON is no moretobe trusted than GEORGY HUDSON CAUSSIDIÈRE is butaRobertMacaire and LOIS BLANK is only Tom Thum with high eels."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We have submitted the above article to the talented contributor from whom we have received it. He cannot tell us what it is all about. He believes it is something exceedingly clever about "THE PRESENT POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN EUROPE," or else a notice of MR. GRIEVES'S "Gallery of Illustration," which has just opened in Regent-street,—he cannot tell precisely which. "All I recollect is, that it was written in the midst of Thursday's fog, and that the article was interrupted by some furry substance, which I believe to have been the cat running across the table, and knocking the pen out of my hand, when I thought it was time to rise and ring for candles." That is all the light our talented contributor can throw upon the above article.

A HINT FOR LEMPRIÈRE.

So frequently is Fleet Street in the hands of the Pavours that the *Via Pavia* would be an excellent classical name for it.



BITTER SARCASM.

CONSCIENCE AVAUNT!

THE public treasury is under very great obligations just now to Conscience, in whose name the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is continually receiving sums of large amount, and the first halves of Bank-notes, whose better halves follow in a day or two afterwards, to form the necessary union. We are not quite sure that these large receipts of conscience money may be regarded as proof of increased morality on the part of the public, for we may be tolerably certain that the sums sent in to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER do not form the hundredth part of one per cent upon the gross amount of roguery committed. The fact of conscience money coming in rather briskly shows that dishonesty is carried to such an extent, that even conscience, who is so easily put to sleep, can no longer remain completely dormant. We cannot say much either for the respectability of a principle which regards the payment of money in the name of conscience as a sufficient expiation of an offence, and indeed the process is no other than the old one of plating sin with gold—a species of electrotyping which, in our estimation, leaves the gilt as glaring as ever.

Nevertheless, all is grist that comes to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S mill, and if conscience continues its contributions at their present rate, we may begin to look upon conscience money as a recognised source of revenue. We will anticipate a few cases under the head of

TENDER-CONSCIENCE MONEY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from "X." 1½d., "computed to be the value of a rose picked ten years ago in Kensington Gardens." He has handed the money over to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has also to acknowledge the receipt from "Z." of £500, being "the amount, with interest, of penalties incurred at various times by carrying notes from one friend to another, instead of sending them by post."

The sum of £50 has been sent to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by "J. B." "for having defrauded the Excise, by making a private still out of a tea-kettle, and therewith distilling an ounce of spirit from a pot of ale."

"A Reformed Convict" has forwarded ½d. to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "for reparation of damage done to Government property, while in gaol, by cutting out the name of 'SNOOKS' on the wall."

THE COOKERY OF ALL NATIONS.

In the classified list of objects to be admitted to the "Exhibition of Industry of all Nations" under the head of Section 1, "Raw Materials and Produce," it is stated that—

"Under raw materials in this section, are to be included all products of the Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal Kingdoms, either in an entirely raw state, or in any stage of preparation, previous to arriving at the state of a finished manufacture."

This arrangement evidently opens the door of the Exhibition to the butcher, the greengrocer, and the cook, whose respective commodities are all derived from the vegetable and animal kingdoms. We think the permission to exhibit objects belonging to the latter kingdom "in an entirely raw state" had better be revoked, for although the exterior of Mr. GIBLETT'S shop may be considered a picture by the vulgar, yet, to please the eye of refinement, meat should be dressed—the leg of mutton should appear with its trimmings, not as sheep's flesh unadorned. There can be no objection to the display of culinary specimens, though this, in some cases, will rather involve making a hash of it. Let France, then, send her countless dishes, Italy her cream, Spain her olla-podrida, Russia her caviare, Turkey her kiebobs, India her curry, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales their stew, haggis, and rabbit, whilst English roast beef shall compete with the cookery of the world. Let Germany also send her sausages, and as regards sausages, it might be well to relax the restriction above recommended. The exposition of the raw materials of the sausage, whether German or British, would not only gratify a wholesome curiosity, but also (we hope) allay very unpleasant misgivings

The Victoria Blue.

In "Labour and the Poor," in the *Chronicle*, we have the curious history, the odd statistics, of the doll-trade. A doll-maker says:—

"The eyes that we make for Spanish America are all black. A blue-eyed doll in that country wouldn't sell at all. Here, however, nothing goes down but blue eyes. The reason for this is, because that's the colour of the Queen's eyes, and she sets the fashion in this as in other things."

What a blessing it is that our good little QUEEN does not squint.

THE BE-ALL, AND END-ALL.—It is a great question whether the Government that clings to Finality will not soon find itself "in extremis!"



Sporting Man (loquitor.) "I SAY CHARLES—THAT'S A PROMISING LITTLE FILLY ALONG O' THAT BAY-HAIRED WOMAN WHO'S TALKING TO THE BLACK-COB-LOOKING MAN!"

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, WHILE VISITING THE SMITHERSES IN THE COUNTRY, HAS HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO HAVE SEEN A ROBBERY COMMITTED AT A RAILWAY STATION, AND FINDS HERSELF SUBPENAED AND IN ATTENDANCE AS A WITNESS AT THE ASSIZE TOWN.

SCENE.—The Gallery in the Civil Court. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is jammed painfully into a corner, with a confused impression that the Plaintiffs are Prisoners.

Unprotected Female. Is this in the Queen's Bench or the Criminal Court?

Obliging Neighbour. Eh? Oh—this is *Nisi Prius*, I believe. Certainly this is *Nisi Prius*. Your's a criminal case?—ah—that's a very different case.

ACry without. MA-A-R-THA—STRUGG-LLES!

Mutilated Echo. —THA-UGGLES.

Bailiff. THUGGLES!

Amateur Policeman Crier. DIGGLES!

Unprotected Female. Oh, I'm sure I heard somebody call for me! Oh, I'm sure I'm wanted somewhere.

Indignant Bailiff. DIGGLES wanted in the other court!

Unprotected Female (rising). Oh—please—isn't it "STRUGGLES?"—I hear "STRUGGLES" a good way off? Oh—which is the other court?

Judge (indignantly glancing up at the Gallery). Is there no bailiff in attendance to preserve decency in the court?

Obliging Neighbour (in terror). Oh—for goodness' sake, sit down, Ma'am—his Lordship's attending to you.

Unprotected Female. Oh—but I'm wanted! I'm certain it's STRUGGLES.

Judge (still more severely). Where's the Under Sheriff? I shall commit any persons interrupting the business!

Obliging Neighbour. Oh, pray sit down, Madam, or you will be committed.

Unprotected Female. Oh—I've not committed any thing—I'm here as a witness. They made me. I wouldn't have, but they made me.

[A coherent Usher succeeds in conveying the name of STRUGGLES from the Criminal to the Civil Court, after the name has several times perished in the attempt.]

Unprotected Female (perfectly frantic with anxiety and terror). Oh—it's me—then—oh, please let me out—oh, let me out. I'm a witness. I'm wanted! Oh, indeed.

[She attempts to effect a blind rush over her OBLIGING NEIGHBOUR. Judge (with overwhelming indignation). I will not have intoxicated persons admitted to those galleries. Let those galleries be cleared.]

[The Gallery is cleared—the OBLIGING NEIGHBOUR being turned out with the rest. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is borne off by an Attorney, an Usher, and two superfluous Policemen, of whom there appears to be a perfect overflow.]

[The SCENE changes to the Criminal Court. The case is in progress, and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE at once finds herself thrust into the witness-box, with the JUDGE scolding her for keeping the Court waiting.]

[A lapse of two minutes, during which all the faculties of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE have departed altogether.]

Crier of the Court (soothingly). Be composed, my dear Madam. Now—take off your glove!

Judge (sharply). Do you hear—stand up, can't you—take your glove off.

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE has a strugg'e with her g'oves, which never re-isted so st' bborly before. She at last gets her left hand glove off.]

Crier (snappishly). Right 'and glove.

Counsel for Prosecution. Right hand glove, my dear Madam—now, pray—compose yourself.

Crier. Right 'and glove—don't you 'ear—now—take the book.

[She takes it sinkinglly.]

Judge. Stand up witness, can't you.

[By th' united efforts of the Counsel, Ushers, CRIER, and JUDGE, the UNPROTECTED FEMALE is at last sworn.]

Counsel for the Prosecution. MISS MARTHA STRUGGLES, you are a gentlewoman residing Great Coram Street, Bloomsbury?

Unprotected Female (in an inaudible manner, and feeling herself criminally responsible for every answer she makes). Yes, my Lord—Sir.

Judge. Speak up, Ma'am, can't you—now Ma'am—here—attend to me. (*UNPROTECTED FEMALE attends to everything else*). Look—I must hear you—and these gentlemen (*pointing with his pen to the Jury*) and those gentlemen (*nodding down at the Counsel*), and, above all, that gentleman (*facetiously pointing to the prisoner, with a chuckle*), so don't give us quite so much trouble, but speak up (*reading his notes*), "RUGGLES."

Counsel for Prosecution. STRUGGLES, my Lord.

Judge (*angrily*). Well, Sir—"STRUGGLES"—(*sotto voce*) now, get on, do—for goodness sake, now—get on—come. (*To the Jury, confidentially*). These women! Now—come—what is MRS. STRUGGLES to prove?

Counsel for the Prosecution. Miss STRUGGLES—do you remember the third of February?

[*UNPROTECTED FEMALE makes a terrific effort to remember the 3rd of February*.]

Enter SHERIFF and whispers JUDGE.

Judge. Stop a moment (*Considerately to Jury*). You can have five minutes for refreshments; Gentlemen—not more than five minutes.

[*Excited Jurymen, after a Bailiff has been strongly sworn in charge of them*.]

[*A confused murmur arises through the crowd, and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in her general bewilderment becomes suddenly possessed with the notion that she has done something she ought not to have done, and that the witness-box is a species of pillory*.]

Attorney for Prosecution (*kindly*). You can come down, Ma'am; till his Lordship comes back. (*Shudders in a sad state*). Allow me to offer you a sandwich, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh, no—thank you—I couldn't. Oh, I hope they won't all appear to come, when they come back!

[*A sudden rattle in the Court: The JURY, JURY, GO, GO, GO, re-enters*.]

Orie. Now—the witness STRUGGLES—here!

[*She is suddenly pro-erected upon the witness-box*.]

Counsel for Prosecution. You were at the Bullock Smithy Station, on the third of February.

Judge (*sharply and glancing at the UNPROTECTED FEMALE through his double glass*). Oh—this is MRS. STRUGGLES? Well.

Unprotected Female (*who has no independent recollection that it was the 3rd of February, and is conscientious*). I don't remember if it was the third, but—

Judge (*very emphatically*). Then try—

Counsel for the Prosecution. We shall fix the day by-and-bye—never mind that just now—

Counsel for the Prisoner. Oh, but we will mind it, if you please (*with a half-leer, half-wink, at the Jury*). A pretty witness! doesn't even remember the day!

Counsel for the Prosecution. But you were at the Bullock Smithy Station, early in February?

Unprotected Female (*eagerly*). Oh, yes, it would be the third, for I remember they wanted me to come on the second, and I couldn't, for we had the sweeps.

Judge. Dear, dear! (*Impatiently*). What time? Answer the question, can't you?

Unprotected Female. About half an hour.

Judge (*roaring at her*). At what time of day? (*sotto voce*) Stupid woman!

Counsel for Prosecution (*in an undertone to next Counsel*). Confound her!

Unprotected Female (*humbly*). It might be about twelve o'clock.

Judge. Don't tell us what it might be—when was it?

Unprotected Female. Oh! I hadn't a watch, but I thought—

Counsel for Prisoner. Don't tell us what you thought, MRS. STRUGGLES.

Judge (*choking*). We don't want to hear what you thought. (*Half aside to the Marshal*). I dare say it was something wonderfully nonsensical.

[*The Marshal grins, as in duty bound, as do the six Barristers, who catch the remark and his Lordship's eye*.]

Counsel for the Prosecution. Now, compose yourself, MRS. STRUGGLES, and attend to me. Did you see a white linen parcel?

Counsel for Prisoner. Don't lead your witness. What did you see?

Unprotected Female (*makes a harrowing effort to call up all she saw that eventful morning*). I remember I saw a man trying to cross the line, and I thought he'd be—

Judge (*in despair*). Good gracious! More of her thoughts! Attend to me, Ma'am, (*impressively*). We don't want to know what you think, on any subject, or at any time; we want to know what you saw, if you saw anything—about this matter, or what you did, if you did anything about the matter,—or what you saw any person do about this matter.

Unprotected Female (*in whose mind the circle of her responsibilities gets wider and wider as his Lordship goes on,—to herself*). Oh, I never shall be able to tell all that. Oh, never—

Counsel for Prosecution. Did you see a white linen parcel?

Unprotected Female. Yes.

Judge. Where?

Unprotected Female. Lying just under the shed, for I remember I said to a guard—

Counsel for Prisoner (*reproachfully*). Never mind what you said.

Judge (*savagely*). We'd rather not hear what you said.

Counsel for Prosecution (*admonishingly*). Now, pray do confine yourself to the question. You saw a white linen parcel just under the shed? Now what occurred to that parcel while you were there.

Unprotected Female. The man took it up, and said, it—

Counsel for Prisoner. Stop! Was it in the prisoner's hearing?

Unprotected Female. Oh—I hadn't seen the prisoner then.

Judge. Why you said you saw the prisoner take it up.

Counsel for Prosecution. "The man," she said, my Lord.

Judge. Well, the man; I thought she meant the prisoner, of course. We've heard of no man before?

Counsel for Prosecution. Do you mean the prisoner?

Unprotected Female. What?

Judge. What man do you mean?

Unprotected Female. Who?

Counsel for Prisoner (*very awfully*). Remember, witness, you are on your oath, and the liberty of a fellow-creature may depend on your answer; so let us have no prevarication.

Unprotected Female (*in a mass and a terror*). Oh—I'm sure I don't know—Who do you all mean?

Judge. Who do you mean? That's the point (*sotto voce*), if you mean anything, which I doubt. (*Very impatiently*). Now (*to Counsel for Prosecution*) do get something out of her. Come—are you going to keep us all day, Mr. Osborn?

Counsel for Prosecution (*whispering Attorney*). She's perfectly bewildered. (*To Judge*). We have another witness who speaks to the same facts, my Lord.

Judge (*supper*, and as if much relieved). Then for goodness sake call the other witness, Mr. Osborn—and do, pray, let us get rid of this unhappy woman.

Counsel for Prisoner. The sooner the better, my Lord. You may go, MRS. STRUGGLES (*Address to Attorney*). Why did you subpoena that idiot of a woman?

Orie. Now we had did—woman.

[*Plucks her*.]

Unprotected Female (*who feels she has not acquitted herself creditably*). But I saw him at the—

[*The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is taken by the shoulders, pulled, hustled, and helped down the witness-box in deep humiliation and agony to a corner bench, where she indulges in a lonely gush of wretchedness. SCENE closes*.]

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.



By the latest advices from California, we learn that the articles in which it is most judicious to speculate, are jack-boots, and that a horseguard, therefore, emigrating in his regimental *chaussure*, with his boots on his legs, would have a little fortune on his hands if he felt himself disposed to get the articles disposed of.

It seems that the slushy and quagmire state of the diggings, necessitates the use of the most substantial protection to the feet and legs; nor can we be surprised that there is much mud and dirt to be gone through in the search after filthy lucre.

In more civilised nations it is indispensable that the mere money-hunter should have a strong, coarse understanding, just as in California it is the thickness of the boot that aids one in the pursuit of booty.

It is evident that a parcel of pumps would be of no use whatever at the diggings; and that as in boots, so in men—the jack of the one and the knave of the other, will be most suited to California.

Bribery.

THE *Post* has a manful exposure of the meanness of certain print publishers, who vainly hope to attack the members—at least, the belly—of the press with food and drink.

"A publisher [printseller] once sent to our office a card of invitation, upon which was written, in fair round text, 'Luncheon as usual!'"

The printseller, in his profound ignorance, no doubt believed that plates would fail to have their proper influence, unless further recommended by knives and forks.

Political Choreography.

THE ballot produced the other night at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephens, was, we regret to say, unsuccessful. One point in the performance excited universal disapprobation. This was a *pirouette* executed by SIR G. GALT, simply, by turning right round in the most graceless manner possible.

ON HIS MARRIAGE."



By the newspapers we learn PRINCE ALBERT has held the first Levee for the QUEEN, and has acquitted himself with his usual grace and good taste. He must, however, have now and then been put to it to maintain his gravity. Two or three male creatures—delicate things!—were introduced upon their "marriage!" That a general who comes from India, reeking with gunpowder—that a captain, with hardly the chill off him from the Arctic

Pole—should wish to meet the thankful eyes of his Sovereign, after the laurels gathered, after the icebergs escaped, is well enough; but that a bridegroom, with the odour of orange-blossoms upon him, should rush to Court, as if he had done some signal service to the State, and not—of course—an incalculable good to himself, is—as CARLYLE would say—a mountainous piece of flunkeydom.

"MR. STEPHENSON was presented on fixing the Britannia Tubular Bridge!"

This reads, or would read, well enough; but—

"THEOPHILUS SPRING-GREEN, on placing a gold ring on the marriage finger of LADY ARABELLA DE BLANCMANGE!"

This we hold to be a most wicked and unprincipled attack on the time and attention of the Sovereign. It is otherwise with brides. Bless them! We would not deprive them of the sweet satisfaction of such introduction; for they have a right to it. They have lost their maiden names; have given up their nominal identity. ARABELLA DE BLANCMANGE is merged into SPRING-GREEN, and is to be received, acknowledged, and henceforth known at Court under her new signification. Not so with the specimen of the rougher sex. THEOPHILUS is the same THEOPHILUS;—SPRING-GREEN has his customary verdure.

Nevertheless, we would not limit the occasions of Court-presentation for gentlemen. We think there are many social and domestic events upon which a man may feel he has a right—either a tender or a proud one—to face his Sovereign. *Punch* will just jot down a few, as they rise to his brain, like Champagne bubbles to the surface.

- On becoming a widower!
- On winning the Derby!
- On paying a tailor!
- On getting the best of a Jew Discounter!
- On obtaining a Prize in the "Art-Union!"
- On reading from beginning to end, the Last Pamphlet of MR. THOMAS

CARLYLE.

- On return from the Vernon Gallery.
- On cutting MR. HUDSON (having before been hand and hoof with the Golden Calf) in the House of Commons.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE WHIP, AND A SATIRICAL YOUNG ROGUE.

THERE are those who believe that the most judicious treatment of the human "Donkey wot won't go" in the right direction is, really, to "wallop" him. How little it is feasible to reform criminals by the lash—how impracticable to "whip the offending ADAM out of them," might be proved by numerous Chronicles of the Cat, and Statistics of the Scourge, making a large pile of Black-and-Blue Books. In the meanwhile, here is one case in point, commended to the consideration of the sect of penal "Flagellants." At the Middlesex Sessions, one day last week, as the *Times* relates,—

"THOMAS JONES, a little lad of the age of 15, was convicted of having stolen 22 books of the value of 2l. 4s., the property of a gentleman named THOMAS JONES.

"The learned Judge said he would read the history of the prisoner for the last year, and from one prison only. "On the 17th of February, 1849, the boy was 'summarily' convicted in the name of ANDREW MITCHELL, and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment; on the 20th of March, three days after he had been liberated only, he was again 'summarily' convicted in the name of JOHN WILLIAMS, when he was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment; on the 1st of June he was a third time 'summarily' convicted, and sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment, and to be well whipped—on this occasion he had resumed his own name; on the 2nd of August he was a fourth time 'summarily' convicted and sentenced to one month, and to be well whipped; and, on the 13th of November, he was a fifth time 'summarily' convicted, when he had been sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, and another whipping."

The ursine attempt to lick a cub into shape has signally failed in the case of MASTER JONES. But the whip is a superficial corrective: it seldom touches more

than skin-deep. With small result has this youth been "leathered" except "with a vengeance," according to the prescription of MR. CARLYLE, who contends that in prison-discipline there is nothing like "leather" applied to the back vindictively. The whippings of young JONES will have given little satisfaction to anybody but the writer of "*Model Prisons*," who probably, as the varlet has not answered to the whip, and appears incorrigible, would propose to "sweep" him "with some rapidity into the dust-bin." But human rubbish is not to be so easily shot away.

This retributory flogging, moreover, is by no means a settlement with the culprit. If Society has scourged JONES, JONES is still a scourge to Society. He has his "revenge" as well. He, as a social pest, avenges broken natural laws—moral, physical, physiological ordinances—the infringement of which produces your JONESSES. Some such "Young Troublesomes," perhaps, can be reclaimed by no means, fair or foul; but an early trial of the former might, in many instances, possibly prevent recourse to the latter. It is curious that the last offence of MASTER JONES consisted in stealing books. For this he has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labour. The state of educational destitution among the JONES-class considered, there was such clever satire in the theft, that for this once he almost deserved to be let off.

A CRY FROM ST. PAUL'S.

WE have great pleasure in giving utterance to a Cry from St. Paul's Churchyard. The criers desire to express their concurrence in an agitation now going on in their neighbourhood for the removal of the railing in front of the cathedral. They say that this railing spoils the view of the church, is an injury to the fame of WREN, an impediment to circulation, often occasioning accidents, and such a perfect eyesore as frequently to give foreigners ophthalmia. They perfectly agree with the *Observer*, alluding to the locality of St. Paul's, that—

"At present there can be no question that this part of London is a disgrace to the Metropolis."

There is, however, they contend, a certain metropolitan body, to which this part of London is particularly disgraceful; and shameful as they consider it that the exterior of St. Paul's should be shut out, they think it much more scandalous that the interior should be excluded from the public view. They demand the removal of the twopenny obstruction, by which the DEAN and CHAPTER hinder the poor people from entering the church. They remark that twopenny is a large sum in proportion to many a working man's wages, and equivalent to a loaf of considerable size, which the workman and his family cannot spare for the DEAN and CHAPTER. They own that in making these observations they are ringing changes on one theme, but declare that they feel themselves justified in so doing as long as MESSRS. DEAN and Co.'s money-changers continue to ring theirs in the temple.

Finally, they propose that the St. Paul's railings and church-mail should be abolished together, and that the old irons should be appropriated for sale by the reverend showmen as an indemnification for the resigned coppers. This Cry from St. Paul's Churchyard emanates from the stones that pave it, which represent themselves as having been compelled to cry out by the protracted enormity of the twopenny cathedral imposition.

THE OXFORD STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE Oxford Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, states that measures have been taken by the Vice-Chancellor and heads of houses, to prevent "the practice of riding in races commonly known as steeple-chases," which has of late "prevailed to a great extent among some of the junior members of the University." Steeple-chasing, we believe, is not uncommon among senior members of the University, who clear scruples and go over difficulties in fine style, when there is a shovel hat or a mitre at the goal.

A FLAT CONTRADICTION TO AN OLD PROVERB.

THERE is a musty old proverb which says, "Every road leads to Rome." This is not the case with the Pope at all events, for with him every road leads to every other place but Rome.

Managers and Customs of the English (New Series) No. 3.



THE CIRCUS AT ASTLEY'S



“WHO’S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?”

THE OLD SONG, AS SUNG BY OLD JOE (HUME) ONCE, AT LEAST, EVERY SESSION.

I HAD just come down, with my subject warm,
And my annual motion about Reform;
I went to the House—I might as well have gone to bed,
For LORD JOHN RUSSELL got up and said,
Who’s dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you FEARGUS? No, it am JOE!
What Old JOE? Yes, Old JOE. Oh, only old JOE!
Well, you can’t come in—so you’d better go;
For it’s no use knocking at de door any more,
And it’s no use knocking at de door.

Who’s dat knocking at de door,
Making such a row, with so much of his jaw?
I’ll call the Speaker, and tell him how
You only want to kick up a row.
Who’s dat knocking at de door?
Who’s dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, CORDEN? No, it am JOE.
What! Old JOE? Yes; Old JOE.
I told you before that it’s still no go,
And it’s no use knocking at de door.

But they’ll open the door and let him in,
If in their ears he continues his din.
Forward came *Punch*—and said, “Follow me;
When I take the lead let in you’ll be,
If they know I’m knocking at de door;
When they know I’m knocking at de door.”
Am dat you JOE? No, it am *Punch*;
They’ll soon make way for his staff and hunch!
You needn’t stand knocking at de door any more—
There’ll be no more knocking at de door.

PUNCH'S POLICE.

A VERY MELANCHOLY CASE.

YESTERDAY a gentleman of the name of THOMAS CARLYLE was brought before *Mr. Punch*, charged with being unable to take care of his own literary reputation—a very first-rate reputation until a few months past—but now, in consequence of the reckless and alarming conduct of the accused, in a most dangerous condition; indeed, in the opinion of very competent authorities, fast sinking.

The office was crowded by many distinguished persons, all of them manifesting the most tender anxiety towards the accused; who, however, did not seem to feel the seriousness of his situation; but, on the contrary, with folded arms and determined expression of visage, called the worthy magistrate (*Mr. Punch*) a "windbag," a "serf of flunkeydom," and "an ape of the Dead Sea."

JOHN NOKES, a policeman with a literary turn, proved that he had long known the doings of the accused. Witness first became acquainted with him through his "*Life of Schiller*," a work done in the very best and dearest manner, in which no offence whatever was committed against the people's English; for he, JOHN NOKES, had no idea that English should be called either "king's" or "queen's," but emphatically "the people's English." Had since known the accused through "*Sartor Resartus*," "*The French Revolution*," "*Past and Present*," and "*Oliver Cromwell*." From time to time, as he went on, witness had marked with considerable anxiety, an increasing wildness, a daring eccentricity of manner in the doings of the accused, frequently observing that he delighted to crack and dislocate the joints of language, and to melt down and alloy sterling English into nothing better than German silver. Nevertheless, witness did not believe the reputation of the accused in any positive danger, until some three or four months back, when he detected him running wildly up and down the pages of "*Fraser's Magazine*," pelting all sorts of gibberish at the heads of Jamaica niggers—fantastically reproaching them for being "up to the ears, content in pumpkins, when they should work for sugar and spices" for their white masters—threatening them with the whip, and, in a word, dealing in language only dear to the heart—witness meant pockets—of Yankee slave-owners and Brazilian planters. Since then, witness had named his suspicions to several most respectable publishers, warning them to have an eye upon the offender.

PETER WILLIAMS, teacher at the Lamb-and-Flag Ragged School, deposed that he had purchased two numbers of a work by the accused, called "*Latter-Day Pamphlets*." The first number appeared to him (witness) to develop rabid symptoms,—but in the second, in *Model Prisons*—there was nothing in it, but barking and froth. (Here several passages were read that fully bore out the opinion of the witness; passages which created a melancholy sensation in court, many persons sighing deeply, and in more than one instance dropping "some natural tears.")—Witness did not believe it consistent with public safety that, in his present temper, the accused should be trusted with pen-and-ink. If permitted the use of such dangerous weapons he would—until recovered from his present indisposition—inevitably inflict upon his reputation a mischief from which it could not recover. As it was, witness considered it far from safe.

Mr. Punch asked the accused, if he had anything to say; whereupon accused, with a withering smile, replied—

"Preternatural Eternal Oceans"—"Inhuman Humanitarians"—"Eiderdown Philanthropy"—"Wide-reverberating Cant"—"Work Sans Holiday"—"Three Cheers more, and Eternal, Inimitable, and Antipodean Fraternity"—"Pumpkindom, Flunkeydom, Foolscapdom, and Pen-and-Inkidom!"

Mr. Punch observed, this was a melancholy case. He could not release the accused, unless upon good and sufficient surety. Whereupon two gentlemen—publishers of the first respectability—declared themselves willing to be bound, that accused should not, until in a more healthful frame of mind, be allowed the use of paper and goosequills.

It is believed that if accused again offend, the whole body of publishers will insist upon his compulsory silence. Let us, however, hope better things.

The Quarantine Laws.

We understand that a Quarantine is to be established with reference to all Steam Boats running between London Bridge and Battersea, in consequence of chilblains having broken out in the latter locality. There have been a few cases of corns in Pimlico, but as the greater part of the district is inland, it is not proposed to interfere, as yet, with the navigation between Vauxhall and Westminster. Battersea has been presented with a clean bill of health in reference to the bunions, which a month ago had ravaged the neighbourhood.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

THE BACHELOR-HUSBAND.



A Bachelor-Husband, we mean a husband who is made a bachelor *pro tem*, by the absence of his wife.

Of course such a kind of life has its little enviable privileges and advantages; but then it has its drawbacks and annoyances, for which no freedom can compensate. It is freedom made slavery.

Husbands are always raving about the bliss of getting away from their wives, and, when they do, what miserable creatures they are! They are always whining then to have them back again.

The Bachelor-Husband is a melancholy proof of this. His wife has gone on a visit to her papa, or some rich relation in the country, from whom she has great expectations. She is not to return for a fortnight. The

"dear Hubby" is left alone—not altogether out of love with the thought of being restored to liberty.

And yet, the very first day, what a helpless creature he is! He is left the uncontrolled master of the house, and doesn't know where a single thing is kept. If he wants anything, he has to get up and search for it himself, and even then there is but a small chance of his finding it. For he doesn't know one key from another, and he tries them all; but, as a matter of course, the very key that is wanted is missing.

The first day he meets some friends. He tells them with a triumphant chuckle, that he is a bachelor, and they must come home and dine with him.

What a dinner! Probably it has not been ordered. How very foolish! He quite forgot that he has to go to the butcher's, and the poulterer's, and greengrocer's, every day himself now: or, if the dinner has been ordered, it is sure to be some vulgar dish which he is ashamed to see put upon the table, or else it turns out to be the very joint which he never touches. For the cook does not know all his whims and fancies, his choice aversions and preferences, as his wife does.

Then again, the beer was "out" yesterday, and a fresh barrel has not been ordered in. There is a pause of ten minutes, therefore, to enable the cook to run out to the Adam and Eve for a pint of the best ale. When the best is brought, no one can drink it.

He is profuse in his apologies to his dear friends, who assure him that it does not in the least matter, but, as they leave, it is evident, from their blank faces, that they have turned down a page in the volume of their experience, as a private memorandum, never to trust to the tender hospitality of a Bachelor-Husband again.

Poor Bachelor! He is crawling up to bed, like a melancholy snail, just beginning to feel the weight of the house he has newly got upon his back, when suddenly he recollects he gave permission to the Nurse to pass the evening with her mother at Pentonville, and that she has not yet come in. He has raked the fire out in the parlour, and so he is obliged to go down into the kitchen, where he sits, listening to the tick-tick-tick of the kitchen clock, and amusing himself now and then with a grand *battue* of black-beetles, till past one o'clock in the morning, when the mildest ring at the bell proclaims Nurse's return.

His troubles begin the first thing the next morning. He cannot get the servants out of bed. Then he has to ring separately for every article he wants. The servants' behaviour altogether is changed to what it is when Missis is at home. They seem to be aware of his helplessness, and do as little as they can to relieve it.

When he goes down stairs, the room is scarcely dusted, or the dusters are lying about, and he nearly sits down upon the box of black-lead brushes that has been left in his arm-chair. He cannot get the urn, and has to ring for the toast, and cut his own bread and butter, and air the newspaper himself.

Then, he is pestered with applications from the maid for towels, or

pearl-ash, or soap, or clean sheets; and, worse than all, has to meet that awful enquiry from the cook, "Please Sir, what will you have for dinner to-day?" The daily enquiry persecutes him to that extent that at last he is driven away from his home, and regularly dines out.



"PLEASE, SIR, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"

Moreover, it is cheerless dining all alone—sitting opposite to his wife's empty chair—not a person to take wine or exchange a word with. The silence grows oppressive, and any cheap, saw-dust dining place, where there are nothing but chops and steaks,—excepting steaks and chops,—soon becomes preferable.

Not that the Bachelor-Husband dines much at cheap dining places. He runs through the circle of his friends and relations, beginning with his friends first, for he knows they give the best dinners, and reserving the relations for the last. He requires no invitation—for the fact of his being a Bachelor, throws open every dining-room door to him. He begins to stop out late—associates with young men—gets into a habit of late suppers, and smokes incessantly—for a cigar is one of those recognised privileges which the Bachelor-Husband takes behind his wife's back, which he would never dare to do to her face.

But smoking, even in his own parlour, is not enough to make the place happy. The place looks empty, dreary, and no wonder he comes home late, for it has lost all attraction, all comfort, in his eyes. It is a house for him, but no home. He is very little better than a lodger—he has merely taken a sitting-room and bed-room for a fortnight in his wife's mansion during her absence. He leaves the first thing in the morning, and goes home the last thing at night to sleep.

Everything loses the bright appearance it had when his wife was on the spot to look after the house. The drawing-room stares at him like a dingy Lowther Bazaar smothered in dust. Dust seems to spread itself over every little thing, and the servants themselves appear as if they would be all the better for a good dusting.

The Bachelor-Husband is an outcast in his own house. He has but little control over any one—and pays the bills that are put before him without a question, being too glad to get rid of the nuisance as quick as possible. The washing, too, wears his life out. All his linen comes home wrong. His waistcoats and neck-handkerchiefs are washed so biliously he has not the face to wear them. The strings are off his collars: and, as for Bachelor's Buttons, he has not a shirt with one on. He does not know whom to ask to help him. He complains, but his complaints are not heeded, and if he has a cold, he is obliged to nurse himself, receiving pity, consolation, and water-gruel, from no hands but his own.

He puts his name down to be entered at some West-End Club (a Club for Bachelor-Husbands, by-the-bye, would not be a bad move, open at all hours to all Bachelor-Husbands), so that, by the time his wife leaves him a Bachelor the second time, he may have some table of refuge where he can eat a good dinner in comfort, and invite friends to come and eat it with him.

Wives should beware of this, and should never stop away too long,—but should rather return ere the fortnight has elapsed, before they receive a letter imploring them to come home as soon as possible—for when they receive that affectionate summons, they may be sure that the very climax of wretchedness has been attained by that poor, pitable, persecuted, helpless, domestic heart-broken individual, whom we call the Bachelor-Husband. Common prudence, not to say compassion, should whisper to them it is not fair, or worthy of the fair sex, to pro-

long any husband's sufferings to that extent!—unless perchance they leave him in the hands of a warranted mother-in-law.

NON-POLITICAL AND UN-FASHION- ABLE RE-UNIONS.

THE Master of one of the Metropolitan Unions had his customary Re-Union in the Workhouse on Saturday last. Gruel was served in the principal apartment, and breads were laid for one hundred and fifty guests. The accomplished Lady of the Master received the visitors at the grand copper as they entered, and we observed among them several who had recently had the Order of the Cold Bath conferred upon them. Several *al fresco* fish feasts have been lately given in various parts of London, and on Saturday, the fashionable evening, there is held at Brompton a regular *fête des poissons*, or fancy fair, the stalls at which are presided over by some of the most distinguished females of the neighbourhood. At most of these stalls the Whelk is the "monster of the deep" most in request by the public, who may generally calculate on a hearty Whelkome.

TIME OUT OF MIND.

WE really cannot tell what has come lately to some of the principal Clocks of London. Since St. Clement's set the bad example of irregularity some four or five years ago, there has been a sort of epidemic prevailing among many of the principal time-pieces of the Metropolis. A month or so back, it was the Royal Exchange that showed symptoms of ill-timed eccentricity, and now we regret to hear of that highly-respected member of the Horological Society, the Asylum Clock in the Westminster Road, having turned off the whole of its hands for the last fortnight. The absence of the hands cannot be the result of a strike, for no striking has been observed by the inhabitants.

The works are, of course, completely stopped, and the supposition is, that the Clock had, in a moment of forgetfulness, been wound up to a pitch of intensity which has proved fatal to its proper equilibrium. Whatever may be the cause, we can only deplore the effect, for this Clock, which seemed always to have the game in its hands, is at present without any hands whatever.

A HINT TO PUBLISHERS.

THERE is in Literature, as in other matters, a great deal in a name, and no sooner does any thing successful appear in any department of speculation, than a series of nominal resemblances to the fortunate achievement are instantly advertised. We recommend the following as a few titles for books, intended to follow up the recent new work, called, "TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY."

"CAPON AND ITS CAPABILITIES."

"VEAL AND ITS WOES."

"MUTTON AND ITS CAPERS."

"CHICKEN AND ITS FAINT-HEARTEDNESS."

"GIN AND ITS BITTERS."

"CURD AND ITS WHEYS."

Brava! Jenny Lind!

JENNY LIND was offered some thirty thousand pounds to sing at the Imperial Concerts at the Court of Russia. JENNY's significant negative to the offer was "Hungary." Great is the triumph of genius, when the nightingale is too much for the eagle.

PUNCH THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

PUNCH has always been animated by the kindest feelings towards the British Seaman—from the son of NEPTUNE taking an airing in the back-yard of a man of war, to the gallant tar dancing hornpipes, fighting combats, and wiping his "dear eyes" on the stage of a minor theatre. *Punch*, however, has not been blind to the defects of the nautical character, including its propensity to improvidence; its insane delight in riding on the roofs of cabs; its tendency to bully and bluster, when dissipating on shore; and indeed "Jack," as every drunken sailor chooses to call himself, has often appeared to be little better than an unlicked sea-cub, to whom the process of licking would be in more senses than one, a benefit.

Several attempts have been made to effect the social elevation of the tar, who has frequently been sat upon by Parliamentary Committees, from whom recommendations have issued over and over again; but it unfortunately happens that no Government has yet had sufficient pluck, energy, or good will, to act on the recommendations in question.

The Legislature has always within itself a quantity of obstructive force, besides the natural *vis inertia*, or power of doing nothing, that the body contains, and these generally prove sufficient to impede any good work that is not urged on vigorously from without, and taken up indoors with a thorough determination to accomplish it. The present Administration, acting through MR. LABOUCHERE, the President of the Board of Trade, had prepared a measure designed to improve the condition of the Merchant Seamen, when straightway the regular obstructors of Parliament, allying themselves with a self-interested class, have gone to work with the intention of preventing, if possible, the good designed by the Government for the mercantile navy. One of the objects of the measure introduced by MR. LABOUCHERE is to submit the masters and mates of merchant ships to examination, with the view of ascertaining their fitness; a provision opposed by the ship-owners, who contend that they ought to retain the right of appointing either the fit or unfit to the command of their vessels.

If it could be said of a naval commander, as of a poet, *nascitur non fit*, there might be some ground for objecting to a legislative measure for making sure of his fitness. Experience has shown that the power, while in the hands of the shipowners, has been grossly misused, and that the interest of the seaman has been grossly overlooked. His life under the old system has been anything but that canvas-trowsered, polish-pumped, and hornpipe-dancing career, which in our infantine days we always pictured as the lot of the British sailor. His voyages have not been that delicious intermixture of grog and sentiment, that series of playful allusions to lee-scuppers, marlin spikes and mizens which we once attributed to him as the staple of his conversation, and the sole subject of his anxiety. Domineering inefficient officers afloat, neglect on shore, and want of sympathy almost everywhere—except on the stage and in print—have been the seaman's fate for many years, and these are the evils which the Government measure is calculated to remedy.

SPOHR'S "COMBINATIONS."

SPRING-TIME is come—the sap is rising—JENKINS promises to be almost himself again. Here is a sample from the *Post* of last week. JENKINS prophesies upon the Opera prospects of 1851, and thus lays violent parts of speech upon SPOHR:—

"A thrilling sense of sweetness arises from his combinations which affects us in the same manner as does a summer night's west wind heavy with the breaths of a thousand flowers blended into one odour, under whose influence we almost faint with the excess of ecstasy which vibrates through our whole being."

JENKINS thrilled with a sense of sweetness of a summer night's west wind blending a thousand flowers into one odour—as the perfumers say, *extrait de mille fleurs*—and almost fainting with an excess of ecstasy, vibrating through his whole being,—JENKINS, we say, in this very interesting situation, is by no means bad. At least, to begin with. Proceed, JENKINS; vibrate and prosper!

A Half-Pint Measure of Law Reform.

THE principle that "every little helps" is being adapted and acted upon by the authorities in the Court of Chancery. A few days ago a proceeding was postponed before one of the Equity Judges, in order that "all the parties might be heard at once." This is a magnificent idea, and though it runs counter to the old Royal regulation of "one at a time," when a provincial Mayor began to speak simultaneously with the braying of an adjacent donkey, we are convinced that there are many little matters in Equity with reference to which "the more the merrier," as far as the talking of Counsel is concerned, is the best rule to act upon. Though money may not be saved by the arrangement, there would be an economy of time in letting several learned gentlemen join in making a long speech, a strong speech, and a speech altogether.



THE ADVANTAGE OF LODGING UNDER A MECHANICAL GENIUS.

DRAINING THE METROPOLIS.

THE *Times* states that the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, "old and new, have been in office nearly three years, and have spent at least £100,000 pounds a year of the public money." For this expenditure our contemporary complains that there is nothing to show, and adds, "Excepting incidentally, we have had no proclamation or recognition by the Commissioners of any great principle of drainage." Nay; give the gentlemen their due. They have not only recognised a principle, but also put in practice a system of drainage to a very great extent, only they have made a slight mistake; they have drained the City's resources instead of its sewers. It does not appear that any "sumps" have been provided for the conservation of these valuable drainings. No; the Commissioners contented themselves with finding an outfall for them; and the drainings have simply gone to the deuce.

Anticipations of the Budget.

ALL classes of interests are of course desirous of getting the benefit of any reduction of duty that may be rendered possible by the surplus revenue; and we have even heard it whispered that a motion will be made in the House of Commons, to take a part of the duty off policemen. The application will be made on the alleged ground of its being for the benefit of men of letters.

CARLYLE MADE EASY.

MR. PUNCH differs very much on many points with MR. THOMAS CARLYLE; nevertheless he recommends everybody to read MR. CARLYLE's Latter-Day Pamphlets, because there certainly is much fun in them; for they afford all the amusement that can be derived from the best enigmas. It has, however, struck *Mr. Punch* that for the benefit of the slow of comprehension, a CARLYLE made easy, a sort of Delphin CARLYLE, ought to be published, something after the subjoined pattern. *Mr. Punch* is not quite confident that he has rendered MR. CARLYLE in every respect correctly; if he has not, perhaps MR. CARLYLE will point out the mistake—provided that he is perfectly sure that he understands his own meaning. The Author, in Pamphlet No. 1, "The Present Time," is describing the "New Era," which he supposes to have just commenced:—

THE TEXT.

"A terrible *new* country this: no neighbours in it yet that I can see, but irrational flabby monsters (philanthropic and other) of the giant species; hyænas, laughing hyænas, predatory wolves; probably *devils*, blue (or perhaps blue and yellow) devils, as ST. GUTHLAC found in Croyland long ago. A huge untrodden, haggard country, the "chaotic battlefield of Frost and Fire;" a country of savage glaciers, granite mountains, of foul jungles, unbewed forests, quaking bogs; which we shall have our own ados to make arable and habitable, I think!"

THE SENSE.

"This is a novel, alarming, state of things. There are no agents but ourselves at work in it that I can perceive, except irrational, unsound preachers of chimeras (philanthropic and other deceivers) of great note; abusive and satirical journalists, literary wolves that prey on the public morals; probably certain magazines of evil tendency, blue, or perhaps blue and yellow magazines [coloured like the] devils [which] ST. GUTHLAC found in Croyland long ago. An indefinite unexplored dreary state of things, the arena of diametrically opposed principles; an age of frozen charities, stubborn prejudices, filthy mazes of immorality, unreclaimed populations, and social bases threatening to give way; a state of things which I think we shall have sufficient work of our own to render capable of improvement, and orderly enough for us to exist under it."

A Fact for the Agriculturists.

WE understand that one of the farmers' friends in the House of Commons will shortly propose a return to Protection, in consequence of the ruinous effect produced by Free Trade upon our home agriculture, which has already caused the introduction in the year 1849 of £4000 worth of French lawns into this country. It will be urged with the usual soundness of logic and accuracy of fact, for which the Protectionists are remarkable, that if foreign lawns are already coming in so fast, foreign fields may soon be expected to follow. It will doubtless be asked how it is possible for the land to stand against such competition, when, not simply the produce from abroad is imported, but when French lawns, and why not French pastures, on a still more extensive scale, are admitted bodily into unhappy England.

"DOWN IN FRONT."

WE learn from the papers that there is a movement getting up in the city, with the view of doing away with the iron railing round St. Paul's Cathedral. This may be all very well, but we give due notice to the parties interested, that, though the iron railing may be abolished, until the twopenny-show principle of charging for admission has been got rid of, our irony and our railing will never be removed from St. Paul's.

PLOUGHING BY STEAM.

WE perceive that steam has been applied to the process of ploughing. If the farmers are really, as they allege, in terrible hot water, we think they cannot do better than turn the hot water to account, by using the steam for farming purposes.

REASON FOR WEARING A BEARD.

THERE is a Member of the Peace Society who has not shaved now for years, and the reason he gives for his beard, which is a very handsome one, is this: "He is not going to touch a razor, lest by any accident he should be lending his hand to the unnecessary effusion of blood."

PROSPECTS OF THE TUNNEL.

THINGS in the Tunnel continue to look black, and at the meeting of proprietors a few days ago, a comparison between the receipts and expenditure presented ground for hope, inasmuch as there is always play for the imagination when nothing has been realised. It appears that the Directors do all they can to brighten the prospects of the concern, for between £700 and £800 have gone in the year for gas, which makes the Tunnel light though it makes the expenditure heavy. There has been a falling off in the tolls for the past year, but this deficiency is of course attributed to the cholera. If the epidemic has been otherwise unprofitable, it has, at all events, acted as a sort of general accountant employed in balancing all matters of profit and loss, which could not be very well explained in any other manner.

One of the items of receipt is as usual the rent of stalls, for that continual fancy fair which is perpetually going on underground, in obedience to that wonderful law of our nature which teaches us sometimes to delight in the most startling contrasts, and has led to the establishment of a bazaar in the tunnel. We should be most happy to offer anything like consolation or encouragement to the proprietors; but truth compels us to say that we utterly despair of ever seeing the concern succeed in keeping itself above water.

The Ruins of Nineveh.

It appears that a French antiquarian threatens to get the best of our own LAYARD at Nineveh. He will—

"With his much larger fund (£30,000 it is stated), materially encroach on the harvest of antiquities which would fall to the lot of the English nation were CAPTAIN LAYARD's exertions backed by more ample means."

This is an idle, an ignorant complaint. When JOHN BULL is made to lose so much with "ducks and drakes," how can he, with the French, afford to play at "marbles?"

Quick Returns and no Profits.

MR. HUDSON has re-appeared "in his place" (where we should have thought he would have been somewhat "out of his place") in the House of Commons. We are not aware whether the ex-Railway-King is supplied with a motto for his armorial bearings, whatever they may be, but if not, we would suggest to him as appropriate to his re-appearance in Parliament, the well known phrase of "Cut and come again."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.



WE wish that MR. COBDEN, in his next annual motion for the reduction of useless expenditure, would oblige us by introducing a few words relative to the useless expenditure—of time—which we have so frequently incurred in telling Correspondents that they must take copies of their communications before they consign them to *Punch's* letter-box. Members of the House of Commons may move for what returns they please, but amongst such returns, no return of any article sent to us can be included. Copying machines may be had from two guineas upwards, and surely such a trifling investment as this can be of no moment at such a momentous crisis, as the sitting down to write to *Punch* a communication of any kind whatever.

SIBTHORP'S WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

THE gallant COLONEL SIBTHORP ought to be the most bashful member that the House of Commons contains, for he is totally devoid of confidence. He takes every opportunity of declaring his total distrust of everybody and everything parliamentary; a state of mind which is perpetually prompting him to take up his hat and rush out of the house, for the purpose, as he always declares, of getting out of an atmosphere of humbug and roguery. We should not be surprised at his putting on the paper a notice of motion in something like the following form:—"COLONEL SIBTHORP to move for a call of the house, for the purpose of taking into consideration his confidence in nothing and nobody, and after having taken up his hat to ask for a committee to sit upon it."

The honourable and gallant member must suffer materially from this feeling of distrust in all men of all parties, for it must be exceedingly disagreeable to live in one continued state of doubt as to the whole world's honesty. The Colonel wears out, we understand, at least half-a-dozen velvet naps in the session, by his constant practice of bonnetting himself, and rushing out of the house with a sweeping denunciation of Whigs, Tories, Radicals, Conservatives, Peelites and Protectionists.



SIBTHORP HAS NO CONFIDENCE IN EITHER PARTY.

A MATCH FOR HAYNAU.

THE *Times* tells us that there were "21 persons hanged or shot by court-martial, and 73 flogged," according to one report, "irrespectively of courts-martial." Where, and by whom? In Hungary again? Another exploit of HAYNAU's? No, indeed. In Cephalonia, by British authority, as shown by "SIR HENRY WARD's own statement," did these military executions take place. The cats for the flogging were "expressly supplied for the purpose by SIR WILLIAM PARKER's flag-ship." The culprits were, it is said, banditti, but political tools. The population of Cephalonia is stated by the *Times* as 70,000: the number of capital executions in Hungary to have been 54. In this hanging, shooting, and whipping match, there appears to be a "tie" between HAYNAU and his British rival. In Cephalonia, 21 victims must be considered as exceeding 54 in Hungary; but then, against his opponent, HAYNAU scores women. HAYNAU is perhaps the more thorough whip, but it is a question whether he has not been distanced by our own countryman.

A Prize Ministry.

COLONEL SIBTHORP complained the other night, in the House of Commons, that the Ministers were getting much too fat—a circumstance that is quite compatible with their having no leaning towards the gallant Member's doctrines. We can understand the Colonel's objection to the fatness of the members of the Government, for it must give them additional weight in the country, and it shows also that they are made a great deal of, since their bulk is becoming remarkable. We don't object to their being double-bodied, so long as they are not double-faced, and if they increase so much in size, it will not be possible for political intriguers to get round them very easily.

THE UNFILIAL HANGMAN.

LAST week, CALCRAFT the hangman was summoned for refusing to assist in the support of his mother. CALCRAFT pleaded poverty in excuse of filial neglect. True, it was shown that his regular Newgate salary was one guinea per week—nothing being said of the proceeds of his hempseed harvest, in the country. CALCRAFT is, moreover, a shoemaker; and was taken in the fact of wearing a shoemaker's apron. Nevertheless, CALCRAFT declared he could not and would not pay a taster in support of his parent.

We are sorry for this. We lament the hard-heartedness of the hangman. Reflecting upon the great moral uses of the gallows—as averred and championed by defendants of the halter—it does appear to us as singularly unfortunate that CALCRAFT, the great teacher himself, should bring away such low morality from that great public school, the scaffold.

The report further states, that

"A considerable degree of interest was excited, and the court was inconveniently crowded by persons, amongst whom were a number of well-dressed women, anxious to obtain a sight of the defendant."

We are not without sympathy even for JACK KETCH; we are willing to do him a good turn, without asking him for another.

Can MR. CALCRAFT make nothing out of the "considerable degree of interest" which is excited by his public appearance? If he were to give an "At Home," for example, would not his exhibition-room be inconveniently, but profitably crowded? Try it, CALCRAFT, at 1s. a head. What an easy way of getting money! You have only to show yourself—though, if you could give a little lecture with illustrations, so much the better, of course. How pleasant too! With a number of well-dressed women anxious to obtain a sight of you! What young buck does not envy you, you happy dog?

By the way, a certain late patient of MR. CALCRAFT's was remarkable for dressing well. Perhaps the well-dressed women gloating on him at Worship Street reminded him of her. Possibly it is not in externals alone that the ladies who could revel in such contemplation resembled MARIA MANNING.

ANIMATED LIKENESSES OF THE LATE LORD ELDON.

A MYSTERIOUS STORY.

It is well observed by the BARD OF AVON that there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Among such our readers will probably be disposed to include the following occurrences, presuming their authenticity, which it is difficult to doubt, being vouched for by the independent testimony of various eminent solicitors. We are informed by a great number of legal correspondents in all parts of the kingdom, that the most curious and unaccountable phenomena have, for some time past, been exhibited by the portraits and busts of the late LORD ELDON, which, as is well known, are the ornaments of most lawyers' offices. The portraits of the sometime Lord Chancellor of England have been observed suddenly to turn themselves to the wall; or to tumble down from their hangings without any assignable cause. His busts have all at once appeared to change countenance, and assume an expression of weeping; a habit for which the original, as is well known, was remarkable in his life-time. Superstitious minds have not failed to connect these singular circumstances with the production of the Solicitor-General's measures for the reform of the Irish Court of Chancery.

Certain, however, it is, that the great Equity Lawyer was a strenuous defender of what are now considered the abuses of the Court which he presided over, and if the success of SIR J. ROMILLY's Irish measure should lead, as is expected, to a corresponding Chancery reform in England, no doubt the mysterious events in question will at least be regarded in the light of "curious coincidences."—*Provincial Paper*.

Every Man (even a German Prince) has his Price.

THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA is fired at in his travelling carriage, and his postillion is shot through the leg. The Prince, to record his gratitude for his narrow escape, awards the postillion a monthly pension of five thalers. We must say we do not consider fifteen shillings a month as the most princely payment in the world for saving a royal life,—but probably the Prince is a modest man, and, in fixing the sum, he was anxious not to give more than he considered himself fairly worth. If the Prince of Prussia is ever reduced to *sell* his life, we are afraid he will not make much by the transaction, according to the very low estimate he has put upon himself. Why, it isn't five shillings a-week! This is low, indeed, for a *Crown Prince*!

HEAD-MONEY FOR PIRATES.—Paying a lawyer's bill in postage stamps.

THE GUARDSMAN'S UNBIASSED OPINION UPON MR. COBDEN.

(Delivered at the Mess after Dinner.)



SHOULD like to have the handling of him. Wouldn't I give it him! I wouldn't spare him, I can tell you! I should like to have him for my flunky for a week, that's all—he shouldn't forget it soon. I would wear ten pair of boots every day, that he might have the bother of cleaning them. What can he know about the army? Why doesn't he come amongst us? I only wish he would. Wouldn't we give it him, my boys! We would show him a new light or two, and send him home in a wheelbarrow. I can't help laughing, but I think I know of a plan that would sicken him. We would put him next to the Major, and if his old jokes didn't punish him sense of feeling. Nothing

in less than half an hour, he is lost to all is too bad for that fellow. By Jingol! I wouldn't give a tin sixpence for the best commission in the service if he was at the head of affairs to-morrow. I'd sooner buy into the Police Force, and turn officer in the Blues, than wear moustaches under such a man. It's my firm opinion he wants to make us rise from the ranks, and do away with commissions altogether,—a pretty state of things there would be then. I think I shall sell out at once, for I've no idea of seeing a Cotton Lord at the head of the regiment, and of taking wine with a Colonel after he had been choking me with Devil's-dust. If I had my way, I would pack Mr. COBDEN and all his gang out of the country. He is a dangerous firebrand that must be extinguished, or he'll be burning us all out of our berths. However, he's too ignorant, luckily, to do much harm, and if ever he comes across my path I'll double him up like a Gibus hat, in no time—and then I will carry him under my arm to Almack's, to show the world what a regular flat he is. So much for COBDEN, and now, my boys, I'm any man's game for blind-hockey, lansquenet, or a throw with the bones, or a short pipe, or anything you please, my little dears, from a dog-fight to a bowl of brandy-punch."

Splitting the Difference.

THE *Morning Herald*, in speaking of M. CARNOT, in its paper of the 14th, calls him "a half cynical, half mystical, half VOLTAIRIAN, half JOHAN PAUL RICHTER enthusiast." We always considered CARNOT a sort of incarnation of the "entire animal" doctrine, but if we are to believe the *Herald*, he is one of the most half-and-half of republicans. It is evident that, in the event of future misconduct, a man of so many halves will be allowed no quarter; and though we do not quite see the force of the *Herald's* arithmetic, in assigning four halves to one man, still on the principle of his being a man beside himself, the anomaly may be perhaps accounted for.

Weights and Measures for the Million.

One pound of chalk makes two gallons of milk.
Two twigs of birch broom—one ounce of tea.
Three ounces of sand—half a pound of sugar.
One stick of Spanish liquorice—two pots of porter.
Twenty noisy boys—one infuriated beadle.
Six friends in the pit—one blaze of triumph.
Eight Protectionist facts—one falsehood.

SOMETHING BEYOND A JOKE.

MANY persons involved in the Railway Mania of 1845 have asked whether the applicants for Shares, and the Directors of a defunct Company, are in the same position. They certainly are not, the difference being, that, while the Committee-men are ill-at-ease, the share-seekers are simply all-ot-ees, which makes all the difference.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

THE MAN WHO STOPS THE BOTTLE.

If you notice, there is sure to be one man at the table who is always stopping the bottle.

This man has peculiarities so patent, that we are confident there is a race of men who are born BOTTLE-STOPPERS.

The BOTTLE-STOPPER is generally a poor, inanimate, dull creature, who sits, scarcely stirs, and never speaks—or, if he speaks, he stammers, unless he stutters, when he is sure to blush double-crimson-deep. He is both nervous and absent,—so that, if he is recalled to his senses, his nervousness, upon being made conscious he is in the company of ladies and gentlemen, is more painful to witness than his absence,—so, of the two, it is much better to let him remain absent.

In appearance he is awkward, and cannot carve without throwing something off the dish. He wears a white neckcloth, that has contracted a ludicrous habit of twisting round his neck.

In intelligence, his countenance is not unlike a male ballet-dancer's, but there the likeness stops, for the BOTTLE-STOPPER never smiles, or grins, in the same bewitching manner that the ballet-dancer does, when he is pleased. All kind of animation seems to have absconded from his pale face long ago. He looks much more likely to cry than to laugh; so, if you are wise, you will not attempt the latter for fear of succeeding in the former.

Let the conversation be ever so brisk, he never appears to listen. His thoughts, if he has any, are out of the room. The jokes may fly about in all directions, but he is following a blue-bottle along the ceiling, or else building a red-hot castle in the coals. He is only awakened from his studies by a powerful entreaty to "pass the bottle;" when he rubs his eyes to see where he is.

As a matter of course, the BOTTLE-STOPPER has not the smallest taste for wine. His ignorance in this respect is something contemptible. An unmarried lady knows more of champagne than he does. The youngest man of the party, who is rubbing up for a pair of whiskers, can tell a fine glass of port, with a higher knowledge of its goodness, than he can. When asked to fill his glass, he helps himself to the bottle that is nearest to him, without any reference to the wine he has been drinking last. Red or white—sparkling or still—Rhine wine or French wine—it is all the same to him. If it was table beer—or no better than SOYER'S Nectar—he would drink it all the same.

As the BOTTLE-STOPPER never says a word, he is not much spoken to. He would not be noticed at all, if it were not for his unfortunate propensity to keep the bottle constantly by his side. This propensity only elicits a playful observation at first, but as the error is repeated every time the bottle travels round, he is sharply called to order by some bald-headed, elderly gentleman, who begs of him, in a military voice, to "Look a little more alive, and send round the port." These reprimands grow sharper at each new offence, till at last the BOTTLE-STOPPER is happy to escape the moment "coffee" is announced, leaving the elderly gentleman and his portly compeers to denounce him as a "stupid fellow," as soon as his back is turned.

He is not more lively with the ladies than with the gentlemen. He takes refuge in some large portfolio of prints, and disappears mysteriously during some heavy ordnance piece of music, letting himself quietly out of the street-door. A week afterwards he leaves his card, and is never seen again.

The BOTTLE-STOPPER is simply a hand-and-fork automaton that is invited out to dinner. He is as little moved by beautiful music as he is by the generous influence of wine. He neither sings nor dances, and seems to excel but in one thing, and that is dreaming. The wonder is, he ever is found at a dinner-table at all, for he is neither useful nor ornamental, and the general apology for stupidity cannot be made in his favour, for he is not even rich. The secret must be, that he is invited at the last minute to fill up the gap made by the unavoidable absence of some better invitation.

What the BOTTLE-STOPPER may be in private life, we have no means of knowing, and we are rather glad of it. But we can imagine him to be always in arrear with his rent, never to eat his dinner till it is perfectly cold, to be plunged in the darkest ignorance with regard to bills, insurances, and all commercial transactions, and never by any accident to keep an appointment, or recollect a single thing he has promised. He is the sort of man who would invite twenty persons to dinner, and then forget everything about it. We can fancy his starting for the Derby on a Thursday morning, or if there was an eclipse to-day, that he would be rushing out to see it to-morrow. After all, he is as harmless as he is simple; only, as a general rule, we should say: "Never sit next to the BOTTLE-STOPPER at dinner, if you possibly can avoid it."

P.S. We have dined at many hundred tables, and have known, in our varied "mahogany" experience, many hundred BOTTLE-STOPPERS, but we must say, in justice to a much-calumniated country, that we have never met with an Irishman yet who was a BOTTLE-STOPPER!

MR. FINIGAN'S LAMENT.

THE following Poem, upon an event which at present occupies much of the public attention in Ireland, has been sent to us by a gentleman connected with the Knife Board of Dublin Castle:—

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers repoort?
They're goan to recal the Liftinant,
And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now having murthered our counthry,
They're goin to kill the Viceroy,
Dear boy;

'Twas he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behold him,
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked-hat from the winnies,
And smiles to his bould aide-de-congs?
I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the cyars,
Like MARS,
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear MITCHELL exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilds you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin
From O'BRINE at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Across the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.

GOD save
The QUEEN—she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthee',
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains;
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In sthrains,
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's COUNSELLOR FLANAGAN's leedy,
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin,
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of MISTHRESS O'GRADY,
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divvie a yard will she get;
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's SURGEON O'TOOLE and MISS LEARY,
They'd daylings at MADAM O'RIGGS';
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs,
When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
Because there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expence to ashume.

There's ALDERMAN TOAD and his lady,
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liftinant's Coort.
But now that the quality's goin,
I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The devil a bite or a dthrop,
Or chop,
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,
And CORRY, the bould Connellan,
And little LORD HYDE and the childthren,
And the Chewter and Governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes,—
Oh, murther, but what shall I due
Without you?
O MEERY, with oi's of the blue!

RED-COAT CONSTABLES.

MR. STANFORD, M.P.—Most Profound—of Reading, opposes reduction in the army; as he conceives that Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, have especial need of well-filled barracks. If foreign laurels are not to be gathered, there may be a good home crop won upon English soil. At Liverpool, for instance, there is the Financial Reform Association, that requires military watchfulness. With a hundred pen-knives whetted to scra'ch out certain items in the civil list, such as thousands per annum for Hereditary Falconers and Masters of Buckhounds, we must have bayonets continually fixed to overawe and repress the revolutionary movement.

At Birmingham, there is JOSEPH STURGE with many disciples, preaching Universal Peace, advocating pestilent doctrines that will render the finest parks of artillery only so much old iron;—JOSEPH and his associates alone demand the vigilance of a few battalions.

Then, again, there is the great Freehold Movement. Every man treasonably bent upon purchasing for himself as much earth as will grow him a vote, is a social enemy—a hater of the franchise as it is—and requires at least a couple of red-coats to have an eye upon him. More; let us consider the helpless condition of the judges without the aid of the military: "The sentences of the judges could not be put into execution merely by a small police force." This is very evident; most manifest from the many abortive attempts lately made to release felons from prison vans, and to carry off murderers even from the very scaffold; attempts only frustrated by the sudden presence of the military power, that, sword in hand, scattered the evil-doers.

"When honourable members alleged that the people were calling for reductions in our military establishments, he asked them what they meant by 'the people?' Did they mean to include, under the term, pickpockets, thieves, and that large body, 70,000 in the metropolis, who were called 'the dangerous classes?' If so, he could easily account for the demand."

Very good—very wise, MR. STANFORD. To ask for a reduced army power is to have five fingers itching for the property of our neighbours. To object to the extravagant outlay upon the household troops is to be a man marked "dangerous."

But it is clear that the judges are of little use without the prospect of military co-operation. The ermine would be defiled by popular contempt, unless protected by scarlet serge. This is the reasoning of MR. STANFORD—this a specimen of the reasoning animal too often dubbed M.P., and sent to weary honest people, and fill with froth the morning papers.

However, from the debate we extract one delicious drop of comfort. COLONEL SIBTHORP said—

"Allusion had been made to the possibility of outbreaks by anarchical factions: if it should be found necessary for the preservation of the peace and dignity of this country, he should be prepared to act against any attempt which the Radicals might make."

There is a blacksmith dwelling at Lincoln who is prepared—at only one day's notice—to transmute the Colonel's well-known dagger of lath into a broadsword of most heroic temper. The funds are always safe, for is not SIBTHORP ever ready?

BENEVOLENT MACHINES.

SOME experiments which would have highly interested a Boshman or Malay warrior were tried last week in the marshes at Woolwich. They were carried on, says the *Morning Post*,

"With shells, the invention of Mr. GROVES of Birmingham, having for their object, when burst among troops, to scatter a quantity of prepared material, which would set their clothes on fire, and destroy the enemy by that means."

A considerable improvement, this notion, upon that of poisoned arrows! It is difficult, however, to conceive how a shell could set on fire any clothes but petticoats, and how, therefore, it could be available against any troops but Amazons, or, perhaps, Highlanders. In the present instance, the shells all burst at the mouth of the howitzer without igniting even the turpentine, or whatever it was that they were to fling about. We had a mistaken notion that, in civilized warfare, all such weapons had been exploded long ago. Not so, it seems; and next, perhaps, it will be proposed that we should fight with vitriol and aqua-fortis

Manners and Customs of *ye* Englyshe (New Series) No. 4.



ye FATHERS OF *ye* CHVRCH. GYVYNG JVDGMENTE. VPON
ye KNOTTYE POYNT.



THE GRECIAN DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Punch. "WHY DON'T YOU HIT ONE OF YOUR SIZE?"

A CAMBRIDGE LYRIC.

THE CLASSICAL QUESTIONIST'S VOW.

WHERE Cam in narrow channel sleeps,
And Johnian towers rise,
Connected with the olden Court
By the modern "Bridge of Sighs,"
A Questionist, of Classic fame,
"Gazed on the flood below,"
And as he cooled his fevered brow,
Poured forth this tale of woe.

"Ye Gods of Hades down below,
Have mercy on a sinner,
Six weeks of squares and triangles,
And yet but a beginner!
These cosine thetas to the *n*th
Will drive me crazy soon;
Oh, grant, ye Gods, a quick release,
And bring me home the Spoon.

"With MILLER's hydrostatic lore,
And GRIFFIN on my lip,
I wish I were a bold Bargee,—
Oh, would I were a Gyp.
Little care they for function *x*,
Sines, tangents, fulcrums, cones,
They blow their baccy as they like,
And rest their lazy bones.

"Οἶμοι φεῦ φεῦ· τί πρακτέον;
Ω Μάκαρες on high,
Oh, list for once a suppliant voice,
Oh, hear a gownsman's cry.
To you I'll pour libation free
Of punch, of wine, of beer;
I'll give you nectar, if you like,
(We've only SOYER's here).

"I'll crown the cup with blooming flowers,
Prepare the festive spread,
And for the guests that meet that night,
The floor shall be their bed;
They shan't 'go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear;
And gyps and bedmakers shall swim
In ponds of College beer.

"If in the dreadful Senate-house,
Where pens and ink abound,
And Problem Papers, crabb'd and stiff,
Lie heaped on tables round,
Where Moderators look severe,
And men down on their luck,
You'll deign protect the Muses' child,
And shield him from a pluck."

AS GRAVE AS A JUDGE.

ONE of our illustrated contemporaries favours the public with "a portrait of LORD CAMPBELL, in the act of listening to MR. HUMPHREY, Q. C., in an action for debt, to recover the price of a boiler." We confess, that, if we were doomed to have our portrait taken, we should hope to be drawn in some more interesting situation than in the act of listening to a forensic harangue on the price of a boiler. Judging from the portrait, LORD CAMPBELL seems to be feeling his subject, for he looks as if he were trying his hardest to get up the steam. It is to be regretted that one of the legal wags did not make a joke at the moment of the portrait having been taken, so that a smile might have been seen to play on the noble lord's countenance.

If MR. HUMPHREY had thought of the rampantly comic observation that "disputes about boilers bring people into hot water," the object would have been achieved. Perhaps it would have been better still, if SIR F. THESIGER had reserved his celebrated *jeu de mot* on the subject of *Le Prophète*, for the first sitting of the New Chief Justice. As SIR FREDERICK's waggery may have escaped the observation of the public, we re-produce it for the use of young beginners in the facetious line. Another learned counsel having observed that the parties to the action were sick of *Le Prophète*, SIR F. THESIGER rejoined, that it appeared as if the parties were sick for want of *The Profits*. The Court, of course, rang with laughter, for forensic minds are easily amused.

THE GREAT SCHOOL OF LONDON.

To those who can learn in the school of the peripatetics, who find knowledge in every walk of life, and who, as they run, manage to read—there is, we say, for such a class, an academy in every London street, a college at the corner of every court, a sort of seminary at every step, and a perfect university in every leading thoroughfare. What a fund of grammar may be supplied in a ramble from Charing Cross to the Bank, and back again. Behold that man and woman quarrelling, and recognise at once the great grammatical rule, that the masculine and the feminine cannot agree. Listen to the abuse bestowed by that coal-heaver upon that costermonger, and you will at once be struck with the distinction between proper and improper names. Watch that urebin extracting the handkerchief from the pocket of the gentleman, and there is an exemplification of the possessive case, while the coming up of yonder vigilant policeman illustrates the objective, for it is at once a case of objection to the thief's walking away. There is an unhappy being leaning, in a state of intoxication, against a lamp-post, and realising the great grammatical theory of an adjective, which is unable to stand alone.

If we would take a lesson in punctuation, are there not hundreds of omnibuses crawling, loitering, and pausing, to initiate us into the mysteries of all kinds of stops?

We could in the streets of London on any fine day, or fine night, continue *ad infinitum* to learn by analogy the rules of the Grammarians, but in a spirit of deeper inquiry we turn aside from the vulgar crowd, and seek the solitude of the Arcadia known as that of Exeter, where the beadle, with a letter on his collar, enjoys the tranquillity of lettered ease. Like the hermit with his staff he paces to and fro, meditating on the emptiness of everything as he gazes in at the windows of the untenanted shops. We never go in at the Exeter Street entrance of the Arcade, and come out into Catherine Street, without feeling that we have gone through something indescribable, and recollecting it afterwards as one of the most melancholy passages of our lives.

THE HIDDEN NEEDLEWOMEN.

THE *Chronicle* has opened a list of the names and addresses of London needlewomen; of the suffering creatures, hard, as it appears, to discover even by those who require and would fairly pay their services; in such payment affording the possible luxury of an incidental chop, to vary the dietary of thrice-drawn tea-leaves and butterless bread. So far so good, and great praise to the *Chronicle*.

Punch, however, has his suggestion. Every post-office is a sort of public place. *Punch*, then, suggests to all shop-keeping postmasters and mis'tresses of London to have a little book—it may cost a penny—in which the needlewomen of the neighbourhood may inscribe their names.

If there are those who would hesitate at the prospective "trouble" of the thing—the said trouble bringing no apparent profit in silver or copper—*Punch* begs to observe, that whoever calls at a shop to post a letter, or to ask a question, is a probable customer. There is, say six times out of twelve, something presented that is required—that the dropper-in is reminded of; and thus he or she who comes only to post a letter, or to ask the whereabouts of a sempstress, remains to buy.

Pottery Extraordinary.

WHO knows anything about a person of the name of KESEPH? Is he a Thug, or a Barker, or what! Or else what means this odd advertisement which we saw lately in the *Times*:—

"THE LATE CRUEL ATTEMPT TO STIFLE THE HON. B. NOEL, by Koseph, is commented upon in the *Earthen Vessel* for February, 1850. This monthly periodical is published by &c., &c."

What are the particulars of the ruffianly outrage above alluded to? A grilling on a gridiron would be a fitter punishment for KESEPH than a mere dressing in an Earthen Vessel. This piece of crockeryware, by the way, must be one of the curiosities of literature. One feels curious to ascertain the contents of this periodical pitcher, or pipkin, or pot.

MAKING AWAY WITH HIMSELF.

IT appears that the EARL OF CLARENDON himself supports the project for abolishing his own office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It would certainly be very difficult to replace so excellent a Viceroy, and it is therefore prudent to give up the attempt, when it is quite clear that any one selected to succeed would inevitably fail.

SCOTCH TENACITY.

THE motto on LORD CAMPBELL's seal is "*Justitia Tenax*." The translation of this, evidently, is "Holding on to the Chief Justiceship."



First Costermonger. "I wonder a respectable cove like you, Bill, carries yer own collyflovers!"
Why don't yer keep a carriage like mine!"
Second Costermonger. "Why don't I keep a carriage! Why, because I don't choosn to waste my hincum in mere show and fashionable display!"

PICTURES OF MISERY.

WE have heard a great deal about the overcrowding of the poor in towns, but nothing we have yet heard of comes up to the over-crowding of Pictures in the National Gallery. We wonder that the fragile frames of the victims are able to stand such usage, and if many of them have already lost their colour, can we be surprised, when we think of the unhealthy atmosphere to which they are consigned? One of our own commissioners, who has been sent to inquire into the matter, reports to us the evil effects of jostling together in a limited space the old and the young masters, and we are long ago familiar with the treatment of the Vernon family of pictures, which may be said to have been consigned to a sort of modern Black Hole of Calcutta, which must be seen to be believed, and which, as nothing is to be seen, will never be believed by anybody.

"PORTER'S PROGRESS OF THE NATION."

COMMUNISM means, we believe, "HALF-AND-HALF," and we doubt if Communism is ever likely to go down in England, or to become a popular measure, in any other shape.

HERO SURGEONS.

LAUREL grows not for military surgeons. They may, in the very thick of the fight, dress wounds, amputate, perform acts of most beneficent and dexterous skill—they may, within range of the enemy's fire, set up their hospital, and haply be swept away by the enemy's shot,—yet are they held of no more account than the practitioner who operates in the safe precincts of Guy's or St. Thomas's. Occasionally an army surgeon is killed; nevertheless, no laurel twig is planted upon his grave. He dies as obscurely as the parish apothecary; his memory as "undecorated."

This is hardly fair; but then, it is very English. We are, unquestionably, a great people; and in the serenity of our greatness, rarely vouchsafe to acknowledge the existence of people of science. To be sure, now and then, there is a sprinkling of them in the parties of high political life; just a flavour of science—a tint or two of pictorial art; but, as a principle, the English Court and the English Government do not condescend to be familiar with genius that is only pacific. A great Captain kills a few thousand Indians, and on his return home, he is immediately summoned "above the salt" at Windsor. A thousand times greater man—a marvellous worker in iron, one STEPHENSON, drives the 2,000,000th rivet in the plate of the Britannia Bridge, thereby consummating a work as great as the Pyramids, with utility incalculable subliming the greatness,—and we suffer France to step before us, and, in her way, acknowledge and adorn the skill of the mighty master. Had STEPHENSON, from the cannon's mouth, fired away a hundredth part of the iron with which he has gripped Menai shore to shore,—his coat would have been hung with trinkets thick as a jeweller's window.

The soldier, in his terrible trade, inflicts pain, maims, kills. The surgeon, a skilled and watchful beneficence, waits in the track of blood, and comforts, assuages, saves. The heroic destroyer obtains, at least, the Order of the Bath,—the surgeon only wears the Order of Neglect. SIR DE LACY EVANS asks *when* a decoration is to be presented "to medical officers who may have been present, and proved deserving in important military and naval actions?" And "when" remains unanswered. It is so glorious to fire a bullet into a man—but nothing, whilst bullets are flying about the operator, to extract the ball. Very serviceable to the state is it to cut sabre-gashes, of small account to heal the hurts received. Destruction is a demi-god; mere healing, a pettifogger. We raise a hundred statues to MARS, but not an ounce of bronze to ESCULAPIUS. Glory may be written on a drum-head, but is not to be put down upon lint.

High Life in the New Cut.

Gentleman. WHAT's the price of this red herring?

Fishmonger. You shall have that one for a halfpenny, Sir.

Gentleman. Well, I've no money about me, but I can give a postage-stamp, if you can oblige me with change."

EXPENSIVE SOCIETY.

WE should have thought that so dignified an individual as a judge of a superior Court would find no difficulty whatever in getting in'o the very best society; but we presume it is on the ground of a judge ceasing to be a man of parties—and accordingly declining all invitations—that he is allowed a very handsome sum for an associate. Of course, if great judicial dignitaries must be very particular indeed with whom they associate, it is desirable that they should be allowed to find associates for themselves, and a few thousands a year can't be considered misapplied in a matter of this kind, for a judge would soon grow very dull indeed without a single associate.

The office, whose duties consist, we suppose, of constant companionship with the judge, must be very agreeable in the present day, when the bench is graced with nice, genial, gentlemanly, well-informed, and high-minded men, but there have been periods when it might have been said of many a judge, that his lordship's room was preferable to his lordship's company. The associate has probably the task of starting topics of small talk to relax the judicial mind, and occasionally perhaps to take a part in picking one of those dry old bones of contention that the legal appetite yearns for the discussion and digestion of. We believe the salaries of the associates of the judges are from £1000 to £2000 a year, but we think there are many who would accept the situations for the mere privilege of associating with some of the most agreeable and entertaining men in England, who deserve rather to be paid than to pay for allowing others to become their associates.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DONE WITH THE SURPLUS.

WE have had some wonderful years lately; but this year seems likely to be more wonderful than any of them. The Whig Government has got a surplus of some £2,000,000. The question was what were they to do with the money?

They might have invested it in the creation of a fund for the reward of literary and scientific merit.

They might have applied it to the liquidation of the National Debt—settling, we would suggest, in the first place, England's little account with HORATIA.

They might have appropriated some of it to the erection of a decent National Gallery.

But they had better have sent it all to the British Museum, which institution only is the proper receptacle for such a curiosity as a Whig surplus.

A BAD SPEC.

THE late Socialist triumph in the Paris elections may be said to present an illustration of very large returns and very small profits.

A SPIDER OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE pious GOODMAN in his "*Fall of Man*" takes it as an especial evidence of the beauty and simplicity of English law that "Providence hath so fitly ordained it, as prophesying or prescribing a lesson that the timber in Westminster Hall should neither admit cobweb nor spider." Fortified by such authority, we are disposed to consider the correspondent who below addresses us as a designing impostor; nevertheless we give his communication, desiring the courteous reader to judge for himself.

COUNTY COURTS BILL.

"MR. PUNCH.—It has been moved to extend the jurisdiction of County Courts to debts just under £50. From £20 to £50 is a jump indeed; and the hairs of barristers' wigs, as in duty bound, stand on end at the suggestion. The Attorney-General looks professionally grave at the notion; and prophesies all sorts of evil, every kind of inconvenience, from so sweeping a measure.

"Now, Mr. Punch, if anything in life have cause to fear sweeping measures, it is myself—a spider of Westminster Hall; a spider that has descended in a right line from the days of Stephen. The County Courts Bill may, nine times out of ten, be made a puzzle and a flam.—If it receive no further alteration than mere extension, it may take in—nominally take in—a £100, and law will be as dear as ever; and defendants, like flies in a web, be caught and held inextricably in the meshes of the attorney. Let us, Sir, consider the beautiful construction of the County Courts Bill as it stands. It is, indeed, a very pretty bit of network.

"When the plaintiff dwells more than twenty miles from the defendant, and the debt is in shape of a Bill,—how easy and how very satisfactory it is, to endorse the said Bill to a friend distant more than the statute twenty miles from the acceptor! By these facile means the cause is a cause for the superior court, and the costs are thumping accordingly.

"When plaintiff and defendant dwell in different districts, and goods are sold and delivered to distant defendant, then again may plaintiff elect to sue in superior court, snapping his fingers at the very nose of the County Court judge!

"Again, attorneys are privileged folks. When they themselves are plaintiffs—and nothing so common, especially for H-brew discounters as to sue upon their own stamps—they have this high prerogative, to make the most of the defendant, by the more expensive process, 'grinding his bones' to make their best wheaten bread! However, by an after 'amending' act, the privilege, before 'enjoyed' by attorney of being sued in superior court, is taken from him; but, as a sweet consideration for such loss, he is still permitted, as plaintiff, to take defendant to the dearest market!

"Why, there is MOSES FITZGREGG, Esq., attorney-at-law—sharp fellow! He always sues in the superior court. And why? 'Because,' says MOSES, 'defendant won't risk £10 or £15 in settling me right; but to stop the bother will pay costs of writ; a dirty £1 15s., or £2, as magnanimity may be.'

"Observe, Mr. Punch, to move to deprive plaintiff of costs will amount to some £10 for expenses of motion. Then, a demurrer follows, and who shall say where the costs shall end, until a receipt in full, to some romantic amount, be duly obtained and—paid for?

"So you see, Mr. Punch, with even an extension of the County Court Act to £50, if it be nothing more than extension, there will yet remain ample work, and sufficient profit for

"Yours, (in a line,)

"A SPIDER OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

"P.S. I perceive that the attorneys are moving to be relieved of expense of certificate tax. If they succeed, will letters fall from 6s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.?"

A Protectionist Banquet.

THE Morning Post says—

"Another novel importation of foreign production has now taken place in the shape of a parcel of 108 bundles of hay, by the steamer *Earl of Auckland*, from Rotterdam, the growth and produce of Holland."

The importation of hay is a result of Free Trade, which would, we should think, be palatable even to Protectionist donkeys.

NEW LIGHT FOR LONDON.

Application for a Patent.—Mr. Punch, for a method of imparting illuminating properties to sulphuretted hydrogen, with a view to light the metropolis by means of the gas contained in the sewers.

THE AUTHORS OF OUR OWN PLEASURES.

NEXT to the pleasure of having done a good action, there is nothing so sweet as the pleasure of having written a good article!

SIBTHORP "WHEN AT OXFORD."



DEEPLY shall we regret the day—may it be a century distant—when SIBTHORP shall be removed from the House of Commons to Westminster Abbey. SIBTHORP should be a joy for ever. Even as the mummies of Egyptian royalty fix upon the visitors of the British Museum the memory of a long-departed fact, Egyptian civilisation, so does SIBTHORP, in his old Tory swappings, tell of the days that are gone.—Days of buckskin breeches' loyalty and hatred of wooden shoes; days of fox-hunting and hard drinking to follow; days when GEORGE THE THIRD was really the father of his people, and ROYAL CHARLOTTE their nursing mother; days when Tyburn had its weekly batch of highwaymen, coiners, and house-breakers,—and a squeamish sentimentality lowered not the useful gains of the executioner. Last week, SIBTHORP was very strong upon Mr. EWART's motion for establishing town libraries for the people. SIBTHORP, for himself, declared that "he did not like

reading at all, and he hated it when at Oxford."

A certain Spanish author writes a strange matter of a canon named MARTIN, "excellently pious, but an incorrigible blockhead." In vain he puzzled himself to learn, till SAINT ISIDORE appeared to him in a dream and made him eat a book! Whereupon MARTIN awoke a learned man, and wrote the purest Latin!

How much would the world have gained, if SAINT ISIDORE had only paid such a visit to SIBTHORP "when at Oxford!"

CHEAP BRICKS FOR THE COTTAGE.

AIR—"In my Cottage near a Wood."

In my cottage, thanks to WOOD,
Room and comfort now are mine,
Bricks, by legislation good,
Being free'd from fiscal fine.
Spacious and substantial walls
Have our dwellings—as they should:
I don't envy "Marble Halls,"
In my cottage—thanks to WOOD.

Cheapened rent enables me
Better living to afford;
Now that bricks are duly free,
Ampler is the workman's board;
I can wear improved attire,
Toiling for my livelihood,
And maintain a warmer fire
In my cottage—thanks to WOOD.

Since by cheap constructed drains
Clean and sweet our homes are made;
We are cured of aches and pains
By their purifying aid.
Since the tax is taken off bricks,
Damp and filth, with Fever's brood,
Have entirely cut their sticks
From my cottage—thanks to WOOD.

Now I want just one more boon
To improve my little cot;
Let us hope to gain it soon,
Happy then will be our lot.
Oh! repeal the tax on light,
Rulers—if you only could,
Then, indeed, 'twould be all right
In my cottage—thanks to WOOD!

"WILL NO ONE HAND ROTHSCHILD A SEAT?"—But three members are sitting for the City of London. We cannot see how the City can be properly represented as long as the Old Jewry is left out.



AWFUL OCCURRENCE.

Chorus of Unprotected Females. "CONDUCTOR! STOP! CONDUCTOR! OMNIBUS-MAN! HERE'S A GENTLEMAN HAD AN ACCIDENT AND BROKE A JAR OF LEECHES, AND THEY'RE ALL OVER THE OMNIBUS!"

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

WE are glad to find that the high state of discipline of the British army is likely to be carried still higher by the contemplated reductions, which will cut off vast numbers of men without diminishing the quantity of officers. It is contemplated that our army will, in time, be able to boast of such efficiency in the way of command, that every private will have at least six superiors to look after him. In order to test the value of this kind of arrangement, it has been proposed to place TOMKINS, of the Grenadiers, under the new system, which will be established if the present mode of lopping off from the ranks, and leaving the upper grades untouched, should be persisted in.

TOMKINS will undergo a series of drills at the hands—or rather at the voices—of the numerous officers whose duty it will be to keep up his efficiency, by showing the juvenile soldier how to handle his musket, and eventually teaching the young idea how to shoot.

The following will be a sample of the mode in which TOMKINS will be addressed, and we only trust that though too many cooks spoil the broth, it will not turn out that too many officers spoil the soldier:—

Adjutant. Heads up, TOMKINS.

First Lieutenant. Keep your stomach in, TOMKINS.

Captain. Steady, TOMKINS, Steady.

Second Lieutenant. As you were, TOMKINS.

Major. You'll go back into the awkward squad, TOMKINS.

Colonel. Eyes right, TOMKINS.

All the Officers together. Chest out, stomach in, eyes right, shoulders left, head foremost, toes out, knees straight, steady, steady, TOMKINS!!!

MISREPRESENTING THEMSELVES.

THE French shopkeepers are finding fault already with the fact of so many Socialists being returned for Paris. We do not see what right they have to grumble, considering the evil was entirely their own election.

SUNDAY EVENING'S AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.

FOREIGNERS complain that there are no exhibitions open on a Sunday evening. There is, however, an entertainment in the City accessible to those who can procure an admission. It is even attended by some of the clergy, whose only complaint of it seems to be that they get bad places. "SPES" thus writes to the *Times*:—

"Sir,—Happening to be present at one of the 'suppers' given on Sundays during Lent to the boys of Christ's Hospital, I was grieved to see that the seat assigned to the head masters and tutors was a low form behind all the spectators, upon a level with the seats allotted to the servants of the establishment, the upper places being entirely reserved for the governors and their friends."

We sometimes hear of a ploughman's publicly devouring a leg of mutton as a "disgusting exhibition." Is there anything much more refined or intellectual in the sight of a lot of hungry boys eating their supper? To those who enjoy a display of voracity, the Zoological Gardens on Monday at feeding time would surely afford a higher treat than the spectacle on the previous evening at the Bluecoat School. The object of thus making the scholars a gazing-stock at their meals is not very conceivable. Are they made a public show of as the recipients of charity to humiliate them? We should think such an exposure could hardly be pleasant to themselves, and for our own part we have no desire to be its spectators. We had much rather go and see how the citizens would eat, if they were obliged to keep Lent all the week, and indulged with one good supper on the Sunday.

A Body without a Head.

AMONGST TATTERSALL'S list of sales the following occurs:—

"WARRANTED, A GOOD LEADER."

May we recommend the above to the notice of the Protectionists, as at the present moment they seem to be woefully in want of a "good Leader?"

VIRGIN GOLD HUNTERS IN CALIFORNIA.

THE *Toronto Independent* gives an account of two young and beautiful ladies from Florida, who have gone to California, and are gold-seeking there on their own account, with no assistance but that of an old negro. The eldest of them is not 20; so that, as the punning reader will not fail to observe, they are both minors. Ransacking the bowels of the earth is an extension of females' mining operations, which have been hitherto confined to the heart of man. From the last named diggings they have often obtained large quantities of the precious metal, and have generally counted themselves very unlucky if they got no more gold than there is in a wedding ring.

English young ladies need not go to California. They have a Sacramento at home in the *Nisi Prius* Court, where damages for breach of promise of marriage are extracted from the pockets of the unwary by the sieve of an action, and the scoop of a barrister's silver tongue.

AN APPEAL FROM "WHITE STICK."

MR. PUNCH.—I appeal to you, as the common guardian and benefactor of the snubbed and the oppressed. In the width, length, and depth of your benevolence, you will not think the less of me, because I am a Stick—a White Stick. A Stick out to the heart—for sticks have hearts—by the cruelty of, I believe, a daily print, called the *Times*—I am told, a newspaper.

It is not for me, *Mr. Punch*, to boast of my long, honourable, and useful descent. As White Stick to the Court of England, I may claim for my genealogical tree—whence I was cut by the Norman sword of William—a very distinguished oak still flourishing near Battle. At this moment, I feel a sympathy with my illustrious kin; and though to the eye and finger of all Lord Stewards of Royal Household, I may seem only so much dead wood, I do assure you that, touched by the influence of this spring season (notwithstanding the east-wind), I do feel the sap rising—rising, I say, sympathetically with the vital fluid that is now coursing up and down the trunk of my venerable parent. Indeed, I cannot promise—were I only stuck inch-deep in the generous soil of a Court—that I would not bud and put forth leaves, and then acorns, and become—like my ancestor—a mighty oak. But this is to expect too much. Let me be satisfied that it is nevertheless my proud destiny to be twiddled twixt the finger and thumb of the Most Noble, and Most Puissant MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Mr. Punch, it is with that distinguished individual—within these few days more distinguished than ever by the abuse of the print called the *Times*—that I am proud to make common cause. We are, for a time, one and the same: Marquess and White Stick—wood and wood. Well, Sir, the *Times* throws it in the teeth of the illustrious nobleman, that, gilt and double-gilt as he is by stone-blind fortune, he should yet yearn for the barren honour of White Stick? Why not? The *Times* marvels that noblemen—not merely golden calves, but calves with diamond eyes, pearl teeth and emerald hoofs—should abase themselves by donning the livery of HER MAJESTY! Why, *Mr. Punch*, it is this beautiful humility that makes the true glory of a monarchy. The lower the self-degradation of the nobleman, ("noble man," according to DEBRETT) the higher the royalty. The greater the self-abnegation of the servant, the larger the honour paid to the served. Whence would the *Times* obtain the QUEEN'S DOMESTICS—I mean the Domestic paid and tick-eted by the state? Is HER MAJESTY to order an advertisement in the newspapers:

WANTED, a Lord Steward of the Household. He must not be of higher rank than a Baronet. No person with £400,000 per annum need apply. Followers allowed.

Is it by such means that the *Times* would have the QUEEN'S noblemen in livery appointed? Am I—White Stick—to cease to be as much the object of hope, desire, and noblest ambition—of watchfulness by day, and prayer by night—as though I was the wand of a Prophet?

I may be thought prejudiced in the matter; but I deny, denounce the assumption—when I state it to be my belief that the English monarchy owes its serenity at home, and its power abroad, not to its legal and social institutions—not to its navy and its army—but to this one virtue alone, the humility of HER MAJESTY'S state servants. Magna Charta is all very well; but the parchment it's written on is of no more value than an old drum-head. No; the real strength of the country is in the lappets of the Mistress of the Robes—when that Mistress happens to be a Marchioness or Duchess. Not to the battles of a LORD NELSON do we owe glory as a state; but to the humility of a LORD BYRON, a LORD (in livery) in Waiting. Waterloo is all very well; but I should like to know of what worth is the baton of F. M. the DUKE OF WELINGTON to myself—White Stick—when humbly, reverently, fearfully, grasped by the devoted hand of a MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER?

What a noble, what a Christian answer is it to an ignorant and democratic charge of pomps and vanities of a Court, to be able to tell of Footmen Dukes, Chambermaid Countesses, and Groom and Hunts-

men Marquesses and Earls? If you want to find the really humble, the truly lowly of heart, your only guide to the discovery is the *Court Guide*. The true Book of Humility is the Red Book.

The *Times*, no doubt intending a sneer—says, "There is a broad vein of plush that traverses the whole frame-work of English society." I rejoice at the beautiful truth—a truth, that despite of all formal distinctions, really puts the Duke on a level with his butler, and places cheek by jowl, the Earl and the groom. Thus, beautiful to my thinking is the Most Noble the MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER, the Lord White Stick! True; he *might* be a stirring benevolence—a national hospitality. With his preposterous amount of wealth, he—the Head of Brass, might make his wealth warm and animate the dull cold Feet of Clay, but the Marquess, by grasping White Stick, shows himself a meek, a humble, self-denying Christian. He might be a Prince; his acts most princely in the widest and loftiest sense of the phrase—but he shrinks from the ostentation. He retires within himself, and stands in the Court of QUEEN VICTORIA, with his mind in plush—his soul in livery (lowliness bound up with hope, with crest of fish-and-loaf on livery buttons)—Lord Steward!

That he may long so stand; a monument of humility, is the desire of at once his Friend and Rod,

WHITE STICK.



GOING THE WHOLE FLUNKY

More Literary Intelligence.

WE gave a week or two ago the titles of a few books, suggested by the success of "TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY." Since then the flight of authors has set in still more strongly towards the poultry-yard, and we have heard of a publisher—much addicted to counting his chickens before they are hatched—who anticipates immense success for the following:—

"SWAN AND ITS TWO NECKS."

"GOOSE AND ITS GRIDIRON."

"DRAKE AND HIS DUCKS, THE FAMILY BIOGRAPHY OF A CELEBRATED NAVAL HERO."

The Dogs of Law.

THE papers give an account of the sudden intrusion of a pack of hounds into the assize court of Aylesbury. The sagacious creatures thought, perhaps, they had quite as good a right to give tongue as any of the learned barristers. There is nothing, after all, so very absurd in the idea of a pack of hounds appearing in court, for it is simply a slight anticipation of the usual course of things, and instead of waiting for the suitors to go to the dogs, the dogs, in this case, went to the suitors.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

From the Red Lion to the Spread Eagle.



Y EXPANSIVE FRIEND.

"I have been deeply touched by the affectionate zeal—and you must have been secreting the goodness for a long time—that you have so suddenly exhibited towards Greece. You have really bowled—bowled in the sympathetic sense. That you have double beak, and double gullet, Hungary is a mangled,

bleeding witness; but that you should really have a heart to pulsate for 'a brave people' is a truth that—like all great truths—it will take some time for the incredulous and apathetic English to be reconciled to.

"You have taken little OTHO under your wing. We have before heard the story of the Eagle and Child; but you, in your astonishing goodness, afford a prettier and more humane version of the tale. You do not propose to make a meal of the young gentleman; you have no beak—not either of the two—for any bit of Greece, and as for Turkey, you can't abide it. No: your intentions are almost dove-like; having been gluttoned with carrion on the fields of Hungary, you wouldn't rumple the feathers of a Barbary hen."

"Well, it must be confessed that OTHO has been hardly used by that hard-hearted PALMERSTON. A great man in debt is always a subject of interest. Tradesmen may smash by the score, and it is of no more account to a thinking people than the bursting of so many soap-bubbles; but a king—nay, such a bit of a kingling as small OTHO—in difficulties, is a sight to make even COMMISTONER COURVOISIER PHILLIPS melt, like brass in the furnace.

"And after all, OTHO was right not to pay his debts. He had been so long let alone by PALMERSTON, that when sea-attorney PARKER served the writ, with a few forty-two pounders to proceed to execution—OTHO had, in his own belief, sufficient justification to cry 'Robbery,' 'Piracy,' and 'Murder!' How could OTHO—knowing himself—expect that the plain and plodding Mr. WYSE meant what he said, when, in the simplest manner—and without any Court varnish at all—he informed M. LONDOS that War-Secretary PALMERSTON was by no means a man to be trifled with? That he had ships and metal at sea to back his demands: and a wise and fluent tongue in his head to justify them? Is it extraordinary that OTHO should forget that little brush at Acre? By no means; for, to all experience, kings are sieves; nothing—as LOUIS-PHILIPPE, now of the Star-and-Garter, Richmond—nothing remains with them.

"It is very true, my Expansive Double-Headed Friend, that the dirty money claim put in by Mr. WYSE did not amount to a thousand pounds. Not half as much as LADY PALMERSTON lays out in a season of evening parties: it is very true that the Greek Treasury—to say nothing of OTHO's private money-box—contained somewhere about nine hundred pounds: but then, what an extortionate creditor to expect, even under such circumstances, a penny in payment? England had quietly waited so long, it could be no matter if she continued to wait longer. Besides, it is well known, that of all countries of the earth, England has least need of money. At this moment there are millions lying barren in her Bank cellars. And yet PALMERSTON bullies for a dirty nine hundred pounds! Bullies Greece, above all other nations! Greece that has given us HOMER, PLATO, SOPHOCLES, and the Elgin Marbles! In the immortal words of a small minister, now departed—'It is too bad.'

"Proceeding to extremities, LORD PALMERSTON at this moment holds about 50 Greek ships, with the crews of each, as a security not only for the money due from Greece,—but to assure himself of satisfaction for a certain act of implied ill-manners towards a few English blue-jackets. This is really shameful. But then the Greek owners and Greek crews must be mightily comforted by the distress you feel for them. The more so as your sympathy is warm and new, like new-drawn milk. Hungary was a matter to make a meal upon; so much garbage. But Greece—classic Greece, dear to the Russian breast—Greece is a land to feel, and if occasion be, to weep for!

"There is no doubt, my Wide-spread Friend, but the abrupt and contemptuous PALMERSTON—who does somehow, with that adroit way of his, get over the English Commons—by accepting the services of the Gallic Cock to crow between him and OTHO, did treat your Extensiveness with a spice of contempt—with just a pinch of it. But then how serenely, how beautifully, how benevolently, did you turn the War-Minister's ill-manners to good account! You cared nothing for personal dignity, not you,—if it was for the welfare of Greece. So OTHO was made comfortable, you cared not how much your feathers were plucked or dragged. This is so unlike your double-headedness, that plain people are at once charmed and puzzled with it.

"I fear, however, that you will make nothing of PALMERSTON: now northern ABERDEEN was another sort of person. PALMERSTON, it is said, continually keeps JOHN BULL in hot water; but if he does, he at least keeps his hands clean, which could not be said of him when cared for by the auld Scotch wife who 'did' the Foreign before PETARD PALMERSTON.

"Accept my best wishes for your growing benevolence—seeing you have moulted your old feathers—and believe me, with every sign of respect,

"Yours,

"THE RED LION."

[Mr. Punch, in his wise impartiality, thinks it only fair to let the "Red Lion" have his roar—since much may be roared on both sides.]

HOW TO SAVE THE TIME OF THE SESSION.

ALL persons, both in and out of Parliament, seem to agree that it will be desirable during the present session to be economical of time, a commodity with regard to which there has usually been the wildest extravagance. A suggestion has been thrown out that several members should be allowed to speak at one time, an idea which we have long entertained, and with which we have on a former occasion entertained the public. There would be an immense saving effected by this arrangement, for inasmuch as the speeches if spoken in unison would in all probability not be heard, the unpleasant necessity of a reply would be avoided. A dull speech is bad enough of itself, but the worst of it is, that it may give rise to a daller answer, and thus when a mere talker gets upon his legs we never know the end of it. Speaking to no end at all is quite a senatorial failing, and the conversion of a number of harangues into a chorus would certainly assist the members to keep time instead of losing it. Personalities would also be checked, for two angry speeches going on at once would neutralise each other to a great extent, and—to make use of a chemical term—would correct each other's acidity.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE following is part of a letter from Mr. Punch's Brokers, MESSRS. STAG, DIDDLE, and BOLTER:—

"The Swindleton Extensions are beared heavily, and so are the Gam-montown Continuations. I think the latter would be safe at 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4½d. nett. Shall I take 1000 or 1500?

"A Director of the Bubbleton Junction has failed, having sold options largely, and this event has occasioned a lively demand for Squeaktown Preferences. May I take 500 of these at 2s. 6d.? The news from France is alarming. The PRESIDENT has been fired at, and came away by the third-class evening train, with only a change of linen. The Socialists are triumphant everywhere. May I bear Paris and Rouen's for you? You may sell 1500 or 2000 to deliver, safely. By the by, what do you say to a fly at Draggelstone and Dripstones? They are likely to be a good thing; SWINDLE and SNAPP are enquiring for them; 6d. is offered and 7½d. would be taken for the preferences 7½ per cent. shares, including the dividends now due, which will be paid out of the first funds coming in to capital account.

"Yours,

"STAG, DIDDLE, and BOLTER."



Nature's Livery.

WE have lately witnessed a great tendency to what CARLYLE would call flunkeydom, on the part of our old friend Nature, who is beginning to put on her livery of green for the season that has just commenced. Her little lawns may be compared to velvet smalls, and every flower is a livery button, while the pastures look as if she was preparing to stuff her calves. Before the end of the autumn we shall find Nature wearing the epaulettes of a golden harvest, which, however, will be all thrashed out of her by the close of the year.

KNIFE-AND-FORK EXHIBITION AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

We are proud of England—prouder of London—most proud of London's Mayor. Very beautiful was it last week to see his Lordship, the type and representative of the commercial greatness of the smoky capital, surrounded by all the Mayors of the kingdom.

"Like a swart Indian with his belt of beads,"

It was a grand metropolitan dish, handsomely garnished!

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT showed, too, a full-blown pink of Princes. Nothing could be better than his speech. Simply given, and strong with good Saxon sense. There was no filagree, no snip-snip about it; no muslin matter, worked with gold and silver-thread; but a man's speech, uttered for the ears and hearts of men brought together upon two vital, national occasions:—dinner and work. Glad are we that PRINCE ALBERT has thrown "his hat" into the great ring of the world's industry. Delighted to acknowledge that he has minded his *Punch*, and retired from felt.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY spoke like an Archbishop. He was afraid that the Church might be indifferent to the purposes of the Exhibition, they being secular. Why should his Grace have harboured such a modest doubt? The Exhibition will be the means—it is expected—of giving us domestic comforts made more comfortable: softer carpets—easier chairs—linen of a finer web, and purple of deeper and more enduring dye. Can the Church be indifferent to these? Can Lambeth neglect them—can Fulham hold them as dust in the balance? We hope not. Again; the Exhibition will have one peculiar feature interesting to all nations; for it is whispered that it is the intention of BISHOP PHILPOTTS to exhibit himself in sackcloth and cinders, as a model specimen of the meekest of martyrs.

The French Ambassador clubbed some excellent English. Indeed, should his Excellency ever translate any of his native *vaudevilles* for any English theatres, we predict that his success would be prodigious!

Then followed House of Lords and House of Commons; the healths of Prime Minister and Ex-Prime—of Lady Mayoress and of all the Mayors—[it was calculated that their united gold chains would have reached from London (crossing the channel) to Dublin]—and then the EARL OF CARLISLE rose, and gave one of his best orations. And this was no wonder; for it was the health of "the Workmen of the United Kingdom."

This toast, as will be inevitably supposed, was received with nine times nine deafening cheers, and

"The Prince of all the land
Led them on!"

Indeed *Punch* has rarely witnessed—with all his knife-and-fork experience—such emotion; such enthusiasm. The PRINCE cheered—Churchmen dropped grateful tears—Ambassadors embraced one another—Lords and Commons, and Commons and Lords shook hands—and in fact, one and all acknowledged the toast with feelings of the deepest gratitude. They really appeared to vie with one another in the outward expression of acknowledgment and thankfulness.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided—

A WORKING-MAN (in a fustian jacket) arose at the lower end of the Hall, and the profoundest silence immediately ensued. The WORKING-MAN said—(how is it that his speech was omitted from all the newspapers, it is not our business or our pleasure to inquire; it is, however, but to supply what others have failed to chronicle)—

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"ON behalf of hundreds of thousands of the working men of the United Kingdom, I am here to thank you. Let bye-gones be bye-gones; but this, I think, is the first occasion that the fustian jacket has been acknowledged and received by such a company. ('Hear' from PRINCE ALBERT.) But, my Lords, you embolden me to say in my plain words that the Meeting would hardly have been complete without it. The workingmen honour the superfine coat of the nobleman—and respect the lawn of the Church. ('Hear' from the LORD MAYOR's Chaplain.) They admire and are grateful to the red-coat of the field, and the blue-jacket of the ocean; and now, Gentlemen, such feelings are only made the stronger and the deeper by the conviction that you have a somewhat like respect, and like recollection for the fustian of labour. (Cheers.) We are to have, it seems, an Exhibition of Work—a great World's Show-shop for the skill of labouring men; for we are all labourers, mind ye, whether in fustian or super-saxony. (Laughter and Cheers.) The Workmen of England rejoice at it! The Workmen desire nothing better than to know their brethren of the rest of the world; and to know them as men are best known—by their works. (Cheers.) Well, Gentlemen, we Workmen may not be able to talk French with Frenchmen, and German with Germans; but if our tongues aren't skilled, we have our brains—our hands—and our eyes. We can talk to a machine. (Cheers.) That speaks all languages. A lever's a lever all over the world—a piston's a piston. They talk on

the Nile as well as on the Thames; and JACK CHINAMAN—though he may be puzzled a bit at first—begins to understand 'em as well as JOHN BULL. (Cheers.) At this Exhibition the brains and hands of all the world will speak one common tongue; and depend upon it, Lords and Gentlemen, the Workmen of the United Kingdom won't go to the show without taking some thoughts and notions worth a bit home with them. (Cheers.) Some years ago, there was another sort of Foreign Exhibition in London—of a sort, I hope, we shall never have again,—an Exhibition of Foreign Emperors, and Kings, and Generals. 'Tisn't that I care about objecting to them; but they were brought here after Waterloo—at the peace. Now, I hope we shall never have another such celebration of peace, because to have it, we must have a war to begin with. ('Bravo' from the French Ambassador.) Instead of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and Kings of Prussia and Holland, and Hetmans of Cossacks, and so forth,—let us have a Congress of Manufacturers; let all those kings send their representatives to the great show-shop in Hyde Park, and depend upon it, they'll have a hearty welcome from the 'Workmen of the United Kingdom.'"

The speaker then sat down amidst loud and long-reiterated cheers. He was, however, scarcely seated, when he was summoned to the presence of PRINCE ALBERT, who shook him heartily by the hand; acknowledging the peculiar obligations of himself and all his class to the fustian jacket—to labour.

THE INFANT PRODIGY.—THE WHIG SURPLUS.



My name is Surplus. On the various Bills
My master something dock'd—a frugal Whig,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his overplus, myself, in hand;
But I had heard of squadrons, and I longed
To join, on Afric's coast, some costly fleet.
And the House granted what 'twould have denied.
LORD JOHN, who rose one night as bold as brass,
Would not draw in his horns; when, at his beck,
A band of waverers from BELLAMY's
Rushed, like soft water, down into the House,
Voting in flocks and herds.

'Twas done, they said,
For safety and for succour. HUTT, alone,
With long harangue and speech full of quotations,
Hover'd about the ministry—to stop
The way they took. Then beating up his friends
Consisting of a miscellaneous set,
Went on attacking. The affair HUTT led:
Fought, and was conquer'd. Ere a vote was given
A whip from Downing Street had done the job,
Which wore that day the hue which now it wears.
Returning home in triumph, they disdain'd
Economy's dull life, and having heard
That some rash chief was threatening in our ears
To raise a row on the world's other side,
I left the public chest, and took with me
Some millions more to bear me company,
One sum that runs makes others run the faster.
Voted with this intent, I burst the coffers,
And—fool'd away—I soon shall go and do
Some senseless deed to wipe out e'en my name.



SINGULAR OPTICAL DELUSION.

Gentleman. "THERE, LOVE: DO YOU SEE THAT STEAMER?"

Lady. "OH, DISTINCTLY! THERE ARE TWO."

THE MAYORS AND THE WRONGS.

WE have received communications from two Mayors, who express themselves hurt at their omission from the long list of Mayors invited the other day to the Mansion House. The first of these complainants is the well-known *Mayor of Garratt*, who, though his whole career has been a farce, feels indignant at having been excluded from a meeting which must have contained many characters as ludicrous as his own, and he does not see why, in his own Garratt, he is not as good as the London Lord Mayor in his drawing-room.

The second expostulant is the *Lord Mayor in Richard the Third*, who writes through his representative, MR. GARRICK GRIMES, of the Stoke Pogis Theatre, and who intimates that he ought to have received a card of invitation, inasmuch as his elevation to the Lord Mayoralty dates as far back as the year 1826, when he first took office under the monarchy of MR. EDMUND KEAN, having been promoted from the "cream-faced loon" in *Macbeth*, where his "goose look" was regarded as a bit of quiet nature, unsurpassed for its truthfulness. So thoroughly did he throw himself into the character of the "cream-faced loon," that he always took in a pint of milk over night, in order to get himself up with real cream, which he always regarded as the grand feature of the part as SHAKESPEARE wrote it.

We certainly think that it was a serious omission to leave out such a Mayor as this from the Mansion House Banquet, but we believe the potentate of the City of London was not to blame, though we cannot say who is, and we must therefore be satisfied with taking the saddle off the right horse—or the right Mayor, at any rate.

YOUNG CHINA AND COMMERCE.

INTELLIGENCE from Hong-Kong states that "Long Cloths" have improved. Trade, in China, appears to be still in its infancy.

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MARBLE ARCH?

NOW that Buckingham Palace is getting into a state of completeness, the Marble Arch is in everybody's mouth, for all are asking what is to be done with it? It has been stated that the process of carting it away will cost more than the whole concern is worth, and as JOHN BULL is not in the humour to pay very dearly for another game at marbles, we cannot exactly say how the affair is to be disposed of. Perhaps the best mode of dealing with the difficulty will be to take the Arch into the Court of Arches, by which process the most substantial piece of property in the whole world could be effectually got rid of. Somehow or other, the monstrous pile of masonry must be removed, and the country will be obliged to anybody who will patriotically give his head to the unsightly block, with the view of doing away with it.

THE HEIGHT OF FLUNKYISM.

IN MR. CARLYLE'S "*Latter Day Pamphlet*," No. 1., "*The Present Time*," Mr. Punch encountered the subjoined piece of enigmatical phraseology:

"Opaque flunkeyism grown truculent and transcendent."

The interpretation of this dark writing did sorely puzzle Mr. Punch till Friday last week, when the *Times* made the announcement following:—

"We have the satisfaction of announcing that the MARQUESS OF WESTMINSTER, the most opulent member of the English nobility, has finally attained the object of his life, and is appointed to the office of Lord Steward, with the full privilege of carrying a white stick about, like POLOXIUS in the play, whenever the QUEEN gives a party to the lieges."

The cruel self-degradation of a nobleman into a lackey is flunkeyism which may well be called "truculent." That it is "opaque," or dark, and "transcendent," or surpassing all bounds, is too obvious to require demonstration.



TABEAU VIVANT.

LORD JOHN AS THE INFANT HERCULES.

THE GREAT VALUE OF RETIREMENT.



Y retirement a man gains a great good. It takes a man away from the busy world, and leaves him face to face with himself, when he views his conduct in the mirror of his thoughts, and, by the aid of reflection, adjusts his morals; in the same way that a young man pulls up his shirt collars when, unseen, in some retired corner of the street, a glass tells him they have fallen a little too low. I am so fond of retirement, that, if I were Lord Chancellor, nothing should prevent me seeking it to-morrow. It must be so sweet, I think, to retire with £5000 a year!—*The Beadle of the Exeter Arcade on Solitude.*

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF THE LAW AMENDMENT SOCIETY.

THIS admirable society, says our reporter, had an extraordinary meeting a few nights ago; and although we strongly suspect our correspondent of having made the meeting first, and then reported it—à la TOM THUMB and the giants—we nevertheless give him the benefit of the "copy" he has prepared, by inserting the account that follows:—

LORD BROUGHAM, as usual, took the chair, and opened the business of the meeting by writing two letters at once, thinking of something else, talking about sundry matters, and exclaiming, "Now then, what's the business before us for this evening?"

MR. DUNUP rose to present his report on Legal Education.

LORD BROUGHAM—Oh! ah! Exactly. I'm sure we are very much obliged to you for coming here, MR. DUNUP. I dare say you can tell us a good deal. Now then, give us the benefit of your experience.

MR. DUNUP proceeded to state that the system of education for the bar was very defective, and unnecessarily elaborate. He had heard that a fee of a hundred guineas was usually given to an Equity Draftsman to teach the student to draw a bill. Whereas, he (MR. DUNUP) had been taught to draw a bill and accept one too, for half the money. He had also heard much from time to time of the intricacies of an answer; for a bill and answer usually go together. But he (MR. DUNUP) had always one answer to every bill—and that was, "Not at home," through the letter-box; or, when the answer was in writing, "Gone out. Return in an hour," was the form in which he answered every bill that was served upon him.

As to interrogatories they had become such a disgusting matter of routine, that he had adopted one uniform practice of refusing everything to everybody who asked, and considering that those who did not ask did not want anything. When he had endeavoured to answer an interrogatory, he (MR. DUNUP) found he was only opening the door to abuse, and as he would not stand to be abused, he now opened the door to nobody. This was the school in which he had learnt the law, and such was the report on legal education he was prepared to lay before the meeting.

LORD BROUGHAM. Very good. A very valuable report in its way, no doubt, MR. DUNUP, and I shall be glad to have a copy of it. For my part, I have a total objection to the present mode, by which pupils give a hundred guineas, or, as the lawyers call them, *gas*—the worst name in the world, since from such *gas* there proceeds no enlightenment whatever. When I went into MR. (afterwards Chief Justice) TINDAL's chambers, I was told to copy anything I could catch hold of, and the result was, I got so sick of copying in early life, that I have since become quite an original. At Edinburgh I used to attend Latin lectures, and when we were questioned, if the question began with *Nonne*, we said *Etiam*; and if it began with *An* we said *Non*; so what with the *Nons* and the *Nonnes*, it was a pack of nonsense altogether. His lordship having, during this speech, written several more letters, rose from his seat, rushed out of the room, and left the meeting to adjourn itself.

EARLY RISING EXTRAORDINARY.

At the Marlborough Street Police Court, last week, two persons were brought up for having practised imposition on the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. To take in his Grace—if there is any truth in proverbs—they must have got up, as SAMUEL PEYS says, "mighty betimes."

AN ADVOCATE FOR THE REPEAL OF THE WINDOW-TAX.—"Open the shutters, and let in more light."—*The Last Words of Goethe.*

THE HOBNAIL SHOE PINCHING.

"MR. PUNCH,

"PLEASE Sir, I rites to inform you that my Wagis, I am sorry to say, is to be lored from 10 shilns to 7 shilns a week, witch with a wife and 8 children is a bad Jobb. I works for FARMER PINCHER, and he tells me Corn ha' fell so, that a can't afford to gie us the Wagis we have a had no moor. Wen I told un 'twas a hard case, 'Well,' a sez, 'arter all you wun't be wuss off than you wus in the old Purteckshun times. Pervishuns and Close has come down so much since then, that 7 Shilns will be as much to you now as 10 wus vormerly. Wot you loses as a Producer you gains as a Consoomer.' 'Consoomer!' I sez to un, 'tis preshus little I consooms. Owin to Vree Trade I've consoomed a little Mate now and then o' late, instead o' consoomun nothun but dry Bred and Tatars, which was all as I had to consoom in the days o' Purteckshun. Now I must goo back to Tatars and dry Bred agin, I spose.' 'Sorry for that,' sez PINCHER. 'But wot ood ye ha me do? The Labour Market drops wi' the Corn Market. I pays you fair Market price. Ye doan't expect me to meak ye a preznt o' dree Shilns a week, do ye?' 'No Sur,' I sez, 'certainly not.' Catch un makun a preznt to anybody of a varden! thinks I; but I kep that ere thought to myself.

"Now, Mr. Punch, I doan't say but if FARMER PINCHER's profits drops, he be quite right to lore Wages. Let un cut 'em down Right and Left. But, drat it, cut 'em down both ways. Here's the Varmer, as I may say, atween me and the Lanlord; I on one hand of un and the Lanlord on 't'other. The Varmer hires Land o' the Lanlord and Labour o' me. If he lores the Hire o' Labour, why not the Hire o' Land as well? Why begin wi' Hire o' Labour? For no rason as I can see but that poor Labour can't help his self, so the wakest is the fust to goo to the Wall.

"Inkum bein the same and prices redooced laves, they tells me, a Surplus. I doan't know as I ever had much of a Surplus in the beat o' times, unless you calls a Zmook Frock a Surplus. But wot a Surplus the Lanlord must have with his Wages kep up and things so cheap as they be. Surely his Surplus could be took in more easy than mine. Here's SIR REYNARD CHIVEY, Lanlord o' MR. PINCHER, wi' somewhere about Dree Thousand a Year, lives like a Lord. Low prices, I be told, is a save to the Consoomer. Compared to SIR REYNARD, I consooms arter the rate of a varden rushlite in proposhun to a burnun very furnus. Here's a feller as saves money in consoomun all manner o' good things. 'Shear and shear alike,' they sez, but I be sure he could afford to have his wages shear'd afore mine. But Fair Play's a jool, and a pore man is as like to meet with it as find a Dimond. I've heer'd o' the Fruits o' Vree Trade. I wish there could be made a Apple Sass out on 'em as ood be Sass for Goose as well as for Gander. Yours til Deth—witch I spose will be in the Workus. HOBNAIL."

A Shot for Government.

ONE of the slight objections to the maintenance of the African blockade is that a round shot, fired by a British cruiser at a slave-ship, is as likely as not to take an unfortunate direction, and go, crashing, right through the negroes. Anxious to prevent this little inconvenience to the blacks from continuing to attend our operations in their behalf, the Government, Mr. Punch is authorised in stating, will give a handsome reward to anybody who shall invent a cannon-ball that can be warranted to avoid the captives in the slaver, and only hit the crew, or at least to traverse the negroes without doing them any harm.

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF "THE ELDER BROTHER."

THE failure of MR. LOCKE KING's motion for distributing landed property, in cases of intestacy, according to the same rules as prevail in personal property, leaves the Elder Brother in possession of all the advantages which he has so long enjoyed under the law of primogeniture.

They don't know a Joke when they Hear One.

WE always thought that the smallest joke went the greatest way in the House of Commons, and that honourable members were too ready to laugh at the tiniest bit of humour. The following *jeu-d'esprit*, however, was received by them in the gravest manner.

"MR. HUDSON hoped, from a SENSE OF RIGHT AND JUSTICE, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would," &c. (*Never mind the remainder.*) The House never even as much as smiled; and yet to hear HUDSON talking of "RIGHT AND JUSTICE" strikes us as being the richest joke in the world. We wonder it was not received with roars!

THE TASTE OF SLAVE-SUGAR.

It is curious that the British palate—in some respects sensitive to squeamishness—should not revolt at the smack of the whip perceptible in slave-grown sugar.

GOOD NEWS FOR GOVERNESSES.



NEVER people may talk about the difficulties attending the position of a Governess, it is evident, if there is faith in an advertisement, that the task of teaching "in a gentleman's family" is a luxury worth paying for. As to liberal salaries being offered to Governesses, we do not wonder at the system being quite exploded, when we find that it is considered probable a "lady" will enter a "gentleman's family" on the terms set forth in the following extract from a late supplement (gratis) of the Times:—

WANTED, in a gentleman's family, a **LADY**, who is desirous of meeting with a comfortable home, to undertake the **EDUCATION** of **TWO CHILDREN**, of the ages of seven and eight years, and who would consider the above as equivalent to a salary. She would be required to instruct them in an English education, French, and music, without the aid of masters. Must be of the Established Church. Good references. Address to A. T., at _____, 17, _____.

This notification seems to imply that there is such a general desire on the part of well-instructed gentlewomen to undertake the education of children, that any one having the opportunity afforded her of enjoying such a delicious privilege, would probably "consider the above as equivalent to a salary." There is certainly something attractive in the surmounting of difficulties, and there may be, therefore, a kind of self-compensating principle in the task of attempting to beat information into the thick heads of the juvenile members of "a gentleman's family." We shall expect to see shortly an advertisement for a pig-driver who will consider the pleasure of thrashing the pig as "equivalent to a salary."

The stipulation in the announcement we have quoted, that the lady should be "of the Established Church," is quite characteristic of the sort of thing, for we always find a little bit of religion dragged in at the end, to tone down the unchristian complexion of the rest of the advertisement. The probability, also, is, that the parties who are so anxious to get a little piety thrown into the bargain with the English education, the French, the music, the German, the dancing, and all the rest of it, are desirous that in return for the nothing a year which they pay their Governess, their children should acquire a little of that religious principle of which they themselves have been left destitute.

An uneducated parent is frequently heard to say, "Though I have not much learning myself, I should wish my children to be well taught;" and in the same spirit, no doubt, the advertiser of "no salary," and other hard uncharitable conditions, would be the first to demand "decided piety," or a "religious turn of mind" in his poor victimised Governess.

A BLACKFRIARS BULL FIGHT.

It is not necessary to travel to Spain in order to get an idea of a Bull fight, for, on every Smithfield market day, there is a display of the conflict of the Toreadores with real Bulls in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars. The vacant ground on each side of Chatham Place forms an admirable arena, where there are frequent contests between the *Toro* and the *Picadore*—the Bull and the drover. A few days ago there was a splendid exhibition of human prowess on one side, and brute instinct on the other—with a spice of canine sagacity superadded, to give it a flavour. An active bullock had been playing "Mag's diversion," with a horn accompaniment all the way down Farringdon Street, and had been indulging his facetious humour at the expense of the public, by butting at and making a butt of everybody he met; when suddenly the drover made a blow at the animal's butt-end, and the poor creature with a marvellous instinct of self-preservation, turned into a neighbouring house, which proved to be the Cattle Insurance Company.

The clerk in attendance thought at first that the animal had come with the view of effecting an insurance on his own life, and had almost presented him with one of the usual forms, when, the bullock unceremoniously upset everything in the shape of form by tossing over a bench that happened to be in his way, and making for the board-room with frightful velocity. The poor brute was a good deal flurried, and he had no opportunity of turning himself round, for the space would not admit of the operation, and the only way left him was to back out of the difficulty in which he had placed himself. This was a most dis-

agreeable alternative, for there were two or three drovers' dogs attempting to make a luncheon off ox-tail. The drovers did their utmost to keep possession of the poor creature by holding him in tail, but he evidently objected to this new style of drawback on British beef, and the more they pulled him one way, the more he tugged the other. Though he was anything but reserved or shy, the difficulty in drawing him out was tremendous, though the clerks attempted by persuasion to convince him that his departure from the Insurance Office would be the very best policy. The poor animal was ultimately ejected, and it is not surprising that he was very much put out in consequence.

SELF-EXHIBITION OF LORD BROUGHAM IN 1850.

PUNCH has to propose to the workers of tin, iron, or brass of all nations, to send a specimen of the Weathercock BROUGHAM to the great industrial show of 1851. It is, we think, difficult to conceive a more suggestive subject for the matter proposed; one more provocative of the inventive quality of designers; more certain to call forth the latent resources of mechanics, conjointly in the variety of form, and in the ease and rapidity with which a weathercock should obey "every little wind that under heaven is blown."

The prize weathercock—the thing, from its peculiar complexity, is worth at least a thousand pounds; indeed, how many national weather-vanes have cost a hundred times the sum!—should be paid for, purchased, and set above the new House of Lords. This would at once be a utility to the building, and a compliment to LORD BROUGHAM. Like the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, his Lordship would anticipate posthumous honours and enjoy his significant monument whilst in the flesh.

And LORD BROUGHAM has, a thousand times over, earned such testimonial. His last—at least, at the time we write, his last—unconscious effort for such reward was in the House, when he discoursed upon the promised Exhibition of 1851. Now, it may be remembered—especially by those capable of recollecting every new pattern produced by every new shake of a kaleidoscope—what LORD BROUGHAM uttered at the great Westminster gathering in favour of the future show. "It would be a marvellous exhibition! We should astonish the foreigner; amaze him! Not only amaze all aliens with evidences of our manufacturing and mechanical skill; but, moreover, should confound and humiliate them by exhibiting a specimen of the special constable's staff, garlanded with civic oak-leaves, date, 'April 10, 1848.' This, among other things we should do, and great would be the agglomerate glory thereof. His Lordship deeply pitied the crassitude of any man who could doubt it!"

And now the wind shifts, and the weathercock points to an ill-wind—an east-wind—that cuts as with a rusty knife the blossoms of hope!

In the House of Lords, LORD BROUGHAM last week discoursed of the Exhibition. As for the English manufacturers, they would—

"No doubt, learn something whereby to improve the fabric of their manufactures. They would not, however, increase the price of their commodities and manufactures. No, no; down, down, down, would come the prices;—and so much the better would it be for us the consumers, and ultimately no doubt for themselves. They would not, however find this so sweet in the taste as it was in the prospect."

Every word of this might have acted as another button upon the breeches' pocket of manufacturers and tradesmen; shutting up the subscriptions that otherwise would have come forth. We say, "might have acted," had the orator's turnings and shiftings been less notorious. The words, however, are harmless. No one predicts from the weathercock of to-day what point the wind may blow from to-morrow.

LORD BROUGHAM protested against the erection of the required building in either of the West-end parks. "In Hyde Park it certainly must not be." There was, however, an eastern park. "He thought that the building had better be erected in Victoria Park." This suggestion brought up, of course, the whilom genius of Woods and Forests, and especial protector of the poor man's "bit of green" at all times,—the EARL OF CARLISLE.

"He could not see any reason why their lordships should be more tender to the aristocratical lungs of one portion of the metropolis than they were to those of the densely-populated district in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park."

Why, no. And then folks who drive in Hyde Park, may drive a little further from London: and, we believe that none of the weavers and spinners of Spitalfields keep carriages. Indeed, we almost incline to doubt whether they can vindicate their respectability even in a Sunday gig.

The West-end parks—quoted LORD BROUGHAM—"have been called the lungs of the metropolis." But, then, it is otherwise with Park Victoria. Spitalfields having little use for the belly, can the less regard a "tubercle" on the lungs.

TEMPERANCE TOAST.

THE papers state that at the anniversary festival of the Marine Society, after dinner "the usual round of toasts was given." FATHER MATHEW himself could hardly object to toasts in the form of the round. If the toast of the evening was buttered, it is not likely that any member of the Marine Society got half seas over.



A PICTURE OF ALIMENTIVENESS.

A NICE LITTLE BIT OF FISH.

THE MAYORS, AND THEIR COATS OF MAIL.

PREVIOUS to the recent display of splendid hospitality by the LORD MAYOR of London, who invited nearly all his brother Mayors to a grand banquet—and turned the Mansion House into a regular mares' nest for that night only—communications were forwarded to the different towns for the purpose of inquiring as to the arms of the Corporation, with which it was intended to adorn the columns of the hall of festivity.

Some of the provincial Mayors were very much puzzled to say what their heraldic bearings really were, and as MR. BURKE was not at hand to be consulted in every case, some desperate guesses were made by several of the heads of the provincial Corporations. We give a few specimens furnished by our reporter, who spoke in so low a tone that we could scarcely catch it, though he deserves to catch it if he has been guilty of misleading us.

BATH.—A Bun rampant, in a Bath Brick-field. Bath-chaps as supporters.

BRIGHTON.—Six Brighton rocks on a lozenge, and one box of lozenges by itself.

CANTERBURY.—A Canterbury on a shield gules, quartered with a Music-stool argent, and the motto Piano-forte-ter in re.

CHELTENHAM.—Salts couchant, with a lozenge en arrière, showing that the lozenge may be taken after the salts if required.

KIDDERMINSTER.—A Carpet on a plain ground, a rug and three bars sinister of polished steel with poker and tongs as supporters, and appropriate standards.

MARGATE.—A pair of slippers glissant, held by a bathing-woman naivante, and two donkey-boys regardant.

RYE.—A Lion dormant, with a Rye face.

WINDSOR.—Soap in squares, with a Poor Knight of Windsor latherant, and a butcher's boy blattant.

YARMOUTH.—A herring gules, on three bars sable.

The above are only a few of those which were sent in to the Mansion House as emblems for the Corinthian columns of the Egyptian Hall, and politely declined on the ground of there being no room for them.

OBJECT OF MR. STUART WORTLEY'S MARRIAGE BILL.—To spike an ecclesiastical canon.

AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THE DEBATES, IN SEARCH OF CHISHOLM ANSTEY.

AN expedition has been formed, of some six hardy individuals, to venture in search of CHISHOLM ANSTEY. It is supposed that he is completely lost, for he has not been heard of for some time past. He disappeared last session, and has not been seen since.

The intention is to set out on the very day that Parliament opened. There is an immense tract of barren debates for the expedition to cross, and it is confidently asserted that it will never be able to get half-way through it. If any trace is found of him, intimation is instantly to be sent to the House of Commons.

The expedition has our best wishes for its success, though we cannot help having our fears as to the result. Is it prudent at this time of the year, we ask, when the Debates are much colder than usual, to venture in search of such an object? How will they find a passage through immense blocks of speeches, that seem as if they must crush the person who comes near them. The six individuals, we are told, are to relieve one another, and never more than three persons are to sleep at the same time. This arrangement is highly commendable; still, if the torpor should be too much for their hardy natures, and they should all six give way to the feeling of overpowering lassitude that is known to attack every one who ventures in those frozen regions, it is horrible to think of what must inevitably be their sad fates! We implore this generous half-dozen of impulsive souls to pause ere they rush into the expedition they are so madly bent upon.

We shall from time to time publish accounts of the expedition as they reach us, and we only hope that the whole six may return safe. We regret to state that not a single office in the City would insure their lives.

BRITANNIA'S SWEET TOOTH.

I'm the Genius of BRITANNIA, and, you know, I rule the waves,
And I form'd a resolution to put down the trade in slaves,
So I've fitted out a squadron, and it costs me very dear,
At the lowest computation full a million pounds a year.

Yet the slave-trade I'm maintaining all the while I 'gainst it fight,
I support it with the left hand whilst I strike it with the right;
Of slave-grown sugar, being cheap, a vast amount I eat,
I have such a tender conscience, but a tooth so very sweet!

Goose's liver is a dainty certain foreigners derive,
So I have heard, from roasting the unhappy goose alive;
My laws with punishment condign would visit any wretch
Who dared the culinary art so cruelly to stretch.

But were I the chief consumer of the fruit of this abuse,
I should surely be partaker in the torture of the goose:
Am I not then an accomplice in the wickedness and shame
Of lashing into sugar the tormented negro's frame?

There is negro in our puddings, in our pies, our cakes, our buns;
In our jellies, creams, and custards, there are ADAM's sable sons;
There's negro in each cup of tea the smug precisian sips,
And thinks that he has done no wrong, and wipes his holy lips.

I am certain that the trade in slaves my cruisers scarcely touch,
I repress it very little, and promote it very much:
If I mean that it should cease, I must renounce my toothsome sin,
Resolv'd from this time forth to take no slave-grown sugar in.

But I can't resign cheap sugar; so I'll keep up my blockade,
For appearance sake—by way of demonstration and parade;
Though I must confess I'd rather not be forced to spend the sum
Of a million pounds per annum to maintain a costly hum.

Sacrifice Extraordinary.

A NEWSPAPER advertisement announces that

"A professional gentleman is instructed to sacrifice THREE young sound HORSES at half their cost."

We wonder what deity horses could be sacrificed to? HYMEN, perhaps: for when a gentleman marries he is sometimes forced to give up his stud.

THE STETHOSCOPE AT THE NATIONAL CHEST.

We understand that there is at present an accumulated gold deposit at the Bank, which is likely to increase. Nothing has been heard for some time of JOHN BULL's tightness of the chest; but we expect that he will soon begin to complain of weight and congestion in that region; where there seems to be always something more or less the matter with the poor invalid.

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

A FERRAND IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.



PUNCH, having taken a sanitary survey of the whole country, reports as follows: "The dirtiest place in the United Kingdom is Mr. FERRAND's mouth."

And this report is accompanied with a sadness, with a faintness of heart; for *Punch*, after much pondering, is still grieved for a remedy.

How is the nuisance to be abated? By what means of flushing—by what extravagant grant of money, expended upon any quantity of chemicals? Will SIR ROBERT PEEL or MR. CORDEN attempt the part of CURTIUS, and leap into the ever-open, ever-widening gulf? Will all the societies, united for early closing, endeavour a remedy? For ourselves, we can only hit upon one poor chance of success, the application of neglect. When LUTHER was spiritually sublimed, wrought by the greatness of his work, he heard, he tells us, a mighty noise in the next room. "But," said he with an after-thought, "knowing it was only the devil, I took no notice of him; for there is nothing that so irks the devil as contempt." Will the newspaper press henceforth perform the part of LUTHER to FERRAND, the foul-mouthed and vociferous? Will they, for all future time, take mercy upon their readers, by taking no notice of the noisy man, whose last bluster was at the town of Pontefract? We hope so.

However, the press, having unwarily printed Mr. FERRAND's brag, it becomes the uneasy duty of *Punch* to disburse a few words upon it. *Punch* will linger no longer on the matter than he holds to be barely necessary; for *Punch* likes not the reek of the FERRAND nose-gay; his flowers of rhetoric are truly flower of brimstone. And so, with a closed nostril, putting aside the bunch of noisome epithets culled for political opponents, come we to the FERRAND remedy; and the remedy is—the sheep.

Mr. FERRAND preaches a Wool League. The Fleece *versus* the Cotton Tree! Mr. FERRAND makes the sheep the symbol of England's regeneration. Having shorn it, and spun the wool into the agricultural uniform, he would, no doubt, stretch its parchment into drum-heads, and beat dismay through the streets of Manchester. Who would have thought it? The tall cotton chimnies, levelled with a thundering crash to the earth,—pulled down by a line of worsted! What a politic spider is FERRAND, and with his woollen web, how he will catch and fatten on those gilded flies, BRIGHT and CORDEN!

The tedious monotony of the time will be pleasantly, hilariously broken by the two parties, into which all England will—hints FERRAND—immediately divide itself. The fight will be a contest of worsted balls and cotton balls! And the contest will be the fiercer, the richer, too, in interesting episodes, inasmuch as the principal combatants will be of the softer, and, therefore, more pugnacious sex. Every other woman will bear a flag of worsted—will fight under her own particular banner! "At present," mourns FERRAND, "it is cotton above—cotton below—and cotton everywhere." Wait awhile; and inevitably the cotton will be worsted.

Plain-minded people may vainly seek the source of inspiration whence FERRAND drew this deep and beautiful idea. *Punch*—who knows everything—can at once reveal the oracle that instructed the patriot—it was nothing less than a sheep's head. Fit teacher, fit pupil! It is a well-accredited story, that MAHOMET—who, like all truly great men, was beautifully simple in his tastes—much admired shoulder of mutton; a dish, by the way, delighted in by another great man, who, however, was not a prophet—GEORGE THE THIRD, the Father and Farmer of his people. Well, MAHOMET, says the legend, was about to partake of his favourite dish, and had made the first prime incision, when the yawning shoulder found a voice, and cried—"Beware, O prophet! For I, your much-loved joint, am poisoned. Eat me, and you die." Thus it was that destiny made vocal even a shoulder of mutton to preserve the man, chosen and beloved by fate.

And so it was with prophet FERRAND. It was at the end of the second week of March, when FERRAND—hungry from contemplation, deep and keen, of his country's wrongs—sat down to dinner. Great

men, we have already said it, have simple tastes. The dish best-beloved by FERRAND is sheep's head; sheep's head, with its buttered brains. Of these brains—innocent nutriment!—FERRAND, by way of preface, partook; and was about to flesh his carving-knife in the head itself, when the jaws opened, and—(wonderful to report! with the tongue lying in a separate plate)—the head spoke audibly thus—"Honey-mouthered FERRAND, dear to clods and men! Take what I need, and with it spin a yarn, yea, many yarns, and save your mother-land. You shall go forth in your armour of hose, and win. Accept this as a happy omen—I speak without brains; be worthy of your oracle."

Whereupon, after much self-preparation, FERRAND went to Pontefract, and, first sweetening his mouth with indigenous liquorice, he then preached the Wool League; he then and there enacted the part of *Sheepface* with stunning applause. His one word—his monosyllabic battle-cry—was "BAA-A," a word to be worked in blood-coloured worsted on the banner of the farmers—a word at once to float above and doom the "topless" chimnies of Manchester!

All this is vast and comprehensive, but this—the great wool question—admits of a still deeper consideration; of treatment, deep as the grave. It will be a grand achievement for Mr. FERRAND to divide the kingdom, arraying native flannel against exotic cotton. The feuds of the NEHI and the BIANCHI will be cast into oblivion by the deeds of the two civil armies, the homely yeoman worsted, and the subtle, foreign twist. The bulletins will be of marked and curious interest. It will be delightful, sustaining, to read of houses invested by the flannel forces, and brought down to their last piece of cotton, which is then hung out of the garret window, in token of parley; the enemy being at length permitted to march out with just one pocket-handkerchief flying, symbolical of his sorrow and discomfiture.

All this, we say, will be very delightful, and the really patriotic heart glows even by anticipation; but, there is yet another glory for wool; a glory, it is true, symbolised by yew and cypress—for it is a glory of the churchyard. Let the law—the law most shamefully repealed—be re-enacted, making it compulsory upon the dead—for an Act of Parliament is all potent, think some folks, even on the other side of Styx—to be buried in home-grown wool; in staple flannel as our grandfathers were, so that even in the grave we shall henceforth defy the foreigner, and not be made, as now, unpatriotic in our coffins, crumbling, shamefully crumbling, in imported cotton. Then the country churchyard will be, as it was wont, a scene for commingling meditation and patriotism. For whilst the great public moralist, with clouded eye on tombstones, reads the swift decay of all things, his ear is pleasantly smitten by the sheep-bell, and he sees the wether and the ewes biding the sweet grass of the heaving mound, and—his eye and heart cheered and expanding with the view and thought—he thinks with pleasure of the wool above the grave, and the wool within it. As it is, we feel that Mr. FERRAND—with his comprehensive sympathies—must consider even a country churchyard desecrated by the under-crop of foreign yarn. We have now no such poetry as GRAY's *Elegy*; and wherefore? We bury in cotton. The poet's true inspiration was from flannel. Is not the sheep especially the creature of APOLLO!

Turn our thoughts where we will, we receive from wool a sweet significance—a teaching comfort. When thrifty huswives would lay by their savings, what so often the chosen repository as an old stocking? The true Savings Bank is made of the fleece.

Our domestic history is full of anecdotes in glory of the sheep. And yet the folks of Manchester will believe the "web of life" to be made of nought but cotton. But ovine triumphs are everywhere about us: in the symbolic thriftiness of old stockings, in the blaze and varied splendour of illuminated windows. In THORETON's *Nottinghamshire* there is a sufficing illustration of the might and wealth of wool. "One Mr. BARTON," says our author, "a merchant of the Staple, built a fair stone house at Holme, in Nottinghamshire, and a fair chapel like a parish church. In the windows of his house was this posie,—

I thank God, and ever shall,
It is the sheep hath paid for all.

A thankful and humble acknowledgment of the means whereby he got his estate." And so, when the victorious FERRAND shall have conducted the great flannel and cotton war to a successful issue, so would we have his triumph eternized by a rescued and grateful country. We bought a Blenheim for MARLBOROUGH—a Strathfieldsaye for WELLINGTON—why not a Shepherd's Bush for FERRAND? And when the estate shall be purchased, and the monumental edifice erected, let all its windows be enriched and brightened with some golden posie, and further decorated with the hero of the verse, the illuminated FERRAND in sheep's clothing!

This would be a sweet sight for all men; yes, even for

A LITTLE BIRD.

THE LOVELY SEX VINDICATED

WE see a book advertised under the extraordinary title of "WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY." We hope this is a satisfactory refutation of the absurd fallacy that no woman ever lives beyond the age of forty!

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.



"SIR,—I AM a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, and the noise and the crowds, are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, Sir, enough, not for a day, but for my whole life.

"My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of Portman Square, and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building, and entered with my unsuspecting little charges into

the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness, that my darling ANNA MARIA instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, Sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us—a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent ANNA MARIA.

"The first thing we saw was a ghastly view of a church—the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's, at Jericho, I believe it was called—a dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the solitude of the dismal. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone; I was once locked up in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon, and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family; my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great, ghastly, naked edifice, paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

"As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march—it was midnight—tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness—the organ to moan more dismally—and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

"I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, 'Take us out of this place, Grandpapa.' I would have done so. I started to get up—(the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches looking on in the twilight besides ourselves)—I started, I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

"The next view we saw was the Summit of Mount Ararat, I believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights; when taken to St. Paul's by my dear mother, as a child, I had well-nigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning, and an eclipse I believe of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

"More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

"The Haidorama is next by, and my dear little third grandchild insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place, and saw, what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking reeling ruins—tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

"We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers and lions who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and where I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little rascals!) and the birds of various plumage.

"Fancy my feelings, Sir, when I saw in these gardens—in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers, and children, an immense brute of an elephant about a hundred feet high rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him! I uttered a shriek—I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, Sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—Ah, Sir! I saw an immense boa constrictor swallowing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, Sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good Heavens! Sir, do we live in a Christian country, and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

"Our next visit—of pleasure, Sir! bear with me when I say *pleasure*: was to the Waxwork in Baker Street,—of which I have only to say, that, rather than be left alone in that gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens.—There is a woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves—there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round—there is HER M—ty and the R-y-l Children looking as if they all had the yellow fever—sights enough to terrify any Christian I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

"But my second boy, TOMMY, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where NAPOLEON'S carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and introduced me to what?—to the CHAMBER OF HORRORS, Sir!—they're not ashamed to call it so—they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition—and what did I there behold—murderers, Sir,—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood—ROBERTS' head off in a plate—MARAT stuck and bleeding in a bath—MR. and MRS. MANNING in a frightful colloquy with COURVOISIER and FIESCHI about the infernal machine—and my child, my grandchild, Sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

"JACKY, my fifth, is bound for India—and wished to see the Overland Journey portrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the Exhibition, Sir, just at the moment when the simoom was represented. Have you ever seen a simoom, Sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoom is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson, in which camels, horses, men, are swept into death in an instant—and this was the agreeable sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their last place of amusement, viz., the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

"Ah, Sir! of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions, nothing so terrible. My blood freezes as I think of that frightful summer even—but what to say of the winter? By Heavens, Sir, I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow—the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners groping about in the snow round the ship; they caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright—that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

"Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who have nerves to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day, and remain,

"Your Obedient Servant,

"GOLIAN MUFF."

A BEAUTIFUL LEASE.



The wisdom of the Crown grantors in this case is worthy of *Bottom's* best acting of *Wall* itself, even after *Bottom's* longer ears were on!

EUREKA!

PUNCH has discovered the lunatic! From time to time a sane and thinking public has been outraged by paragraphs inserted in the papers by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—paragraphs, acknowledging receipt of certain sums—for the payment of the National Debt. Grateful thanks for spoonfuls taken from the ocean! The maniac is now discovered, and is one MR. BENSON, whose case was heard at Liverpool the other day. He went

"In August last to the Treasury in London, for the express purpose of paying off the national debt; he held that it was paid off; and he could do the same with a stroke of his pen on his banker, or whenever he pleased to put his hand in his pocket."

The man was, by verdict, returned of unsound mind; and the only reason that has induced *Punch* to advert to the matter is, to put it to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER whether, as a Chancellor and a gentleman, he ought not, upon this discovery, to hand over all sums, as abovenamed received by him, to the funds of Bedlam? We trust SIR PETER LAURIE, as the very useful governor of that establishment, will not, in this matter, permit himself to be "put down" by the Minister.

A HINT FOR THE PUBLISHERS.

As the publishing season will soon be in full play—which means that there will be plenty of work—we suggest the following as titles of books, to succeed the publication of "PEOPLE I HAVE MET," by an American:—

PEOPLE I HAVE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY, by a Policeman.
PEOPLE THAT HAVE MET ME HALF-WAY, by an Insolvent.
PEOPLE I HAVE SPLASHED, by a Scavenger.
PEOPLE I HAVE DONE, by a Jew Bill-Discounter.
PEOPLE I HAVE ABUSED, by a 'Bus Conductor.
PEOPLE I HAVE RUN OVER, by a Butcher's Boy.
PEOPLE I HAVE RUN AGAINST, by a Sweep.

Our Money Article.

"PAY ready money for everything you have, and you'll never get into debt," says FRANKLIN, or JOSEPH HUME, or some great economist. If this is true with regard to private individuals, how much truer it must be when applied to Governments! Would England be owing her National Debt at the present moment, if she had always gone upon the system of ready money? If we had our way, no country should go to war till it had money sufficient to pay all the expenses. This plan, if enforced generally amongst all nations, would tend more to the abolition of war than anything else. The best Peace Society is, depend upon it, READY MONEY. It is her President, Vice-President, members, secretary, banker's account, and everything. The only difficulty is to know where to find it!

VERY POOR SCHOLARS.

THE following advertisement, with its italics and its inverted commas—to say nothing of its inverted grammar—appeared just as we give it, in a Scotch periodical:—

SCHOLASTIC ESTABLISHMENT, No. ———

MRS. ——— AND Co. have the honour to call the attention of Parents and Guardians to their List of GOVERNESSES for the present season, which far surpass in "solidity and finish" of Education "any they have ever yet had." Some thoroughly educated Frenchwomen, English and Scotch of the "first order," besides some "Excellent Day Governesses," which, with their usual "care" and "promptitude," they will be happy to supply families "Gratuitously."

We were not previously aware that "solidity" of a "surpassing" order is looked upon as a desirable quality in a Governess. We can, however, understand that, where starvation prices are paid, a Governess with "a lean and hungry look" would be avoided, as likely to betray the meanness of the employer, and that a lady, therefore, with a large capital of fat to begin upon, which would take a good deal of bringing down in a stingy family, might be more likely to suit than one of, physically speaking, "more slender pretensions."

The wording of the advertisement issued from the Scholastic Establishment seems to indicate that all the learning is sent out so rapidly that there is none left for ordinary use on the premises. As to Syntax, the stock is evidently quite exhausted, and we almost wonder that there is enough Orthography left on hand to supply the spelling of even a short advertisement. We should be glad to see some of those "thoroughly educated Frenchwomen, English and Scotch of the first order," who, no doubt, belong to the class of citizens of the world, and are thus qualified to be described as, at the same time, French, English, and Scotch, by the directors of the Scholastic Establishment. The concluding portion of the advertisement, announcing some "excellent Day Governesses, which, with their usual care and promptitude, they will be happy to supply families gratuitously," is rather mysterious. Whose "care and promptitude" are intended to be indicated, and if it is the "care" of the advertisers, what is meant by supplying a Governess with "care"—as if the expression alluded to some article requiring caution in the packing? "Gratuitously," too, is a word that adds to our difficulty, for though there is a great deal of competition among the unfortunate class, we have not heard that they have commenced the practice that used to be common in the old opposition coaching days, and that they are trying to run each other off the road to knowledge, by taking pupils for nothing.

Altogether, the advertisement we have quoted is a specimen of the fact that too much cheapness will effect its own cure, for we venture to assert that any one really in want of education, even of the plainest kind, for his children, will not, if he can appreciate the first chapter of the Grammar, seek the article he requires in the Scotch "Scholastic Establishment."

The World's "Multum in Parvo."

WE are told that a Company is on foot for the purpose of buying up LORD BROUGHAM. The object of the purchase is to send in the Hon. Lord at the forthcoming Exhibition of 1851. With his Lordship the Company feels sure of winning the great prize, as there is scarcely a thing that he does not know something of; and if they can only keep him from talking, they feel persuaded they can palm him off as the most wonderful specimen of British industry. We are sorely afraid, however, that the Company, let it have the wealth of California added even to that of Monte-Christo, must be ruined, if it is compelled to take LORD BROUGHAM at his own valuation.

DREADFUL COMPLAINT OF ONE OF THE LUNGS OF THE METROPOLIS.

LORD DUNCAN complains of encroachments upon the Green Park. If these encroachments are allowed—and they are very likely to increase, since it appears that the Officers of the Woods and Forests do not know the boundaries of the property they are supposed to have the care of—there will soon be no Park left,—and the spot it formerly occupied will be known in history as the "INVISIBLE-GREEN PARK."

THE METROPOLITAN WATER-BUTT.

THE noble EARL OF CARLISLE presented a petition "from the parish of Christ Church, Spitalfields, complaining of the supply of water to the metropolis." If the petitioners complain of the supply of water to Spitalfields, we are sure they can have very little to complain of.

NEW READING OF AN OLD PARLIAMENTARY LAW.

STRANGERS (that is to say, the Royal Academy) are ordered to withdraw from the (National) Gallery.

"A Vice THAT LEANT TO VIRTUE'S SIDE."—LORD CLARENDON.

OF CHARACTER.—THE SICK BACHELOR.

it is time to
him, and, as it
hear him.
moment a heavy

received from servants, from every one, when he was ill at home, and the SICK BACHELOR closes his eyes to gaze upon the happy picture.

What a snug room! Every comfort is there that can make the heavy wheels of time roll on as softly as possible. What a nest of a bed! and at the head of it he sees his mother, leaning over him, parting his hair, kissing his forehead, and every minute asking

him in a voice through which the affection gushes like tears, "if he feels any better?"—he sees his sister, nature's kindest nurse, sitting up with him all night, moving if he moves, anticipating every one of his wants, gazing into his face for hope, and smiling at him sometimes in spite of it, coaxing him, like a child, to go to sleep, and holding his hand between hers till he falls into a gentle slumber again—he sees his father coming into the room the first thing in the morning, and treating on tip-toe lest he shall awake him—he recollects what a moment of anxiety it was when the Doctor paid his daily visit, and how every one waited in silence round the curtained bed, to hear what he said, and then rushed to cheer him and kiss him full of hope—he recollects all these, and many more little incidents of love and ten-



he can consult
the state of the
room. A
like sunshine
he waits,
and opening
all that rewards
the full of broken
at such that it
the father of his

is old and
that there is
who is wait-
as loud as
hoods,—but
the only rebo
ed out. MARY
than ever, by-
prisoner, by-
ness, is left

upon the false
wishes that some
he is—and that
wait upon her!
good, he will
his wrath, made
honour: instead of
smooth her pillow,
but sneers and snarls
instead of broths,
and nice delicacies,
he will give her oysters,
pork chops, tradesmen's
postmen's knocks, and
everything, in short, that can worry and



derness, for they hang round his childhood, like *immortelles*, which his memory loves to "keep green."

How different his present illness! There is no one to comfort him, to make him forget by kindness the prison-house he is confined in. His loneliness chills him. It throws a frost round everything, and he thinks, as ADAM thought when he was a Bachelor (the Bachelor days of ADAM would make a most curious book) and prayed for a wife, that—

"To die must be to live alone,
Unloved, uncherished, and unknown."

The Bachelor is moved; the rock of his egotism is softened, and it is very strange, but tears—real tears—bubble up from his heart, like water from a dried-up well in the Desert.

He rings again, and by some accident the Landlady hears him. The SICK BACHELOR has his medicine, and lays down his head grateful for it.

If he is grateful for a spoonful of medicine, what would he be for a kind word or a good dinner!

The Mercantile Press.

THE resignation of the Chairmanship of Lloyd's has caused the question to be asked in literary circles whether any change will occur in the editorship of *Lloyd's List*, or whether the arrangements will continue the same for the management of that racy periodical. We are happy to announce, from our own peculiar sources of information, that the only change in this spicy—and occasionally all-spicy—journal will be the assumption of the motto of "*List! List!! Oh! Lloyd's List!!!*" from *Hamlet*.



"AIN'T I VOLATILE?"

Lord B—gh—m as Miss Mowcher.

"BLE'S YOU, MAN ALIVE! I'M HERE AND THERE, AND WHERE NOT, LIKE THE CONJUROR'S HALF-CROWN IN THE LADY'S HANDKERCHER. AHA! UMPH! WHAT A RATTLE I AM!—AIN'T I VOLATILE?"—See "*David Copperfield*."



THE SIAMESE OR DOUBLE BROUGHAM.

A-BRIDGE-MENT OF ENGLISH GEOGRAPHY.

You would imagine that LOUIS NAPOLEON, from the time he had been in England, would know something about English geography, and yet in one of the recent numbers of *Le Napoléon*, of which he is the reputed editor or sub-editor, there appears the following mistake:—

"Over the Straits of Menai and Bangor, between England and Ireland, there runs a suspension bridge, &c."

This is not so bad to start with, but the mistakes grow thicker and thicker as the article gets longer, till at last we are told that the object of the new tubular bridge is nothing less than to

"Joindre le sol d'Irlande à celui de la métropole."

And the remainder of the article proves that one end of the tubular bridge is supported on the English coast, and the other on the Irish. We are sure that MR. STEPHENSON will be astonished to hear this, and will rejoice that his reputation rests upon a more solid foundation than the bridge in the article in the *Napoléon*. It is just as absurd as if, talking of the PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, we were to say,

"Il joint les talents de son Oncle à ceux qu'il possède lui-même."

The stretch in the one instance would be no greater than in the other. The probability is, that the author of the above rich mistake had been reading some highly poetical leading article about the "tubular bridge connecting England and Ireland in the closest links together," and that he had taken it all literally. It is only a pity that the Bull did not make its appearance a little earlier, for, from its size, it might have figured grandly in the Carnival as the *Bœuf-Gras*.

"Now Ready."

READY Money! One of the greatest difficulties of life is that Ready Money! It never is ready when you want it! It is like a woman who says she is "perfectly ready," and then runs up stairs to get her gloves, or handkerchief, or card-case, or something. You wait ten minutes, half-an-hour, till at last, tired of waiting, you go without her. So it is with Ready Money! I have waited for it so long—all my life I may say—that now I go without it.—*Young Rapid, at present on a visit to the Queen's Bench.*

THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.

THE great gathering of 1851 is not specifically appointed to include living productions, but we have, nevertheless, heard of a few that will most assuredly present themselves. The French will contribute a good sprinkling of their *chevaliers d'industrie*, and the rural districts of England will send up their full quota of raw material to be dealt with or done—as raw material is generally doomed to be.

We may perhaps be excused for suggesting a few animated subjects that might be added to the exhibition without fear of over-crowding, as the specimens of the articles we are about to name would be limited by their exceeding rarity.

A man born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

A ditto made of nine tailors.

A ditto who has dined with DUKE HUMPHREY.

A governess who has been willing to accept, instead of remuneration, a comfortable home, and who has found the consideration realised.

A young gentleman who has been liberally boarded and well educated for 16 guineas per annum.

Somebody who has found something to his advantage after having heard of it from JOSEPH ADY.

The laughing eye with the light in it.

A man with all his best feelings possessing him.

THE WOODEN WALLS AND THE WOODEN HEADS OF ENGLAND.

THE sale of old naval stores in 1849 amounted to £42,403.

The sale of old ships amounted to £2,911.

The latter item, we think, is insignificantly small, considering what a perfect hand—first chop, we may say—the Admiralty is in building ships, and cutting them up again. It would not be a bad speculation, by the bye, to open a little store shop next door to the Admiralty, where the new ships might be sold in penny bundles of firewood, and boxes of lucifer-matches. An ELLIOTT (if there is one left unemployed) should be put at the head of the establishment, and a little black doll, in the shape of ELLENBOROUGH or MINTO, might be suspended over the doorway, so as to attract the notice of SIR WILLIAM SYMONDS, and the other Government ship-breakers. Over the portico should be written, in the peculiar rag-and-bottle kind of long spidery letters, the following board:—

THIS IS THE CHEAP ORIGINAL MARINE STORE SHOP.

N.B. Best Price given for Newly Launched Men-of-War.

EXHIBITION OF IDLENESS.

LORD BROUGHAM objects to Hyde Park as the site for the proposed Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. It is but fair, however, that Industry should compete with its opposite on the latter's own ground. For a long series of years, from February to August, there has been held, in the Ring of Hyde Park, a daily Exhibition of Idleness. The Industry of all Nations may afford a lesson to the Idleness of one. It must not be supposed, however, that our lounging fashionables and lazy footmen furnish the sole criterion of our national Idleness. To form an adequate idea of that quality, it is necessary to take into account our defective drainage, putrescent Thames, thirty thousand starving needle-women, and multitudinous rogues; the stupendous result of inattention, indifference, and indolence.

Mr. Ferrand's Real Substitute for the Corn-Law Fleece:

MR. W. B. FERRAND, at the Pontefract Protectionist Meeting last week, is reported to have made the following proposition for the relief of agriculture:—

"Let the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland enter into a wool league, and vow they will never again wear cotton, if they can be provided with linen or woollen goods, and in two years the cotton-spinners of Lancashire will compound. (*Loud cheers.*)"

To this suggestion of MR. FERRAND's there is little doubt that the farmers will stop their ears—with cotton itself.

A HA'P'ORTH OF SENTIMENT.

WE admire a beautiful woman, and in the next breath ask how old she is? This is very stupid, for the most beautiful thing in the world is the Sun, and about the oldest.—*Jenkins after Dinner.*

GOLDEN HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

THE best Letters of introduction, and the best Letters of credit to travel with, are decidedly £ s. d.

THE BACHELORS' LEAGUE.



Y many highly respectable unmarried men, it has long been felt as a great grievance, that they should be liable to certain very heavy duties, and in order to release themselves from these duties, a League has been formed by a batch of bachelors. A friend, whose singleness of purpose consists of a purpose to remain single as long as he can, has favoured us with a glance at a few of the rules laid down for the guidance of the League of Bachelors.

1st. Every bachelor joining the League is to cancel all previous engagements.
2nd. Every bachelor having subscribed for five years to the League, and who, by misfortune, shall have incurred a matrimonial engagement, shall be defended against any action for breach of promise, and thus saved from the shame and misery of going through the Court of Hymen, which is too frequently another name for the Insolvent Court.

3rd. Connected with the League it is intended to establish a Bachelors' Insurance Office, to insure single men against marriage and flirtation, on the same principles as are usually applied to death and fire. Any member having visited wilfully a house with more than two marriageable daughters will, in the event of the calamity of marriage befalling him, be regarded in the same light as *felo de se*, and his policy will be vitiated on account of the very bad policy that will have guided him. Any bachelor falling—into matrimony—by his own hand, as in the case of a written promise to wed, will be deprived of all the benefits of his insurance, and every applicant proposing to be insured must answer the following questions, among others that will be proposed to him:—

What is your age next birthday?

At what age had your father the misfortune to marry your mother?

Have you been afflicted with the Polka or other mania? are you subject to sentimental fits? have you been addicted to the writing of sonnets? or have you ever suffered from the *cacoethes scribendi* in any shape, or at any time whatever?

Have you at any time in your life been a victim to the flute, or any other deadly-lively instrument?

Have any of your near relations fallen in love at any time, and if so, have they recovered, or have their cases ended fatally?

If these questions are all answered in a satisfactory manner, any member of the Bachelors' League may insure any amount under £5000, to be paid within three months of the melancholy termination of his single career, on proof of wedlock having actually overtaken him.

The Insurance against flirtation or fire cannot be effected where the applicant is more than ordinarily inflammable, and watering-places in the season, balls, and picnic parties must be considered as doubly or trebly hazardous, and charged accordingly.

A great moral engine will be kept on the premises, so that, in case of an alarm of fire, any member may have cold water thrown upon him without extra premium.

MEANNESS REWARDED.

"A MECHANIC," describing himself as a foreman in an extensive establishment, related, in a letter which appeared last week in the *Times*, the following satisfactory instance of proper spirit on the part of his fellow-workmen. He and they, whose numbers amounted to nearly 200 men, had raised a general subscription for the purpose of taking their wives and families a trip by railway to the sea-coast on Good Friday, and returning on Easter Monday or Tuesday. The railway directors, it might have been supposed, would have been willing to enlarge their usual accommodation of return tickets to these poor people, if but as a piece of seasonable benevolence,—an Easter offering of charity. Forgetful, however, all such Easter dues, those gentlemen contracted instead of extending their ordinary liberality in this respect, and made the return tickets available for one day only. The men indignantly "revolted" at this "shameful imposition," and their excursion scheme was abandoned; a circumstance to be regretted only on account of the good folks' loss of a holiday. A weightier loss, we rejoice to say, was sustained by the railway companies, who were the losers of about £75 from "A Mechanic's" shop alone. By this system of "quick returns," then, the railway companies are likely to make appropriately "small profits," and we hope that a continually decreasing income will be the reward of their perseverance in so mean a line.

THE MILITARY BILLY TAILOR.

BILLY TAILOR was a poor young fellow,
Well nigh starved as he could be;
And his wrongs he did diskiver
To a Public fair and free.
Fiddeloididay, Fiddeloididay, &c.

Several hundred clothiers' workmen,
Clad in tatters, thin array,
And they met, for BILLY TAILOR
To demand sufficient pay.
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Them to help their object arter,
ALDERMAN SIDNEY took the chair,
The various causes countin' over,
Of their heavy grief and care.
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Ven as he comed to make that ata'ement,
Vot he blamed above the rest,
Wos the uniform-trade, vitch he ripp'd open,
And diskiver'd how the troops are drest.
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Wen as the Public comed for to hear on 't,
Says they, "Wot kind of trade's this here?"
Says SIDNEY, "'Tis the trade of a gallant warrior,
Who buys so cheap, and who sells so dear."
Fiddeloididay, &c.

"If 'tis the trade of a gallant warrior,
Tell unto us his rank, we pray."
"His rank, kind friends, is that of Colonel,
Who by clothing gets his pay."
Fiddeloididay, &c.

"If as he gets his pay by clothing,
That's a way both mean and near,
Get up early some fine morning,
And upset this trade unfair."
Fiddeloididay, &c.

The *Chronicle* got up one fine morning,
Early as by break of day,
And he saw poor BILLY TAILOR,
Working life and soul away.
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Then he call'd for HUME and COBDEN,
Vitch did come at his command;
And he snatch'd poor BILLY TAILOR
From the clothing Colonel's hand.
Fiddeloididay, &c.

Ven as the Public comed for to hear on 't,
Werry much applauded the shut-up shop,
Kept so long as free life-tenant,
By the gallant COLONEL SLOP.
Fiddeloididay, &c.

VICES OF SPEECH.

THE contemplated abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty has furnished a fruitful theme for comment in the would-be jocular circles. Some do not scruple to affirm that the Government will rival FATHER MATHEW in the glory of having suppressed the National Vice of Ireland. Others go so far as to say that the Irish will be no longer able to complain of being impoverished by this country when they cease to be under the screw of an English Vice. Some, again, are rash enough to predict that, when Ireland has no longer a Viceroy, her present lamentable condition will be quite *vice versa*. A few have had the desperation to affirm, that the "golden round" of Irish Vice-Sovereignty has been nothing else than a vicious circle. Justice, however, compels us to state, that, in none of these playful liberties taken with words, has anything been intended in disparagement of the present Lord-Lieutenant, whose vice-regal career, during the most trying vicissitudes, is allowed on all hands to have been perfectly unvitiated.

MOCK FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent, Belgravia, March 28.)

HERE I AM, as poor SINCLAIR used to say in *Harry Bertram*, "like love among the roses." This is not a mere *façon de parler* with me, I can assure you, when, between four and six in the afternoon, I take my diurnal canter in Hyde Park, amid the flowers of aristocratic loveliness. "'Tis true," slightly to vary a Byronic aphorism, "your English Miss is very charming," and this is a truth that I have of late amply verified; though, for some weeks, the restrictions of the weather office have sadly interfered with the attractions of the Ring. *N'importe*: the bracing air creates an appetite, and rushing off to a *petit dîner* with a few choice spirits at the Clarendon, I indemnify myself for the *manque* of the ocular repast, by a more substantial if less sentimental banquet. The *côtelettes à la Maintenon* here are very much *de mon gré*, but you would scarcely believe how hard it is to get good potatoes. This reminds me that the Irish Viceroy is to be abolished, as the national esculent was like to have been a year or two ago—pardon this *badinage*—by the blight. I write *currente calamo*, which must excuse abruptness of transition. HER MAJESTY the QUEEN is "tol-lol;" she "showed" at *Der Freischütz*, the other evening, accompanied by the PRINCE, who is getting rather popular. The cares of state seem to sit lightly on VICTORIA, and ALBERT appears perfectly at his ease, though having on his shoulders the Industry of All Nations. In this pie, by the way, LORD BROUGHAM, of course, wanted to have his fingers; failing in which desire he has been doing all he can to *bouleverser* the concern, as was to be expected. All the world is laughing at the sparring-match which took place between him and STANLEY in the Lords, with reference to the epithet "volatile," applied to the noble and learned lord by the Heir of Derby. The combatants made believe to be "only in fun," and "peppered" one another with much seeming *bonhomie*, exchanging, however, some pretty hard raps, I can tell you. There are said to be various novelties in preparation both at the two Operas and Houses of Parliament; in the one and the other we shall see what we shall see. What with Ordnance Estimates, Ireland,—the *toujours perdrix* of legislation,—Stamps, Colonies, and Judicial Salaries, besides EWART's Anti-Calcraft motion, the peace proposition of COBDEN, and *hoc genus omne*, the St. Stephen's *impresario* has his work pretty well cut out for the season. I wish LORD JOHNNY well through it. Talking of cutting out, the journeyman tailors are really in a very sad state; and at a meeting of these poor *squires* of the thimble the other day at the London Tavern, ALDERMAN SIDNEY ascribed their miserable plight in a great measure to the "grinding system" pursued by the "clothing Colonels" who pick their pay out of soldiers' uniforms. The idea of these gallant slop-sellers is *très drôle, n'est ce pas?* The case of the starving needlewomen is also becoming serious; as I cannot help feeling rather strongly—not having eaten anything since lunch. Hey! then, for the Conservative Club, where I "grub" to-day with a *Milord Anglais* or two; so, for the present, *addio*.

P.S. The GORHAM breeze is by no means lulled yet. EXETER has flown at CANTERBURY in a pamphlet. PHILPOTTS has been so long in hot water that he must now be quite a *bouilli d'Evêque*.

[We trust that nothing in the above communication will appear impertinent or flippant to those who are familiar with the grave and respectful tone in which the foreign correspondents of some of our contemporaries are wont to treat the affairs of our neighbours.]

Merit in Bronze.

THE Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, have—

"Decided to select bronze for the material in which the Medals are to be executed, considering that metal to be better calculated than any other for the development of superior skill and ingenuity in the medallic art, and at the same time the most likely to constitute a lasting memorial of the Exhibition."

The Commissioners are wise men; sovereigns, or even half-sovereigns, in bronze, would not go so soon as in their present metal. There is, however, another reason—a reason *Punch* deeply deploras—for the selection of bronze by the Commissioners; it is because the gold and silver come so slowly in.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

WE understand, that, since a certain noble lord has evinced a desire to be looked upon as of a rather heavy nature, the title of BROUGHAM will be changed into that of Slow-Coach.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENIC.

THE distinguished chemist, *Mr. Punch*, has discovered an antidote to arsenic, now so often administered with fatal effect by wives to husbands, and parents to children. The form of *Mr. Punch's* remedy is that of a Bill, to be introduced into Parliament, limiting the operation of Burial Clubs to paying for the funerals of their deceased members.



EXPERIMENTS OF OUR "USED-UP" MAN IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.—No. 1.

TRYING THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT ON A WET AFTERNOON.

POLICE STATISTICS.

SOME interesting returns have been prepared by the Commissioners of City Police, as to the amount of property restored, fires put out, children found, and other services rendered by the civic force, but other facts are omitted, which we consider as equally full of interest. We should like to know whether the value of the property stolen includes the value of the kisses stolen by the police themselves from the female servants, and whether the number of children found comprises all the children previously lost through a flirtation with the nurse and the man on duty. Among the fires extinguished, we presume we must not look for the flames raised in the breasts of cooks; and the number of houses found insecure will not, of course, comprehend those where the area gates had been designedly left open for "love to find the way" in the garb of a policeman. In the estimate of the strength of the force, allowance is doubtless made for its little weaknesses, though on the whole its good conduct, like its clothes, may be considered uniform.

THE MORNING'S REFLECTION.—It has always been a matter of profound astonishment to us how our ancestors could have eaten their breakfast without a morning newspaper!



A "LATTER-DAY" NIGHTMARE, BROUGHT ON BY READING THOMAS CARLYLE HIS PAMPHLETS.

RAGS VERSUS SOAP.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER is not, as it appears, to monopolise the right and enjoyment of controversy. Rags are to have a share, disputing for it with purple and fine linen. The *Chronicle*—with some weighty testimony upon its side—contends that the Ragged Schools are, for the most part, little other than gatherings of the dirty, houseless, and, by consequence, profligate young, for the benefit of shelter, warmth, and co-operation. Parties for robbery are arranged under the very eyes of the self-devoted teachers. From the school-room to the street, to "catch" the unconscious victims "coming out of chapel," is an anxious but rapid transit occasionally made by the pickpocket pupils. The good LORD ASHLEY puts in a plea for the utility of the rag academy; but, with a faintness of heart, a certain tone of despondency that does not mightily assure one. His Lordship avows that the hope of amended morals can be but small, when the children from their birth have been creatures of filth and squalor—human vermin, at once society's reproach and danger. Teaching must begin at home. When the home is the dry arch, the door-step, or, as a passing luxury, the twopenny lodging-house—poor, indeed, is the harvest of the school-master! Cleanliness we take to be one of the best teachers—the prime usher of the school for the poor. There was an old fashion that went to bribe the brain of the learner by a subtle appeal to the learner's stomach: the pupil ate and digested his A. B. C. in spicy gingerbread. Why will not government place in the hands of the poor an alphabet of another substance—namely, untaxed soap? Truly, the first important syllable for the poor to learn, is W. A. S. H.

A Rabid Propensity for Pence.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL is making a great noise about the Irish Vice-Royalty being done away with. He need not be so alarmed, for, if that Vice is removed, a greater one will still exist, for we have always considered the worst Vice of Ireland to be agitation, and that comes much more home to him than the one at the Castle ever could or would. We are afraid, also, that, as long as MR. JOHN O'CONNELL continues to make his miserable penny by it, it is a kind of Vice that will never be abolished in Ireland.

OUR OCEAN BAILIFFS.

WHEN the execution which SHERIFF PALMERSTON, by the agency of his officer PARKER, at the suit of DAVID PACIFICO and another against OTHO, King of Greece, has put into the Piræus, shall have answered its purpose, and either the demand of defendants shall have been discharged, or the plaintiff's masts and other sticks shall have been sold off for the benefit of his creditors, our *fi-fa* squadron might perhaps be sent to levy a distress upon the United States. There are little matters not yet settled between British subjects and Mississippi. Besides, the crime of piracy continues to be practised to a frightful extent by American publishers, and ought to be checked, for the interest of literature, the true glory of England. If this is not done, *Rajah Punch* must proceed to New York, and inflict a massacre on the Jonathanian pirates on his own responsibility. For the present we leave this important matter in the hands of Her Majesty's Sheriff for Foreign Affairs.

Trespassers, beware!

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* calls attention to insidious brick-and-mortar intentions at Albert Gate. There is a threat of building—building!

"I fear that this is no air-drawn dagger of mine, for a Mr. CUBITT has, either by exchange or purchase, obtained the power of building there."

Air-drawn daggers we despise. But, we counsel JOHN BULL to take wary heed of builder CUBITT's "dagger of lath" and—plaster!

"People's Editions."

It is the fashion, and a very good one too, to bring out a People's Edition of every thing, at a much reduced price, generally one penny. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL has fallen into the same fashion, and has been bringing out, but with rather indifferent success, a new Edition of his father's speeches at Conciliation Hall. Judging, however, from the style of language occasionally indulged in under its roof by certain patriotic gentlemen, we should be more inclined to call the series, now in course of publication at Conciliation Hall, "THE PEOPLE'S S-EDITION. PRICE ONE PENNY."

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.



SIR,—You are aware that you are a public character, and, as such, your personal appearance and habits are necessarily the subject of interest and remark. I, myself, saw you the other day quitting the American packet ship *Southampton*, with your pockets crammed full of cigars which CAPTAIN MORGAN had presented to you, and you were seen publicly smoking one of them in the streets of Gravesend after you had taken leave of the gallant Captain and his vessel. Sir, you are a smoker. I am another. I am not ashamed of my habit. I like it; I uphold it; and I am desirous that you should defend it.

"In the *Morning Chronicle* of last Saturday, I read a leading article, in which men who smoke are called 'selfish' and 'nasty'—and are held up to general reprobation for their practice of

smoking upon railways, and, of course, leaving the odour of their cigars in the carriages behind them. The *Chronicle* writer draws a fearful picture of the agonised discomfort of a lady disinclined to tobacco, and forced to make a journey of a hundred miles in a carriage impregnated with its fumes, and by the side of a gent who had been secretly smoking his weed up to the time of the entrance of his fellow passenger.

"There is no doubt that it is unpleasant for a female disliking tobacco to sit by a man's side who has just been consuming his cigar: but Sir, it is also clear, that it is most unpleasant for a man to be interrupted in his pastime. Each individual under the circumstances is worthy of a genuine pity.

"I put out of the question the epithets of 'selfish' and 'nasty' employed by the *Chronicle*; who does not probably smoke himself. So it is selfish to drink a glass of wine or to eat a luncheon at Swindon or Wolverton—but it is natural: you do it because you are hungry or thirsty, and because you like it. So it is selfish for Mrs. Muscadel to perfume her pocket-handkerchief with that abominable scent, to me a thousand times more odious than the nice wholesome natural fragrance which fondly lingers about a man's coat and whiskers after he has enjoyed a cigar. There is no use in calling me names, and saying that smoking is nasty. I intend to smoke: all Europe smokes: all the world smokes:—Tobacco has conquered the world, and is an established fact of which it is as impossible to get rid as it would be to get rid of railroads or to return to Protection.

"The fact being so—it surely becomes the duty of the Statesman to admit it, and instead of attempting insanely to repress it, to regulate it so as to afford the least inconvenience to the public. You try to put down Smoke by absurd prohibitive laws, and what is the consequence? It penetrates everywhere. It laughs at your strict orders, it scorns your preventive railway guards, and eludes your cordons of policemen. It scents your closest carriages, it lingers in your first-class cushions: it sickens your ladies, and it makes your *Morning Chronicle* squeamish.

"Sir, as a smoker I neither wish to make a lady sick, or to witness the qualms of the editor of any newspaper. Give me a place where I can indulge in my harmless habit apart from puking manhood and squeamish beauty. Give me a smoking carriage on the railroad. The Rauchzimmer that accompanies every train in the German railroads, is worthy of a great and philosophic nation. It is a fragrant and comfortable retreat. It has varnished leather or skin cushions, and tin receptacles for the smoker's ashes. Give us, I say, smoking carriages on our railroads: then smokers will not intrude themselves upon scented dandies

or fumigate the muffs and tippets of females. It is not we who annoy them. It is they who are annoyed because we smoke. Let us tra apart, if the ladies don't like us. We don't want their ladyship society: we want our pipes. It is the non-smoking community who ought to petition for smoking carriages more than we: we don't feel inconvenience. Let the women of England agitate the matter: it is their question not ours.

"And I declare that I, for one (and I am a member of a great powerful association, sworn to the cause), make it a matter of principle even to my own personal discomfort sometimes, to smoke whenever I can get a chance on a railway. Whenever I see an unoccupied carriage I pop into it and fumigate it. When the guard comes, and ceremoniously expostulates, I laugh in his jolly face. He is a man and a smoker. Is he to search my person and take away my case? I defy him. My cigar is well crushed into the rug under the heel of my boot before he has asked a question; crushed into the rug so that all the scents of Araby can't get the smell out. And I know of some great martyrs and strugglers in the cause who expressly use the very rank tobacco, in order to advance the principle, which goes on increasing and increasing, *viresque acquirit olendo*.

"Your constant reader and fellow-smoker,

"CAVENDISH."

THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.—A HINT.

PEACE waves her olive-branch, and summons round her,
Array of heads unhelmed, unweaponed hands;
Commerce, late lightened of the chains that bound her,
Speeds hitherwards the gifts of many lands.

Now, for the first time since the world was parted
By differing tongues, round Shinar's tower of old,
One nation, horny-handed, and strong-hearted,
The grasp of friendship out to all doth hold.

The giant, Industry, with mighty motion,
Stirs from Norwegian hills to far Cathay;
From island unto island of the ocean,
He calls upon his sons, and they obey.

Hammers are falling, forges roaring free,
The wheels whirl round, the noisy shuttles rattle;
And far as ear can hear or eye can see,
The world's astir with note of peaceful battle.

Mind wars with matter in a thousand forms
And conquers it, though ne'er so big or brave,
Till the wild lightning from its house of storms,
Descends to do man's errand, like a slave.

But while with pride such victories we hail,
And view their gathered trophies, let the thought
Pass from the labour to the labourer pale,
That on these miracles of skill hath wrought.

From out of gorgeous hues and fabrics rare
Let the gaunt weaver's face its lesson look,
And all that's forged, or wove, or carven there,
Becomes a leaf of a portentous book—

Too often blurred with blood, blotted with tears,
With sin and sorrow writ, from rim to rim;
While they that ought to read, with selfish fears
Avert their eyes from off the record grim.

It is a palimpsest—fair-writ, beneath
The red and rugged lettering above,
Are sweetly-sounding ancient words, that breathe
Of brotherhood and peace, and joy and love.

God speed the time when from that volume's face,
Some reverent hand, with loving heart for guide,
Shall those distressful characters efface,
And bring to light the blessings that they hide.

An Archbishop's Orthography.

DOCTOR JOHNSON, as an extreme Tory and High Churchman, held views generally in accordance with those of ARCHBISHOP LAUD. You nothing could be more utterly at variance with JOHNSON than the sul joined passage in a letter of LAUD's lately published by SYLVANUS URBAN, Gent.:—

"Your lordship's other letter made his maiesty and all els that sawe it laugh, els the fellowe is ether mad or at Bedlam doure as neare entringe in as may be."

If ARCHBISHOP LAUD was a churchman renowned for his reading, it was certainly a prelate no less remarkable for his spelling.

THE HORN OF PLATT.



BRASS, it seems, is not invariably profitable material, even when traded upon in most worshipful society. Not always does a man blow his own trumpet—(some men, indeed, are not merely single trumpets, but brass bands complete)—to his own final advantage. The case of MR. PLATT—and few men have made sweeter noises in the world—is a powerful illustration of the perils that environ melodious brass. MR. PLATT has grown old upon his horn: and now—“having lost, from great and continual pressure, the whole of his front teeth,” he seeks to obtain some sort of provision by means of a concert “to exempt him from the sufferings of an indifferently

provided for old age. The horn,” continues the *Herald*, in the kindest spirit—“is an instrument by which but little can be accumulated, however long the service.” In a word, the brass at a man’s mouth, however exquisite its utterance, cannot be as profitable, as the unseen brass in a man’s lungs—as the brass armour is a man’s cheek. The QUEEN vouchsafes her sympathy to the poorer (worker in brass; PRINCE ALBERT patronises the blown-out musician, and many of the nobility and gentry, touched by the recollection of MR. PLATT’S art—an art exercised for nearly thirty years—are pledged practically to manifest their grateful memory. This is as it should be, alike honourable to the people of gold and the veteran dealer in even more musical metal; most musical, most unprofitable.

“Let the bright seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.”

In how many ears these words will awaken the echo of PLATT’S horn, as its music soared, triumphing and dallying with its strength and sweetness! How it seemed to become vocally spiritualised; how it sympathised with the singer in her highest flights: how it became like a living thing, endowed with supernatural utterance. And at the same time—“from great and continuous pressure”—the pressure that gave forth the divine harmony, the front teeth of the musician were paying their existence for the music—gradually giving themselves up a certain sacrifice to sweet sounds. Sounds purchased with growing canker.

Has our friend, the reader, ever met with a little book—the autobiography of poor EULENSTEIN? In that thin, meagre-looking little book, is a terrible human history. It was the evil destiny of EULENSTEIN to fall in love with—a Jew’s-harp. Passionately in love with that most unpromising bit of iron. Day and night, he wooed the hard, unyielding thing, and at length made it sing to him most exquisite music; at length, he awakened in that twopenny-halfpenny instrument—that pauper thing that some Jew in his most desperate poverty must have first fashioned out of marine-store old iron—most marvellous harmonies. The Jew’s-harp was no longer a schoolboy’s organ of annoyance—a big bumble-bee grown hoarse—but something even for MERCURY, with his tortoise lyre, to smile upon. This was a great triumph for the enthusiast. In the most frightful poverty, he had followed his passion; he had succeeded in his suit; he could touch the harp, the Jew’s-harp, to his own will; he had made himself a name and—he was toothless. The iron had entered his mouth; his sufferings were terrible. He had put unthought-of melody into the metal, and the iron had eaten its revenge.

And this, in a degree, is the fate of poor MR. PLATT. He has, for thirty years, made crowds of hearts beat thick with his mastery of metal; and—even if he had the fulness of fortune’s feast—he wants the teeth to enjoy the repast. There is a meaning in this—a sad, instructive meaning in the condition of a man of genius—worth, at least, the price of a concert ticket, should the price be even one pound one shilling.

The QUEEN, the PRINCE, a royal duke, and so forth, will patronise the old musician: no doubt many of the wise and good will contribute to the fund sought to be raised for the worn-out artist. If, in addition to these, the folks who have made their noisy way in the world,—not with metallic brass, but with brass human,—if they, too, would contribute a moderate offering,—then would the fund be prosperously increased. The Horn of PLATT would then be the Horn of Plenty.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SHE HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH HER LEGAL ADVISER.

SCENE.—The Parlour in Coram Street. She has shown her Aunt’s Will to her ATTORNEY, who has come by appointment to advise with her upon it.

Attorney (examining the Will, and other papers). Hm—hm—hm—yes. It must be part of deceased legatee’s estate—so it will have to be charged with the same legacy duty as a gift in his lifetime, and then, you see, it will have to be included in the estate in the estimate for paying probate duty thereon, and be chargeable again with legacy duty, because, as you are aware, it’s liable to duty in TIMMINS’S hands, to whom the legatee left it by his will. That’s satisfactory.

Unprotected Female (whose breath and understanding have been suspended during the above, heaving a long sigh). Yes—very—but I don’t quite understand about it.

Attorney (buried in the papers again, and making intricate calculations with a pencil). Good gracious! You’ve paid too much probate duty. Oh, my dear Madam—we must rectify this at once.

Unprotected Female. Oh—I’ve paid so many things—they told me to—and I didn’t understand it.

Attorney. Let’s see. (Calculating.) Yes, £18 4s. You’re entitled to £18 4s. We must get your £18 4s. You’ll have no trouble about it.

Unprotected Female (much relieved). Oh—indeed—what have I to do, if you please?

Attorney. Why, you’ll have to go to the Legacy Duty Office—it’s within the six months—and you must produce the probate, and make your affidavit—of course, you must swear there was no intention of fraud—ah—you can swear that before a Master in Chancery.

Unprotected Female (bursting out). Oh—please don’t let me get into Chancery—oh—now—

Attorney (blandly). No—no—a Master ex-traordinary, for taking affidavits and acknowledgments of married women, my dear Madam.

Unprotected Female. But I’m not a married woman—Sir—

Attorney (correcting himself). No—no—anybody can swear an affidavit before him: and then you must subjoin to the affidavit the inventory and account—that you’ll subscribe.

Unprotected Female (under her breath, and in deep agony). Dear, dear! How much will the subscription come to?

Attorney (cheerfully running on). No—no—your signature only. Then we must have the appraisements and valuations duly stamped—and then, my dear Madam, we shall go to the Head Office comfortably.

Unprotected Female. Oh—no—don’t let us go. I’d rather let them keep the £18 4s. Oh, there are ever so many things to swear, and I don’t understand it.

Attorney (encouragingly). Pooh, pooh! my dear Madam—a mere form. Let’s see (thoughtfully), we must show the debts were due and payable in law. (Sharply.) You’ve got vouchers for the payments?

Unprotected Female (clapping her hands). Oh—what’s that? I paid them all their bills.

Attorney. But you took receipts and legal vouchers?

Unprotected Female. Oh—I think I did—but I don’t know what vouchers are.

Attorney. There were those mortgages. Let’s see—we shall have to produce the mortgage deeds. I forget. Had you a re-conveyance of the premises, or a re-assignment of the term?

Unprotected Female (bitterly). Oh—how am I to know? How can you? Oh—they’re all there. [Pointing helplessly to the heap of papers.]

Attorney (aside). Oh—these women! By the way, there were some collateral securities in BOKER’S debt. We must show them to be cancelled.

Unprotected Female. Oh—how? I’m sure, I dare say it was, but I don’t know. Why don’t you take ’em all yourself, and do it, and don’t frighten one.

Attorney. My dear Madam, you’re executrix, and we must be regular. No judgment debts, I suppose?

Unprotected Female. Oh! what ever’s that?—do you think I know a judgment debt when I see it? Do look in the papers.

Attorney. Because, if so, we must produce office copy, and entry of satisfaction on record, of course.

Unprotected Female (stupidly). Yes—of course—but, oh, I wish you wouldn’t. I don’t understand what you’re talking about. But I’d rather let them keep the £18 4s.

Attorney. Then there are three legacies to the old servants—

Unprotected Female (glad to show she CAN do something). Oh—I paid them.

Attorney. I don’t see the receipts.

Unprotected Female. Eh? Oh—the old housemaid couldn’t write, and the housekeeper was a very respectable woman.

Attorney. You don’t mean to say, that you’ve gone and paid the legacies, without taking stamped receipts?

Unprotected Female (innocently). You know it can't make any matter. They're quite honest people, and they'll never come again for the money.

Attorney. But you've subjected yourself to a heavy penalty, Ma'am. You were bound to take a receipt, with date, testator's name, exor's name, legatee's name, amount and rate of duty. Dear, dear, this is very serious!

Unprotected Female (tearfully). Oh—how is a poor woman to know? But nobody will ever find out.

Attorney. Then the legatees are liable to a penalty for not giving the receipt. They'll be down on those poor servants, at the Legacy Duty Office. And there'll be the ten per cent. on the legacy to pay perhaps—dear me, this is very unfortunate.

Unprotected Female (in utter despair). Oh—why did AUNT SMITHERS leave me her executrix? Why didn't she pay the servants their legacies before she died? Oh—What is to be done? I wish somebody—

[The door opens softly, and MR. JONES appears. UNPROTECTED FEMALE feels that a higher power has interfered in her behalf, and rushes to receive him.]

Mr. Jones (smilingly). Do I interrupt business, eh?

Unprotected Female. Oh—MR. JONES—oh, no—oh, I'm so thankful you're come. Oh—do look at all those papers! you can't think how glad I am to see you. *(To ATTORNEY.)* Oh, if you'd only tell MR. JONES all you've told me, he'd understand it, and act for me—won't you, please, MR. JONES? It's AUNT SMITHERS's will.

Mr. Jones (who has long felt a curiosity about that document). With pleasure, my dear Madam—with the greatest pleasure.

Unprotected Female (all but giving way). Because, you know, a woman can't be expected to understand these things, and I've no male relations *(blushing)* to advise me—and I've been doing everything wrong, it seems—and exposing myself to penalties, and vouchers, and things—and I don't know anything about it; but if you'll talk to MR. SMART, my solicitor. *(To MR. SMART.)* This is MR. JONES, MR. SMART. *(To MR. JONES.)* I dare say you can understand MR. SMART. Oh—now, do.

Mr. Jones (gallantly). To save you any trouble, my dear Miss STRUGGLES, is a pride and a pleasure—now, MR. SMART, let's see the papers.

[SMART and JONES begin threading the legal labyrinth, the UNPROTECTED FEMALE sits by, looking with admiration at JONES, and listening with childlike faith to his remarks.—SCENE closes.]

THE CORNISH CADIS.

WE have not yet quite abandoned the habits of our forefathers. There are boots and breeches among us yet, and the latter sit at the seat of justice, and the former walk in her paths, and the 'squires within them here and there, in quiet nooks and corners of the island, still administer 'squirearchical justice. Of this consolatory fact here is a little piece of evidence, furnished by the *Times* reporter on the Western Circuit, writing from Bodmin:—

"Before we take leave of this place, we would again call attention to a circumstance which, perhaps, may be considered by many to be a most extraordinary interference with the liberty of the subject. We find among the prisoners in the gaol on former orders, 'WILLIAM QUICK, committed the 15th of September, 1848, for a breach of the peace, for two years, or until he shall find sureties for his good behaviour; WILLIAM WRALER, committed the 8th of May, 1849, a breach of the peace, for twelve calendar months, or until he shall find sureties; JOHN WALL, the 5th of February, 1850, a breach of the peace, for twelve calendar months, or until he shall find sureties.'"

Now the peace is a valuable commodity, but two years virtual imprisonment for its breakage is rather excessive damages. What next? We shall hear, perhaps, of the magistrates of Cornwall confiscating offenders' goods and chattels, or ordering delinquents to be bastinadoed *à la Cadi, ad libitum*. It would not be surprising if these gentlemen were to set up a little extra-legal gallows, and carry out, thereon, their peculiar views of penal discipline.

Pro Omnibus Bibo.

THE American Ambassador, on returning thanks for his health at the Mansion House, said on Easter Monday, that, "When the loving cup went round, he drank for 22,000,000 of his countrymen."

The reports say, "Drunk with all the honours;" and really, after such a draught as that, we do not wonder at it.

But suppose every Ambassador drank to the same extent, the LORD MAYOR would have to provide drink for all the world! A Mansion House dinner would be quite "an Exhibition of the Drinking Industry of all Nations."

MY SOLE'S IN ARMS.

A LETTER from Sweden says that there is an order for the navy to be immediately put "on a war footing." We suppose that the sailors will all have to wear Bluchers or Wellingtons, which is our idea—rather a literal one perhaps—of a war footing.

THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.



THE returns of the Revenue are now before us; and to those who are fond of a puzzle, composed of the mystification of an array of figures and facts, we can promise an hour's treat, in a contemplation of the official document. The best of it is, that it is a puzzle which never ends, for the Returns may be returned to again and again without any solution of the mystery. We are happy to be told that the result is satisfactory, though the balance is on the wrong side; but we cannot very well understand what there is satisfactory in a reduction of income; and, when we come to details, the following is the result of all we can gather:—

The Customs have decreased, from a scarcity, we suppose, of customers, and there has been a falling off in sugar,—

the sweet tooth of John Bull having failed to exert its usual influence. Grain and flour have also produced less,—so that the contents of the sack have sympathised with the saccharine. In the Excise there has been additional consumption,—so that the depression complained of has not materially affected the spirits, and poverty has had its gin, if it has also had its bitters. The Assessed Taxes seem to have been paid more promptly than usual, and the gatherer has no doubt had his patience less tried, and been able to keep himself and his rates more thoroughly collected.

The Income-Tax seems to be in an undulating state, for one year it goes "up, up, up," and another year it goes "down, down, down," but for the Quarter just ended, we have returns that look like increased profits. There is a decrease of £8000 in the Post-Office, which, if we may be allowed to adopt the usual mysterious style of analysing official statements, would show a diminution in letters amounting, when divided by 26, to a falling off of 307 and a fraction, on every letter of the alphabet.

Though the revenue has decreased on the quarter, it has increased on the year, and so long as on a series of diminishing quarters we get an augmented total, we suppose we have nothing to complain of. The revenue seems to have a good deal of the frothy buoyancy of a pot of beer, which, though decidedly deficient in quantity, may be made, by a proper adjustment of a "head," to wear the aspect of refreshing redundancy.

We have a word or two to say about the Income-Tax, which has taken a sudden start that may—or may not—be thus accounted for. Taking the whole in round numbers—and we will, for the sake of uniformity, use round numbers only—at 000,000,000, it is fair to conclude that every circle—of the nine we have embraced—is recovering from the crisis.

With reference to the decrease, it must be remembered we have had no China money this year, nor have we received anything from the River Plate, so that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's plate and china closets are getting equally empty. In looking at other commodities we must embrace the whole of them at once, for we cannot take coffee without sugar, nor should we think of getting rum into our heads till we had discussed the loaf, and some other articles of general consumption. When the chaff is separated from the corn, when the grain in the husk feels the full benefit of the principles of HUSKISSON, when the fancy loaf is as free as the brick, henceforth to be released from duty, then, and not till then, will English Industry have fair play and fair work, for all work and no play has made JACK BULL more dull than he ought to be.

The London Pharmacopœia.

NAPOLEON, talking of medicine, said, "Water, Air, and Cleanliness, are the chief articles in my Pharmacopœia." But if NAPOLEON had lived in London, his Pharmacopœia would have been very badly stocked; for neither its air nor its water can be recommended, from their excessive purity, for cleanliness; though, at the same time, we must confess that the water of the Thames is, in its way, "a perfect drug."

REFLECTION OF A LONDON SIGHT-SEER.

I WOULDN'T give two-pence to see St. Paul's—if the Dean and Chapter didn't make me.



OUR "USED UP" MAN TAKES A WALK WITH HIS COUSINS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

In this dearth of sights, open gratuitously to the public, we think it our duty to point the attention of the public to such objects of out of door attraction as may be seen upon those easy terms on which a cat is vulgarly supposed to enjoy the privilege of gazing at royalty. For those who cannot afford the Zoological Gardens, at one shilling, there is the collection of animals known as the Happy Family, in Trafalgar Square; and though there is a suspicious drowsiness about some of the inmates of the cage, which leads us sometimes to doubt whether the apathy of some of the antagonistic tribes is the result of discipline or drugging, the exhibition possesses sufficient interest to repay the passenger for a moment's pull up on the pavement. For those of active imaginations who can see in the spitting of the syringe the grandeur of the cascade, there are a few pints to be quaffed from pleasure's cup in a contemplation of the paltry piece of turncockery that is going on in the immediate neighbourhood of the exhibition already alluded to. For the lovers of pictorial art who cannot indulge their taste by paying for admission to galleries of paintings, there are numerous specimens of the modern masters to be seen in the course of a ramble through the metropolis. There are the illuminated vans, for instance, affording gratuitous glimpses of the exhibitions they are designed to advertise.

To those who cannot afford to visit the Panorama of the Nile, there is a camel, served up like a sandwich between a pair of pyramids, to be seen for nothing at all; and those who cannot muster a shilling for the excursion to Australia and back, under the guidance of MR. PROUT, who invites the public to enter into his Australian views, may enjoy any day in Regent Street a small taste of convicts and kangaroos, in a series of two tableaux, on a perambulating cart, drawn by a horse that would have caused RICHARD THE THIRD to have repented of his bargain, had the brute been brought forward when the monarch was offering his kingdom for a specimen of the animal. These tableaux are not only amusing but instructive, for one of them has taught us the fallacy of the saying that "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush," for we learn from the Australian views, that the birds in the bush are of such exquisite beauty, that one of them is worth any two or any twenty of those that we have ever had in hand in this country.

We need scarcely call attention to the numerous exhibitions of wax-work that are scattered all over the town at the tailors' doors, and which if they do not equal in fearful interest the Chamber of Horrors, yet afford pleasing illustrations of the state of national costume in the middle of the nineteenth century.

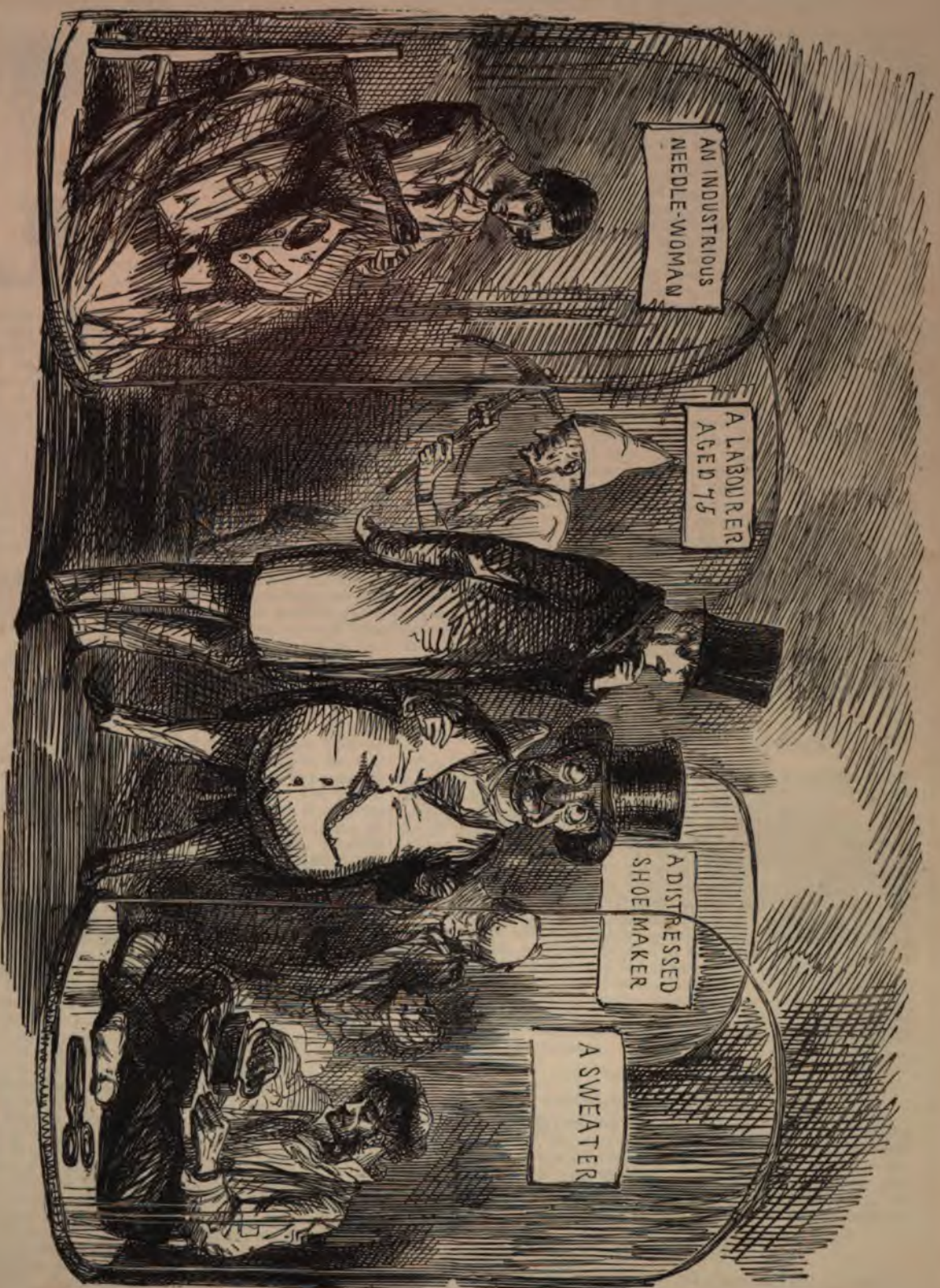
We say nothing about the Fantoccini performances that abound in London, for they are only quasi-gratuitous, inasmuch as the thrusting of a hat under one's nose amounts to a sort of *douce violence*, as LORD BROUGHAM calls it, which one is only too glad to get rid of at the sacrifice of one's loose copper. We had nearly forgotten that for those who love the bustle and excitement of military scenes, the glitter and clatter of camps and courts, there is the daily encampment of a British Cohort in the court-yard of St. James's Palace. There may be seen, for nothing, the young Guardsman first smelling fire from a smoky chimney in the neighbourhood, and learning while standing by his colours at his post—the lamp-post in the centre—to bear the heat of the action; for the action, though comparatively trifling, is certainly not without heat when the sun happens to be rather powerful. Such are a few of the gratuitous Exhibitions that London contains, and we have no doubt that having put people on the right scent, they have only to follow their noses to find out many others such as those we have drawn attention to.

The Coming Animal.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS is waiting at Alexandria, to be shipped over to England. This will be the first visit ever paid to this country by this noble and rare creature. Apartments have already been engaged for him at the Zoological Gardens, where an artist will wait upon him at the very earliest opportunity, with the view of taking his portrait.

A ship has been put at the disposal of the Hippopotamus; and the captain has received orders to pay him every possible attention, and to spare no expense in "going the entire animal."

The Rhinoceros lately has been very noisy, and has not slept for weeks. The keepers say there is more in this than meets the eye; but for ourselves, we attribute it to a mean spirit of jealousy. The Rhinoceros is evidently afraid that the Hippopotamus will put his nose out of joint.



SPECIMENS FROM MR. PUNCH'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1850.

(TO BE IMPROVED IN 1851).

PATRON SAINTS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.



EAR PUNCH.—I am a journeyman carpenter and joiner. I have a wife and four children. I beg pardon if by so calling them, instead of terming them my old woman and kids, or young uns, I am using language unsuited to my station in life. Let that pass. I took the former and two of the latter to see the National Gallery and the British Museum on Easter Monday.

"If it be asked what there is to interest me at either of those places, I answer, the Pictures in one, and the Statues, and Antiquities, and Stuffed Animals in the other. I spend a part of my leisure time in reading, and know a little about such matters,

though not so much as I could wish.

"When I go to look at a picture or a statue, I like to sit or stand before it in quiet and comfort, give my mind to it, and enjoy the thoughts which it conjures up: I had rather do this than smoke a pipe. So when I examine curiosities and specimens of natural history, I wish to do it with my attention undisturbed.

"On Easter Monday both the Museum and Gallery were so crowded as to make it a hard matter to move. I got mere glimpses, which only tantalised me, of the wonderful and beautiful things in them. My wife nearly fainted with the heat, and my children, the biggest of whom is not up to my shoulder, could scarcely see at all, and were almost stifled for nothing. I have read in newspapers of a place called the crush-room at the QUEEN'S Opera; I suppose the British Museum and the National Gallery on Easter Monday may have been something like it. If so, my experience on that day was a lesson to me not to envy my betters.

"These two exhibitions will continue to be crowded in this way, so long as they are the only ones open *gratis* on the few holidays we have in the course of the year. This being the case, such institutions will never do us any good; for you don't breathe in improvement with the mere air of a room, especially when it is loaded with 800 or 1000 breaths besides your own.

"To see these places in comfort, and therefore to any good purpose, what we workpeople want is a greater number of holidays, each holiday being only for a certain number at a time; so that we may take pleasure, like labour, in gangs.

"This would be no new-fangled system of holidays. We have one already cut and dried. There are the Saints' days. Suppose we kept them. Not by worshipping the Saints as demi-gods, or any nonsense of that sort, but by taking healthy and useful recreation. The Saints, I suppose, were good folks, and would approve of this way of showing respect to them. As it is, their names stand in the Calendar, going for no more than those of so many directors of a Savings' Bank. I except St. David and St. Patrick; and I propose to keep the other Saints' days like theirs—barring the drink.

"The manner I would have the Saints' days kept in, is this. Formerly, every trade almost, had a Saint at the head of it; the wool-combers St. Blaize, I think; the cobblers St. Crispin, and so on. Very well. Let each trade observe its own Saint's Day, and do him the honour of visiting gratuitous exhibitions, fetching a pleasant walk in the fields, or going a rail or steamboat pilgrimage to such places as Windsor or Hampton Court. In the meantime if anything were known of the Saint, to call his history to mind, with a view to take pattern from it, if worthy of being taken pattern from, would be very right and proper, of course. MESSRS. SPOONER and PLUMPTRE would find that steamboats and trains would load much less on Sundays, if masters and men would put their horses together, and make the above arrangement.

"Some trades and callings have no Saints of their own: the Navvies, for instance, who came up since the Saints' time. Such trades might elect a provisional Saint to serve till they could produce a new one. Why cannot Saints be made now, as formerly? Why not a St. DOBBS, stonemason, as well as a St. DUNSTAN, blacksmith? The Saint might be an artisan, a tailor, a bookbinder, a plumber-and-glazier, a cotton-spinner—what you will—who had led an uncommonly respectable life. He should not be like the sort of Saint that used to live as a hermit, wearing horse-hair next his skin and never changing it; on the contrary, he should be remarkable for having generally had a clean shirt on, and for having creditably supported a wife and family. When such a good fellow as this dies—leaving, perhaps, a trifle for his widow and children—canonise him. Keep a happy holiday yearly in his honour. Call him Hero, if you stick at a title that you think too serious; but if anybody in these hard times deserves to be counted a Saint, it is the temperate, honest, industrious Working Man.

"Yours, JOHN ADAMS."

MONUMENT TO EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE true-tempered men of Sheffield are about to do a new honour to themselves by honouring the memory of EBENEZER ELLIOTT; the man whose iron pen drew up the indictment against that public robber, Corn-Law: and never was indictment better drawn for conviction; though a rare success attended the novel deed, for it was only worded with common words, the words themselves hot and glowing with hate of wrong. ELLIOTT struck from his subject—as the blacksmith strikes from the red iron—sparkles of burning light; and where they fell they consumed. His homely indignation was sublimed by the intensity of his honesty: if his words were homely, they were made resistless by the inexorable purpose that uttered them. But the man had the true heart and soul of the poet, and could love the simple and beautiful as passionately as he denounced the selfish and the mean. He would turn from the coronet of the corn-law landlord, the thing he had hammered very small indeed, showing with his best vehemence, how very, very little was a symbol of social rank when misused for social wrong, he would turn from the battered bauble, and then from the heart of a hedge-flower extract the balm of beauty, and the spirit of love.

The Corn-Law Rhymes did greatest service. They were the earliest utterances of a people, contending with a sense of inarticulate suffering. They supplied the words; they gave a voice and meaning to the labouring heart, and the true poet vindicated his true mission, by making his spirit pass into the spirits of the many.

Very secure, indeed, in the genius of the Corn-Law were the lordly corn-law landlords. Contemptuously serene the titled Triptolemus. There was, to be sure, a fitful noise—an impatient grunt of the swine multitude; impatient of high-priced meal. Yet all went gaily in the House; yea, in both Houses of Landlords. And, at the time, there was a plain, strong, vulgar man putting down certain syllables, measuring out wordy lines—every line the sinew of a Sampson to pull down the heathen temple where Monopoly sat enshrined. And these words went abroad. They were sung by workmen on their road to labour—they were chanted at clubs; they were droned at the fireside. Wrong and indignation were packed into verses, and made portable to the smallest faculty. In the meanwhile, what cared the landlord Commons,—what the landlord Lords?

Time rolled on, and Corn-Law was condemned. The indictment drawn by the poet, was the draft afterwards improved: but EBENEZER ELLIOTT was the first drawer; and honoured be the men of Sheffield, who seek to do monumental homage to their patriotic poet! We have plenty of modern statues to the sword. It is full time we had one to the pen.

OUR WIVES AND OUR LITTLE ONES.

THE *Times*, in an article deploring the want of gratuitous amusements for the people, intimates that there is at least one squalling baby, on an average, in every apartment of the National Gallery. Our contemporary is unwilling to insist on the exclusion of babies, lest the effect should be to prevent the admission of those who carry the interesting burdens, but it is gently stated that their squalls do not contribute much to a pleasant contemplation of the great masters. It is true that the great masters must frequently have attention taken from them by the little masters and little misses in their parents' arms, but perhaps a sort of machine like an umbrella-stand, might be placed at the doors, in which babies could be safely and snugly deposited. Each infant, with a ticket round its neck, might be claimed by the holder of a corresponding ticket given at the door, and the infants would, at all events, be safe against the risk that attends umbrellas of being stolen. If the baby-stand is not approved of by the authorities, we should suggest the adoption of baby-jumpers at the doors of our public exhibitions, and thus both parents and offspring could be enjoying their full swing of pleasure at the same moment.

Agitation at a Discount.

POOR MR. JOHN O'CONNELL declared that when he sees the apathy of his countrymen, "his heart is rent." If his heart is rent, there will be very little for him to take to heart just now, for the repealers are evidently desirous of keeping what money they have in their own pockets. The son of the Agitator complains bitterly of his having lost every atom of the parent-al influence which he once hoped to exercise.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

AMONG the visitors of rank, fashion, and distinction who "assisted" at the *re-entrée* of SONTAG at Her Majesty's Theatre last week we find the name of BARON DE SCHERTZ. We must say that in the brilliant assemblage we observed no one that appeared to us as if he were really BARON or BARRON of SCHERTZ or SHIRTS, but perhaps, if there really was a case of the kind, the individual wore the collar of some order to hide the deficiency.

POST-OFFICE DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH.

It appears that the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE has already effected, or is about to effect, a postal arrangement with France, by which all letters between France and England will be reduced to sixpence, and further, that the said letters will be permitted to carry added weight, namely, half-an-ounce! With these facts published in every newspaper, the apathy of the ardent, candid folks, who of late denounced the unrighteousness of the Post-office infidels,—appears to *Punch* more than perplexing. The French people are notoriously careless of Sunday observance; therefore is it not plain that any treaty that shall facilitate postal intercourse between Paris and London, *must* tend to the postal desecration of an English Sunday? Should any meeting be convened upon the question, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to state that this, his last fire-new argument, is at the service of any bold-faced speaker. It is quite as strong, and no less logical, than anything hitherto advanced against the Sabbath "desecration" of the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE and ROWLAND HILL.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



HERE is in these days a Hand-Book from everywhere to everywhere else, and if any one wants to go anywhere anyhow, the enterprising publishers are sure to furnish him with a guide in post octavo, as a sort of sign-post to direct his movements. The pilgrim about to start from Kensington to Kamchatka, or from Putney to the Pyramids, will have the cost of everything laid down for him, from the fare of the first 'bus to the charge for the last camel. We defy any one starting from Chelsea to miss one

inch of the way to China, if he only provides himself with a modern Hand-Book, which will take him up at the Goat and Boots, and set him down at the sign of the Mandarin and Nine Tails in the Celestial Empire.

There is, however, an empire—the delicious realms of song, to which we have resolved on furnishing a Hand-Book. These realms are confined within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre, and though the dominions are not vast in extent, they are important from the numerous objects of interest they contain, and the influence they exercise.

The language, costume, and habits of the population are remarkable for their variety, and the productions of the place present the most curious subjects of study to the lover of art and nature. The scenery combines the warmth and luxuriance of the South, with the bold and rugged grandeur of the North. The buildings embrace every school of architecture, both ancient and modern, while the climate is full of alternations, as sudden, and almost as severe as those of an English summer. We have often witnessed the graceful *palineurs* gliding over ice, on the same spot that had lately been the floor of a splendid *salon*, and we have seen the snow-capped mountain occupying, within half an hour, the position in which the fretted roof of a banquetting hall had lately been visible. We have witnessed before our very eyes, the furniture of nature replaced by the upholstery of art, for we have been startled by the sudden disappearance of the mossy bank and the leafy bower, in order to give way to the easy chair, and curtained canopy.

The place we are about to describe is in the centre of the great western empire of fashion, and it is watered by the great stream of population which flows into it on all sides. It is approached from the east by the picturesque ridge of mullineers, mustard-pots, and pepper-boxes, which have caused the National Gallery to be so generally sneezed at; and the same approach is refreshed on the south side, by those very small beer fountains which, almost always on tap, are continually throwing cold water on the finest site in

Europe. The access from the west is usually marked by a long line in vehicles, all directed to the same point, and it is by joining the caravan that the traveller is enabled to arrive, in his proper turn, at the place of his destination. Before reaching the spot, he will be, most probably, beset by a herd of male and female barbarians, who throw themselves under the horses' hoofs and the carriage wheels, with a determination and obstinacy, reminding one of nothing short of JUGGERNAUT. The object of this insane sacrifice which, it is calculated, takes off one per cent. of the toes of the victims, is the attempt to sell certain books, purporting to describe what will be seen in the interior. This, however, might as well be left to the imagination, as far as the books in question are concerned; for what book can describe such a scene as may be passing within, when LABLACHE in *Don Pasquale*—that ton of man, affecting the man of *ton*—is raising a laugh by his attempts to raise a *billet*.

The fraudulent productions alluded to are not to be relied on, for they are merely the spoils of a piratical horde, who infest the neighbourhood for the purpose of waylaying the unsuspecting traveller. Some of the gentler portion of the neighbouring population come forward with flowers in their hands, and one might fancy oneself among those "peasant girls" whom Byron speaks of "with dark blue eyes," but that the eyes in the present instance are more frequently black than blue, and that the shrill exclamation of "Buy a book or a book-kay" reminds us that we are among a band of stragglers from the adjacent land of cockneydom. As we near our destination the atmosphere becomes more refined: small pickets of police stave off the marauders by the mere production of staves. While we gradually descend that little range of mole-hills—we cannot call the whole concern put together a mountain—which slopes down from Piccadilly, we find ourselves passing through a kind of Terracina where every carriage is waylaid by bandit booksellers; and there is one who might be considered the *Fra Diavolo* of the Hay market, if his velvetens happened to be green instead of white-brown.

The frontier is now nearly gained, and a display of military force marks the boundary of a separate domain. The army is not on a very extensive scale, nor is there any standing army, for one part of it is always walking to and fro, while the other part is sitting down comfortably before a fire, which is a pleasant substitute for the fire of the enemy. The pacific policy prevailing in the dominions of Opera, or realms of Song, precludes the necessity for an extensive soldiery, and in fact the civil power is paramount, for the utmost civility prevails at the frontier, as well as at the barrier, where the passport of the traveller will have to be shown. This passport should be procured a few days before setting out, and as some of our readers may be unprovided with a passport, without which they cannot accompany us to the interior, we shall proceed no further at present, for any one who has accompanied us thus far ought not, we think, to be so ungraciously treated as to be left outside.

NO (CONSCIENCE) MONEY RETURNED.

In what the *Times* ought to call its "Greenhorn's Corner," it was lately announced that

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from X the first half of a £5 note. He cannot answer the question as to liability."

We miss a little appendage, which might have been gracefully added to the above announcement, namely:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to be informed of X's address, in order that he may return him the bit of Bank paper."

The fact of this omission should be a lesson to all those who are troubled with any scruples as to whether their accounts are quite square with their tax-gatherer. In a question of liability Government takes the benefit of the doubt. Henceforward, surely, the most morbidly conscientious tax-payer will not hesitate to use the same license, and will hesitate before he sends half a note to the Exchequer-Office; an act of rashness infinitely greater than thrusting one's head half-way into a lion's mouth.



OUR LITTLE BIRD.

MILK FROM THE MOUNTAINS.



To Spanish saints and about twelve millions of Spanish human creatures—people, all deemed rational, with an immortal purpose—to starved, celestial patrons, watching the destinies of Spain and the aforesaid millions of human bipeds, on their course heavenwards—it must be a matter dear as daily incense, and daily bread and oil to know that—to the passing astonishment of the late LOUIS-PHILIPPE, now

COUNT DE NEUILLY—the QUEEN OF SPAIN is prosperously living towards maternity, and the consequence thereof is, that—

“Two Physicians, appointed by the Chambers, left Madrid on the 24th ult., to choose, in the mountains of Santander, two healthy nurses to suckle the Royal infant.”

An old Spanish writer lays it down as a domestic canon that—if the child be a boy, it must have two nurses. The brace of physicians, solemnly despatched by the patriotic, philosophic Chambers, in search of nurses, evidently hope for a man-child. It is, doubtless, this exalting aspiration that cheers them onwards to Santander, to bring back to Madrid milk from the mountains.

For our own part, we may be permitted to indulge at this very moment, a sage indifference in the matter of the sex of the august little mystery—the small majesty *in petto*. We, snow-blooded English, who worship neither Bourbon saint nor Bourbon royalty, may be fairly exempt from any palpitation of the heart, whether destiny tosses man or woman. Nevertheless, as a general principle, we prefer queens to kings. Somehow, the crown is not quite so meteoric on the head of a female, and the sceptre has more of the grace and lightness of a palm-branch. Besides, frugality is a female virtue: queens, as they are more valuable, are at the same time cheaper. Is it not so? Let us suppose—it cannot be treasonous towards any body in St. George's Chapel—that there had never been a GEORGE THE FOURTH; but in his stead a buxom, good, domestic GEORGINA. How much should we have saved in hard cash, and—what as the most moral and pious country under the sun is, perhaps, of equal consideration—how much in the begotten iniquity of scandalous example? Again, queens are safer; their thrones more stable. How many a man jerked or tumbled into the sea, has gone down, struggling and shouting, beating the waters, and doing his best to ride above them—down he has gone, and no questions asked? How many a woman, untowardly cast upon the same element, has floated like balcyon, until rescued: floated, without any effort of her own, but by an accident of her feminine condition? Her petticoats have kept her up.

Had the salique law not obtained in France—we offer this question as a thesis to M. GUIZOT—might not LOUIS-PHILIPPE be still counting his (we mean her) money at the Tuileries?

Therefore, if we may be allowed the luxury of a little anxiety for Spain at this interesting moment—with twelve millions of Spanish souls in a twitter of tenderest apprehension—if we may send in a fluttering wish among the millions, it is that HER MAJESTY ISABELLA may become mother of a daughter: yes, a little girl—if princesses are ever little—even though one of the nurses be sent back to Santander.

We confess it to be a bold thought that would fly to the Asturias—that would dare those mountainous districts, in a buzz and tumult with the news of the doctors, on pilgrimage for matron nourishment—of the purest and healthiest sort, yes, pure and healthy from the mountains—for the illustrious unknown, the fleshly, unrevealed magnificence of the hot, close, soul-stifling Spanish court. Milk from the Mountains! Do not the Bourbons need it? Could hart pant with hotter thirst for the water-course, than the thick, foul blood of the Spanish Bourbon—still foul with the miasma of unventilated centuries—ought to yearn for mountain freshness, could the blessing come with nurses?

A few days since, and what a flutter among the young thriving wives of Santander! What visions of glory! What dreams of seraphic princes and princesses nursed at the chosen, the promoted bosoms of Santander; exalted from the mountains; exalted to—a Court! What a grave, solemn review of flustered, black-eyed candidates for the tremendous honour of suckling or half-suckling a probable king! Overwhelming the glory of the possibility! To be the foster-mother of a king of Spain! Why, with the awful thought, the mountain spins like a top, and the dazzled sun blinks in heaven!

We would take breath, and ask, are the women of Santander, as wet-nurses, under the patronage of any particular Spanish saint, or are they, in the present interesting case, pointed at by the finger of profane knowledge, as the most robust, the healthiest of matrons? Is their

milk spiritualised by the especial favour of any Madonna, or is it simply, naturally, the best? The two missionary physicians may answer, if they will, we cannot. We merely know, upon book-authority, that there are saints, whose particular business it is to watch over the interesting minutes of Spanish princesses. The Virgin has an obstetric sash, with marvellous comfort in the web, at Tortosa; a sash, that brings certain and immediate happiness to labouring Infantas. Moreover, the Virgin of Oña has, time out of mind, destroyed worms in royal Infantas. Snakes—and Spanish Bourbons have been troubled with the larger pest, to the great annoyance of their loving subjects,—snakes, we take it, are beyond her skill. However, in the present case—with twelve millions of thoughtful people in a pucker—will the Sash of Oña be taken to Madrid? Is modern heresy too strong for the good old, Spanish faith? Seeing, however, it is a matter of purest piety, it may—on second thoughts—be safely left to grandmother CHRISTINA.

We trust that the physicians may not have returned to Madrid with their lacteal treasures discovered at Santander, ere this sheet shall have flown across the Pyrenees, fluttering down into the hand of ISABELLA. Poor thing! How many an English housemaid, at eight pounds a year, with tea and sugar, and privilege to see her cousin the carpenter, on Sundays—how many such a damsel has been happier than the court-laced Queen of Spain! However, common fame is for the ten thousandth time to be rebuked, and hiding her trumpet, with finger in her mouth, must skulk away; for QUEEN ISABELLA, for all his trumpeting—sounds that told a flattering tale to LOUIS-PHILIPPE—will really be a mother. Physicians are actually despatched for wet-nurses from the mountainous districts of Santander. Whereupon, we offer some advice; hoping it may reach Madrid, time enough for the counsel to be ripened into reality.

We hereupon propose that the two wet-nurses should enter Madrid in state. We would have them seated in a carriage stuck about with all fitting devices, drawn by four milk-white mules. They should be met—say some three miles from Madrid—by the King Consort, the Ministry, the Members of the Chambers, together with just a sprinkling of people ecclesiastical. The carriage should be followed by two or three hundred of the finest of the mountaineers of Santander. At a certain point the King Consort should address the two nurses. In grave Castilian speech he may observe how happy he is to see them. Flavouring his words with a pinch of the classical, he may speak of the kings suckled by bears and wolves—(omitting the unquestionable apes)—promising for his child a happier destiny, a more truthful course, fostered by such nurses—seeing they are from the healthiest and strongest of the people!

Truly, a pleasant and profitable myth might be evolved from the homely fact, that the babe of the pigmy Bourbon—the infant of a dwarfed and miserable line should have the luck to be nursed upon Milk from the Mountains.

A LITTLE BIRD.

THE CHELSEA SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.

PREVIOUS to the commencement of the Penny Steam-Boat Season it is customary to turn out the craft for the purpose of evolution on the Thames, and the following are some of the results, according to the log of a well-known chip-of-an-old-block, who has been a stoker all his life, having been born at Stoke Pogis and educated at Stoke Newington:—

April the 1st.—On board the *Daffodil*. Signalled the *Polyanthus* in three-fathom mud and one-fathom water.

9 a.m.—Ran three yards to the leeward; fowled a swan; got out the larboard boathook; caught a crab; fractured a waterman's scull, and missed stays—a pair hung out to dry but blown overboard.

½ past 9 a.m.—The *Daffodil* relying on her jib began jibbing, when the *Polyanthus*, being a cable's length from her spanker, got the cable into a knot, which took thirty minutes to undo, and limited her to the rate of two knots an hour.

¼ to 10.—The *Polyanthus* got a-ground on a tenpenny nail, having gone on a wrong tack, which brought her up sharp; and the *Daffodil* won cleverly by a figure-head, and a bundle of herrings dangling at the bowsprit.

The Last of the Gibbet-Posts.

THE papers tell us that—

“The last of the Lincolnshire gibbet-posts was blown down by the late gale. It was that on which, forty years ago, the notorious malefactor, TOM OTTEN, was hung in chains for the murder, near the spot, of a young woman that he married in the morning and killed before night.”

There is a significant, an instructive omen in this doing of the late gale. The hurricane that sweeps away the Lincolnshire gibbet-post is only prophetic of the public opinion that, increasing in its might, shall surely blow down every gallows in the kingdom.

UNPARALLELED MUNIFICENCE.—Though the Gardens were closed, the Bears at the Zoological were entertained, by order of the Directors, with a liberal supply of hot-cross buns on Good Friday.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

RICHARDSON'S GHOST.

THE British Drama nods—SHAKESPEARE goes to sleep now and then to wake up all the stronger—actors die,—even RICHARDSON himself is gathered to his forefathers,—but RICHARDSON'S Ghost is always alive. Like the king, "The Ghost never dies."

We hope he never will—for the Ghost is a very good fellow. He is always to be found on the side of virtue. When Innocence is oppressed,—and does not know which way to turn to avoid the bundle of swords and poniards that, thick as quills upon the fretful porcupine, are pointed at her breast—then the gong is heard—two bars are given in the orchestra, and the Ghost stalks on to her rescue. Instantly each glittering sword drops to the ground with shame—Villany is abashed, and hides his head at the side wing—Virtue rushes to the arms of her spangled lover, and the green-baize curtain acknowledges the prettiness of the *tableau* by curtsying to "soft music."

Alonso, Gaspardo, Rinaldo, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Ghost. Think of the numerous murders their dirks would have been stained with, if it had not been for his timely apparition.

The Ghost, however, is most gentle in his vengeance. His face is as pale as chalk—his lips are the colour of cigar-ashes—but not an angry word flies from them. He looks a thousand unutterable things—but not to one of them does he attempt to give utterance. He merely flaps his wings—opens them to the utmost stretch of the table-cloth—but his revenge goes no further. After the wrongs that must be locked up in his ghostly breast, this forgiveness almost touches the sublime!

SHAKESPEARE'S Ghost speaks his indignation in the most magnificent blank verse; but RICHARDSON'S leaves his a blank altogether. SHAKESPEARE'S complains of the "fires," in which he is being roasted every day, like a Spanish chestnut; he has a nose to "scent the morning air;" he has eyes to see the paleness of the glow-worm: he has painful recollections of "a foul, unnatural, murder," and walks about with a burning desire to have it revenged. How different is RICHARDSON'S Ghost! You do not hear him complaining. He is somebody's ghost, but he never tells you whose. He may be his father's—or his grandmother's—or the "base traitor's," whose uplifted arm and guilty career he has suddenly arrested; but we cannot tell: his lips are as secret as the grave he has that moment come from; and all we know about him is that he is RICHARDSON'S Ghost. He is evidently the victim of some fearful crime, but he urges no one to blood, in order to avenge it. In fact, so meekly does he endure his wrongs, that we are inclined to think at times that he must be the ghost of a murdered deaf-and-dumb man—or of some quaker, whose unhappy fame has escaped the pen of the Newgate Calendar historian.

But these are mysteries which hang, like a shroud, round the portly frame of the Ghost, and which we can no more tear aside than lift up the veil whether he is—

"Doomed for a certain time to walk the night!"

though this can be no great hardship, as he never appears on the platform, and his walks have generally terminated before midnight. In this mighty particular, does RICHARDSON'S Ghost hold the advantage over the Shakspearean and all other Ghosts in the world put together—for, whereas they only come out as the clock strikes twelve, he is in bed at that disreputable hour, or else sitting behind the scenes, enjoying his baked shoulder of mutton.



There is another peculiarity about RICHARDSON'S Ghost which makes him hold his head above every other kind of Ghost in his profession—in fact, so high does he hold his head occasionally, that it not unfrequently goes out of sight altogether. A Ghost is naturally tall—a

small Ghost of the size of a charity boy would make no impression whatever. The audience, instead of being awed, would only laugh, and cry "Bray-vo." The result of the Ghost's height is, that the expression of his fine face is repeatedly lost, as it is hidden behind the "sky-borders" of the theatre, and, if the *Clown*, with his bismuth cheeks, were to come on as the Ghost, the audience would not be a whit the wiser for it.

This partial concealment, however, may help the imagination. A Ghost cannot be too mysterious. The effect of his sudden apparition would be completely lost if he were to parade outside the Show with the other characters, and join in the dances with *Harlequin* and *Columbine*. There is poetry sometimes in a mask, and grief looks all the better for a veil. Besides, it is only natural that a Ghost should have a cloud upon his countenance!

The Ghost is most honest in his means of inspiring terror. No shriek behind announces his arrival. No "sulphurous flames" in the light of blue fire, torment the eyes and the nostrils of his awe-stricken beholders. Everything with him is fair and above-board. No actor is freer from clap-trap. In fact, he does not even come up like most Ghosts, through a trap—for the stage is not deep enough to allow of such a ghostly contrivance—but he quietly slides on from the side—strikes the attitude of a flying bat—and stands then solemnly, like an astronomer, with his head sweeping the skies. He trusts implicitly to his sheet—which may be called his sheet-anchor.

Many an actor might take an improving lesson from RICHARDSON'S Ghost. Did he ever keep the stage waiting? No! he knows it would be all up with the Ghost, if he did. Did he ever throw up his "part?" Was he ever "suddenly indisposed?" Was he ever the cause of "damning" a piece? On the contrary, is it not well known, that when the hisses have been carrying everything before them, he has rushed on, and, by simply waving his sleeves in their faces, has instantly put to flight all the geese? He is the Author's Best Friend, and we dare say, many a manager of a large theatre regrets he had not always kept, like RICHARDSON, a Ghost, for similar hiss-ironic purposes.

Then for work! He is on the stage every quarter of an hour—always perfect to a letter, which, in his case, must be the letter T, for he has no sooner struck that elegant attitude, which for ages has stood for sign-posts and theatrical malediction, than cries of "Apples, oranges, ginger-beer," proclaim the painful fact that the tragedy is over, and the comic song is about to commence. We are afraid there is "no rest but the grave" for RICHARDSON'S Ghost—and it is debateable ground, whether even that will yield him any.

What the Ghost may be in private life, we have no means of telling. We went down to Greenwich, the day after the fair, and a man in the Park was pointed out to us as RICHARDSON'S Ghost. He was surrounded by two or three children, and eating his dinner under a tree, off a cloth which looked very much like a large sheet. He was broad-shouldered, stout, and tall, and was eating very heartily for a Ghost.

A lath of a man in a chemist's shop was likewise pointed out to us as the object of our affections. He had a tremendous bundle in a napkin in his hand, and was buying a box of "Life Pills." We could not help exclaiming: "Alas! poor Ghost;" and the man turned round and scowled with savage paleness at us. We suspect he is the real Ghost. We left Greenwich by the very next train!

"NOW THEN! ANY ONE FOR CORINTH?"

RAILWAYS have invaded Greece. The old proverb is broken to pieces.—"*Non licet omnibus adire Corinthum*," for there is a Corinth omnibus that starts directly the train comes in.

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

I. ON A LADY IN AN OPERA-BOX.



didn't use your opera-glass, which is a cruel detector of paint and wrinkles), looked young and handsome still: and a plenty of old bucks in the stalls and boxes, well wigged, well gloved, and brilliantly waistcoated, very obsequious to the ladies, and satisfied with themselves and the world.

"Up in the second tier of boxes I saw a very stout, jolly, good-humoured looking lady, whose head-dress and ringlets and general appurtenances were unmistakeably English—and whom, were you to meet her at Timbuctoo, or in the seraglio of the Grand Sultan amongst a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. I do not mean to say, that, were I the Padishah, I would select that moon-faced houri out of all the lovely society, and make her the Empress or Grand Signora of my dominions; but simply that there is a character about our countrywomen which leads one to know, recognise, and admire, and wonder at them among all women of all tongues and countries. We have our British Lion; we have our BRITANNIA ruling the waves; we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable, of the women of this world. And now we have come to the woman who gives the subject, though she is not herself the subject, of these present remarks.

"As I looked at her with that fond curiosity and silent pleasure and wonder which she (I mean the great British Female) always inspires in my mind, watching her smiles, her ways and motions, her allurements and attractive gestures—her head bobbing to this friend whom she recognised in the stalls—her jolly fat hand wagging a welcome to that acquaintance in a neighbouring box—my friend and guide for the evening caught her eye, and made her a respectful bow, and said to me with a look of much meaning, 'That is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER.' And from that minute I forgot MADAME SONTAG, and thought only of MRS. T.-W.

"So that," said I, 'is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER! You have touched a chord in my heart. You have brought back old times to my memory, and made me recal some of the griefs and disappointments of my early days.'

"Hold your tongue, man!" says TOM, my friend. 'Listen to the SONTAG; how divinely she is singing! how fresh her voice is still!'

"I looked up at MRS. WALKER all the time with unabated interest. 'Madam,' thought I, 'you look to be as kind and good-natured a person as eyes ever lighted upon. The way in which you are smiling to that young dandy with the double eye-glass, and the *empressment* with which he returns the salute, shows that your friends are persons of rank and elegance, and that you are esteemed by them—giving them, as I am sure from your kind appearance you do, good dinners and pleasant balls. But I wonder what you would think if you knew that I was looking at you? I behold you for the first time: there are a hundred pretty young girls in the house, whom an amateur of mere beauty would examine with much greater satisfaction than he would naturally bestow upon a lady whose prime is past; and yet the sight of you interests me, and tickles me so to speak, and my eye-glass can't remove itself from the contemplation of your honest face.'

"What is it that interests me so? What do you suppose interests a man the most in this life? HIMSELF, to be sure. It is at himself he is looking through his opera-glass—himself who is concerned, or he would not be watching you so keenly. And now let me confess why it is that the lady in the upper box excites me so, and why I say, 'That is MRS. TROTTER-WALKER, is it?' with an air of such deep interest.

"Well, then. In the year eighteen hundred and thirty odd, it happened that I went to pass the winter at Rome, as we will call the city. MAJOR-GENERAL and MRS. TROTTER-WALKER were also there; and until I heard of them there, I had never heard that there were such people in existence as the General and the lady—the lady yonder with the large fan in the upper boxes. MRS. WALKER, as became her station in life, took, I dare say, very comfortable lodgings, gave dinners and parties to her friends, and had a night in the week for receptions.

"Much as I have travelled and lived abroad, these evening *réunions* have never greatly

oing the other night to the Conservatoire at Paris, where there was a magnificent assemblage of rank and fashion gathered together to hear the delightful performances of MADAME SONTAG, the friend who conferred upon me the polite favour of a ticket to the stalls, also pointed out to me who were the most remarkable personages round about us. There were ambassadors, politicians, and gentlemen, military and literary; there were beauties, French, Russian, and English: there were old ladies who had been beauties once, and who, by the help of a little distance and politeness (and if you

fascinated me. Man cannot live upon lemonade, wax candles, and weak tea. Gloves and white neck-cloths cost money, and those plaguy shiny boots are always so tight and hot. Am I made of money, that I can hire a coach to go to one of these *soirées* on a rainy Roman night; or can I come in goloshes, and take them off in the ante-chamber? I am too poor for cabs, and too vain for goloshes. If it had been to see the girl of my heart (I mean at the time when there were girls, and I had a heart), I couldn't have gone in goloshes. Well, not being in love, and not liking weak tea and lemonade, I did not go to evening parties that year at Rome; nor, of later years, at Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, Islington, or wherever I may have been.

"What, then, were my feelings when my dear and valued friend, MRS. COVERLADE (she is a daughter of that venerable peer, the Right Honourable the LORD COMANDINE), who was passing the winter too at Rome, said to me, 'My dear DR. PACIFICO, what have you done to offend MRS. TROTTER-WALKER?'

"I know no person of that name," I said. 'I knew WALKER of the Post Office, and poor TROTTER who was a captain in our regiment, and died under my hands at the Bahamas. But with the TROTTER-WALKERS I haven't the honour of an acquaintance.'

"Well, it is not likely that you will have that honour," MRS. COVERLADE said. 'MRS. WALKER said last night that she did not wish to make your acquaintance, and that she did not intend to receive you.'

"I think she might have waited until I asked her, Madam," I said. 'What have I done to her? I have never seen or heard of her: how should I want to get into her house? or attend at her Tuesdays—confound her Tuesdays!' I am sorry to say I said, Confound MRS. WALKER's Tuesdays, and the conversation took another turn, and it so happened that I was called away from Rome suddenly, and never set eyes upon MRS. WALKER, or indeed thought about her from that day to this.

"Strange endurance of human vanity! a million of much more important conversations have escaped one since then, most likely—but the memory of this little mortification (for such it is, after all) remains quite fresh in the mind, and unforgetten, though it is a trifle, and more than half a score of years old. We forgive injuries, we survive even our remorse for great wrongs that we ourselves commit; but I doubt if we ever forgive slights of this nature put upon us, or forget circumstances in which our self-love had been made to suffer.

"Otherwise, why should the remembrance of MRS. TROTTER-WALKER have remained so lively in this bosom? Why should her appearance have excited such a keen interest in these eyes? Had VENUS or HELEN (the favourite beauty of PARIS) been at the side of MRS. T.-W., I should have looked at the latter more than at the Queen of Love herself. Had MRS. WALKER murdered MRS. PACIFICO, or inflicted some mortal injury upon me, I might forgive her—but for slight? Never, MRS. TROTTER-WALKER; never, by NEMESIS, never!

"And now, having allowed my personal wrath to explode, let us calmly moralise for a minute or two upon this little circumstance; for there is no circumstance, however little, that won't afford a text for a sermon. Why was it that MRS. GENERAL TROTTER-WALKER refused to receive DR. S. PACIFICO at her parties? She had noticed me probably somewhere where I had not remarked her; she did not like my aquiline countenance, my manner of taking snuff, my Blucher boots, or what not; or she had seen me walking with my friend JACK RAGGETT, the painter, on the Pincio—a fellow with a hat and beard like a bandit, a shabby paletot, and a great pipe between his teeth. I was not genteel enough for her circle—I assume that to be the

reason; indeed, MRS. COVERLADE, with a good-natured smile at my coat, which I own was somewhat shabby, gave me to understand as much.

"You little know, my worthy kind lady, what a loss you had that season at Rome, in turning up your amiable nose at the present writer. I could have given you appropriate anecdotes (with which my mind is stored) of all the courts of Europe, (besides of Africa, Asia, and St. Domingo) which I have visited. I could have made the General die of laughing after dinner with some of my funny stories, of which I keep a book, without which I never travel. I am content with my dinner: I can carve beautifully, and make jokes upon almost any dish at table. I can talk about wine, cookery, hotels all over the continent:—anything you will. I have been familiar with Cardinals, Red Republicans, Jesuits, German Princes, and Carbonari; and what is more, I can listen and hold my tongue to admiration. Ah, Madam! what did you lose in refusing to make the acquaintance of SOLOMON PACIFICO, M. D.!

"And why? because my coat was a trifle threadbare; because I dined at the Lepre, with RAGGETT and some of those other bandits of painters, and had not the money to hire a coach and horses.

"Gentility is the death and destruction of social happiness amongst the middle classes in England. It destroys naturalness (if I may coin such a word) and kindly sympathies. The object of life, as I take it, is to be friendly with everybody. As a rule, and to a philosophical cosmopolite, every man ought to be welcome. I do not mean to your intimacy or affection, but to your society; as there is, if we would or could but discover it, something notable, something worthy of observation, of sympathy, of wonder and amusement in every fellow mortal. If I had been MR. PACIFICO, travelling with a courier and a carriage, would MRS. WALKER have made any objection to me? I think not. It was the Blucher-boots and the worn hat, and the homely companions of the individual which were unwelcome to this lady. If I had been the disguised DUKE OF PACIFICO, and not a retired army-surgeon, would she have forgiven herself for slighting me? What stores of novels, what *foison* of plays, are composed upon this theme,—the queer old character in the wig and cloak throws off coat and spectacles, and appears suddenly with a star and crown,—a HAROUN ALRASCHID, or other Merry Monarch. And straightway we clap our hands and applaud—what?—the star and garter.

"But disguised emperors are not common now-a-days. You don't turn away monarchs from your door, any more than angels, unawares. Consider, though, how many a good fellow you may shut out and sneer upon! what an immense deal of pleasure, frankness, kindness, good fellowship, we forego for the sake of our confounded gentility, and respect for outward show! Instead of placing our society upon an honest footing, we make our aim almost avowedly sordid. Love is of necessity banished from your society when you measure all your guests by a money-s'andard.

"I think of all this—a harmless man—seeing a good-natured looking, jolly woman in the boxes yonder, who thought herself once too great a person to associate with the likes of me. If I give myself airs to my neighbour, may I think of this too, and be a little more humble! And you, honest friend, who read this—have you ever poohpoohed a man as good as you? If you fall into the society of people whom you are pleased to call your inferiors, did you ever sneer? If so, change I into U, and the fable is narrated for your own benefit, by your obedient servant,

"SOLOMON PACIFICO."

GRAND EQUESTRIAN FAILURE.

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO has just sent, as a present to HER MAJESTY, nine Arabian horses, which, it is said, are such very poor diminutive-looking creatures, that every respectable dray-horse turned up his nose at the cavalcade as it proceeded to the Palace. We cannot say much for the breeding of the animals that so misbehaved themselves towards the little strangers, but it must be acknowledged that the real Arabians are not to be compared with even the humblest hack of British birth that ever plunged in a cab, or kicked up "behind and before" in a dust-cart. We should fear that HER MAJESTY would be much disappointed at the gift; and though a gift horse may not be looked in the mouth, it is probable that the Sovereign may soon wish the unprofitable present absent. When PRINCE ALBERT saw the stud of Arabian failures, he must have mentally begun to whistle to himself, "Oh, give me (anything) but my Arab steed;" and it would not have been surprising had "Galloping Dreary Dun" burst involuntarily from the lips of an attendant stable-boy. It is said that the accoutrements were as large again as the horses themselves, and they seemed to be smothered in saddle, as if they would not go without a great deal of leathering.

THE ENGLISH AND SPANISH.

It is gratifying to think that we have renewed our diplomatic relations with Spain. May these Spanish bonds never be dissolved, and may all others be honourably liquidated!

A BLACK RAINBOW.



AMONG the newspaper wonders, upon which the penny-a-liners sometimes ameliorate their condition by obtaining an extra meal, we have lately noticed a fivepenny phenomenon—just four lines and a half in length—under the title of a black rainbow. This remarkable triumph of nature over the ordinary rules of meteorology has been seen by an American newspaper's "own correspondent," who has probably not been particular to a shade in the view he has taken of the marvel he has paragraphed. We suspect the rainbow is not so black as it has been painted, though we confess that we have observed in our own political atmosphere an appearance almost equally discouraging, namely, that of the rainbow of taxation which spreads entirely across the sky from one horizon to the other. The affair looks rather black, but we are not without hope that the prospect will soon brighten.

HOW TO SHUT A CHATTER-BOX.

SCENE.—The inside of a First Class Railway Carriage.

Talkative Bore (to FELLOW PASSENGER, getting out as the Train stops). Good morning to you, Sir.

Fellow Passenger. Sir, I wish you a good day. (*Aside.*) Chattering fool! Confound the fellow!—I think he could talk a dog's hind leg off.

Talkative Bore (turning to Gentleman intent on the perusal of "Punch"). Wonderful inventions, Railroads, Sir?

Reader of Punch. Oh! LAYARD'S—Very!

Talkative Bore (raising his voice). Steam, Sir, I say,—stupendous power!

Reader of Punch. Well; I don't know. They say, SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Talkative Bore (louder still). Rapidity of intercommunication, Sir—destined to revolutionise Society.

Reader of Punch. Oh! shocking doctrines. Desperate set. Can't think what LOUIS-NAPOLÉON will do with them.

Talkative Bore. Dear me! the man's as deaf as a post. (*Gives him up.*) Very seasonable weather, Ma'am.

Reader of Punch (mentally). Come—I think I've got rid of you, my friend.

(*Returns to his "Punch," struggling with suppressed laughter—occasioned, of course, by a joke in that periodical.*)

Parliamentary Natural Philosophy.

CONDENSATION OF VAPOUR takes place when the newspapers epitomise MR. DISRAELI'S speeches.

EVAPORATION occurs (among Honourable Members) whenever MR. CHISHOLM ANSTAY rises to speak.

EVOLUTION OF HEAT is invariably occasioned when anybody comes into collision with LORD BROUGHAM.

PROBLEM FOR PENAL LEGISLATORS.

Q. WHY do convicts vary more in stature than any other description of persons?

A. Because they are of all 'sizes. (Idiot!)

A GREAT MORAL LESSON.

THOMAS SUTTON, denominated "an honest and hard-working fellow" until RUSH, the murderer, was convicted, became a thief out of intense curiosity to see the murderer hanged. A great instance, this, of the benefit of example! SUTTON stole two sovereigns, and went rejoicing on his way to Norwich: there he witnessed the show; and thence, returned to London. His morbid hunger sated, his old honesty reasserted itself, and remorse led him to self-accusation; he was summarily punished. Since then, the thief's hand has again been at work, and a fortnight ago he was committed, from Lambeth Office, for trial, again confessing his crime; he had stolen four saws from a marine store; and has now every chance of becoming permanently enrolled among her Majesty's convicts.

Robinson Crusoe has made many a sailor, wileing the boy from the fireside to the sea. The especial pains taken by a miserable portion of the press to "make the most of a murder," cannot but have an influence on the dormant ambition of the criminal. Art, too, has its fatal blandishments. MADAME TUSSAUD offers Scoundrel's Corner, with an immortality in wax. Every day she calls from the columns of the newspapers with a voice of silver (exactly eighteen-pence, "Horror" included)—calls to a thoughtful generation to consider and lay well to heart the notoriety, that is the vulgar stimulant of miserable natures. What the statue of NELSON is to the sailor, the Murderer in Wax is to the unblown scoundrel. Did not FREDERICK MANNING, whose name, like morning dew, ever brightens the morning newspapers,—did not he, in the fireside confidence with his student lodger, dally with a forbidden pleasure, when he spoke of RUSH, as the prime beauty of the Chamber of Horrors?

What beneficially we may owe to the imitative bronze of defunct heroes, it is hard to guess; what, *per contra*, to felonious wax, even MADAME T. herself—(should JOSEPH HUME move for a return)—it is no less difficult to calculate. Of one point, however, we are sure: the Home Minister owes MADAME T.'s "Chamber" greater attention than is bestowed even upon penny theatres by the Home police.

CARELESS JOHN, THE STATE COACHMAN.

Oh! Pray, my LORD JOHN, take care how you go on,
For Parliament isn't at play with you;
Mind well how you drive, for, as you are alive,
Your horses are running away with you.

In one week twice beat, you another defeat
Escape by the barest majority,
Because, it would seem, you don't govern your team
With proper control and authority.

Why BARING, alas! did you let, with DUNDAS,
And BERKELEY, the claims, so ungraciously,
Of the naval Assist-ant-Surgeons resist,
Unhandsomely, meanly, mendaciously?

The Crown lawyers, pray, why allow in the way
Of the County Courts Bill to stand bootlessly?
For you were floored flat both in this case and that,
Incurring much odium quite fruitlessly.

Why sanction the fight for the tax upon light,
Where WOOD, of Health's Board contradictory,
Was morally smash'd, and, in fact, all but thrash'd,
With his petty numerical victory?

Look after your steeds, for be spilt you must needs,
Unless you are much more particular,
With Phaëton's fate from the chariot of s'ate
Hurl'd heels over head perpendicular.

Strongholds of Filth and Pestilence.

A MR. W. S. HALE, the other day at the City Court of Sewers, is reported to have remarked that—

"He thought the powers of invading a man's house in such a manner as to prevent it from being any longer called his castle, had been somewhat liberally bestowed upon the Commissioners of Sewers."

The kind of castle of which MR. HALE appears to be the champion might, if fortified, present an illustration of the saying, "A forty-eight pounder at the door of a pig-sty."

DOING THINGS BY HALVES.

THE town of Belfast seems to be going very fast indeed, for its population has increased, since 1831, from something over fifty to above one hundred thousand. With such a result as this, showing an augmentation of cent. per cent., we think the name of Belfast should, in reference to its population, be exchanged for that of Doublin'.

OUR CHIROPODIST.

It is not to be supposed that so great a personage as *Punch* could altogether escape such an evil as corns, by which—if we are to believe the corn-cutters—all the personages of the best standing in society are visited. Statesmen, politicians, nobles, lawyers, and divines, are—according to the advertisements—so many martyrs to those horny excrescences, which render them literally as well as figuratively anxious to avoid having their toes trodden on. Though *Punch* never suspected himself to be a corn-grower on an extensive scale,—for he has never known the shoe to pinch him under any circumstances,—he still imagined that, from his illustrious position, he could not be exempt from a malady apparently so peculiar to the most distinguished individuals. He therefore sent for his Chiropodist, who produced an article worthy to form a supplement to the last edition of *Elegant Extracts*. *Punch* was a good deal surprised at the produce, for, had he been cultivating his own corn, with all the usual high farming operations, including the barrowing process of tight boots, he could not have yielded a larger harvest to the Corn-cutter.



"OUR CHIROPODIST" EXTRACTING A KNOT FROM MR. PUNCH'S FOOT.

HOMŒOPATHIC STUFFING.

Two distinct homœopathic hospital dinners were reported last week in the *Morning Post* of one day. Unfortunately, the *Post* omitted to publish their respective bills of fare. It might be supposed that at a homœopathic banquet real turtle would be served by teaspoonfuls instead of tureens. A single whitebait would, one imagines, suffice the largest company for fish. Venison, we conceive, would be brought to table by the small slice, and carved by the fibre. Our notion of a homœopathic pudding is that of a globule. Chemistry informs us that all meat contains infinitesimal quantities of various substances—sulphur, phosphorus, &c.,—which are of a medicinal nature. The red particles in gravy include so many homœopathic doses of iron. What a deal of medicine, then, must be taken at every meal, and how qualmish we all ought to feel after it, if there is any virtue in homœopathic doses! Perhaps we do, and don't know it. Perhaps LORD R. GROSVENOR, at one of the above-mentioned banquets, and the EARL OF ESSEX at the other, and the various lords and gentlemen over whom they presided, regaled themselves on millionths of mouthfuls, and drank toasts in billionths of drops. One thing, however, they did not do. They did not subscribe infinitesimally. The total amount of subscriptions announced at one dinner was £1,000; at the other £800. This liberality is doubtless very creditable to the hearts of its authors, but can hardly be said to do equal honour to their superior stories, in which, if they were not occupied by delusions, it is probable that there would be lodgings to let. The best that can be said of these votaries—or victims—of homœopathy, is that they have shown great alacrity in parting with their money.

CABINET WORK AND WAGES.—We anticipate that one recommendation made by the Committee on Public Salaries will be, that Ministers should in future be paid, not quarterly, but by the piece, or at so much per measure, of legislation. COLONEL SIBTHORP will probably suggest that the Whigs would be well off if they were paid by the job.



OUR "USED UP" MAN HAS A FEW "USED UP" FRIENDS TO BREAKFAST; AFTER WHICH THEY DERIVE A LITTLE REAL ENJOYMENT FROM A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

(From Punch's own Correspondent.)

OUR readers, and the service generally, will learn with much regret that a very promising young officer, C—L—S N—P—R, has undergone the censure of his captain, L—D J—N R—LL, of the *Dosening*, three-decker, and commander of the Channel Fleet. The young gentleman was very roughly questioned in the quarter-deck.

L—d J—n. "So, Sir, you've been writing to the *Times*?"

C—l—s N—p—r. "Yes, my Lord."

L—d J—n. "You complain of HER MAJESTY'S beef—of HER MAJESTY'S biscuit—of HER MAJESTY'S pea-soup, and—I understand—for I have not read these precious letters, that you complain of the Commander of the Channel Fleet—in a word, you complain of me? Is this discipline, Sir?—I ask it, is this discipline?"

C—l—s N—p—r. "My Lord, it is in history that ADMIRAL BLAKE wrote to the *Times*, denouncing the pork of the Commonwealth—that DRAKE corresponded with the same journal, on the weevil in QUEEN ELIZABETH'S biscuit—and that the immortal NELSON himself, in a letter to the *Times* on the pea-soup of GEORGE THE THIRD!"

L—d J—n. "Don't talk to me, Sir: you're a smart young fellow enough, and I recollect your services, when, in the jolly-boat, you cut out the *Pilau*, Egyptian 98; nevertheless, discipline must be respected. You will go to the mast-head, Sir; and take with you the *Times* and the *Supplement*; getting by heart all the 'Want Places' (as you'll want for a long time, I can tell you), before you come down again. Up with you, Sir."

C—l—s N—p—r (climbs the main shrouds, with "*Times*" and "*Supplement*" under his arm). "Boatswain, pipe all hands to 'bout ship, and shake a reef out of the best bower."

Boatswain. "Aye, aye, Sir."

[Exit Commander of Channel Fleet into cabin.]

EXTRAORDINARY RUNNING MATCH.

It is not often that our old friend, MR. DUNUP, enters the sporting world, but he was a few days ago one of the principals in a match of a very exciting character. The contest was between MR. DUNUP and BARNEY AARON, an officer attached to the department of the sheriff of Middlesex.

The whole affair was got up almost impromptu, and consisted of a running-match from the corner of Chancery Lane to the other side of the river Thames, the bridge selected being optional. BARNEY AARON made his appearance suddenly, which MR. DUNUP took as the signal for starting, as there had already been a match of a similar kind between the parties, in which the latter had come off victorious; and he knew the former was desirous of trying another experiment. BARNEY carried weight, consisting of a stick and a small slip of parchment; but DUNUP was burdened with nothing but an empty purse; and it had been whispered in many quarters that he would be found to want metal. He had no sooner caught sight of his antagonist, than he cut off at a rapid rate, BARNEY following closely at his heels, as far as the corner of Essex Street, when DUNUP seemed about to give in, for he turned sharp round (in consequence, as we have been since informed, of the want of metal to go over Waterloo Bridge), where the halfpenny toll would have brought him to a stand-still. His opponent being evidently taken aback by this sudden move, DUNUP started off again at a terrific rate, and making all the running through the intricate turnings of Whitefriars, he went away at a slapping pace, past the glass-works, took a diversion through a broker's shop, by which he cut off a corner, and having gained several yards on his opponent, won cleverly by the length of a writ, which, though it was made to run pretty fast into Middlesex, could not run into Surrey.

ARISTOCRATIC ECONOMY.—We understand that several noble families, finding their incomes reduced, have curtailed the number of pairs of breeches usually issued to their flunkies, and thus calculate on saving by the end of the year a considerable over-plush.



THE ADMIRAL (NAPIER) MAST-HEADED.

See p. 154.

ADMIRALTY v. ASSISTANT-SURGEONS.

To COLONEL SIBTHORP.



DEAR COLONEL,—LET me congratulate you on your recent display of indiscretion. I use the term merely in a Ministerial sense. "Indiscretion," according to the Cabinet dictionary, is interference with the Admiralty. ADMIRAL NAPIER was, in the first place, so "indiscreet" as to disclose the economy, ability, method, and practical efficiency for which that business-like department of the Government is now celebrated. You, most appropriately, followed up his revelations with a motion for the reduction of the number of the Lords of the Admiralty, and for a diminution of their salaries.

Your motion, my dear Colonel, though it failed, I grieve to say, was admirably timed. Curiously enough, the Admiralty had just been exhibiting itself in a peculiarly amiable light, by resisting CAPTAIN BOLDERO's proposition for the better accommodation of Naval Assistant-Surgeons. You felt this, Colonel, I know. You are not the man to pooh-pooh the claims of these gentlemen, and of their profession. You can understand the importance of a class on whose skill may depend the preservation of a limb. The Admiralty Lords cannot—and they have not a leg to stand upon.

I now address you, COLONEL SIBTHORP, as an officer and a gentleman. As such, what think you of the excuses made by persons—supposed to be also officers and gentlemen—for restricting adult members of a liberal profession, ranking as lieutenants, to the berth of sea-schoolboys?

ADMIRAL DUNDAS, unless the reports belie him, opposed CAPTAIN BOLDERO's motion, on the ground that the ward-room was not large enough to admit the Assistant-Surgeons. COLONEL SIBTHORP, I have to ask you a painful question; was the plea of this honourable member and gallant Admiral true? Here is the answer I get from MR. HUME:—

"SIR G. COCKBURN, eight or ten years ago, gave the same reply, on the ground of want of room; but three officers since that time had been added to the ward-room."

May I charitably hope that ADMIRAL DUNDAS—say from inexperience—was merely mistaken as to the capabilities of the ward-room? We shall see perhaps. CAPTAIN BERKELEY, standing together in his chivalry with the Admiral against the poor Assistant-Surgeons, objected likewise to their demands the want of room. But CAPTAIN BERKELEY has been foully misrepresented by the newspapers, or he argued that

"It would be the greatest blow to the discipline of the service, if, upon their first entering, the Assistant-Surgeons were allowed to mess with the higher class of officers."

To which does CAPTAIN BERKELEY object, on the part of "the higher class of officers,"—the Assistant-Surgeons' room, or their company?

The following was our candid Captain's reply to a complaint which related to the youth merely of the midshipmen:—

"Well, suppose that they were schoolboys, they had their education most probably at Rugby, Eton, Harrow, or other of our public schools; they were possessed of gentlemen's feelings, and he should like to know at what school the Assistant-Surgeons were brought up that could make them one jot superior to the midshipmen. He denied that they were so, and, as the comparison had been made, he would boldly maintain, that, if there was any gain, as far as association was concerned, it was on the side of the Assistant-Surgeons."

He would boldly maintain! Very boldly, in faith. I hope, my Colonel, that your bold Captain fights as boldly as he argues. Who disparaged the midshipmen's birth and breeding, as he implies?

One more instance of this gallant gentleman's bravery of assertion. Of the attempt to promote the Assistant-Surgeons to the ward-room, he pronounces, with a courage worthy of MUNCHAUSEN, that

"It was contrary to their interest, and he believed, generally speaking, to their desire also, that they should be so placed."

Oh! my dear COLONEL SIBTHORP, it makes me ill; it gives me a feeling of unspeakable nausea, to imagine that this reckless language can have been uttered by "officers and gentlemen."

I pass over SIR F. BARING's speech on this subject—the mere stereotyped humbug, as you know, of office.

One word more, my Colonel. In the very *Times* which records the above disgraceful sayings, I observe, touching matters now under the Admiralty's consideration, the announcement that

"It is said that epaulettes are to be altogether abolished; and it is a question whether the antiquated cocked hat will be retained for use on board ship."

Don't you think, Colonel, that the Admiralty had better confine their attention to cocked hats and epaulettes, and leave alone ship-building, an art in which they have no shone, and in which they are not expert enough to provide accommodation for the Assistant-Surgeons? I think you will agree with me that they had, as I shall with you, that they ought to have proportionate salaries.

Yours, my dear Colonel, at the very least, till Dissolution,

PUNCH.

KIRK AND RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

To the REV. DR. CANDLISH and the
REV. MR. DRUMMOND.

[At a late meeting of the Shareholders of the Caledonian Railway an attempt was made to stop all Sunday travelling on that line. The *Scotsman*, in a paragraph headed "The Opponents of Sabbath Breaking in Scotland," reckons up the number of carriages lately observed on a Sunday standing at the doors of the above-named reverend gentlemen, and before the principal churches.—*Vide "Examiner,"* March 30.]

CANDLISH and DRUMMOND, lend 's an ear
There 's just a question I wad speer
Anent a point I 'm nae that clear,
The noo, concernin';
And wad its explication hear
Frac men o' learnin'.

The tither day, ye 'll no forget,
The Caledonian holders met;
Of unco' godly chieft a set,
Amang 'em blethrin',
'Gainst Sunday trains, wi' zeal red-hot,
Harangu'd their brethren.

Ane, gifted wi' prophetic sight,
Wi' Heaven's decrees familiar quite,
The famine and potato-blight,
That thraw'd the nation,
Imputed to the Sabbath's slight
An' desecration.

DRUMMOND and CANDLISH, noo, tak' heed,
The *Scotsman* neist I chanc'd to read;
What thence I quote, I hope, indeed,
Is nought but error,
Or else 'twad gar me shak' wi' dread,
An' quak' wi' terror.

The Sunday morn before the last,
Your gates his correspondent pass'd,
Where carriages—I stand aghast
The tale relatin';
Nae doot his pen has rin too fast—
Were there a-waitin':

Forbye a line at ilka kirk,
Unless he tell a fausehood mirk—
Hech! Sirs, but a' this Sunday work
Is verra awfu';
Without evasion, shift, or quirk,
Say, is it lawfu'?

Gin trains on railways munna rin,
And engineers and stokers sin,
Doin', the Sabbath's bounds within,
A bit of workie,
May chariot-wheels o' gentles spin
Unblamed to kirkie?

Eh! gin frae Sunday trains were got
The famine and the tatle rot,
I just wad ask what ills may not
Your congregation,
CANDLISH or DRUMMOND, bring on Scot-
land's wretched nation?

Street Luxury.

WE have had pine-apples hawked about in wheelbarrows—we have seen *goffres* sold at the corners of the streets like hot potatoes—and last Sunday we witnessed in Hungerford Market the epicurean sight of *ices being sold at a penny a-piece*! We know that habits of luxuriousness led to the downfall of Rome, and when we reflect that the ice, which generally fetched a shilling, and never brings in less than sixpence, is being sold for the price of a common bun, we cannot help trembling—it may be weakness, but we cannot help it—for the safety of the British Empire.



Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, JIM. PUSH ALONG! I'VE SERVED THE OLD GAL OUT THIS TIME."

Old Lady. "HERE, STOP! CONDUCTOR! I WON'T TAKE CHANGE FOR A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE IN HALPENCE—THAT I WON'T! HERE, POLICE! CONDUCTOR!" &c.

AIDE TOI.

THE Irish newspapers state that the celebrated *littérateur* ADY, who has devoted himself to letters with greater assiduity than any man of his time, has just commenced operations on the inhabitants of Limerick. We understand he has taken quite a fresh start, and is as vigorous as if he were just now in the JOSEPH HEN-DAY of his existence. We fear that there are not many persons who have been enriched by the great discoveries of this individual, and it would be better for every one receiving a communication from him to cherish no hope of gain, but to persevere, quite irrespective of ADY, in his own un-ADY'd efforts.

The Earth hath Bubbles.

THERE are reports that gold is, after all, not so plentiful as it was expected to be at California. The diggers are turning crusty at the precious metal forming merely a crust over the soil, and ill-natured remarks are being made upon Nature, for having condescended to use the electrotype process, instead of making the ground one solid mass of the precious metals. We hear that hospitality abounds in California, and that, whenever a stranger presents himself, the host, putting a pick-axe into his visitor's hand, requests him to sit down and pick a bit.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE. SHE MARRIES THE INEVITABLE ONE.

SCENE.—*St. George's, Bloomsbury. Eleven o'clock. The SMITHERS'S fly, and the TROTTERS' own carriage, and a hack cab drive up. The SMITHERS'S fly-man is in a large favour, and a state of partial intoxication. The TROTTERS' coachman thinks favours low; but has also been drinking the 'ealth of the 'appy couple by anticipation. The UNPROTECTED is in the TROTTERS' own carriage, with her cousin TROTTER, who is to give her away, and two of the bridesmaids, MISS SUSAN TROTTER, and the youngest MISS (ANNE) SMITHERS, a person of mature years. OLD SMITHERS, and MISS SARAH, and MISS SMITHERS, and MISS GUNSTON, are very tight in the fly. JACK SMITHERS is in the cab. He is nothing in particular in the ceremony, but, being of a lively turn, and fond of going to executions, has insisted on seeing MISS STRUGGLES "turned off," as he persists in calling it, to the disgust of his sisters. (N.B. For costume, see Advertisement.) The party has alighted with considerable fracas, just as the Wednesday morning congregation come out.*

Old Smithers. Just in time. Now, MISS STRUGGLES

[Offering his arm gallantly.]

Polite Pew-Opener (with great interest). 'Ere, Marm—this way.

Unprotected Female. Oh, gracious!—here's the congregation. Oh—how very annoying! (She feels she is remarked, and is much hurt.) Oh—if we'd only waited a quarter of an hour longer. (Several members of the congregation, who appear of desultory and disengaged habits, linger on the steps, and accompany the party into Church.) Oh—I said we'd be a quarter too soon.

[SCENE changes to interior of Church.]

Jack Smithers (to MISS ANNE, winking). She ain't resigned. They always want a quarter of an hour.

Miss Anne (severely). Don't be absurd, JOHN. It's unfeeling.

Polite Pew-Opener. MR. WAPSHOT's in the Westry—and the REV. SMITHERS.

Old Smithers (looking at his watch). Ah—we're to our time. I suppose we shall find them in the Vestry.

Unprotected Female (clinging very tight to OLD SMITHERS). Oh—I hope so.

[Feeling that JONES is alluded to.]

[The CLERK appears hovering round the Vestry door, and beckons the party up.]

Polite Pew-Opener (keeping up a running comment as they proceed to the Vestry). This 'ere's the way to the Westry, Sir. There's MR. TREMLETT, the clerk, Marm. Oh—bless her!—she's all of a trimmel. Oh—the dear creature! (Curtseying in a vague way to the brides-

maids, and the party generally.) Oh—my dears, wish may it soon be your turns, some on you. Ah—I dessay.

Unprotected Female (half in soliloquy, half to anybody who likes to answer her). Oh—shouldn't he be in the aisle, or the altar, or somewhere? Oh—MR. SMITHERS, I feel such a sinking.

Old Smithers (stoutly). Pooh, pooh—it'll soon be over. (Aside to his second.) Salt's ready, SALLY.

Polite Pew-Opener. Is it anythin' I could get the dear lady?

Jack Smithers (to ANNE). She's drunk. [Alluding to PEW-OPENER.]

Miss Anne (much disgusted). JOHN, how can you?

Mr. Tremlett (in his soft and subdued undertaker's manner). This way, if you please. This way, Ma'am. (At once picking out the victim. Fiercely, and in his other voice to POLITE PEW-OPENER.) Be off with you.

[POLITE PEW-OPENER retires, and indulges in a gush of profane swearing outside.]

Unprotected Female (very near her last moment). Oh—gracious me!

[SCENE changes to Vestry. The REV. GRIMES WAPSHOT is introduced by the REV. SMITHERS, who is "to assist" him, the REV. S. being a remote cousin of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.]

Old Smithers (uncomfortably). Where's JONES, I wonder? Eleven was the time, and he's generally punctual.

The Rev. Smithers (who is of a florid and poetical turn of mind). "Love's herald should have wings."

Jack Smithers (who looks on the REV. SMITHERS as a muff). JONES'll have a Hansom.

Miss Anne (remonstratively). Now, JOHN.

Unprotected Female. Oh, then he isn't here. I was sure he wasn't. Oh dear, there's something dreadful. (To MISS SARAH SMITHERS, who, being her equal in age, is her confidante.) Oh, SALLY, you know I said it was too much.

[She sinks into a chair, and is taken possession of and dealt with by the ladies.]

Old Smithers. There's a cab!

The Rev. Grimes Wapshot. Ah—we're constantly disturbed with them. I wished to have the wood-pavement laid down, but the Vestry objected to the expense.

The Rev. Smithers (nervously, and aside to the REV. GRIMES WAPSHOT). It's getting on.

The Rev. Grimes Wapshot (in the same tone). I've a burial at twelve.

Old Smithers (to REV. SMITHERS). I say, they must be married before twelve, mustn't they?

The Rev. Smithers. That's the canonical hour.
Jack Smithers (who finds it dull). Then there's the chance of a reprieve if JONES don't come up to time.

Unprotected Female (her agonies and agitation, which have been gradually rising, now bursting their banks, notwithstanding the efforts of her female friends and comforters). Oh—now—don't talk to me so; it isn't the clocks. It's something dreadful—I feel it—there's been an accident. Oh—MR. SMITHERS—let's go home—I am sure I'd rather go. Oh—what is the use? (*Several of the more inquisitive sort among the congregation, hearing her bursts of emotion, are peeping through the Vestry door.*) I didn't expect this of him—oh dear!

Polite Pew-Opener (pushing in). Oh, please, if you could lend me a clothes-brush, MR. TREMLETT—here's been a colligion and the gentleman's muddled himself—and spiled his 'at.

Unprotected Female. Oh! who?

Old Smithers. Is it MR. JONES?

Unprotected Female. Oh! don't attempt to deceive me by asking for clothes-brushes. Oh, he's got something broke.

[*Is about to rush out, but is clung to by her five bridesmaids.*]

Enter MR. SMITH, MR. JONES's best man, very partially cleaned, and a good deal out of breath and flustered.

Smith. It was all that infernal omnibus. (*Suddenly remembering he is in Church.*) Oh! I beg pardon, it's all right. JONES is coming; but he was forced to buy a hat, and they couldn't find a white one that fitted him.

Unprotected Female. Oh! he's in a chemist's with something broke. Oh! I ought to go. Oh! now, isn't he? [*Passionately adjuring MR. SMITH.*]

Smith. Compose yourself. Really, it's only his hat, and he'll be a little dirtied. (*MR. TREMLETT makes ineffectual attempts to brush the wet mud off MR. SMITH's blue coat.*) Thank you; it's of no consequence. (*Aside to JACK SMITHERS.*) How do, SMITHERS? It was a confounded omnibus; and our cursed fool of a cabman would cut in, and spilt us—and there's been such a row!

Jack Smithers. What fun! Hollo! here's the other poor sufferer.

Enter JONES in a state of utter demolition as to his lavender waistcoat and canary kerseymeres, and his gloves burst in several places.

Jones. I'm very—

Unprotected Female. Oh! he's saved! Ugh—ugh!

[*Goes off, and is again dealt with by her female attendants.*]

Jones. I'm really—I couldn't help—we've been spilt—but nothing. (*To SMITHERS, aside, and pointing to the group of ladies.*) I say, shouldn't I—eh? You think not? (*Bowing to REV. GRIMES WAPSHOT.*) Very sorry to have kept you waiting, Sir. How do, SMITHERS?

[*To Rev. gent. of that name.*]

The Rev. Smithers (aside to JONES). If she's much longer coming to, you'll not be able to be married to-day.

Jones (to UNPROTECTED FEMALE through the ladies). My dear, we must be married before twelve, and it's only ten minutes to—

Unprotected Female (recovered, with much firmness). I'm ready, DAVID. [*The Bridal procession is formed.*]

Jones (to SMITH, aside). By JOVE! SMITH, have you the ring?

Smith (aside to JONES). No; you've got it!

Jones (in same tone). By JOVE, it's in my great coat, that I left to be dried at the hatter's!

Smith (blankly). By JOVE!

Jones (absorbed in thought of the ring). I'll go back.

Unprotected Female (screaming). Oh, he says he'll go back!

Jones (recalled to a sense of his situation). No—no—I don't mean that!

Unprotected Female (half-aside). Oh—what is it?

Miss Anne (to MISS SARAH). There's no ring!

Miss Smithers (to MISS GUNSTON). The man has forgotten the ring!

Unprotected Female. Oh—dear—oh—what is to be done?—oh!

Polite Pew-Opener (taking off her ring). Wich ere's my own blessed ring (that I never leaves, washing or scouring—ere, my blessed angels.

[*SCENE changes to the Church. Several small boys, old women, and other inquisitive members of the Wednesday morning congregation, crowd up to the rails.*]

[*THE POLITE PEW-OPENER'S ring is taken advantage of, and ALL IS OVER!—at the additional expense of half-a-crown to the POLITE PEW-OPENER.*]

[*We pass over the harrowing scene in the Vestry, only assuring the reader that, notwithstanding there were reports to the contrary, the UNPROTECTED FEMALE did succeed in signing her name after many ineffectual attempts—and that the breakfast at the TROTTERS' was a great success.*]

[*We extract the following graphic account of the above Scene from a morning Contemporary.*]

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—On Wednesday, the 18th, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, was consummated the long-expected wedding (which has been long on the tapis, and has given rise to so many *on dits* in a weekly newspaper) between DAVID JONES, Esq. (of the well-known

firm of SMITH, JONES, and ROBINSON, corn-factors and general merchants) and the lovely and accomplished Miss MARTHA STRUGGLES (only child of the late SAMUEL STRUGGLES, so much respected in the commercial world). The lovely bride wore an amber glacé silk, with an amber chapeau *en suite*, Chantilly fall, and orange flowers. She was attended to the altar by the three elegant and charming Miss SMITHERS (daughter of JOHN SMITHERS, of the highly respectable firm of SMITHERS, GUNSTON, and BROTHERS, Turkey merchants), Miss TROTTER (daughter of THOMAS TROTTER, Esq.), and Miss GUNSTON (niece to JOHN SMITHERS, Esq., and second cousin of the bride). The lovely bridesmaids, who were attired *en suite*, wore pea-green poplins, with white chip hats, and Honiton veils. After the ceremony, which was impressively performed by the REV. GRIMES WAPSHOT, assisted by the REV. OLINTHUS SMITHERS (a cousin of the lovely and accomplished bride), the party returned to a magnificent *déjeuner* at the town mansion of THOMAS TROTTER, Esq., Woburn Place, Bedford Square, whence the happy pair proceeded by railway to Brighton, for the honeymoon."

KING ALFRED GOING, GOING—GONE!



He felt mentally knocked down by an auctioneer's hammer, on reading in the *Hampshire Independent* the announcement following:—

"The tomb and the remains of ALFRED THE GREAT are to be offered for sale by Auction on Thursday next, by order of the county magistrates."

We wish the immortality which this notice will confer on the magistrates of Hampshire were such as they might have earned by erecting a fitting monument over ALFRED's dust. A handsome piece of architecture, forming a second Winchester College—a College for the County, in which there is not too much learning—would have been an appropriate testimonial to the memory of the great patron of education. It may be well, however, that ALFRED's burial-place has passed from the possession of the Hampshire magistracy. Perhaps it is now in better keeping.

Our Southampton contemporary adds—

"We should have thought that the lowest depth of degradation had been reached when the site of the splendid Abbey where his remains were deposited was covered with the buildings of a bridewell."

Fancy the treadmill revolving and the rogues' hornpipe danced over ALFRED's grave! Had the truly wooden Bench, the authors of this desecration, lived in later days, they would perhaps have dug the hero's bones up, and sent them to Andover to be crushed. For the future we hope that the people of Winchester will be enabled without blushing to point out to the stranger the spot where ALFRED lies.

A MAIL FOR CALIFORNIA.

We find, from a notice to the public, that the Post-Office authorities have started a mail to California. We should like to see the vehicle selected for the service. We have a strange suspicion that the old Hounslow cab has been fitted up with a new pair of shafts to supply the place of those which we dashed to pieces some time ago in a fearful collision with our shafts of ridicule, and that this precious set-out has been ordered to set out on the first stage towards the diggings. We used to find fault with the rate of travelling by this concern, but the rate of postage is satisfactory. Half-an-ounce is to be 2s. 5½d., an ounce, 4s. 11d., and it will scarcely require an ounce to announce anything to one's friends in California. We think the Post-Office authorities might venture to charge higher, and declare that every letter should be charged with its weight in gold, which the Californians, with their *embarras des richesses*, could make no objection to.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was the Chairman lately at some country meeting—it was either a Burial, or a Tectotal Society, we are not certain which,—when a resolution was put into his hand. His Royal Highness immediately rose, and, with his usual good humour, said, "Gentlemen, the next Health I have to propose—" It was only after innumerable coughs, and nudges of the elbow, that the Duke discovered his mistake.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



WHILE we are on the frontier of the realms of song, we will furnish some useful information as to the mode of obtaining the necessary passport to enter them. It will be advisable to repair to the office of the Opera Ambassador, his Super-Excellency Mr. NUGENT, who, like other diplomatic authorities, is the recognised medium for admitting all fit applicants to an audience. These passports are issued on the payment of such fees as may be required.

Though every facility is given to the granting of passports, there has frequently been much difficulty in obtaining them, for it is the wise policy of the government of the realms of song not to permit harmony, which is the very *genius loci*, to be disturbed by the admission of greater numbers than it is possible to accommodate.

As the continent may be reached by different routes, so are there various modes of arriving at the place of destination to which we are furnishing a Hand-Book. The best, but most expensive, course is that which avoids the sometimes rather stormy pit passage through the sea of population, which frequently runs with the impetuosity of a torrent, through the somewhat narrow channel to which it is obliged to confine itself.

The roughness of this passage is usually at its height after Easter, when, from astronomical causes, the stars exercise an influence on the tide of popularity which flows rapidly in, and there being two opposite currents, caused by one stream rushing pell-mell from Pall-Mall, and another in the contrary direction, there is a meeting of both near the centre of attraction, and it is therefore necessary to erect barriers or breakwaters to restrain their impetuosity.

The navigation is often exceedingly difficult, and it is desirable that all very slender craft should avoid the attempt to make the Opera pit passage in the height of the season; and it is expected that this year will be distinguished by a *Tempest* of a very extraordinary character. Experienced pilots usually steer their course as much as possible through the centre of the stream, for otherwise there is danger of being driven out of the regular channel.

Sometimes a stout-built man-of-war may be seen making way, with a small light squadron under convoy, but the experiment is hazardous; and though we never saw an instance of one of the weaker vessels having actually slipped her stays, we have often seen her drifting along with great danger to her figure-head, and with some of her canvas carried away from her. There is also the unpleasant necessity of remaining a considerable time in the offing until the tide runs in, which it begins to do at about seven or half-past; but until then it is desirable to secure a good anchorage, which can only be obtained by taking up a station at an early opportunity. As the craft are generally rigged out to the best advantage, the rigging is liable to get a little out of order, and the weaker may often be seen making their way with a loss of bows, and labouring rather heavily until they get within the bar, where they are called upon to show their permits before going into harbour.

The more distinguished visitors enter by a much easier route, adopting the well-known pass of the Grand Staircase, which leads to an extensive range of upland, having all the smoothness of the celebrated *tapis vert* at Versailles, with an atmosphere of that refined air, for which even the outskirts of Her Majesty's Theatre

are exclusively remarkable. It will be necessary for visitors to bear in mind, that, on entering a new domain, there are usually customs and duties to be observed; and there are many peculiar customs and duties connected with an entrance into the realms of Opera.

The Customs regulations are very rigidly enforced at the barrier; but, notwithstanding the vigilance of the officers on duty, contraband commodities have occasionally been smuggled in; and there have even been cases in which that utterly prohibited article, the surtout, has been got across the frontier by surreptitious means, such as pinning up the skirts so as to avoid detection on the outskirts. It would occupy too much space to furnish a list of those objects that are not allowed to pass; but it may be stated, that any one who wilfully makes an object of himself by his absurdity of costumes will be at once objected to.

The law is by this time so well understood that attempts to violate it are exceedingly rare, but now and then a bold smuggler will advance towards the frontier with an umbrella or some other offensive weapon, and render it necessary that a seizure should be made; a proceeding which is always conducted with a mixture of gentleness and firmness highly creditable to the authorities. The article stopped is not forfeited, but is deposited in the hands of the proper officer, who takes charge of it till the return of the traveller, who is expected to follow the customary laws by giving a small customary fee on the re-delivery of the goods seized as contraband. Bonnets are of course prohibited, and, indeed, they are now seldom brought as far as the frontier, for no one now takes such a thing into her head, or on to it, when visiting this locality.

The only indispensable luggage consists of a binocular lorgnette, which is essential to a due appreciation of the numerous beauties of the place now about to be entered. By its aid distant objects are brought near, and, though distance lends enchantment to some views, the scenes we are about to open to the eye of the traveller in these favoured regions cannot be brought too near to us. Though we are somewhat precipitating matters, by giving thus early a glimpse of what is passing within, we avail ourselves of the power of the opera-glass to



advance, or, rather, to bring nearer one of those interesting *tableaux*, which perpetually arrest our attention, and the details of which we shall shortly more minutely go into.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE FIRST.—BEING MRS. MOUSER'S BIT OF A PREFACE.

I HAVE been put upon and provoked to it. I might have gone down to my dying day, holding my tongue to my end, if it hadn't been for the House of Commons. MR. MOUSER—

Not that as a married woman, I would whisper a breath against the husband it has pleased Providence to allot to me. I hope I know my burden better. But MR. MOUSER—

And I'll be judged by any of my acquaintance, whether by so much as a look I have ever dropt a word of what, gracious knows! I might have said. No; I shall never forget what my poor aunt PEACOCK—she was drest in a silver-grey lutestring like a board, it could have stood upon its own hem—what that good soul said to me the very day I was married, when I went up stairs to change before I went into the honeymoon with MOUSER, in a sulphur po'-chay with two cream-coloured horses to the Angel at Twickenham—whether the house is there or gone, I won't say—never shall I forget the words of that dear soul!—never! "AMELIA," said she, we were both crying all the time, "AMELIA, my blessed child, you have now changed your condition. What is in store for you, it would be presumptuous in any of us to say. But, my dear babe, let me advise you as a friend, never to give way to any thoughts of happiness. It'll be the safest. If happiness comes, well and good—but don't expect it. You are now a married woman"—and here aunt PEACOCK, giving a shiver that her lutestring rustled again, swallowed her tears—"a married woman, and life won't be what it was, AMELIA. We were made to suffer, and must go through with it. But, AMELIA, never forget the greatest jewel in a woman is her proper pride: that is a jewel that will support you when friends forsake. A proper pride is better than a marriage portion, for it's all for a woman's self. AMELIA, if you're nipped to bits with red-hot pincers—I don't mean to say"—for I *did* look at aunt PEACOCK—"I don't mean to say for a certain you will be; but if it should so happen, don't say a word, however MOUSER may ill-treat you. I don't mean to say he will, and I know that—only five minutes ago—he called you before all the company his pearl, his rose without a thorn, his cup of happiness running over at the brim; but all that goes for nothing when it comes to plain working-day married life. Therefore, however miserable you may be, don't make other people as wise as yourself. If your heart's breaking up to bits, put a smile upon it, as if nothing was the matter. In a word, my dear girl, whatever may be your troubles in wedlock, always have an oyster in your mind, and suffer and say nothing." These were poor aunt PEACOCK's words; and at that time how little I thought of 'em! The po'-chay's steps were hardly up—the door put to—and we not five minutes on the way to the Angel, when the words were as clean out of my mind, as if they'd never been spoken. But, to be sure, at that time, MR. MOUSER—

Nevertheless, it is not my intention—no, not in the face of red-hot nippers themselves—to say a word that aunt PEACOCK in her grave would shake her head at. I have taken care of my proper pride from the first, and it's grown along with me. The things I have heard, and the silence I have kept, would not be believed! Why, there was only last Tuesday, when MRS. HORNBLLOWER—I sometimes think, when that woman's talking, she has her own tongue and mine into the bargain—when she would tell me all about HORNBLLOWER, beginning with his goings-on from the first down to last week only, when he jumped up like a madman from a sweet bit of cold mutton, and rushing upstairs, shaved himself in a passion, and drest himself in a whirlwind, and banged the door like a savage, and went out to dine at a tavern like a hurricane, and came home at last in a condition that men are much better out—well, when I'd heard it all, looking down as I did upon the woman, and wondering where was her proper pride, to take her husband from house to house, and to bring up their cold mutton as if it was as much other people's concerns as their own—well, when I had heard all this, and, seeing MRS. HORNBLLOWER expected me to talk in my turn, and I didn't; for though, gracious knows! if I'd only had the mind to speak of MR. MOUSER—

But no; as I say, red-hot pincers should never do it. Yet, when I think of the temptation I go through, it is wonderful. More than that, I'm sure of it, all my married friends think me a poor creature with not a bit of spirit that does and takes just what her husband chooses; but it's a sweet consolation in my trials that they know very little of AMELIA MOUSER. No; I hear all their troubles, smile upon 'em and only double-lock my own in my own breast. If it was not so! why, there's that man—whom everybody believes to be an angel at a fire-side—there is MR. MOUSER—

Still, I should despise myself for my want of proper pride, if I was to say a word. And yet to hear how that foolish woman, MRS. BUTLER, does go on about BUTLER; for all the world, as if every woman in life

got up every morning to do nothing all day but to think of BUTLER. How she tired me out on Monday! Sent away another servant, because BUTLER, happening to say the day before, he thought pink of all colours prettiest on a woman, and then the bold slut flaunted it the very next morning in pink, of course, as that silly woman said, for nothing else only to please BUTLER! Well, whatever I may have felt in my life, I hope I've always followed the advice of poor aunt PEACOCK. "As for jealousy, my dear,"—she used to say—"it's like the small-pox, and always disfigures the woman that shows it. Like the small-pox it sometimes comes and can't be helped; but, unlike the small-pox, if you so will it, you needn't discover the marks. Jealousy may be a burning arrow, but let it burn unseen: never pull it out, and expose it before company." I am sure, when I see how some of my acquaintance will carry their green eyes—as somebody calls 'em—into all places, I'm doubly grateful for my proper pride. I never speak, but I know this fact,—nobody better I'll be bound—I know there's Turks out of Turkey. Of course, nobody to look at him, would think that MR. MOUSER—

Not that, for a moment, I am going to forget what I owe to myself. Certainly not. Burning arrows are better kept for one's own fireside, and for one's own husband. Nobody else has any right to 'em. The same with everything 'twixt man and wife. I'm sure I wouldn't go on like that dreadful MRS. HALIFAX, exposing her husband's pocket, and showing how mean, how little he is, wherever she goes. "Would you believe it," says she to me—expecting I should care a pin's-point about it—"would you think it, that HALIFAX, with all the money he has, and what he has, though I've been his wife these fifteen years, I don't know—with all he has, grudges me I may say, as much as a new riband? My dear, if he wasn't my own husband, I should say he was a brute, for he thinks a new gown will last for ever. I tell him he ought to be ashamed to see me go as I do, when every other man's wife comes out, when it's expected of her, like a bed of tulips. And for me! why, look at me!" And then the foolish woman supposes I'm to care how many gowns she has, or whether she has any gown at all. Well, that a woman should be wanting in proper pride! If she was kept like a blackamoor savage, she ought to show too much spirit to name it. For my own part, I was always above dress: I had, from a child, a strength of mind beyond silk and satins. And lucky for me, it's been so. Otherwise, I am sure that MR. MOUSER—

Notwithstanding, as I have already observed, people should keep their troubles, like their measles, at home; and not carry 'em from house to house. The same, too, with their conceit. Why, there is that MRS. MACAW! She would—as she calls it—pour her troubles into my heart. Trouble; when the foolish creature's as fond of it, as a little girl with a big doll. MACAW, she says, is so jealous of her: she can't look out of the window—she can't speak to a single creature. "My dear," says she to me, "I know it's only MACAW's idolatry, as he calls it when he's in a good humour—his idolatry on the wrong side. Still you must pity me. I do believe he'd like to lock me up all day in an iron safe, and take the key out with him! As I tell him sometimes, I do think he's jealous of the very house-flies—and, my dear, though it is very flattering—we've been married twelve years next Michaelmas—very flattering; still, you must pity me. I hope, dear MRS. MOUSER, you don't know from painful experience what a jealous husband is?" And—for I trust I've a proper pride in all things—I smile, and say nothing. But I remember dear aunt PEACOCK. "Jealousy from real love," she used to say, "jealousy, AMELIA, is wine turned into vinegar. And—it mayn't be pleasant—still, if it's your fate to drink it, take it down as if it was buttermilk, and don't make the world laugh with your wry faces." What a deal I owe to aunt PEACOCK! For sometimes—not but what I hope I've too much pride to name it; nevertheless sometimes a saint herself with MR. MOUSER—

Certainly not; no, I shall say nothing—at present—that can in any way allude to my husband. I hope I have a better pride. Nevertheless, since my visit to the House of Commons; since I had a look at what is called by MOUSER himself the Majesty of Parliament—and since I heard his Majesty speak—I feel myself an altered woman. A certain boldness, if I may use the word, a beautiful boldness induces me to break the silence of a life. And—

The end of it is this—

I am now determined to give the world A BIT OF MY MIND. That's settled.

Yours for the present,

The Honeysuckles.

AMELIA MOUSER.

A WORD TO LORD JOHN, UPON A LATE DEBATE.



IR.—EVERY man who considers the position of a Minister in the present day, the ceaseless calls upon his tongue and his brains, the daily baiting that he gets from the bull-dogs of the House (if one may so speak of honourable gentlemen), must feel the sincerest compassion for that pitiable being. Now it is MR. DISRAELI who rises and gives the Noble Lord or the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER an airing; then it is MR. HUME that pours into him the shafts of his keen sarcasm and polished wit; then it is the acute SIBTHORP who makes a butt of him, and causes the House to ring with laughter, at any rate at somebody's expense: another

night it is an Irish Member who beards, as MR. GRATTAN says, the Minister in his place in the House of Commons, and exposes the wounds he has made in the bleeding carcass of his country; or on another evening, CORDEN, BRIGHT, GIBSON rise, figures in hand, pelt the Government with irresistible arithmetic, and defy them at the multiplication table. To each and all the unfortunate Minister has to make some answer,—now to plead for time, now to refuse compliance; to deny this statement point-blank, and, when particularly hard-pressed, ingeniously to dodge from the other. Sir, when an eccentric author of late likened your Lordship to a cock-sparrow or a canary-bird, I thought to myself what an uncomfortable nest it is that poor bird sleeps in; what an early bird he must be; what a life he has with all the mischievous boys in the empire pulling at his tail, and the marksmen of the press and all the sportsmen of the House of Commons firing at him. You can't go to take a quiet basin of turtle at the Mansion House but somebody has a shot, and, as last week, in the midst of a peaceful dessert, when *Non Nobis* has been sung, and everybody is tranquil,—in full truce, old CHARLEY NAPIER turns round and fires a stern-gun into you.

Your Lordship will perceive that the tone we adopt is one of good-nature and tender commiseration for the many exigencies of your situation, and by no means the tone of anger. Between great powers such as we two are, a lofty courtesy is becoming, and a salute before we engage in any dispute. You will remark with what kindness we have invariably been disposed to treat you. A man so pressed as you, cannot be supposed to have the best of every encounter. Armed ever so carefully by anxious subordinates ere you go forth to battle, wadded all over by Downing Street papers, a man so shot at, you must be hit somewhere—a champion always called upon to turn out must be weary, and be upset by, instead of overthrowing his adversary. Thus, even of ourselves, it is said,—*Aliquando bonus, &c.*—even of ourselves it is sometimes remarked, "This week's *Punch* is not so uncommonly brilliant, so tremendously stunning as the last." Who can be always right, always fresh and in good health, always a conqueror?

Unwilling then to engage a combat with a man who has so many challenges every day, and is on the ground every evening, we have waited with some anxiety, and a sincere hope, that you would find occasion to modify some opinions expressed by you in the House of Commons the other night, with regard to the greater portion of the Third Estate of the Realm, and also, that respected Fourth Estate to which we have the fortune to belong, and the rights and honour of which we propose most carefully to maintain. When MR. MILNER GIBSON made his motion last week for the repeal of the excise duty on paper, and the stamp and advertisement tax on newspapers in one of the neatest speeches in which truth was ever agreeably administered, he noticed as a proof that the present press taxes were unjust, not in the whole merely, but in the part; clumsy, ineffective, unequal; weighing heavily upon the honest and useful part of the press, and not operating upon the dangerous and wicked portion: the fact that while the Stamp duty was paid by all respectable journals which gave the proper and wholesome news of the day, and which, indeed, cannot circulate at all without that passport, numbers of disreputable, scurrilous, indecent, and irreligious periodicals were printed independent of any stamp at all, and of course found their way into the houses of the poor who could not afford to purchase the more costly stamped publication. And, the hunger for reading being so great and natural that the poor man will feed upon something (as I have seen poor people eating nettles and garbage in the hedges, when the potato

failed them), he has recourse to this poisonous and unwholesome meat, because the wholesome food is put beyond his means, by the duty which the Government levies on it. What happened yesterday in the House of Commons, in England, in France; what MR. GIBSON said in support of his motion for removing press restrictions; what valuable observations your Lordship supplied as reasons for retaining them—the poor man must not read without paying his penny to the State collector: but blasphemy, but indecency, but filthy slander on private character, but vulgar romance and ribaldry; but discussions political, social, religious, more or less able and honest, or rascally and incendiary, in which the propriety of every existing institution is gainsayed, be it our private property, our wives' chastity, the House of Lords, and the Queen's throne, or that of Heaven itself: on all these points the market is open to him, and he is free to purchase his meal. What a dreadful supply it is! Can any man walk the streets of our great towns without being frightened at it? What garbage and poison, stale cast-away scraps, and rotten offal! What huxters to vend it! What an eager busy crowd!

These are rhetorical figures, however, and it is by no means in such that MR. GIBSON deals; his are plain statements and facts. He reads an extract from one unstamped paper in which the Colonial policy of the Government is fiercely attacked; from others against the QUEEN and the Church: and from a fourth in which the necessity of a new organisation of society is proposed, based on principles not opposed to, but in accordance with, nature? This letter is followed by "laughter" from the House. The wags! they always laugh. Be it ruin, anarchy, the Day of Judgment, they must laugh—the subject is so funny! And the speaker continues—

"Debarred from recording facts, the conductors of the cheap press were compelled to rack their brains for something to excite the passions or stimulate the imagination. Sometimes they did nothing more than act upon the nervous system. There was, for instance, the *Terrific Record*;—that was for nervous people. (Laughter.) There was another weekly paper, which contained a horrible account of a duchess who had been murdered by a maniac, and another "story of real life," namely, "the Confessions of a Countess; or, the Life of LOLA MONTES." ("Hear, hear," and laughter.) He had been informed, by an eminent bookseller in Manchester, that he sold over his counter, every Saturday, 80,000 or 90,000 of these penny publications to the working classes, some of them political, some imaginative, and some religious. This bookseller told him that he did not believe there was one in fifty of his customers who did not prefer to purchase the papers containing the leading events of the day, but they could not afford the price."

Now, what is the reply the First Minister of the country makes upon this facetious subject, in the midst of this jocular auditory? LORD JOHN RUSSELL says:—

"His right hon. friend had shown the mischief of the unstamped papers, and he read articles from them to prove their mischievous character; but they seemed to him to be so like some of the articles in the stamped newspapers (*A laugh*) that he scarcely knew the difference. There was a character of LORD GREY read that he almost thought was written by JACOB OMNIUM, or some of the writers in the daily papers. (*A laugh*.) For his part, he could not very much distinguish the difference in the style which the right hon. gentleman wished to point out. The Government did not, as one of the deputations told him, keep on this tax to prevent knowledge being acquired and conveyed by the newspapers. He felt no apprehensions of that kind; but he believed that if the tax were taken off, it would make little difference in the papers."

So, this is the way in which the head man of the country comprehends the situation!—Instead of meeting the argument, thrust at him as plain as a pikestaff, the Government Champion dodges and ducks under it! He can't very much distinguish the difference in the style which the Right Honourable Gentleman wishes to point out; he almost thinks the character of LORD GREY is written by JACOB OMNIUM, or some of the writers of the daily press! O fie! O for shame!

As for JACOB OMNIUM, that ingenious person can take care of himself, and so can the writers in the daily press, too: between whom and the unstamped publicists the Prime Minister can't see any difference,—therefore, the argument no doubt is, one is as good as the other; therefore let matters stand as they are; therefore let the Newspaper Stamp duty remain, and a laugh of course from the House. O fie! O for shame, we say again.

What, you can't see that the chief writers of the press in this country are men whose education is as good as yours, whose talent is infinitely greater than yours, who speak more to the point upon all public questions and in better English, and employ a variety of learning and acquirement such as not one in a hundred of you, Gentlemen of the House of Commons, can use? You can't see the difference between polished wit, and accomplished style, and skilled logic, and argument clear and eloquent, and the writings of those who have never had the leisure to learn the use of these weapons of controversy? Do you think, my LORD JOHN, that you could write three leading articles a week for the *Times* or any other newspaper? The public would snore, the paper would die under the infliction. The paper can afford to tell the truth, you can only face that part of it which suits your party: the newspaper writer can speak like a philosopher, you but as a partisan; and I know of no spectacle more melancholy than that of a great man, like SIR ROBERT PEEL, in the last struggles of the Corn Law, knowing the right and its inevitable mastery, but hiding from it and avoiding it; bound miserably by the fatal compact of party-exigency, until that day when he broke from his bondage by a noble act of revolt and recantation.

And so because there is no difference between the style of the good

press and the bad press, the poor man's journal is to be taxed still—is it? Why not put the case more honestly, and instead of merely hinting as you do in your speech that a time may come when the present system may be altered, say openly that the pecuniary burthens of the country are such that it is impossible to forego the revenue produced by the Newspaper Stamp Duty, and let the people have their papers untaxed: that though reading is almost as necessary for them as bread, they must wait awhile until they can have the fair enjoyment of the former; that though the actual prohibition is productive of infinite present mischief, and pregnant with awful future evil, the State is so poor that it can't afford to let Truth go untaxed to those who need it the most; that though they would thrive much better, and do your work and their own much better, on wholesome mental food, they must go on poisoning themselves just now, and dealing with their present purveyors; that you and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER can see no remedy for this misfortune. It may bring ruin down upon the whole of us before long; but in the meanwhile we must meet our engagements, and, *rust calem*, the public creditor must have his dividend. And, as a professed joker, having much experience in the business, and desirous to continue it peaceably, let me intreat your Lordship to look upon this question as a grave matter, not to be met by the sneers of the Prime Minister, or the laughter of the House of Commons.

PUNCH.

A MEW FROM THE CAT.



sixteen. The *Times* of the same day contained a bankruptcy case, the hero of which had started a sham bank, and failed for £6000, paying a dividend of 1s. 2d. in the pound. Surely here is a case for my application, even at the cat's tail, if a miserable lad is to be scourged for a twopenny-halfpenny theft, unless it be only the peasant's flesh that is to be tortured, and I am not to be suffered, for any villany, to lacerate the sleek skin which is cherished by respectable cloth and fine linen.

"I am, &c., no friend of yours, truly,

"THE CAT."

DARKNESS IN ST. DOMINGO.

THE French papers make merry with the poor old mountebank EMPEROR OF ST. DOMINGO—a potentate who will, we doubt not, be very truthfully, and withal economically represented in the English metropolis on the 1st of May, next—giving, with a smirk, a full and particular account of the pilgrimage of the Emperor and Empress to celebrate a funeral service for the souls of the Emperor's father and mother. Besides this solemnity, there was the ceremony of marriage of the two old negroes, parents of the Empress; who, never expecting to have a daughter for Empress, never cared for the respectability of the marriage tie. Well, the daughter is elevated to a throne; and she immediately has a quicker sense of religious and social decencies: there is, we take it, little to laugh at in this. It would be no worse for the imperial character at large, had the like delicacy ever animated all its doings.

But the parental shades of the Emperor are to be consulted and honoured. Whereupon the Queen carrying a cock—and the priests carrying a kid and sheep—proceed at midnight into the woods. Cock, kid, and sheep are killed, and their mingled blood offered to the souls of father and mother; which souls are duly fixed by the priests in a vessel of water; and when fixed, are made to express their thanks for the filial attendance: and further to assure the sacrificers that they are perfectly comfortable, wanting nothing whatever in the other world. On this the writer bewails the awful superstition of poor SALOOP, THE EMPEROR OF ST. DOMINGO!

Very terrible, this—very humiliating! Suppose we change the scene.

The scene is changed! It is Naples. A fête-day: the fête of SAINT JANUARIUS. Whereupon, with many thousands marvelling at the wonder, and blessing themselves that they should see it, the congealed blood of the Saint thaws in a bottle, and the miracle of the year is performed—"to be continued in the next."

Doth not SAINT JANUARIUS preach charity for the darkness of poor EMPEROR SALOOP?

PICTURES FOR THE PEERS.

FROM an answer given by the PREMIER to SIR DE LACY EVANS the other day in the Commons, it appears that the refreshment-room of the House of Lords is to be decorated with pictures relating to the Chase. If so, the adornments of the Lords' refreshment-room will much resemble those often met with in that of another public description of house. To improve the similitude, these works of art might be varied by the introduction of scenes from the Turf, a pastime as lordly as the Chase. "Noblemen Betting," "Noblemen Making their Books," perhaps "A Nobleman Levanting," would be appropriate subjects. "The Billiard Table" and "The Dice-Box" might be added: and in further illustration of the Amusements of the Nobility, these paintings might include a view of "CROCKFORD'S in the Olden Time." In connexion with the Chase, we would pictorially elucidate the Game Laws. "The Keeper Shot" and "The Poacher Hanged" would be lessons in form and colour—to the Lords. Many of the themes above proposed are now simply historical—let us hope that all of them—especially those of the class last mentioned—will soon be so too.

"THERE BE LAND PIRATES."

GEOGRAPHY now-a-days is fearfully outraged, in the distribution of the different quarters of the habitable globe, for we find Calcutta within five minutes' walk of the Nile; and the Arctic Regions next door but six to New Zealand, which is separated from Australia by a narrow neck of cab-stands.

We like to see these various Exhibitions thriving, for though they are pretty thickly studded about the West End, there is instruction and amusement to be gleaned from every one, and there is abundant room for all of them. While, however, we can only applaud competition in a good purpose, we object to anything in the shape of piracy, and protest therefore against the attempt of a MR. HARVEY—we admire HARVEY's sauce—to profit by the popularity of the Exhibition of the Overland Mail, and open a second-hand "Gallery of Illustration" in another quarter. We never encourage these attempts, because we have found from experience that anything, seeking to establish a reputation on the success of something that has gone before, has usually no merit of its own to rely upon.

Owing to a series of former disappointments under similar circumstances, we shall decline taking the trouble to seek out Gallery of Illustration No. 2, as we do not anticipate that we shall be repaid for the trouble of a visit.

"Time Flies."

THIS time-honoured truth has lately received rather a literal illustration. The large clock over the hair-dresser's in Oxford Street, has suddenly disappeared. As it had underneath it the inscription "Time flies," its flighty conduct is at once accounted for. This is only another proof of the very great difficulty a public clock has to keep time. If we were asked "what was most behind the age?" we should say, "Next to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, a public clock."

A SPECIAL PLEA.

A YOUNG thief who was charged the other day with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, "for that, whereas he had never picked pockets, but had always taken them just as they came."



THE CABINET CURTIL.

In the middle of St. Stephen's
The pit yawns deep and wide,
And PUNCHIUS, the augur,
Is standing at its side.
He hath watched the sacred chickens,
Hath marked them turn away
From their official pickings,
For the first time to-day.

And PUNCHIUS hath counted up
The tottle of the whole,
Of auguries and omens,
And scratched his wooden poll;
And after rumination,
From the seat where he doth sit,
Hath risen, in explanation
Of this portentous pit.

"Oh, Place-holders and Ministers,
And Whippers-in of Rome,
This is Retrenchment's pit that yawns
Beneath St. Stephen's dome."
'Twas no Association
Financial, out of doors,
Nor HUME, nor HENLEY bored it,
Though they be mighty bores.

It was a little crack at first,
That, in his scornful play,
MARCUS HILLIUS would leap over,
As he passed to the gang-way.
But still it waxed and widened,
And blacker, deeper, grew;
Till RUSSILUS, beneath his hat,
Looked bilious and blue.

COBDENIUS, the Tribune, swore,
The pit ne'er closed would be
Till they had cast into it,
Ten millions £ s. d.
Then a scornful laugh laughed RUSSILUS,
And PALMERSTONIUS sneered,
And the stout tribe of TADPOLLI,
They mocked COBDENIUS' beard.

So of the Ordnance Estimates,
And Naval, with regret
Were flung in half a million,
But the pit gaped wider yet;
And GRAIUS whispered RUSSILUS,
As he looked round on their train,
"What if we fling into it
A Treasury Lord or twain?"

But RUSSILUS right sternly chid
Such radical remarks:
"If victims there must be," said he,
"Fling in some score of clerks."
So hapless clerks and messengers,
And all that had no friends,
They pitched in fast and freely—
But still the pit extends.

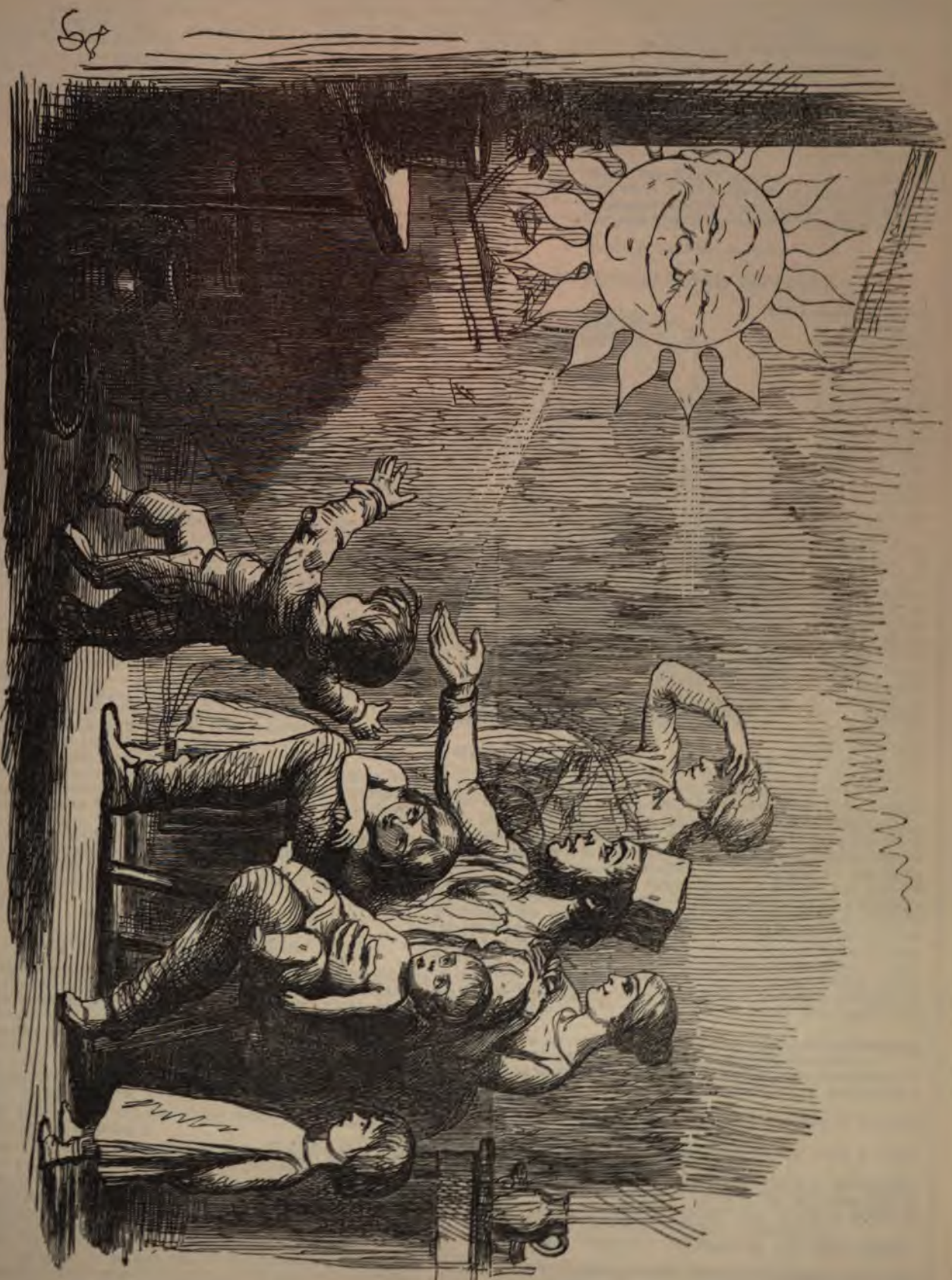
Beneath the Treasury benches
It yawneth broad and black,
Aghast into its entrails
Gazes each Treasury hack;
And forced up from the centre
By pressure from without,
The solemn boom of Public
Opinion swelleth out.

"I yawn, and will yawn wider,
Till ye throw into me
All idle sinecurists,
Whate'er their names may be:
GRAIUS or ELIOTTH,
I hold in little heed;
No blood is sacred in my eyes,
Not e'en of Bedford breed."

"Ye think to stay my craving
With poor, hard-working slaves;
What already is past shaving
Must submit to closer shaves;
Ye fling over what the service
Of the country ill can spare,
That Whiggish lordling *protégés*
May still each keep his chair.

"I gape, and gape still wider,
And gaping will go on,
Un'til I swallow up this House
And Downing Street in one."
Then up and spoke pale RUSSILUS,
"My earnestness to prove,
Lo, a Select Committee
On Salaries I move!"

Then a weeping and a wailing
Round Treasury Benches goes,
GRAIUS and ELIOTTH
In anxious protest rose;
But Protectionists rampagious
In cheers their cries did drown,
For well they felt themselves had got
No salaries to cut down.



A VISION OF THE REPEAL OF THE WINDOW-TAX.

"Hollo! Old Fellow; we're glad to see You here."

To the pit's black edge pale RUSSELL
With hurried step arrives,
And whispers PALMERSTONUS,
"Needs must when pressure drives."
Scores leave the Downing Street arm-chairs,
That they so well did fill,
To the act of calm sacrifice
Going—against their will.

They stop—they shiver on the brink,
Nor dare the desperate leap,
Till RUSSELL, heroic,
Hath pushed them down the steep!
Then with the public voice in front
And the private shove behind,
Unto the fate they cannot help
They have themselves resigned.

One CURTIUS in the elder time
Did win a great renown,
That in the pit, which stood agape
In the Forum, he leapt down:
But what one CURTIUS ventured then,
Now tribes of CURTIUS dare:
And how many soe'er are swallowed up
We've still enough to spare.

REPEAL OF THE ADVERTISEMENT DUTY.

YESTERDAY, an enormous meeting of Advertisers of all denominations, took place in Palace Yard. MR. JENKINS, as representing a class (the large class of domestic servants) was unanimously bellowed to the Chair. From what we could gather of the sentiments of the speakers, they were (in fragments) as follow:

"A Wet Nurse, a Respectable Young Woman," thought it was like their impudence that she couldn't offer to take charge in the newspapers of a precious baby from the month, without paying Eighteen Pence duty to that LORD RUSSELL.

"A Lady's-Maid turned 90" who understands hair-dressing and millinery, gave it upon her honour and word that that Eighteen Pence was shameful—abominable—and if the QUEEN only knew it—it was her [the Lady's-Maid's] opinion—HER MAJESTY wouldn't permit it, that she wouldn't.

"A Housekeeper to a Single Gentleman or Tradesman" said they had only to be Unanimous to put down the Eighteen Pence for ever and for ever. If they warn't attended to this time, she gave 'em warning for her part—let the Ministry look to his windows! (*Cheers*.)

"A Butler in a quiet Family where a Footman is kept," said, it was well-known that the Corn Laws was repealed, *only* that the Eighteen Pence might go into the Lord Chancellor's pocket. He hoped he had always been Loyal—always in his own person rallied round the Altar and the Throne,—but the Eighteen Pence on Advertisements was a fundamental blow at *habeas corpus*. He only hoped—it was his daily prayer—that he should not be druv to join the Chartists.

"A Footman, single-handed," said it was infamous—

"A Groom, or to Drive a Brougham," cried—"shabby!"

"A Waiter to an Hotel" asked, if they stood the Eighteen Pence, "what next were to follow?"

And then began a multitudinous roar, hundreds of Advertisements—advertisers we should say—condemning the Eighteen Pence.

"The Natural Standard of Sherry," hiccuped "shameful—"

"The Most Approved Stoves" roared "disgusting—"

"The Everlasting Gold Pen" would write it down—

"A Revolution in Light" would show it up—

"What to Eat," &c. would not digest it—

And, in fact, every advertising interest—represented and declared after its peculiar manner—so emphatically denounced the continuation of the Eighteen Penny Tax on the advertising industry and commerce of the Country, that—

The noise of the Meeting coming to the ears of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whilst in the House, he was seen to bend over to LORD RUSSELL, and heard to say, "I see how it is; we *must* give the Eighteen Pence up. 'Tis only a trifle after all—and—yes, I'll manage it."

HOW TO REDUCE TAXATION.

EVERY one is anxious to see Taxation reduced, and though nobody doubts what to do, there is no one who can tell us (or the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, which is much the same thing, for what we say must be done, must be done—Reader! by the way, be good enough to excuse this long parenthesis, LORD BROUGHAM has set us the example)* how to do it. We have, however, been fortunate enough to hit upon a few Taxes which may be reduced to the perfect satisfaction of the public at large, and without a farthing's loss to the revenue. We would recommend the total abolition of the following Taxes:—

1st. THE TAX—on the patience of the House of Commons, when MR. URQUHART is addressing it.

2nd. THE TAX—on our time, when we are reading the letters of correspondents enclosing jokes, whose interest is purely antiquarian.

These Taxes throw on the parties subject to them, a burden of the most onerous kind, and, in fact, we have some idea of sending our boy as a deputation to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to represent the nature of our case, and—following the example of everybody else—ask him what he can do for us. By way of propitiating him, we will give him a hint by which he may take off one Tax against which there is some complaint, and impose another that will be a source of enormous

* In consequence of the length of this parenthesis, it had better be read at the end of the article.

revenue. Let him take the tax off knowledge—properly so called—and lay the tax on ignorance, when, if the collection is properly made, the product would be so immense, that the national debt might soon be paid off, and cash left in hand to go to market with for another century.

AN EDUCATIONAL NOVELTY.



THE Education Question

is now one of those numerous questions of the day, which are waiting—and some of them seem likely to be kept waiting some time—for an answer. Some are for teaching this and some that, but we think there can be no doubt in the mind of any one anxious to train up a child, that nothing would be a severer lesson than to carry the infant mind through a regular course of railway trains as indicated in the published Time-tables. We have had Guides

to Knowledge of every kind, but to us a Railway Guide has been hitherto a guide to ignorance, for we have always risen from a perusal of that elaborate work with a thorough collision in our brain between all the Ups and Downs of Life, from the Express to the Parliamentary.

We begin to fear that no one will ever understand a Railway Time-table, unless he has learnt it in his early youth, for to us it is one of the dead languages, in which our primeval pedagogue has omitted to instruct us. We propose, therefore, for the benefit of the rising generation, that those tables should be learnt in time, and thus the time in the tables may, perhaps, be understood in the days of mature manhood. We recommend that one of the large monthly sheets of BRADSHAW should be put up in every school-room, and that the boys should be divided into three classes, in accordance with railway division, for the purpose of studying this intricate branch of knowledge. We may perhaps write an additional chapter to WALKINGHAM, KEITH, or our old original friend COCKER, with the view of furnishing examples of Railway Arithmetic. The object would be gained by something like the following:—

No. 1. If the figures 9-35, 1-56-8-44 appear opposite the parliamentary train, state when it starts, when it stops, and when it arrives.

No. 2. If an express train is advertised to be at its destination by 9 o'clock, state how far it will have proceeded on its journey by a quarter past eleven.

No. 3. Give the possible number of spoonfuls of a basin of hot soup that can be swallowed at the Swindon Station.

No. 4. If a basin of soup costs one shilling, how much is it per mouthful for all that you have time to demolish?

No. 5. When a train is marked in the time-table as arriving at a given place at a certain hour, and is stated in the same time-table to start from a less distant place half-an-hour after its alleged arrival at the more distant place, how is the difference accounted for?

No. 6. How many times will one engine go into three luggage-trucks?

No. 7. If one third-class carriage is divided by an express train, what will the passengers come to?

We might multiply these instances *ad infinitum*, but we leave the subject for the professional arithmeticians to multiply.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



our passport having been *visé* at the barrier by one of the proper officers, who are distinguished by no uniform but uniform politeness, the interior is at length gained, and we find ourselves on one of the numerous ranges of boulevards or ramparts, that encircle the Great Operatic Capital.

At convenient distances along the whole line of these boulevards guides are stationed, who are at once in attendance, to assist the traveller in reaching that particular circle to which he brings an introduction; for though an admission into any, implies an eligibility for all; there is nevertheless a choice of circles suited to the accommodation of every rank and of almost every pocket. There is in fact, a tier for nearly any station, including the royal tier—the upper tiers for the tiers *etat*; and we have even seen on the distant heights, in the extreme back ground of the gallery, a row which might be denominated the Soldiers' tier, from the occasional military occupation of a part of it by the Sergeants belonging to the guard of honour; and others in attendance on the royal visitors.

The Grand tier is now in our eye, and such a tier must

not be unceremoniously wiped out by a few words: for it is a tier remarkable for its brilliancy. It comprises so many attractive features, that the late lamented GEORGE ROBINS himself, whose imagination could have piled Pelion upon Ossa, Olympus on the top of that, the Apennines over those, with Ben Lomond as a sort of Upper Benjamin to cover the whole—we repeat that even this master of description would have found description reduced to a state of beggary, had he attempted to apply its resources to the locality at which we have now arrived. He might have been equal to the task of dealing with a shooting-box, or a little box in the country; but even he must have failed in doing justice to the boxes of Her Majesty's Theatre. He would no doubt have commenced with "the abode of royalty" consisting of the lodge or *loge* of the QUEEN herself; but he must inevitably have stumbled at the threshold; and as this ungrateful movement would be quite out of place in such a scene as this, we decline taking any further on our trip, a companion who might have been thus awkwardly caught tripping.

We prefer, therefore, giving the reins to our own Pegasus, and shall at once dash into the middle of our description of the grand tier and its inhabitants. The chief ornament of this circle is the illustrious personage after whom the whole locality is named, and it is natural that THE QUEEN should be, as it were, identified with the theatre of HER MAJESTY. Though the realms of Opera possess a lyric throne, which is invariably occupied by the reigning Queen of Song—to whom we shall hereafter allude—there is, nevertheless, an *imperium in imperio*; a Sovereign to whom all the lyrical Queens acknowledge allegiance. Her present Majesty has succeeded to the empire of the Opera as to a part of the institutions that have grown up under her predecessors, from whom they have been handed down to her. It has been interwoven with the manners and customs of the people over whom she rules, and whose visits to the delightful regions of melody contribute much to the cultivation of their taste in that art, whose charms are said to have the power of soothing that turbulent nuisance, "the savage breast," and, in fact, converting even the bears, the bores, and the brutes of society into amiable members of a "happy family."

The QUEEN instead of rushing to this place or that for the benefit of the waters, the *malade*, either real or *imaginaire*, may profit by drinking in from time to time the liquid harmony that is continually gushing forth, during the season, from the numerous springs of melody that abound in this enchanted spot. In order to preserve the purity and genuineness of the liquid harmony already mentioned, we may observe that it is always supplied through the channels expressly adapted by nature for its conveyance, and that nothing in the shape of a pump is allowed to remain. We will not go so far as to say that no pump has been known in these dominions, for there have been one or two instances of the kind; but as the pumps want supplying constantly with succour, to enable them to make a momentary spurt, and are incapable of drawing, they at once cease to act, and are soon wholly removed. We are, however, passing too rapidly from the inhabitants to the productions of the place, and we will say a few words of the brilliant circles into which the traveller is now introduced.

Looking to the left on entering, the traveller's eye will light on what may be termed in language suited to the locality, the *Villa Reale*, or royal box. When this is tenanted, the effect

is extremely pleasing, for Her Majesty's Theatre, without HER MAJESTY, seems incomplete; and though not amounting to a case of *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* left out, there is no denying that the QUEEN seems never so thoroughly at home among her subjects as when enjoying with them the same elegant entertainment in her own house. Undisturbed by impertinent or obtrusive curiosity, she has here an opportunity of mixing with her people without the *gêne* of Court etiquette on the one hand, or the annoyance of boisterous but well-meant attentions on the other. In these agreeable regions HER MAJESTY may see and be seen to the best advantage; for her graceful emotion at the sorrows of *Amina*, her not less becoming relish for the humours of *Don Pasquale*, her hearty laughter at the fun of LABLACHE, her delicate appreciation of the delicious singing and exquisite acting of SONTAG, her genuine enjoyment of all she sees and hears, are so many links between herself and those around her; who find out that, though divided by station from their sovereign, they are in pleasant sympathies and in honest impulses of feeling, very closely allied to her. Here, also, the agreeable discovery has been made that the Royal children possess the hearty qualities of their mother, for when the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCESS ROYAL were introduced to the dominion of Opera, they, like the QUEEN herself, were thrown into fits of laughter by LABLACHE, whose compass of voice is almost equal to his compass of body, and who has had more real greatness thrust upon him than any man alive. No wonder that every one should be wrapped up in him when he is on the scene, and that attention should be divided between SONTAG's smiles and his size. We ourselves have got this tremendous object so completely into our eye, that we must pause to take out this great dot from our eye before we shall be able to see our way to proceed further.

Fancy Slop-Fair.

THERE was advertised the other day in the *Times* a "Fancy Bazaar," to be held in the Hanover Square rooms, "for the benefit of the Ladies' Mission to the Jews at Corfu." The lady-patronesses of this religious Fancy Fair may not have known, perhaps, that there are places called Houndsditch and Duke's Place, rather nearer to Hanover Square than Corfu, and containing altogether perhaps more Jews, whose conversion—to any honest persuasion—would, like an Adelphi melodrama, be "of strong domestic interest," instead of merely concerning foreigners. But a Fancy Bazaar would be of more service to our Needlewomen than to our Israelites; and if charitable ladies would sell shirts for their indigent sisters, they would doubtless obtain prices for those manufactures as fair—very nearly—as themselves.

THE LAST NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

THE Admiralty alleges that there is not space enough in the ward-room for the naval assistant-surgeons. *Mr. Punch* presents his compliments to the Lords of the Admiralty, and respectfully recommends them to tell that to the Marines.

DERIVATION OF LUXURY.

FROM *Lux*, light—on account of Light, which is a necessity for cleanliness and health, being made, through the medium of the Window Tax, an expensive Luxury which only the rich can afford to enjoy.

"LES MYSTÈRES DE PARIS."—The greatest mystery of Paris will be MONSIEUR EUGÈNE SUE's election for it.

FEMALE 'BUSSES.



IR.—I am a great Omnibus-Traveller, because I am poor, and the Omnibus is the poor man's carriage.

"These carriages, however, are very far from perfect. Amongst many other drawbacks, I will mention one: THE LADIES.

"I maintain that Ladies have no right in Omnibuses at all. They never were intended for them, and at first no Lady had the face to get into an Omnibus. She would as soon have thought of walking into a Divan—or a Billiard-room—or the Athenæum—or any one of our clubs. Omnibuses, I lay down, were built for men, and by men they ought exclusively to be filled.

"At present Ladies are interlopers—intruders—and I should not wonder if in time they do not make it a favour to let us ride in our own vehicles. As it is, I never get into an Omnibus that I see filled with the lovely sex. I could no more do it than I could pass the day in Exeter Hall.

"In the first place, I detest babies in any shape—quiet or noisy. If they are

quiet, they play with your shirt-frill, or your watch-chain—if they are noisy, they kick your trousers and clutch your whiskers.

"Now, Sir, it is pretty evident, that if there were no Ladies in an Omnibus, there would be no babies. By excluding the one, you virtually slam the door in the face of the other. I would have babies pay double fare, and twins should not be admitted at any price.

"There are other complaints, however, just as loud as the babies;—which I do not object to, if they happen to be asleep, and you are not requested to hold them on your lap. But a Lady takes up twice as much room as a gentleman. Look at her dress! What with her hoops, and her flounces, and pelisses, victorines, mantalines, crinolines, and a thousand other lines, I defy her not to take room for two, at least. The consequence is, we have to suffer. If there are two Ladies on the same side, you will see the gentlemen run up into a corner at the end, packed together as tight as a pack of cards.

"Besides, every Lady who gets into an Omnibus has an inseparable attachment for a bundle, a handbox, a birdcage, and a parcel of some sort or other, which ought properly to have gone by the Parcels' Delivery Company. These parcels are always in the gentlemen's way—and if you happen to put your foot accidentally into a handbox, you are sure never to hear the last of it, till you have left the Omnibus. Do what you will to oblige the women, they are never satisfied.

"There is but one remedy for this s'a'e of things, Sir, and with your leave I now hasten to propose it:—

LET THE LADIES HAVE AN OMNIBUS TO THEMSELVES!

"There are carriages exclusively for the Ladies on the railways, why should not the same system be adopted in the streets with our public vehicles?

"The conductor should be a Lady—the driver should be a Lady.

"The roof inside might be ornamented with baby-jumpers—or else the roof outside provided with cradles—for the convenience of the dear babies.

"The interior should be lined with looking-glasses.

"Accommodation might be given for knitting, sewing, and crochet-work.

"At the end of the vehicle, should be exhibited on an embossed card, with little raised Cupids kissing one another, and tastefully decorated with ribbons, the following placard:—

NO SCANDAL ALLOWED.

"To prevent disputes, every Lady should pay her fare on getting in, and no money to be returned upon the Lady suddenly discovering she is going in an opposite direction to that which she intended.

"A stringent law should be made that no Lady is to keep the Omnibus waiting more than five minutes, while she is searching in every pocket, bag, and reticule, 'for her change.'

"Only one bundle to be allowed to each Lady.

"A separate Omnibus to run every Saturday and Monday, for the convenience of washer-women and their baskets.

"A whole dictionary of names will instantly suggest itself for such Omnibuses. There is 'Paradise,' 'The Boudoir,' 'The Nursery,' 'The Parasol,' 'The Reindeer,' 'The Bonnet-box,' 'The Whispering Gallery,' 'The Ladies' Drawing Room,' (for such it literally would be,) and many more, which I shall be happy to supply.

"I am sure such a vehicle would be hailed by all classes—but by the Ladies more especially—as an immense improvement upon our present plan of mixed Omnibuses. It would be pleasanter for the Ladies, and much more comfortable to the gentlemen. The former would

avoid many insults and robberies, and the latter a hundred inconveniences in the shape of wet umbrellas, dirty pattens, and teething children,—to say nothing of being continually called upon 'to go outside (during a shower of rain) to oblige a lady.' I should like to see a lady ever doing the same for a gentleman!

"I remain, Sir,

"(And intend remaining so as long as I can.)

"AN OLD BACHELOR, *Æt.* 62."

THE SHOWMEN OF ST. PAUL'S.

AIR—"No Science to me is a Mystery"

(To be Sung by a Verger; assisted by his Colleagues and the Gentlemen of the Choir.)

"TOTHER day at the Mansion House dinner

Our excellent DEAN made a speech,

(Ah! the Church has no clergyman in her

That so melting a sermon can preach).

Our brave army LORD HOWDEN belauded,

SIR CHARLES NAPIER our famed wooden walls,

But ho! they weren't half so applauded

As our DEAN, when he cried up St. Paul's.

Chorus.

Sing, twopence a head for admission

To the Statues, is all we require;

Open daily, St. Paul's Exhibition,

Four-and-fourpence to view the entire.

Says the Dean, "Though the tempest awaken;

Albeit our bark pitch and lurch:

In the good ship my trust is unshaken;

No, I fear not a jot for the Church,

Any more than I do, in foul weather,

For the pile over which I preside."

Four-and-fourpence, says you, altogether;

Only twopence to let you inside.

Chorus.—Sing, twopence, &c.

Have a look at our monuments, ladies,

It is only a twopenny touch;

Which when their attractions are weigh'd, is,

I am sure you'll acknowledge, not much.

Here 's the great DR. JOHNSON; JOHN HOWARD:

Here 's LORD NELSON, as bold as can be;

Here 's SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE—no coward—

For the small sum of twopence, to see.

Chorus.—Sing, twopence, &c.

Walk up, gents, to the whispering galleries;

Lads and lasses—you'll have but to pay

One more sixpence towards our poor salaries—

There you'll hear what your sweetheart's will say.

Hoy! walk up to the Library, Staircase,

Clock, Model Room, Great Bell, and Ball,

And the Crypts—no, you walk down in *their* case—

Four-and-four is the ticket for all.

Chorus.—Sing, twopence, &c.

Come and view this magnificent building

Of a Church, whose intentions and plans

Are aimed less at fine carving and gilding,

Than to merit the name of "Poor Man's."

Now, all you wicked sinners—yoho, there!—

Not worth twopence, stand clear of the door,

And let up them good people, below there,

Wot is game for to stand four-and-four.

Chorus.—Sing, twopence, &c.

The Latest Joke on the Tapis.

DISRAELI has been making merry over the misfortunes of Ministers. The following is not a bad specimen of his mirth; he declares—"LORD JOHN has the soul of an old carpet he doesn't mind how often he's beaten, as long as he occupies the floor of the House of Commons."



Farming Uncle. "YOU DON'T SEE SUCH MUCK AS THIS IN LONDON, BEN?"

Cockney Nephew. "OH, DON'T WE, THOUGH. YOU SHOULD SEE EATON SQUARE!"

GOLDEN LONDON.—A CIVIC SUPERSTITION.

A FEW DAYS AGO, the MAYOR OF HASTINGS reciprocated dinner with the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON; hospitality, intelligent and agreeable. We hope that his Lordship, ere his twelvemonth's reign shall cease, will dine throughout England. Hoping this, we, however, protest against the presence of ALDERMAN HUMPHERY at any future country festival. The Alderman is, no doubt, an excellent man; but, to use a quotation recently employed by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE to MISS SELLON (and was ever letter written nobler than that of plain LORD JOHN'S? so courteous—so grave—so gentlemanly—so parental!)—"some of the darkest and most dangerous prejudices of men arise from the most honourable principles." Superstition is of these—and shocking, and very dangerous, however amiable in its intentions, is the superstition enounced by ALDERMAN HUMPHERY to the guileless, believing denizens of Hastings; who, when they had drunk "the Corporation of London," were addressed by the pride of London's Aldermen, HUMPHERYS, saying these dark, benighted words:—"Country people and young people are taught that when they visit London they will find the streets paved with gold. IT IS TRUE! The streets of that great city ARE PAVED WITH GOLD, and you have proof to-day that ANY MAN who goes to London will find it so, whose course is marked by industry, honour, and religion."

Oh! HUMPHERY, and is this really true? Is it a great, lustrous fact, or only so much moonshine? Are Cheapside flags gold, bright, glittering gold to *any man* who, commanding the alchemic agents of industry, honour, and religion, may choose to transmute the granite into virgin metal? Are industry, honour, and religion invariably the successful graces of life, upraising, crowning, and cherishing their votary and believer? Does industry never fail? Is the *Gazette* invariably the pillory of the sluggard? Does no one except the knave stand abashed in Basinghall Street? Is it the scoffer alone whose want of faith is punished with want of goods? May any man—judicious and prosperous HUMPHERY—endue himself with the miniver of the Alderman? Do industry, honour, and religion alone officially quaff punch and lap turtle in the Hall of Egypt?

Think again, oh Alderman! In the sagacious exercise of your magisterial functions, there must at some time have stood at Guildhall bar, a miserable man, foiled in his best attempts at work—a man with purest character—a man, whose uncomplaining patience under sharpest misery, betokened that Christian faith in the future that half-vanquished the terrible present. This man wants food; the shelter of a roof; the decency of covering against the honest sense of shame as against the elements. And yet it is his own sin that makes him a wretch; it is his own inherent want of good qualities that degrades him to a pauper. There are London stones—and he will not help himself. All London Aldermen are, more or less, alchemists: but the Guildhall knave has

no powers of projection; he is a penniless outcast, because he has neither industry, nor honour, nor religion!

This is the superstition of success—a superstition too frequently written in a cheque-book. With some men, the great account of human life is the account at their bankers.

GOVERNMENT PAPERS.

REVIEW.

Assessed Taxes.—1850-51. *Return for the Assessment of the Year 1850, ending 5th April, 1851, on Articles kept between 5th April, 1849, and 6th April, 1850.* London. Government.

WE have perused and re-perused this annual issue of the GOVERNMENT Press, with painful attention, as, unfortunately, we are bound to do under a penalty of FIFTY POUNDS, our liability to which in case of misunderstanding any part of it, is almost the only part of it that we can understand at all. Order is out of the question in the attempt to criticise the paper before us; we must sift the mass of rubbish anyhow. Under the head of "No. 3" you are required to state the names of "Male persons occasionally employed as Servants," by you, "where" (*sic.*) "you are not chargeable for a Servant No. 1, or for any Carriage, or for more than one Horse for riding, &c." If you pay your greengrocer to come and wait at table two or three times a year, when you give a dinner-party, is he a "Male person, occasionally employed as a Servant?" If you are to return him as such, in case you are not chargeable for more than one horse, must you do so, supposing you are not chargeable for a horse at all? Then what is the meaning of "One Horse for riding, &c.?" Mark the punctuation. "One Horse, &c.," would seem to mean the horse and his saddle, bridle, and stirrups. From horses we will take a flying leap over—but by no means clearing—various blunders, to dogs. We are called upon to give a "Description where only one is kept, not being a Greyhound." Many a dog, not being a greyhound, but a pug, or a pet spaniel, is kept on the lap and the hearth-rug. Should the hearth-rug and the lap be described as the localities "where" the dog is kept? If the dog's breed, not its abode, is to be the subject of description, learning in dogsflesh may be needful. An esteemed acquaintance of our own possesses a canine favourite, pronounced by the testimony of concurrent Scots to be a Skye terrier. Certain Southern—not to say Metropolitan friends of his, tell him that the animal is a French poodle. Terriers—Skye or simple—are subject to the heavier duty. This gentleman, of course, will not return his dog as a terrier till he is conscientiously convinced that it is one. We would recommend them to revise not only their tax-papers, but their whole system of taxation. This is their business; and if they cannot do it, they had better give place to some abler firm.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE SECOND.

BEING A BIT OF MRS. MOUSER'S POLITICS.

AUNT PEACOCK, who was never wrong, was never more right than when she said—and how I remember the day! It was before I married MOUSER; and it was the first time he had ever seen me shed a tear, and really he seemed as proud of it as if it had been a diamond of the purest water—which of course it was, coming as it did from a young, a loving, and a maiden heart, and it being dropped for him, he was quite conceited about it, when aunt PEACOCK—and I shall never forget her solemn countenance—said, “AMELIA, you foolish thing! where’s your proper pride? Couldn’t you see that ALFRED”—that’s MOUSER’s Christian name, and it isn’t for me, after these years, to say it’s a name too noble for him, which aunt PEACOCK, I remember, once hoped it wasn’t—“couldn’t you see that the creature, when you would in that headlong manner drop a tear because he *would* be jealous of young TARLINGTON, not that he felt any more real jealousy than the lion’s head upon the knocker—couldn’t you see that he was quite proud of your trouble? That upon that one tear he stood at least six inches higher?”

No; I couldn’t see it: for I was then young—not that I mean to say I am old at this moment; certainly not: I should say quite the reverse; as I gave MR. MOUSER himself to understand only yesterday, when, looking at my new gown, he took it upon himself to wonder what colour it was.

“Why,” said I, “my dear,” believing he felt all the pride it is a husband’s duty to feel, when he sees the wife of his bosom in anything new—not that I believe MOUSER would sometimes notice me (but then, to be sure, it’s all his aggravation) if I was to go like the Queen of the Gold Coast, in glass beads and cockatoo’s feathers—“why,” said I, “what do you think the colour is?”

Then he shook his head as if he didn’t care to guess. “Look at it,” said I: “isn’t it beautiful? Well then, the colour is this—quite a new thing—peach-blossoms shot with silver-grey.”

“Indeed!” said MOUSER, and I could see his face twitch, and the corners of his mouth crisp up as they always do when anything wicked’s coming from him—and sometimes—not that I wish to say anything against MOUSER—sometimes he cares no more for people’s feelings, than a wild boar cares for a rose-bush.

“Indeed,” said he, “peach-blossoms shot with silver-grey! Very proper; and quite suiting your time of life, Mrs. MOUSER; for you know, my dear,”—for that’s the way he sometimes covers the sting with the honey—“you know that your peach-blossoms, not but what you’re good-looking still”—whereupon I told him to keep his compliments to himself; I wanted none of ’em—“you know, my darling”—and sometimes, when he’s in that humour, he’ll skip from dear to darling, and perhaps to angel afore you can look—“you know, my bird of Paradise, that your peach-blossoms have long since been shot with silver-grey; dead shot, I should say, and no recovery.”

Now, there was a time, when, at only a syllable of this, I should have gone to my room, and cried. But, I flatter myself, I have put down that weakness with a hand of adamant. No: for I have treasured and improved upon the words of dear aunt PEACOCK. “Women, AMELIA,” said that dear soul to me, “women, like the lordly elephants, are made what they are by men only for this reason; the foolish creatures don’t know their own strength. Nature has done everything for ’em, and they will throw themselves away—they won’t do anything for themselves. All the world’s at their feet, and, instead of making the most of it for their own advantage, and their own comfort, what do they do? Why, they take the world in their two hands, if I may so say it, and give it away from ’em with themselves into the bargain. They put chains upon their own wrists, and—well, I’ve no patience with ’em—and think slavery becomes ’em. If they only knew their own strength, wouldn’t they cut the cards and play the game a little differently! Yes, yes, my dear,”—poor aunt PEACOCK would say—“ever since that first apple was bit, haven’t the men, out of very spite, always kept the sunny side of the pippin to themselves?” And it’s true—a truth, as I say to MOUSER, bitter as aloes.

However, for the time the world’s going to last, it’s quite worth mending it, and it’s my opinion—and I’m quite prepared to be laughed at, gracious knows! I’ve been pretty well seasoned to that by MOUSER; not that I would speak against MOUSER; it doesn’t become me, though his jokes, as he calls ’em, have no respect for his wife, specially the wife I’ve been to him—it’s my opinion, that, if the world is to be mended at all, it’s the women only that can properly do it. Doesn’t it stand to reason? Here have the men been having the world to themselves thousands and thousands of years—all to themselves, as if the world was no more than a bowl of punch, ladling out all the good of it for their own pleasure—and pretty creatures they’ve often shown themselves, when they’ve got more of the good than has really been good for ’em—ladling out as much as they liked, and the poor women put

aside—snubbed, neglected, sent to tea and muffins, anything to be got rid of? This is the way the men have ruled the world ever since they first put their foot in it; never so much as letting the women call their souls their own property; and in many places—for it’s dreadful to look at a globe (I have one in the parlour), and to turn it over and over, and see what little specks there are, no more than I may say pins’-points in that thirty-six-inch globe, whereupon woman has any rights at all—though, gracious knows! she has next to none here. To be sure, in Christian countries, the men laugh at us—for, as I’ve often told MOUSER, I know they don’t mean it—laugh at us, and call us their better halves. “Better halves,” said aunt PEACOCK once—she had been talking of Turkey, where every man, she said, lived by a flowing river, with a sack in the house—“if we’re only better halves here, what are the poor things in Constantinople? Of course, a man—I mean an Ottoman, or some monster of the sort—a man with eight wives hardly considers ’em his better sixteenths!”

I do declare when I sometimes look at that thirty-six-inch globe—it was a birth-day gift the first year I left school; but I was simple and trusting, and by no means looked at the globe with the same eyes I do now—when I sometimes consider it and twirl it round and round, now looking at Jamaica, and weeping for my black sisters, and now at Circassia, and dropping a tear for my white ones, and now at North America, and heaving a sigh for the dear red daughters of our first ill-used, and, as I really believe, persecuted mother—for after all, who can say what she had to put up with, with no witnesses by?—when, I say, I consider the globe in this manner, and think of the poor souls the women upon it—there’s the dear Exquimaux things that, as I am credibly informed, go seal-fishing, while their lazy husbands do nothing but stop at home drinking peach-brandy and smoking pig-tail tobacco—when I consider this, as I do when MOUSER—that lord of the creation—is, for what I know, playing at billiards—I am the more and more determined that the world can never be put right, until women take it into their own hands, and roll it after their own hearts! And this is what I remarked to MOUSER and—no, I won’t say, for whatever his faults are, still he’s my husband; and I took him with his faults, though I may be allowed to observe, if I had thought he’d had half the number I’d have seen him *not* at the altar before I—but however, women—at least up to this time, were made to suffer, and I strain every sinew, I may say, to smile at my fate. But—it’s not going to last.

I have been to Parliament—into the very House of Commons. I told MOUSER I would, and I’ve done it.

Well, the hypocrisy of men all over the world, specially the civilized; for, after all, the savages are really and truly more of the gentlemen. They mean what they say towards the sex, and act up to it; they don’t call the suffering creatures lilies, and roses, and angels, and jewels of life, and then treat ’em as if they were weeds of the world, and pebbles of the highway. But with civilized nations—as I fling it at MOUSER—they all of ’em make women the sign-post pictures of everything that’s beautiful, and behave to the dear originals as if they were born simpletons.

“Look at Liberty, Mr. MOUSER,” said I. “Well, you want to make Liberty look as lovely as it can be done, and what do you do? Why you’re obliged to come to woman for the only beautiful Liberty that will serve you. You paint and stamp Liberty as a woman, and then—but it’s so like you—then you won’t suffer so much as a single petticoat to take her seat in the House of Commons.

“And next, MOUSER”—for I would be heard—“and next, you want the figure of Justice. Woman again! There she is, with her balance and sword, as the sort of public-house sign for law, but—is a poor woman allowed to wear false hair, and put a black gown upon her back, and so much as once open her mouth in the Queen’s Bench? May she put a tippet of ermine on herself—may she even find herself in a Jury? Oh, no: you can paint Justice, and cut her in stone, but you never let the poor thing say a syllable.

“But that’s the way, MOUSER—and I will go on—that’s the way we are handed about the world in signs: to be looked at and talked about, and there an end. What would England do, without a woman with a three-pronged fork to protect it? They call BRITANNIA—I have heard you do it, and don’t deny it—the genius of the country. Poor soul! if that’s to be a genius, to be talked of and sung about, and not to have a morsel of right, if that’s to be a genius—

“But—I tell you—I have been in the House of Commons. And I will say this, I went up into the gallery with—no, I won’t at the present tell you my feelings. But I *will* say this. How our good QUEEN—and if I’d my way there shouldn’t be another King in the world; no, they should all be Queens, like Queen Liberty, Queen Justice, Queen Mercy, and so forth—how our good QUEEN, after the times she’s looked at the Parliament, and after the speeches she’s made to them—how she must look down upon the Lords (I mean of the creation) of the Parliament assembled.”

Upon this matter, however, you shall have more than A BIT OF MY MIND.

Yours to continue,

AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.

A JUVENILE TEACHER ON EDUCATION.

Interlocutors.—LITTLE BOY and MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.



I beg to call the attention of the House of Commons to the following interesting dialogue:—

Little Boy. Please, Papa, what are you reading, Papa?

Middle-aged Gentleman. The speeches in Parliament, my little man; all about educating the millions of poor little boys and girls who can't read and write, and don't know their A, B, C, nor the difference between right and wrong.

Little Boy. Why don't their Papas and Mammias have them taught, Papa?

Middle-aged Gentleman. My dear, because they have no kind, good, Papas and Mammias like you. Some of their parents are too poor, and some too careless and indifferent.

Little Boy. Then, Papa, why doesn't the QUEEN order them to be sent to school?

Middle-aged Gentleman. Ha! her MAJESTY would be only too happy, if she could; but Parliament can't agree to let her.

Little Boy. Why not, Papa?

Middle-aged Gentleman.

Why, you see, my dear, Parliament is made up of gentlemen that belong to different religions, and not one of them, except a few, will vote for any school unless his own religion is taught in it. So the poor little girls and boys can't be taught anything because the sects can't settle their differences.

Little Boy. What differences, Papa?

Middle-aged Gentleman. I can't explain them to you. You couldn't understand them. They don't signify to little boys of your age.

Little Boy. Then, Papa, what do they signify to the poor little boys and girls?

Middle-aged Gentleman. Eh?—why—a—just so—that is—never mind. You'll know one of these days.

Little Boy. But what becomes of the poor boys and girls, Papa?

Middle-aged Gentleman. Why, they plunder and steal, and then they are taken up, and imprisoned and whipped, and by-and-by transported, and at last some of them hanged—all because they haven't been taught their duty like you, and know no better.

Little Boy. How cruel! If they don't know better, whose fault is it, Papa?

Middle-aged Gentleman. Nobody's in particular. It is because Society can't agree.

Little Boy. Who is Society, Papa?

Middle-aged Gentleman. Society—eh?—why—oh! Everybody, my boy.

Little Boy. Then I think, Papa, it is the fault of Everybody, and I think Everybody is very wicked, and will never be happy till he can make his mind up, and send the poor children to school.

Middle-aged Gentleman. 'Pon my word, my little boy, I believe you are right.

A WINDY SHINDY.

DUBLIN was visited the other day with such a hurricane as has not been known since the days when the winds blew and cracked their cheeks on Dover Cliff, and BOREAS split his sides in wild guffaws at the expense of poor old LEAR. It is said that thirty thousand pounds' worth of windows have been smashed, and it has become a privilege to be allowed—after an appointment of several days' standing—an audience of your glazier. The Dublin tradesmen declare loudly that the breeze has been raised by the rumour of the approaching abolition of the Vice-Royalty, and that this blow to their trade has been appropriately produced by the blowing out of their windows. Those who are always busying themselves about "What's in the wind?" are now told that indignation at the breaking up of an imitation Court was decidedly in the wind during the late tempest. We don't see why BOREAS should give himself such airs about a sensible resolution of the Government, but we cannot be surprised at the Prince of Puffers taking up the cause of the tradesmen of the Irish Metropolis, who are, no doubt, quite as adroit as their London brethren in the advertising arts, carts, and sciences.

THE TRIBUNAL OF MADNESS.—The Court of Chancery should be called, simply, the Court of Lunacy. Its jurisdiction extends over all lunatics, and none but lunatics ever think of going to law in it.

THE WHIPPER-IN'S LAMENT.

(By LORD M—RC—S H—LL.)

My first employ was a light-weight boy,
With the Parliament Pack to ride;
And the runs I've had, as I steered my prad
At old BILLY 'OLMES's side!

Oh, he was the man, when wild they ran,
To tail his dogs home in a crack;
No odds scent or weather, he kept them together,
On his hard-mouthed Treasury hack.

No hound so young could e'er give tongue,
When he *should* ha' run close and mum,
But, with lash or look, BILLY brought him to book,
And the babblingest dog was dumb!

The scent might be shy, the fox run sly,
Or have earthed in awkward ground,
But at hand for a cast, with the field hard and fast,
Old BILLY was safe to be found!

All covers he'd draw, and too much law
No fox got where BILLY came;
No matter what scent crossed the line they went,
He kept the pack to their game.

And to crown the run, when the sport was done,
You was safe a death to see,
And the nob's they'd tip the jolly old whip,
And BILLY warn't proud—not he!

And I'd bet a pot, he 'arned all he got,
For never was whipper-in
Had a hand more neat, or a better seat,
'Arder mouth or thicker skin.

But now a poor whip there's none to tip,
All we gets, it is 'ard knocks—
Our kennel and breed is a runnin' to seed,
And we never kills a fox!

Then there's LORD JOHN, in the days that's gone
Well in the front he showed,
Never craned or shied, but in his stride,
Took wot came in his road.

But now, I'm blest, if I ain't distrest,
His conduc' for to see;
At every ditch, it's a baulk or hitch,
Which didn't use to be.

And the old Whig pack, thro' bein' 'unted slack,
Are wild as gipsy curs;
Off after a cow, or a sheep—bow-wow—
Or an 'edge 'og in the furze.

For rating or thong, I may lay it, ding-dong,
About their flanks and ears,
They don't care a rap; ten to one they'll snap
At me when I interferences!

Four runs last week, home we did sneak,
Without a single kill!
And LORD JOHN on *Winders*, SIR CHARLES on *Stamps*,
Both 'ad an awful spill!

What's to come of the 'ounds that's broken bounds,
And wild across country roam,
I 'aven't a guess to my back, unless
Young BEN he chivies 'em 'ome.

Once dogs was dogs, but now, by Gogs,
I think they'll soon begin
To break their tethers, mount tops and leathers,
And 'unt the whipper-in!

The Old Paths.

NOTICE has appeared in the *Oxford Journal* for the closing of forty-six footpaths—short cuts through pleasant meadows round stately Oxford! We call upon that venerable University, which is so fond of the old paths when they lead to Rome, or away from improvement, in the words of her favourite maxim, "*stare super antiquas vias*," or, in plain English, "to stand up for the old roads" on this occasion.

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR SOLOMON PACIFICO.

II.—ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING A FOGY.



HILST I was riding the other day by the beautiful Serpentine River upon my excellent friend HEAVY-SIDE'S grey cob, and in company of the gallant and agreeable AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, a carriage passed from which looked out a face of such remarkable beauty, that AUGUSTUS and myself quickened our pace to follow the vehicle, and to keep for awhile those charming features in view. My beloved and unknown young friend who peruse these lines, it was very likely your face which attracted your humble servant; recollect whether you were not in the Park upon the day I allude to, and if you were, whom else could I mean but you? I don't know your name; I have forgotten the arms on the carriage, or whether there were any; and as for women's dresses, who can remember them? but your dear kind countenance was so pretty and good-humoured and pleasant to look at, that it remains to this

day faithfully engraven on my heart, and I feel sure that you are as good as you are handsome. Almost all handsome women are good: they cannot choose but be good and gentle with those sweet features and that charming graceful figure. A day in which one sees a very pretty woman should always be noted as a holiday with a man, and marked with a white stone. In this way, and at this season in London, to be sure, such a day comes seven times in the week, and our calendar, like that of the Roman Catholics, is all Saints' days.

TOPLADY, then, on his chesnut horse, with his glass in his eye, and the tips of his shiny boots just touching the stirrup, and your slave, the present writer, (who by the way is *rather* better and younger looking than the designer has made him) rode after your carriage, and looked at you with such notes of admiration expressed in their eyes, that you remember you blushed, you smiled, and then began to talk to that very nice-looking elderly lady in the front seat, who of course was your Mamma. You turned out of the ride—it was time to go home and dress for dinner—you were gone. Good luck go with you, and with all fair things which thus come and pass away!

TOP caused his horse to cut all sorts of absurd capers and caracoles by the side of your carriage. He made it dance upon two legs, then upon other two, then as if he would jump over the railings and crush the admiring nursery-maids and the rest of the infantry. I should think he got his animal from BATTY'S, and that, at a crack of WIDDICOMB'S whip, he could dance a quadrille. He ogled, he smiled, he took off his hat to a Countess's carriage that happened to be passing in the other line, and so showed his hair; he grinned, he kissed his little finger-tips and flung them about as if he would shake them off—whereas the other party, on the grey cob—the old gentleman—powdered along at a resolute trot, and never once took his respectful eyes off you while you continued in the ring.

When you were gone (you see by the way in which I linger about you still, that I am unwilling to part with you) TOPLADY turned round upon me with a killing triumphant air, and stroked that impudent little tuft he has on his chin, and said—"I say, old boy, it was the chesnut she was looking at, and not the *gray*." And I make no doubt he thinks you are in love with him to this minute.

"You silly young jackanapes," said I; "what do I care whether she was looking at the grey or the chesnut? I was thinking about the girl; you were thinking about yourself, and be hanged to your vanity!" And with this thrust in his little chest, I flatter myself I upset young TOPLADY, that triumphant careering rider.

It was natural that he should wish to please; that is, that he should wish other people to admire him. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY is young (still) and lovely. It is not until a late period of life that a genteel young fellow, with a Grecian nose and a suitable waist and whiskers, begins to admire other people besides himself.

That, however, is the great advantage which a man possesses whose morning of life is over, whose reason is not taken prisoner by any kind of blandishments, and who knows and feels that he is a FOGY. As an old buck is an odious sight, absurd, and ridiculous before gods and men; cruelly, but deservedly, quizzed by you young people, who are

not in the least duped by his youthful airs or toilette artifices; so an honest, good-natured, straight-forward, middle-aged, easily-pleased Fogy is a worthy and amiable member of society, and a man who gets both respect and liking.

Even in the lovely sex, who has not remarked how painful is that period of a woman's life when she is passing out of her bloom, and thinking about giving up her position as a beauty? What a injustice and stratagems she has to perpetrate during the struggle! She hides away her daughters in the school-room, she makes them wear cruel pinafores, and dresses herself in the garb which they ought to assume. She is obliged to distort the calendar, and to resort to all sorts of schemes and arts to hide, in her own person, the august and respectable marks of time. Ah! what is this revolt against nature but impotent blasphemy? Is not Autumn beautiful in its appointed season, that we are to be ashamed of her and paint her yellowing leaves pea-green? Let us, I say, take the fall of the year as it was made, serenely and sweetly, and await the time when Winter comes and the nights shut in. I know, for my part, many ladies who are far more agreeable and more beautiful too, now that they are no longer beauties; and, by converse, I have no doubt that TOPLADY, about whom we were speaking just now, will be a far pleasanter person when he has given up the practice, or desire, of killing the other sex, and has sunk into a mellow repose as an old bachelor or a married man.

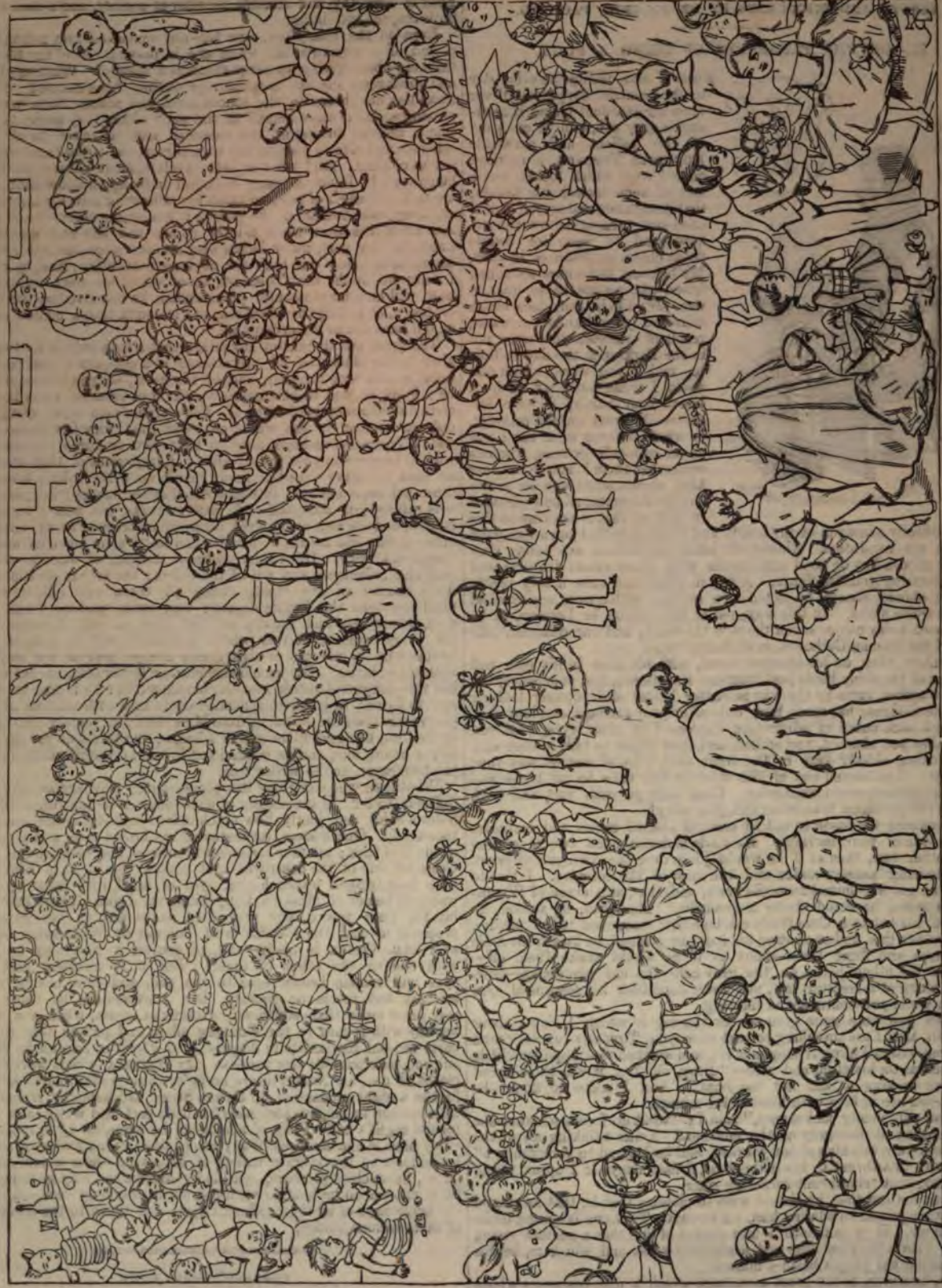
The great and delightful advantage that a man enjoys in the world, after he has abdicated all pretensions as a conqueror and enslaver of females, and both formally, and of his heart, acknowledges himself to be a Fogy, is that he now comes for the first time to enjoy and appreciate duly the society of women. For a young man about town, there is only one woman in the whole city—at least very few indeed of the young Turks, let us hope, dare to have two or three strings to their wicked bows—he goes to ball after ball in pursuit of that one person; he sees no other eyes but hers; hears no other voice; cares for no other petticoat but that in which his charmer dances: he pursues her—is refused—is accepted and jilted: breaks his heart, mends it, of course, and goes on again after some other beloved being, until in the order of fate and nature he marries and settles, or remains unmarried, free, and a Fogy. Until then we know nothing of women—the kindness and refinement and wit of the elders; the artless prattle and dear little character of the young ones; all these are hidden from us until we take the Fogy's degree: nay, even perhaps from married men, whose age and gravity entitles them to rank amongst Fogies; for every woman, who is worth anything, will be jealous of her husband up to seventy or eighty, and always prevent his intercourse with other ladies. But an old bachelor, or better still, an old widower, has this delightful entrée into the female world: he is free to come, to go: to listen: to joke: to sympathize: to talk with mamma about her plans and troubles: to pump from Miss the little secrets that gush so easily from her pure little well of a heart: the ladies do not *gener* themselves before him, and he is admitted to their mysteries like the Doctor, the Confessor, or the Kishlar Aga.

What man who can enjoy this pleasure and privilege ought to be indifferent to it? If the society of one woman is delightful, as the young fellows think and justly, how much more delightful is the society of a thousand! One woman, for instance, has brown eyes, and a geological or musical turn; another has sweet blue eyes, and takes, let us say, the GORHAM side of the controversy, at present pending; a third darling, with long fringed lashes hiding eyes of hazel, lifts them up ceiling-wards in behalf of MISS SELLON, thinks the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has hit the poor young lady very hard in publishing her letters, and proposes to quit the Church next Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever MR. ORIEL is ready—and, of course, a man may be in love with one or the other of these. But it is manifest that brown eyes will remain brown eyes to the end, and that, having no other interest but music or geology, her conversation on those points may grow more than sufficient. SAPPHIRA, again, when she has said her say with regard to the GORHAM affair, and proved that the other party are but Romanists in disguise, and who is interested on no other subject, may possible tire you—so may HAZELIA, who is working al'ar-cloths all day, and would desire no better martyrdom than to walk bare-foot in a night procession up Sloane Street and home by Wilton Place, time enough to get her poor *meurtris* little feet into white satin slippers for the night's ball—I say, if a man can be wrought up to rapture, and enjoy bliss in the company of any one of these young ladies, or any other individuals in the infinite variety of Miss-kind—how much real sympathy, benevolent pleasure, and kindly observation may he enjoy, when he is allowed to be familiar with the whole charming race, and behold the brightness of all their different eyes, and listen to the sweet music of their various voices!

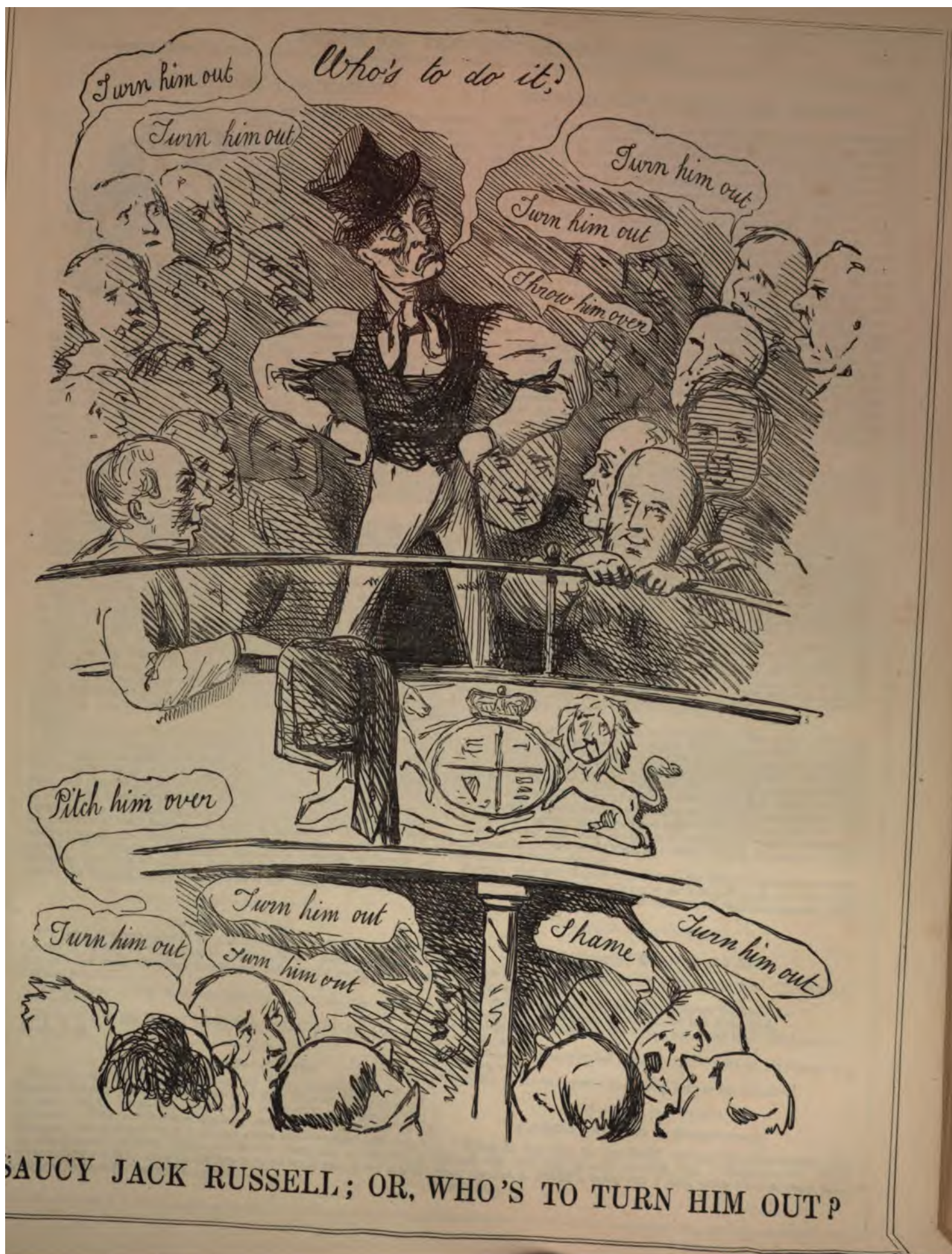
ENGLAND'S GOOD NAME.

OUR late proceedings in Greece have induced foreign nations to make a little alteration in our national nick-name, by adding a letter to it. Instead of calling us JOHN BULL, they now everywhere style us JOHN BULLY.

Manners and Customs of 7th Englyshe (New Series), No. 5.



A JUVENILE PARTY.



SAUCY JACK RUSSELL; OR, WHO'S TO TURN HIM OUT?

A HINT FROM HER MAJESTY.



We do not often peruse with very intense interest the lucubrations of that energetic historian, the Court newsmen, who chronicles from day to day the walks, the drives, and the dinners of Royalty. Like *Othello*, we are "not much moved" by the perusal of the tale, how this stick has succeeded that stick, how this lady has relieved the other lady, or how His Excellency the BARON HOBANOB was the only addition—and, in TUSSAUD phraseology, "a magnificent addition," we dare say—to the party of Royalty.

We are quite sure HER MAJESTY takes no delight in the perusal of these paragraphs; for which of us would wish to have published to the world the details of our every-day life, embracing such facts as our having, on such a day, "entertained MR. and MRS. JONES at a leg of mutton dinner," or that in the afternoon we had "taken our usual airing on the halfpenny steamboat?" Though our vanity might be a little tickled at first by perusing in print the announcement that we had received a few friends to tea, we should soon get tired of what might be termed our *Household Narrative*, when we found such paragraphs as "The charwoman has relieved the housemaid in waiting," or that "the children took their customary donkey-ride in the Park."

We, however, did notice in the *Court Circular*, of Friday last, a paragraph from which some profit may be derived. In the midst of a series of announcements respecting the birth-day of the PRINCESS ALICE, we came to the following:—

"At five o'clock in the afternoon HER MAJESTY received a small juvenile party, &c. The QUEEN, accompanied by the Royal children, received the youthful visitors in the saloon, in which the juveniles danced, and afterwards proceeded to the library, where refreshments were served. The juvenile party left the Palace soon after seven o'clock."

Here is an admirable example to those who are in the habit of giving children's parties, commencing at eight or nine p.m., and terminating at one or two in the morning, when the jaded juveniles crawl away with at least six months' health taken out of them by late hours, excitement and fatigue. The QUEEN, as a mother and a sensible woman, knows when "it is time that all good children should be in bed," as the nurse's saying goes, and she most properly sets herself above the fashionable foolery of half killing children under the pretext of amusing them. The juvenile party at the Palace was short and sweet, beginning early, breaking up in good time, and not interfering in the least with the usual hours that ought to be observed in all well-regulated families.

The visitors were kept long enough to be entertained, but not long enough to be worn out, and we dare say they enjoyed themselves in proportion to the good sense shown in providing for their amusement. The example is an excellent one, and we hope it will have its effect when the time comes round for cooping up a number of little children in hot rooms at unreasonable hours, for the gratification of a bevy of misguided mothers looking on with rapture at their offspring mimicking the fooleries of their elders in a spirit of premature apishness, which makes even childhood offensive—and that is saying a very great deal indeed. For once we congratulate the Court historian on having fulfilled the province of history—that of teaching by example—and the higher the example the more profitable is the lesson likely to be.

Liston Redivivus.

We thought never more to hear of a once celebrated farce, rendered famous in its day by the acting of LISTON in the principal character. But only last week the *Times* announced that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had

"Received, from 'X. Y. Z.,' Bank-notes, value £400, which he will place to the credit of the public."

Surely this is the farce of *X. Y. Z.*, and the chief actor in it is NEDDY BRAY.

The End of the Sea-Serpent.

We left our old friend dragging his slow length along up the Beaufort River in Carolina, with a party of the "Free and Independent" on their way to blow him out of the water with a couple of ten-pounders. They sailed—they loaded; they saw the monster at a distance; they primed—they were just going to fire—when they found the Sea-Serpent was three whales, which had blundered up the stream in each other's wake. And so the Sea-Serpent turns out, as we always expected he would, "very like a whale."

SABBATH-POST PENITENTIAL MEETING.

NEXT to being in the right, is the graceful and penitent confession of having been in the wrong. This confession is about to be made some day next week, by a large number of distinguished merchants, bankers, solicitors, and others—by the same men who, two or three months back, held meetings for the charitable purpose of denouncing ROWLAND HILL as one of the wicked, as a man determined upon the desecration of the English Sabbath, and with it the perdition of the souls of thousands of the doomed ones employed in the Post-Office. Art had been called in to awaken the indignation of the country, and envelopes with a portrait of ROWLAND HILL, garnished with horns and tail, was seen emptying from a bag a shower of letters upon a church steeple—more fatally struck than was ever steeple struck by lightning—by Sabbath foolscap. It was in vain that LORD RUSSELL sought to guarantee the peacefulness of the Sabbath—LORD RUSSELL was not believed; and very much the "merchants, bankers, solicitors," &c., applauded themselves in the charitableness of such incredulity. Since the first ass cropped his first meal of antediluvian thistles, there had never been such multitudinous braying, as that hee-hawed at public meetings, and through newspaper columns. And now—biding his time—MR. ROWLAND HILL has published a Report, convicting the "merchants, bankers, solicitors," &c., of the most needless violence—of the most unchristianlike abuse of a man to whom civilisation owes an immense amount of debt—a debt that from land to land will go on increasing. We borrow from the *Times* the subjoined analysis of the "Report" in question:—

"Mr. HILL had always stated that the necessity for the extra labour would be brief. On Sunday, the 28th of October, the additional London force of 25 men was first employed; on the 6th of January following it was reduced to 13; on the 13th of the same month to 3, and on the very next Sunday it was dispensed with altogether, having effected its object within the space of three months."

"By the device and execution of these measures 576 provincial post-offices have experienced a total positive relief of about 7½ hours each Sunday, and upwards of 4000 dependent offices have received a similar relief of about 7 hours. Estimated in relation to individuals, the effect of the measures has been to give to 5829 persons an average Sunday relief of 6½ hours each; that is to say, nearly 6000 people have been relieved from nearly 6 hours' work every Sunday by the operation of a scheme which was denounced as a deliberate encouragement to Sabbath-breaking and profanity. The Sunday force regularly employed in the Post-Office before the famous provisions of Mr. ROWLAND HILL's scheme amounted to 27 men. On the first day of operations under the new system this, to the scandal and horror of the public, was increased to 52. To be sure, some 4000 or 5000 were relieved in other quarters by the same regulation, but this little compensation was altogether overlooked in the great iniquity. But what followed? Not only was this additional force dispensed with in toto before three months had passed, but its labours had even contributed to lighten the lot of those who still remained. So well did the new arrangements act, that the work of the original force began gradually and steadily to diminish, and we are now officially told that 'the whole Sunday force ordinarily employed in the London office will be reduced to five or six men, which, even with the addition of the 10 clerks employed in the mail trains (and their duties will trench but little on the observances of the Sunday), will make a total force of little more than half that employed before the 28th of October last.'"

Punch has some satisfaction in the recollection that at the outset he met the folly, the abuse, and—in some cases, he may add—the pharisaical puritanism of the brawlers with argument and with laughter. Well, very much are the "merchants, bankers, solicitors," and others, ashamed of themselves; and they propose to meet next week—place and time will of course be advertised—and read MR. HILL's Report, and then and there express their penitence for the hard epithets that, in their ultra purity, they again and again bestowed upon him.

Further, they will then—in token of repentance—walk bare-headed in procession to the Post-Office, and read to MR. ROWLAND HILL a confession of their injustice.

Further, they will beg of MR. ROWLAND HILL to accept a bracelet for MRS. ROWLAND HILL—a bracelet set with jewels, in form of a snake with its tail in its mouth, typical in this case of repentant slander that—eats its own words.

To Unlicensed Hawkers of Jokes:

NOTICE! whoever sends us a joke on the subject of "CAMPBELL'S Miss-Sellon-y,"

Will be instantly proceeded against for literary felony!

The joke having been stolen from a wit at the West End,

And last seen in a leader of the *Times*, where the thief was traced by a friend

Of the manufacturer, who last night did with more of his friends in a body call

Upon Mr. *Punch* to impound the joke if sent to his periodical.

A CABMAN'S ESTIMATE OF RESPECTABILITY.

"WHAT do you take me for, Sir?" said an elderly gentleman to a cabman who had been grossly insulting him. "Take yer for? Vy, I took yer for a shillin' a mile, but I find yer a shab as only gives eightpence."



TERRIFIC ATTACK UPON MR. JACOB OMNIUM OF UPPER BAKER STREET, BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MRS. OXFORD TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

"JOHNNY!

"Oh! if I was your mother—which, thank my stars, I ain't—wouldn't I!—well, never mind. So you've the imperance, have you, you little Elinborough sixpenn'orth of halfpence, for to think of appointing a Commission to inquire into my household management? Oh! but the answer is to be all optional. JOHNNY, I wish you may get any. Try an experiment first. Go to the pond in St. James's Park, which I wish you was at the bottom of it, where the water-birds is. Stand on the bank, and cry, 'Goosey, goosey, goosey, goosey, come and be killed!' How many do you think you'll persuade to come? Rather more, I should think, than you will get any boys of mine to speak as in their own good as well as their poor old mother. And, pray, what is it you're so inquisitive about, a ter-ril? Not that I've got anything to be ashamed of; no, I should hope not; but if I choose to keep myself to my self, my affairs is nathing to nobody. All the world, I'm sure, knows as much as they've any business of DAME OXFORD. There never was no child of mine as was a disgrace, or anything else but a comfort, to his family and friends. Take any of 'em, and if you fancy that I spoilt him, or brought him up to extravagance and ruin—ask his father. And I'm sure my sons—for I calls all the young gentlemen I takes in, my sons—couldn't have a mother to be more careful of them than I am, looking over their things, and their bills, and seeing what they has and what they pays, and that they're never cheated nor imposed on. As to my bringing of them on in their studies, there's nobody but a most wicked story as can say a

word agin that. I'm sure, what with Latin and Greek, and Greek and Latin, let alone Hebrew, their poor heads is stuffed as full as they can hold. Don't tell me that I should have 'em taught more of your nateral sciences, and your modern languages, and Indian gibberish. Don't talk to me about your nasty Chemistry, which I don't believe half of it, and your Botany, and Anatomy, and Ornithology, and Etymology, and parlyvoing, and yaw-yawing, and new-fangled Sanscrit. They learn as much of all them sort of things as they ought to know, and are quite good enough scollards for any Chris'tian. I've trained them up in the way they should go, JOHNNY. I've took care to distil their minds with proper principles; instead of which you'd have them trying to set the Trames a-fire with your sulphur, and gash, and experiments in Calvinism. No, JOHN, DAME OXFORD's late, I can tell you, have other fish to fry, and will maintein, in defence of their glorious constitution, against your Papishes, and Dissenters, and you too, for there isn't a pin to choose between you. Come, if you dare, and poke your nose in o my house-keeping, like a jackdaw peeping down a narrow-bone. Find out all the secrets you can. I deiy you to meddle with

"OLD DAME OXFORD.

"P.S. P'raps the above mayn't be no news to you. Mry be you've heard as much already from INGLIS. Whicuever way, put it in your pipe, etoetra."

PARLIAMENTARY DOOR-KEEPING.

A SELECT committee has been sitting on the door-keepers of the House of Lords, who are likely to cry out that they have been crushed by being thus sat upon.

We cannot understand the complaints of poorly paid labour, when we find that hall-porters' work commands such wages as the country has been paying to the gentlemen who have met with such an eligible opening as the opening of the door of the House of Lords. The Forty Thieves made a tolerably good thing of their Open Sesam; but we doubt whether even the Captain of the band could have cleared such a comfortable thing of it, as the officers we have been alluding to have hitherto enjoyed. Every knock, single or double, that came to the House of Lords, has been a rap in the pocket of the door-keeper, and nothing seems to have answered better than answering the door. Every pull at the bell has been a pull upon poor JOHN BULL's pocket, until he can no longer stand the constant pull out—or, in other words, he refuses to go on being let in by those entrusted with the duty of lettinz in the Peers.

In one year the door-keeper cleared £2500 by the operation of simply turning a handle, which must be the very identical handle to abuse that we have heard spoken of so frequently. Between £700 and £800 a year is a moderate average for the door-keeper. Who will not feel that it would be cheaper even to furnish every one of their Lordships with a latch-key to let himself in, than to pay such an enormous sum to a functionary who has not even got to ask "Who's dat knocking at de door?" but simply admits each peer as he enters the house. The whole cost might be saved by having a check-string near the woollack, to be pulled by the Chancellor, who would thus exercise a very proper check upon this branch of our outlay.

We strongly recommend the adoption either of the principle of latch-keys or the Lords, or the still more economical plan of Little Red Riding Hood's Grandmother, for we do not see why each Member of the House should not be directed to pull a hobbin outside, so that the latch might come up, and he could walk in.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—It is an extraordinary and somewhat self-contradictory fact, that, while very little that MR. FERRAND is in the habit of saying is taken in, still less of it is carried out.

MAXIMS AND DISPATCHES OF FIELD MARSHAL WIDDICOMB.



URELY peace should be encouraged, if it is only for its economy. How much cheaper it is than war! Peace requires no double band, no outlay of brass, no blue-fire, no saltpetre, no smoke—and War is all smoke. It is the smoke that costs the money. A War that should consume its own smoke, would be a great boon—especially as the babies in the pit would not cough so much, when I am addressing my gallant troops, previous to leading them on to victory.

Victory! it is but the flash of a second—a vivid illumination, succeeded by general darkness. You hear a shout—you see a blaze—and the next moment the green curtain falls—and I have to hurry off to pay "the supers."

If ever France and England should go to war again, I propose that FRANK and Astley's should fight their battles. We should do it much more effectively—and our play-bills would do as well for bulletins and dispatches—for we should both of us be sure to claim the victory.

Every Ring has its fool, and the man who marries a woman in the belief that she is perfection is the fool of the wedding-ring.

OLD ASTLEY had the lowest contempt for women who did not know how to ride. A celebrated actress from Drury Lane applied to him for an engagement. "Can you ride, madam?"—"No, Sir"—"Then, please madam, you must walk."—And he would not listen to another word.

DUCROW was the most enterprising manager I ever knew. At the time that SIR ROBERT PEEL said that the "Battle of the Constitution" must be fought in the Registration Courts, he sent in a contract to Government, pledging himself to fight the battle cheaper than any one else.

"Man is but Dust:" this may not be perfectly new, but can anything be more true? Considering how often I have been splashed and kicked by the horses, and how repeatedly I have been tripped up by Mr. Merriman, and rolled about in the Ring, I am sure no one will accuse me of pedantry when I boldly say that "Man is but sawdust."

The Horse is greatly to be envied. His engagement lasts all the year round, and he never knows what it is to want a meal. There have been moments of weakness, when I, WIDDICOMB, have regretted I had not been born a horse!

Upon what a trifle does a man's Fame sometimes depend! GOMERSAL confessed to me he owed his engagement as NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE solely to the accident of his taking snuff!

Who says there is no promotion in our service? Why I have known a young tailor start in the British army as a drummer boy, and be the MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY before he was nineteen. Innumerable other instances might be given.

It is a great question whether I have derived half as much gratification from "the most brilliant achievement that ever distinguished the annals of British history"—I mean, our Battle of Waterloo—as from a dozen oysters and a bottle of stout, which I have quietly enjoyed in my dressing-room afterwards.

Are we a Nation of Rogues?

THE discussion on the Summary Jurisdiction Bill has elicited the observations that trial by jury is the "Palladium of British Liberty," and the "dearest birthright of Englishmen." The fact asserted in the former proposition cannot be too strongly insisted on; though, possibly, the remark itself may be made too often. But to the latter aphorism we entirely object. Our dearest birthright is, of all our advantages, that which we have most occasion to avail ourselves of, and we should be much ashamed if, in our personal case, this were trial by jury. What must foreigners think of us if we let a saving pass current which implies that an Englishman is almost constantly having to appear in the dock?

THE REPRESENTATION AS IT MIGHT BE.

AN entirely new basis of representation is suggested by a passage in a speech made by Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., at the National Reform Association. The Honourable Member observed that—

"Many gentlemen now sent to Parliament represented the rascality (cheers), the servility (cheers), the drunkenness, the selfishness of the country. (Loud cheers.)"

Next to the real representation of the people, that of conflicting interests and principles would be, perhaps, the fairest. The summary of a debate might then run somewhat thus:—

In the House of Commons—

Petitions were presented by the MEMBER for CLASS PRIVILEGE for the more stringent enforcement of the Game Laws; from the MEMBER for MAMMON against any interference with the shift and relay system in factories; and from the MEMBER for CHICANERY against Chancery Reform.

The MEMBER for FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE proposed the throwing open of the Universities to HER MAJESTY'S subjects of all denominations.

The MEMBER for FIGOTRY predicted the downfall of the Monarchy from the admission of Dissenters to Oxford and Cambridge.

On a motion for the removal of Smithfield Market being made by the MEMBER for HEALTH.

The MEMBER for FILTH moved that the Bill be read this day six months. He would defend vested interests through thick and thin. The amendment was seconded by the MEMBER for PESTILENCE. He would not tamely suffer his constituents, the undertakers, to be injured.

The MEMBER for FAIR PLAY brought forward a motion for the adoption of the Ballot. This was opposed by the MEMBER for BRIBERY, seconded by the MEMBER for INTIMIDATION, who, in an energetic harangue, denounced secret voting as unconstitutional and un-English.

Occasion was taken by the MEMBER for ECONOMY to recommend the abolition of useless offices. The MEMBER for FLUNKYDOM vindicated the dignity of Gold Stick from the aspersions of the Hon. Gentleman.

The MEMBER for CANT gave notice of a Bill forbidding cabs, busses, and steamboats to ply on Sundays.

He rejoined the MEMBER for CONSISTENCY said, that if the measure went into Committee, he should demand the insertion of a clause to prohibit the use of carriages on the Sabbath for going to Church.

The MEMBER for PHILANTHROPY then brought forward his motion for the abolition of capital punishment, which, having been strenuously opposed by the MEMBER for DESTRUCTIVENESS, was rejected by a small majority.

On the motion of the MEMBER for EARLY CLOSING, the House then adjourned.

ALL ROUND ST. PAUL'S.

ALL round St. Paul's they've got an iron railing,
All round St. Paul's they've had it many a day;
And if any body ask'd me why they've been and done it,
I'll tell them that the railing were better ta'en away.

All round St. Paul's it's a common observation,
They always try their utmost to keep the people out,
By charging their twopences, their shillings, and their sixpence, s,
And with an iron railing circling it about.

All round St. Paul's, and under it and over it,
Through the vaults and galleries, up stairs and down,
You may go when you like, provided you are satisfied
To pay for the treat something under a crown.

There's India, the Nile, New Zealand, and Australia,
America, Niagara, and other wondrous falls,
May be seen for a shilling; but five times the money
Is demanded of the traveller all round St. Paul's.

But since the new Dean is a scholar and a gentleman,
We hope he will listen to the public in its calls,
And take off the twopence, so paltry and contemptible,
For merely glancing rapidly all round St. Paul's.

A Dangerous Doctor.

HERE is a curiosity of advertising literature:—

MEDICAL.—To be DISPOSED OF, the RECIPE of a MEDICINE for a disease of great suffering, by which, a few years ago, a large practice was made; but, in consequence of the death of the medical gentleman, it has been laying dormant for some time.

If the "disease of great suffering," which proved so lucrative, has really been "lying dormant in consequence of the death of the medical gentleman," it will probably be revived by the person who shall become his successor.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LEAVING for awhile the regions of royalty, we descend for a moment to the floor of the house, a floor which MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, of moribund notoriety, might be excused for a desire to die upon. The floor to which we allude is the parterre of Her Majesty's Theatre—a parterre abounding in flowers, some of which are of the most exquisite beauty, some a little full-blown, some rather faded, and a few that might be weeded out with advantage to the general appearance of the locality. Among the flowers of the parterre there is a slight sprinkling of the Pinks of elegance; a large assortment of the White Stocks, which give a sort of starched regularity to the scene; a strip or two of London Pride; and a goodly collection of those highly respectable tenants of the soil, that, although neither forced in the hot-beds of luxury, nor connected with the old roots of venerable ancestral trees, are a very favourable specimen of the productions of the land in which they flourish.

There may be occasionally remarked in the parterre the sudden

appearance of an object surmounted with a hat, an object which is always looked upon in the light of a scare-crow among the surrounding flowers. Sometimes the pleasing aspect of the place is impaired by the waddling in of a pair of ducks; but though ducks are not positively prohibited from entering the parterre, there is about them the awkward air of *revue* *aves*, and they are very seldom met with.

The visitors to the realms of Opera in the height of the Season include all the component parts of that vast mass commonly termed Society, the analysis of which would be a process almost too vast for the resources of chemistry, even were we disposed to submit society to all the various tests. Within the realms of Opera, however, there are some wonderful combinations of various qualities and properties, which amalgamate only here, as if there was something in the softening and refining air of the place which blends into harmony those matters, which are antagonistic everywhere else.

We find, for instance, in Her Majesty's Theatre, the laws of political chemistry suspended, as it were, in the rigorous harshness of their operation, for we witness the correction of Protectionist Acidity, the fusion of Whig Oil with Radical Vinegar, and the easy mixture of the Sublimate of Aristocratic Alkali with the common Potash of the numerous essential extracts of which Society is formed. It is difficult to account for this phenomenon, when we remember that there is in the social structure a chilly ingredient which seldom can be got above freezing point, and our only solution is, that in the genial sunshine of the realms of Opera, every quality is held for the time in solution by means of that liquid harmony we have already spoken of, which could melt the snow that caps the summit of that Mountain, in his own opinion, and Molehill, in other people's—an upstart Lord.

Besides the neutralisation of political acids, the evaporation of aristocratic airs, the giving off of vapours which are invariably dissipated at the Opera, and other great chemical results of the delightful climate, all leading to the harmonious blending of a variety of naturally repugnant parts, we may look upon many of the boxes as little laboratories of themselves, for the formation of other unions of a still more delicate kind. Here is carried on the great science of Maternal Alchemy, the art of match-making, which consists in the happy combination of objects possessing various properties, as distinguished from the unhappy combination of objects possessing no property at all. The mysteries of Maternal Alchemy are practised with immense success in the regions of Opera, where they can be carried on with far more effect than in that most laborious of laboratories, a crowded drawing-room, where the fair

practitioner finds herself, after all, in the position of an exhausted receiver, with no satisfactory result achieved.

In an Opera-box the best ingredients required for match-making can be used to the best advantage, and we might, without difficulty, furnish a manual of maternal chemistry for the guide of those desirous of practising the art. For instance, we might suggest a process like the following, which has often been adopted with success. Having found the objects you wish to bring into union, you must place them together in the same box. Use a good quantity of the essential oil of Macassar, for capillary attraction has been known to exercise a very powerful influence, and, by the means of these oils, external properties have been made to supply the place of a vacuum within. With the materials for combustion thus prepared, you must be careful to prevent contact with ordinary sparks, lest spontaneous combustion should take place in a quarter for which you were not prepared. In making up

your mind as to the object you are about to introduce for the purpose of union, you must take care that, in selecting anybody, you select one that is—in chemical language—a solvent, for if you should happen to hit upon an insolvent, not only would your labour be thrown away, but a terrible explosion might ensue, and, in any union that should take place, both the objects would be kept constantly in hot water through the inability of one of them to liquidate. The ascertaining a body to be a solvent is a very delicate process, and it is sometimes attempted by the application of a variety of tests, which, however, are not always to be relied upon, for several bodies have been known, when



under the melting operation, to give out a quantity of gold, of which there may have been a little loose upon the surface, without its being a fixed property of the object, which has turned out to be anything but a solvent at last.

There are numerous properties favourable to the formation of a matrimonial union, but care must be taken that these properties are not neutralised by others of a different kind. The Extract of Roses in the complexion has, for instance, been frequently known to fail, in consequence of its being made up of some deleterious compound when nature has failed to furnish the usual supply; and the pearl-est of teeth will go for nothing, if the speech is sour, for vinegar will dissolve the finest pearls. In matrimonial, as in other chemistry, the retort is serviceable when used with discretion, but a retort must on no account whatever be so negligently managed as to lead to an explosion, or blow-up. The theory of refraction and reflection is also to be studied by the match-making experimentalist, for, in giving out rays of light or sunshine from the countenance, it is useless to give them out upon anybody of such density that the rays do not penetrate; but when a refraction takes place, and one object consequently becomes refractory, the other object has a tendency to reflection, and no union is formed. The maternal alchemist has, however, only to manage matters with care and prudence, for success to crown her efforts, and, though the machinery is rather expensive—consisting of the cost of a box, to form what may be called "the plant"—the result is generally achieved in a single season, after which the laboratory may be given up for a repetition of similar experiments by other hands. Having carried our remarks on the chemistry of matrimonial combinations to a considerable length, we will pause, lest we make the reader feel as if his head were a mortar, and every paragraph we pour into it a fresh drug. In treating of the physical aspects of our subject, we have got for a time into a sort of Apothecaries' Hall, which we hasten to get out of, and to return to Her Majesty's Theatre, where we hope to be found again by the reader next week.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE THIRD.

MRS. MOUSER VISITS THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. HER OPINION OF THE WISDOM OF PARLIAMENT.

As I said, I have been to the House of Commons—to what MOUSER calls the British House of SOLOMON. It may be; but all as a woman, I can say, is this—I didn't find SOLOMON at home.

I didn't believe it—no, I didn't think I could even dream it—that I should ever hold man less than I did. I shall never trust myself again, for I thought I couldn't go lower; and now, men—if I may be allowed the word—seem to me no more than mice.

Before this, I always looked cold at the man for the taxes. And now—now I've seen the sort of people that make 'em—I shall despise him. I know it's wrong to give way to prejudice; still, as poor aunt PEACOCK used to say—"A prejudice, if rightly managed, may pass for a virtue; just as mutton properly hung, may be put off for venison." Whereupon, for the future, I shall hate the tax-gatherer, and think myself the better for my aversion.

The Wisdom of Parliament! Well, I shall never—never go up and down stairs without thinking of it—for there it is, in the passage and on two of the landings, there's that precious Wisdom in three places. Three blind windows have we in our house—three indigent blind casements, as I call 'em, with bricks for glass, and what is more, telling the meanness, or, rather, poverty of us, to all the world—because the world's so ill-natured, it won't give people proper credit for meanness, but will put it down to poverty—when, if it wasn't for Parliament, we'd have its wisdom framed and glazed, and not wisdom in darkness—wisdom, indeed, that cheats the glazier, and shams windows with bricks and mortar. After what I've seen and what I've heard in the House of Commons, the lights of Parliament—as MOUSER sometimes calls 'em—are to my mind nothing more than blind windows.

To think, too, how I've been put upon by that House of Commons! Since I was a girl, I've been given to the debates. "My dear AMELIA," poor aunt PEACOCK used to say, "you'll weaken your mind, diluting it with those speeches in Parliament." Still, I used to think it so wonderful that men could go on talking—talking—from column to column, just as small beer runs, and runs from a barrel when once turned on—never hogging, or stopping, or, so to speak, once breaking the thread and taking it up again. But la! only to think of a Member of Parliament taken as he is on the floor, as they call it, with all his slovenliness about him,—and then, to see him smart and neat as a new pin in the morning papers! "Why," as I said to MOUSER, "it's no more the same Member than I'm the same woman, with only my night-cap—not that I would be seen in the sort of night-cap that some people wear—and the same woman in my party turban and bird-of-paradise feather."

But let me explain myself—for I will expose that House of Commons. Yes—I'll pick the Wisdom of Parliament to little bits, and laugh at the pieces. But just listen.

Once, MOUSER and I were walking together—not that we're often out with one another; indeed, as I say, people can hardly believe that MOUSER has a wife at all, I'm so little with him—well, once we were out; and—I don't know what could put it into my head—of course I looked at the shop as we went by, though MOUSER took no more notice of shops—bating that he wanted to stop at a fishmonger's, there was, he said, such a noble salmon—no more notice of 'em than if he'd been on Salisbury Plain, or Ramsgate sands. At last he drew up like a rock in front of a window, and holding my arm in his like a vice, and pointing with his stick, he got almost a crowd about us. "Look here, Mrs. MOUSER," said he, in that cold-drawn voice of his when I know he means to be aggravating—"look, AMELIA. Isn't this a dreadful sight—a shocking exhibition?" "What's dreadful—what's shocking?" I asked—knowing what he'd be at all the time. "False petticoats—false charms—false blandishments; false—false—false!" and he went on in such a way, I wouldn't if I could, repeat him. "Why," he cried, "with such hypocrisy before his eyes—it was in this way MOUSER talked of a few harmless bits of crinoline—"with such deceit in twenty places, what is a man to believe true in life? Only think," he cried, and then he laughed in such a way, my blood went quite cold, "only think of an Eve in horse-hair!"

Now, what I mean to say is this—as I did say it to MOUSER himself, bringing back to his mind that very shop-window—"Now, MOUSER," said I, "only think of the Wisdom of Parliament in the House of Commons—the Wisdom with its hands in its pockets—stammering and shuffling—and looking up at the ceiling—and then feeling all round its mouth for the proper word, and seldom getting it—the Wisdom that j-rks up to a red-box and gives it a tap, and then starts back again, as if the Wisdom had burnt its fingers,—think of this Wisdom in such a quandary, and then see it laced, and puffed and padded out in a flowing suit of print in the morning papers—think of this, and then look in my face if you can, and answer—yes, just tell me—whether the Wisdom of Parliament doesn't wear crinoline too?"

Well, what *was* MOUSER's answer? "AMELIA, you're a foolish woman." Yes; and with those very words men have gone on all these thousands of years stopping our mouths, and almost making us believe 'em. Now, I only wish that every woman in the land would make up her mind to go into the House of Commons—not that there's any decent place for them; oh no! the Wisdom of Parliament has taken care of that. But perhaps, after all, the Wisdom has some shame; and seeing what a little it has done for us—how much it has put upon us—doesn't like to meet us. And I'm sure, if a woman—I mean, of course, a woman with a spirit; for, as aunt PEACOCK used to say, almost with tears in her eyes, "Some women, AMELIA, want the spirit to do 'em right, just as some bees want a proper sting,"—if a real woman wants her blood to boil, let her only go into the House of Commons. Let her there—if she can only smother her feelings to do it—have one good look at the Wisdom of Parliament; some of it fast asleep, some of it with its hat on and its legs up, and all of it as much like Wisdom as an owl is like a bishop; well, let her there, with her own eyes, look upon the Wisdom that makes a slave of her, taxing her, and binding her; and never giving her, in that very House of Commons, so much as an inch of seat to sit down upon; let any woman that is a woman, think of what she has suffered—is suffering—and no doubt, will always suffer from that House; and then try to imagine—if she can—what were my feelings when, hearing that Wisdom talk as it did—I wasn't allowed to answer it!

"MOUSER," said I, when I came home; and a pretty humour I found MOUSER in, just because I had slept into Parliament—not that I'm going to drag my fire-place and MOUSER's airs before the world—"MOUSER," said I, "how for four hours I held my tongue, is to me astonishing." "Hardly to be believed," said MOUSER in his dry, cutting manner, which I wouldn't notice. I then thought of what aunt PEACOCK used to say: "Silent women," were her words, "silent women are like oysters—nine times out of ten they don't know the value that's in 'em." Not that I felt in that way at all; no, the wonder was—as I said to MOUSER—that I didn't get up, and whether they liked it or not, before all the Members of the House, give them a Bit of my Mind. "And if you had," said MOUSER with a laugh that didn't much become him as a husband—"and if you had, they'd have sent you to the Tower."

Had I only known that, I don't think—no, not if they'd passed an Act of Parliament for the purpose—that I could have held my tongue. I know that the house would have gone to ruin while I'd been away; the fire-irons and steel fender covered with rust when I'd got back, and even the chairs not fit for a Christian to sit down in—nevertheless, I do think to the Tower I would have gone; 'twould have brought matters to a head. As it was, how I kept quiet I can't tell; my silence was quite a miracle; just as if a kettle on the fire should be full of boiling water—for that's almost what I felt with my wish to talk—and yet, for all that, never sing.

The debate, too, that I heard, was all against woman: a cupboard question—as I said to MOUSER—with all the meanness of men about it. There's that Mr. HENLEY; well, my fingers did itch to give him above any one a Bit of my Mind. He made a motion—for that's what they call a speech—to cut down the wages of Ministers and everybody. And for what reason? "Why," says Mr. HENLEY—and I thought men were impudent enough before; but the faces they have in Parliament, oh dear!—"why," says he, "all things are at least a third as cheap as they were." All things!

Now I had to bite my tongue, I was so near calling out—"Mr. HENLEY, M.P. What's the price of shrimps? They were sixpence a pint when bread was eightpence a loaf, and sixpence they are now."

I should like to have seen what he'd have said to that. But of course lower the salaries, and it's the women that must suffer. The LORD CHANCELLOR comes home and says, "My dear, they've cut me down a third; you must keep house for half." I could see it with the quarter of an eye; it was only another attack upon the sex; another blow at woman; and all the meaner, because she isn't represented.

"I've discovered the reason, Mr. MOUSER," said I, getting warm. "And I've discovered the reason," said he, with a solemn look; "the reason why my breeches" (he has no such things) "my breeches get so old as they do."

"Why?" said I. "Because," said he, "where I wear them once, you wear them twenty times."

Well, you may suppose I didn't think him worth answering, or I could have given him a Bit of my Mind.

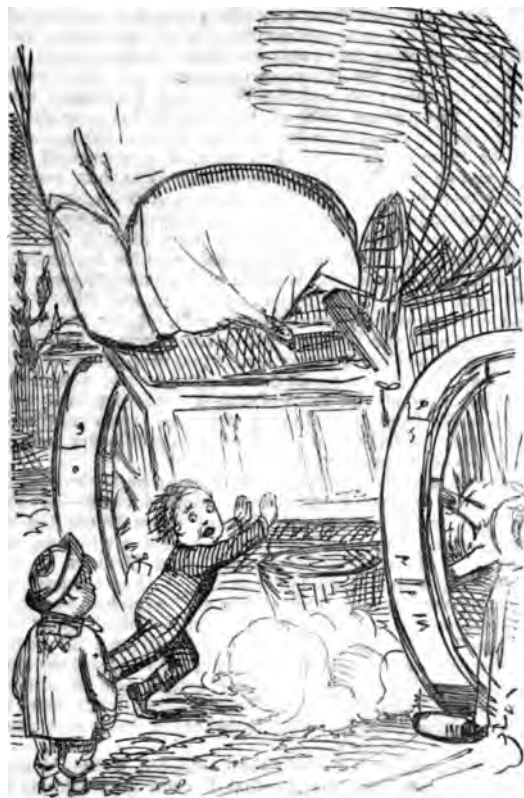
Yours till next week,

The Honeysuckles.

AMELIA MOUSER.

The Blind Asylum for Pictures.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE has always been described as "the most splendid site in Europe." This may account for the Vernon Gallery being so long buried in that locality, as it was taken for granted that, "with the most splendid site in Europe," no one could fail seeing pictures, even in a dark cellar.



"I SAY, TOMMY, COME AND SHOVE. HERE'S THE POOR ORSES CAN'T GET THE WAGGIN UP!"

"DOWN-DERRY DOWN" WITH YOUR SALARIES.

"Cut your coat according to your cloth," says the old adage, and "Cut your salaries according to your corn," is the present cry of the Protectionists. MR. HENLEY proposes to pay the Judges and all other public functionaries on a scale to be regulated by the price of wheat, so that, when the farmer is getting so much a quarter less for his wheat, the Judge will be getting so much a quarter less for his salary. The *Mark Lane Express* will be eagerly taken in and perused at all the Government offices, and the dignitaries of the Judicial bench before proceeding to sit in Westminster Hall will run round to Mark Lane to ascertain the market value of their services.

When wheat is low, their Lordships will give evidence of the sad by their rye faces; and, on the contrary, as should be looking up, the Courts would bask in the sunshine reflected from the smiling face peering above the ermine. An arrival from Dantzic will dash with woe the features of the Exchequer Barons, while a large importation from Odessa will cloud the benevolent brows of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, and the Courts of Chancery.

We cannot say we admire the wisdom of the proposition to put a Judge's learning, impartiality, and discretion into one scale, and a sack of corn into the other; nor do we think their Lordships ought to be ground down with the wheat, oats, and barley, that may be thrown upon the hands of the dealers, or sacrificed at a low figure. Let us, by all means, treat sinecures in every respect as we would corn, by cutting down, threshing out, or winnowing away the chaff; but to make a sliding scale of remuneration for public services, ably and conscientiously performed, is an expedient alike difficult in practice, and contemptible in principle.

Sibthorp on Food and Salaries.

SPEAKING of MR. HENLEY's sham motion for the reduction of official salaries, COLONEL SIBTHORP is reported by one of the organs of his party to have said, that—

"He saw no reason why the salaries of the individuals who adorned that bench should not be reduced in proportion to the price of food."

What does COLONEL SIBTHORP understand by food? It is said, that an Irish member present during the debate, answered this question by asking, "Is it tustles?"

MAXIMS AND OPINIONS OF FIELD-MARSHAL WIDDICOMB.

WHEN War is concluded, all animosity should be forgotten. I love to see the British and French troops fraternise together as soon as the Battle of Waterloo is over. To set them a good example, I have often tossed with MARSHAL NEY myself.

Folly may take liberties with Wisdom, but let Wisdom once get the whip-hand of Folly, and Folly soon drops its tone and learns to keep a respectful distance.

Every man has his "*Savoir-qui-peut*." I confess I should run away myself from an engagement where I was told I should meet nothing but Irishmen.

As to moral courage, I have rarely met the three-months-after-date kind. I mean unprepared courage, that which enables a man, without wincing, to put his name to a bill the moment it is placed before him.

I was madly fond of Poetry, as a young man, but I had to stand one morning at rehearsal behind DUCKROW's Pegasus, and he kicked it all out of me.

I travelled once with GOMERSAL. "What are you?" said the man at the passport-office. "I AM THE CHILD OF DESTINY," loudly answered GOMERSAL, as naturally as if he had been that moment on the Field of Waterloo. He was very indignant when his costume of BUONAPARTE was taken away from him at Boulogne. I recall that he was very nearly imprisoned out of mistake for PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, and only owed his escape to the fact of his not being able to speak a word of French. Whether he cherished any designs upon the French throne, it would be the height of presumption in me to say.

If people are discontented, give them a riddle. It is astonishing how quiet they become. I am positive, if riddles were to be asked in the House of Commons, that many of those riotous proceedings would be put a stop to, which are a disgrace to a civilised community.

They call me ambitious, but my only ambition has been to be the centre of the most fashionable circle in London, and in this I have long ago succeeded. If my ambition had been of a "vaulting" kind, there is not a barrier in man's path, which, with the horses at my command, I could not easily have leapt over. Those who call me ambitious, little know me.

It was NAPOLEON's favourite boast, that "he had made all his Generals out of himself." I may boast of the same origin for mine, for, as a rule, I never make a man a General in my army until I know he is a "thorough brick."

If you ask me which are the best troops, I answer, "The Irish." They will stand fire, like a mutton-chop. Their love of fighting leads them into all sorts of disturbances. They should have been born razors, they are such delicious blades for a scrape. In fact, if there is a quarrel in the street, you may make up your mind to this—that an Irishman is as sure to be there as a policeman is not.

The May Prince.

It has been authoritatively announced that the new Prince, having been born on the birthday of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, is to be named ARTHUR, in compliment to the Hero of Waterloo. We perfectly approve of this arrangement, and regret that we cannot second the suggestion of a highly respectable deputation of chimney-sweepers, who waited outside our office on Wednesday last, with a proposal that, in consequence of the royal infant having been born on Chimney-Sweepers' Day, he should be called the Black Prince.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

ANOTHER Comet is announced shortly to make its first appearance these three hundred years. If all the Comets arrive that are predicted, we doubt if the sky will be large enough to hold such a POSSIBLE COMET-ATUS!

A Fine Neighbourhood for Medical Men.

NAPOLEON did everything to improve the Paris market-places. "The market-place," he was in the habit of saying, "is the Louvre of the common people." We wonder what he would have said of some of our market-places? We can imagine his saying "Smithfield Market is the hospital of the common people;" and it may be for this very reason, now that we think of it, that Bartholomew's Hospital is placed so conveniently in the middle of it.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



For the visitors to Her Majesty's Theatre having now said almost enough, we turn to its administration, which comprises almost as many departments as are to be found in Downing Street. The Government is not limited to a single form, but includes the monarchical, which is always kept up in the person of the reigning Queen of Song, as well as the representative, which is preserved by a series of representations as complete as they can possibly be rendered, by allowing even the humblest individual a voice in the representation, with full liberty to give his voice all the power of which it is capable. The qualification required on the part of those who have a voice in the representation is not pecuniary, but they are expected

to produce certain notes of required value, which they are allowed to keep deposited in their own chests until the production of the notes is required. It is according to the value of these notes, and the power of issuing them at pleasure, that a voice in the representation of Her Majesty's Theatre is estimated, and the great firm of LABLACHE and Company have been known to send forth so many notes of an extraordinary value in the course of a few hours that the resources of Her Majesty's Theatre have been pronounced inexhaustible.

The monarchical department of the realms of Opera contains a lyric throne, occupied by a Queen of Song, who, though not coming to the lyric throne by hereditary right, may be said to succeed to it, for without succeeding, to arrive at a high position in Her Majesty's Theatre would be quite impossible.

We should use up a moderately sized goose in providing ourselves with the quills necessary to write the histories of all the Queens of Song, which would form an interesting companion to the Lives of the Queens of England, but we shall take a passing glance at a few of those who have worn the laurel crown of Operatic royalty.

It is not necessary to trace the origin of the extensive dominion which has been acquired by the Queens of Song, but there is no doubt that the first of them arrived at the head of an Italian *troupe*, which was soon joined by a powerful band, comprising the natives of various countries, and acting under the direction of a leader, whose object has always been to ensure harmony and uniformity of movement among the forces under him. The head of these forces may be said to occupy a similar rank to that of Field-Marshal, and he is invested with a baton as the emblem of his office, which is that of Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the Opera.

Without going very far back into the annals of Musical monarchy, we shall content ourselves with glancing at some of the comparatively modern reigns, commencing with that of PASTA, who exercised a sovereign sway some twenty years ago, and whose career was remarkable for very brilliant achievements.

During the PASTA dynasty several valuable acts were introduced, which have been in operation ever since, and every Queen of Song who has come after her has kept most of these acts in full force, and has added others to the Operatic statute-book.

The lyric throne was next occupied by GRISI, who enjoyed for some time an almost undisputed sovereignty, until the year 1847, when she somewhat unexpectedly resolved on abdicating, and joined an Operatic republic. The reign of GRISI has been long and prosperous, for she ascended the Operatic throne at an early age, and so great was her popularity, that her abdication must be attributed to the influence of her advisers, who induced her to vacate a throne which she might have continued to fill, but which—as an interregnum is abhorred as thoroughly as a vacuum—another soon came forward to occupy.

The immediate successor of the GRISI dynasty was the illustrious JENNY LIND, whose dominion was the most absolute ever known, and whose reign was an uninterrupted series of triumphs, graced by the homage of all classes, from the most exalted to the humblest, who vied with each other in eagerness to acknowledge their captivity, in not their captivity. Treasure and tribute poured in so copiously, that the revenues were vastly increased, and though a considerable tax was imposed on the incomes of those desirous of paying court to the reigning Queen of Song, the Treasury department of Her Majesty's Theatre, found difficulty in accommodating those who claimed the privilege of being the foremost to part with their money, and who insisted on the right to a priority in the payment of their contributions. The officers of the Operatic treasury were kept constantly as busy as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is at those periods when the public conscience is in a particularly sensitive state, and the ten-pound notes come tumbling in from all the Y. Z.'s and unwise heads, the A. B.'s and GABY's, who think to rub off a long course of wholesale fraud on the revenue, by a single act of retail honesty. The brilliancy of this reign was unexpectedly clouded by the abdication of the reigning Queen of Song, whose departure threatened to leave a fearful vacancy on the lyric throne, when happily the expedient of a restoration was resolved upon; and SONTAG came forward to resume the sceptre she had formerly held, and by her premature resignation of which GRISI had held the undisputed sovereignty.

The empire of SONTAG was at once acknowledged by all parties, and her reign has been as

glorious and prosperous as any that has preceded it. Her refinement and intelligence have caused the introduction of several very desirable reforms in Operatic affairs, and many acts that had become obsolete have been renewed, while other acts have been indebted to her for considerable amendment. Everything she has submitted to the attention of the house has been received in the most enthusiastic manner without a division, and there is every prospect that the present Queen of Song will enjoy a reign of popularity equal to any of her predecessors.

The Operatic sovereignty is to a certain extent electoral, for no one can hope to fill the lyric throne who has not been called to it by general acclamation, and, though there may be an occasional instance of a Pretender aspiring to the position of Queen of Song, her title is never admitted, and it is found utterly impossible to make a house, in which her supporters would have a majority. Even if the civil list or free list were to be vastly extended by the administration for the purpose of increasing the number of her friends, and an augmentation of the privileged orders were to be resorted to, with the view of giving her a factitious support, the attempt would be met by the withholding of the supplies until the establishment of a legitimate Operatic monarch.

The Queens of Song are sometimes placed in circumstances of extreme difficulty by virtue of their sovereignty; and a narrative of their trials would furnish a volume of considerable interest to those who sympathise with sorrow in white satin, misery in muslin, or female distress of any kind, in any costume. Sometimes the Queen of Song may be seen hanging on to the knees of some excited hero, who is panting, with all the energy of a steam-tug, to pull himself away, until the occupant of the lyric throne falls prostrate, like an abandoned bag of clothes, shaken ruthlessly from the basket or barrow of some neglectful laundress. At times the Queen of Song may be seen in regal attire, seated on her throne, which varies in its style with the particular occasion, and in the course of a few months specimens of the upholstery of all nations will be exhibited.

It is a remarkable fact, that when the Queen of Song quits the regal apartment, its furniture is carried off after her, by attendants who walk in and remove the tables and chairs, a proceeding which would cause a casual observer to suppose that the goods are either being swept off by a distress, or that they are required for the use of the room into which royalty has retired. Whatever may be the pride, pomp, and circumstance, with which the Queen of Song has withdrawn, the throne she has just quitted is pulled off backwards by its hind legs, the golden table, with the golden inks and on it, is enclosed between the two chairs by a splendidly liveried lacquy, and the footstool upon which captive prisoners have been kneeling in homage, is whisked off by the hands of an officer, who will be seen soon afterwards doing a bit of Operatic gardening with a watering-pot, out of which he irrigates the ground on which the flowers of the ballet are about to spring up, after a brief interval. Sometimes, the Queen of Song may be seen moving in the concerns of humble Operatic life, and, disguised as a peasant girl, will be found flourishing beneath the malignant curses of frantic old gentlemen, in flowing white wigs, submitting to flirtations with "spangled" officers, or being thrown off by indignant swains in Dutch trousers and Swiss jackets. Nevertheless, this capacity for all situations, forms the great charm and glory of the Queen of Song, whose popularity increases with every rude repulse from the banter, mouth, arms, and legs of the lovers, fathers, brothers, and sometimes even the mothers, of Opera.

A GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY.—The worst thing we can say of the Metropolitan Interments Bill is that it is a "gigantic undertaking."



A MOST ALARMING SWELLING!

SALARIES AND SINECURES.

We have heard several instances of infants born with silver spoons in their mouths, but there seems to be another class of fortunate individuals, who, without actually coming into the world with the valuable article between their lips, are found with a prodigious mouthful of plate before the expiration of their childhood. The office of Registrar to the Prerogative Court of Canterbury is a nice slice of the loaves and fishes; or, to follow out the allegory of the plate basket, it may be termed a most enviable fish slice, to be placed in the infantine mouths of those who were not provided at their birth with the spoon, for which they have often a remarkable affinity.

The Registrar of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury enjoys some £12,000 a year, which is considered capable of yielding satisfaction not only to the actual possessor, but by anticipation to those who are likely to come in for it; and thus, while one individual is gorging himself to his heart's—or his pocket's—content, on the ample and nutritious meal, there are always others appointed to stand by and revel in the savoury odour of the banquet to which they are nominated to succeed, when the gormandiser *in esse* has relinquished his hold on the inexhaustible pickings.

We are glad to find that an act is in existence which will defeat the reversioners to this gluttonous meal at the public expense, and we hope LORD JOHN RUSSELL will have the firmness to keep off the hungry expectants who are waiting to cram themselves on this great piece of the greenest fat that ever tempted a sinecurist's gluttony. If the Registrar has anything to register which really wants registering, let him be paid for the work he may have to do; but 12,000*l.* or 14,000*l.* a-year seems an exorbitant sum, if it were even for registering all the stoves, paletôts, and shirts that are manufactured in the course of the twelvemonth.

May-Day Shopping.

INDIVIDUALS of a sombre cast of mind were offered, by an advertisement which appeared on Wednesday, last week, in the *Morning Post*, a decided treat. The notification alluded to thus commenced:—

EXHIBITION this day, May 1, of MOURNING COSTUMES.

A rather reasonable and appropriate kind of show this, for May-day. Perhaps it was got up in rivalry to the festivities of the sweeps, who put off their sables on that merry anniversary to dance with Jack-in-the-Green. The exhibitor of Mourning Costumes, we suppose, intended to amuse the public with a Jack-in-the-Black.

HE WOULD BE A KNIGHT.

SOME letters have appeared in the papers from a provincial Mayor, intent on the honours of knighthood. He regrets he was not in town on the occasion of the late Mayoral gathering at the Mansion House, and attributes his absence to inability to catch a train, added to an anxious doubt whether his travelling expenses would have been allowed him out of the funds of the Corporation.

We were not aware that the Government contemplated making Knights of any of those who came up to make a night of it, a short time back, with the London citizens. The candidate for dignity, to whose application attention has been drawn, is evidently so intent on Knighthood, that he is prepared to seek it at any price—even at the price of a railway fare to the Metropolis. Considering the anxiety there is to increase the revenue, at any sacrifice, it might be advisable to grant Knighthoods at so much per head, or per hood, to every provincial Mayor, who, like the individual to whom we have alluded, is agitated by a fierce resolution to tack Sir to the beginning of his name, even though he should pay his own travelling expenses up to town, to secure the dignity.

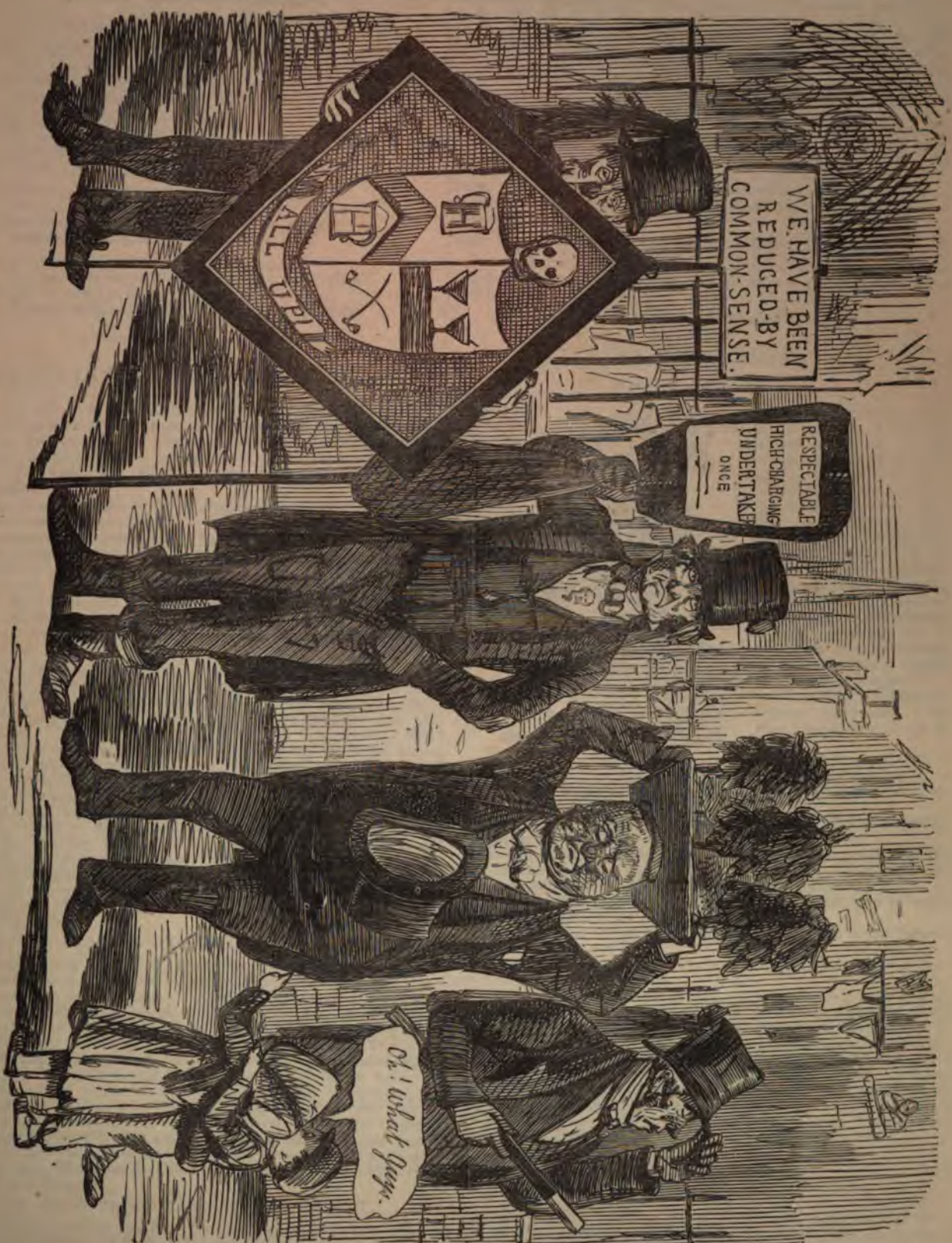
ANIMAL MACHINERY.

MACHINERY, we perceive, is to be included among the things to be shown at the Exhibition of 1851. Our national industry, no doubt, will make a splendid display of steam-engines and spinning-jennies, but certainly the most thorough-going machine which this country could exhibit is the British soldier.



WHO WOULDN'T KEEP A FOOTMAN!

NOTICE TO QUIT SERVED UPON THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.—
"Gentlemen, we prefer your room to your company."—Lord John Russell, &c.



THE STARVED-OUT UNDERTAKERS.

A HINT TO ORATOR HENLEY.

Or, What's Sauce for the Gander is Sauce for the Goose.

OH, HENLEY, my HENLEY, take heed of the line
That to spite the Free-traders, you take upon salaries;
And beware, lest while bent but on making a shine,
In your own braz'n bull you'll be roasted, like PHALARIS.

Each man-jack in office to cut down you strive,
By what in our school-ays was called rule of three—
"As wheat at eight shillings, to ditto at five,
So what salaries are to what salaries should be."

If the ratios be equal, can you and your friends
As true sons of Protection withhold your consents,
When a rule, good for other folks' salaries, extends,
Mutatis mutandis, to take in your rents?

Oh, how would you look if old JOE, all elate,
By your own rule of three were to beg you'd allow—
That "as wheat at five shillings, to ditto at eight,
So what rentals *should* be to what rentals are now."

PROTECTION TO BRITISH SEPULTURE.

THE first dinner of the United Undertakers' Protection Society, formed for the purpose of opposing the Metropolitan Interments Bill, took place yesterday at the Palace of Fathers. The viands, which comprised the very choicest funeral baked meats, were supplied by MESSRS. FLEMWOOD and NAYLOR. The chair was occupied by MR. DOBODY.

On the removal of the cloth, *De Profundis* was sung by the professional gentlemen from the Shades.

The customary loyal toasts having been unceremoniously disposed of,

MR. HATCHMENT, of the firm of HATCHMENT AND WORMS, rose to propose to the assembly their old toast, Death. With this toast he would couple a resolution, namely, that a Committee be appointed to consider the best means of defeating the Metropolitan Interments Bill; a measure which, by putting the bodies of deceased parties into the hands of the Government, would take the bread out of their (the Undertakers') mouths. (*Hear, hear.*)

The toast was drunk down-sitting, amid cheers and laughter.

MR. TRESSLE, in seconding the motion, hoped they were tiled in—or, as he might perhaps be allowed to say—screwed down (*laughter*), because he should wish the pall of privacy to be extended over his observations. The toast they had just responded to expressed a fact. There was no doubt that they got their living by death. He did not know much Latin, but his motto was "*Mors Janua Vitæ*." The measure in question—he should like to take the measure of the framer (*hear*)—would diminish general mortality. True; but then it would take away their living, and as a poet had said—who, he believed, was buried at Stratford-on-Avon—"You took a man's life when you took the means he liv'd by." (*Hear, hear.*) The bill proposed the establishment of cemeteries away from human habitations. By this arrangement the causes of death would be limited to casualties and common diseases. At present, one corpse made many. Everybody buried in an intramural churchyard contributed more or less to increase deaths, and, therefore, their profits. (*Cheers.*)

Song. MR. BELLOES.—"*King Death was a rare old Fellow.*"

MR. SHROWDALL held in his hand the Report of the Board of Health on a general scheme for extramural sepulture, a book which he should pronounce very unpleasant. It let out—he should say disclosed—what had much better remain buried—buried was the word—in oblivion. Such a book ought to be contradicted. The public was told in it that the air was poisoned by burial grounds (*oh! oh!*)—that the water from them soaked into the London wells (*shame*)—that emanations from the dead produced strange and loathsome diseases, and all manner of things of that sort, shocking to the generality, though nothing to those who are used to them. There was a deal in it also about crowded vaults, which would have the effect of making people discontented with their long homes, and of deterring them from going to church, which must lead to infidelity (*hear*), and this reminded him of his toast, which was the Church—always in connexion with the Churchyard. (*Cheers.*)

Song. MR. RUMBALL.—"*Down among the dead Men.*"

MR. MUFFLES said he had read the Board of Health's Blue Book and considered it low. It went against the proper distinction between a respectable funeral and a common affair. (*Cries of "shabby."*) It called their taking a fair advantage of the friends of the party and melancholy circumstances, extortion (*groans*); and it actually declared interment "a most unfit subject for commercial speculation." The

interment bill was founded on that report, and he agreed with the meeting at St. Mary's, Lambeth, where it was eloquently said that, if such a bill was to become law, "it would injure trade and hurt the feelings of the majority of the parishioners." There was one most objectionable clause in the bill, providing that funerals performed under the management of the Board of Health, shall, for the lowest on the scale of the Board's prices, "be conducted with decency and solemnity." What was this but a direct premium to meanness, and blow to business? He would direct their particular attention to the clause providing reception-houses for bodies between death and interment. A good cry might be got up against this as an outrage upon sorrow, and all that sort of thing. The assessment clauses should also be attacked vigorously. A knowing appeal to popular prejudice might defeat this measure, which would be as destructive to themselves as wholesome to the community; and the rejection of which he would now propose in a bumper. (*much cheering.*)

Glee. MESSRS. BELLOES, SHRIEKER and JOLLETT.—"*The Carrion Crow.*"

The resolution having been put and carried, after a vote of thanks to the chairman for his admirable conduct as a Mute in the Chair, the meeting separated.

THE RED FARMER.

(From our Rural Correspondent.)



HIS morning, during a ramble in the fields, I observed a man sitting on a stile, dressed, indeed, in the pink of agricultural fashion; namely, in a broad-brimmed hat, brown coat, black waistcoat, drab breeches, leather gaiters, and stout highlows, but whom, otherwise, by his gloomy look, and great beard and mous'ches, I should have taken for an enormous Frenchman. Discerning, however, what he was, I could not help exclaiming audibly, "Is this a sample of the British Farmer?"

"Eas it is," said the agricultural gentleman, "and what have you got to zay to un?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir,"

I replied, "for thinking aloud. Is it not almost time for mowing?"

"Mowun?" responded the farmer. "Bist thee a fool? Mowun at this time in Maay! Haw—haw—haw!"

"Excuse me, Sir," I said, "I mean a particular kind of mowing. May I suggest that a razor—"

"Ho, ho!" laughed my rustic acquaintance. "Thee wants to know why I dwoocant shaave, I s'pose. Well; I'll tell 'ee. Dist ever see the likeness of that feller BARBUS, the French revolutionist?"

"Certainly, Sir," I answered, wondering what could have induced him to copy BARBUS in any particular.

"Dist read what the DUKE OF RICHMOND said in the House 'tother night about we Varmers?"

"He intimated that you would not continue loyal much longer at the present price of corn," I replied.

"That's it!" exclaimed the farmer. "I wears all this here hair about my muzzle to show what Government be a drivun us to, and what they've to expect from us if they dwoocant gie us back Protection. I means to goo up to Lunnun at the head of a deppitation to LORD JOHN RUSSELL to tell un our mind; and by way of a broad hint to un I shall appear afore un this here figure; and likewise, to convince un that I be in downright earnest, darned if I dwoocant stick one o' them red foolscaps on my head, and put on a pair of ladies boots."

"I hope, Sir," I remarked, wishing him good morning, "that so ingenious an expedient will meet with all the success it deserves."

Reform your Court Phrases.

A LARGE REWARD is hereby offered to ANYBODY connected with the Press, who will satisfactorily explain why he calls an addition to the number of the Royal Family, an "auspicious event;" and the advertiser, *Mr. Punch*, earnestly hopes that some original journalist will invent a phrase suitable to be similarly applied to the birth of a prince or princess, and conveying at the same time an intelligible meaning.

THE WONDERS OF A LONDON WATER DROP.

THE freshest fruits of microscopical research are the wonders which have been revealed in a drop of London water through the Molecular Magnifier, illuminated by the Intellectual Electric Light. For the ability to behold these astounding marvels, a certain preparation is necessary, bearing, superficially considered, some resemblance to Mesmerism. The person intended to be the Seer is placed on a seat. Any competent individual then takes him in hand, and explains to him the composition of water, showing him how the pure fluid differs from

the liquid constituting the Thames, and from that which exists in the metropolitan wells, when the former has received the contents of the sewers, and the latter the oozings of intramural graveyards. Some delicate subjects, even of the male sex, cannot endure this process, it affecting them with faintness and nausea.

Having been subjected to the above preliminaries, most people are in a sufficient state of enlightenment to discover, by the aid of the Molecular Magnifier, the curiosities contained in



A DROP OF LONDON WATER.

The drop to be magnified is taken from a mixture of the common well-water of London with that supplied by the various Companies. MR. HASSELL, it is already known, has enabled philosophers to discriminate between these waters, by the verminous and other peculiarities which he has demonstrated in each particular form of beverage.

The Molecular Magnifier differs from all other microscopes, in displaying the ultimate constitution of objects; a spectacle not only defying the naked eye, but all vision which is not in a measure psychical.

And wondrous indeed is the scene disclosed within the sphere of a little drop of water—of that water which Londoners drink, swallowing daily, myriads and myriads of worlds, whole universes instinct with life, or life in death! It transcends all that has hitherto been deemed

astonishing. America herself will confess that it stumps the revelations of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Characters—who shall name them? things in human shape—in all appearance London citizens—aldermen, deputies, common councilmen,—are seen disporting in the liquid dirt as in their native element. Behold them, fiercely hustling each other in competition for atomic garbage. What pushing, poking, fighting, kicking, scrambling! There goes an unfortunate wretch fast as if for dear life, with a hook-nosed homunculus—evidently a genuine water-bailiff—darting after him. Here a cheap slop-seller has caught a smaller individual of the same species by the head, and is trying to bolt him. There again, as plainly as possible, you see a funeral procession with an undertaker at the head

of it. Look! a Death's-Head Larva jumps out of the coffin, snaps up the undertaker and kicks away the followers into space. See yonder, what a twisting reptilery of catgut-spinners! Observe, above, the knot of knackers tormenting that unfortunate beadle. Below, mark the fry of slaughter-men, who are now, however, making their onslaughts on each other. On a sudden the universal fray becomes a rout. Monsters, rising as from a gulf of darkness, scatter the affrighted combatants right and left. Gorgon-lobsters, hydra-prawns, dire chimeras of turtle, surely the unutterable mud-Pythons of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE! One of them has seized a churchwarden: another, an alderman—and by his gouty leg. Horrible! Darken the lens. Enough for one exhibition.

What are those infinitesimal semblances of humanity which have thus been detected in London water? They are only found in the well-water of cities, whose inhabitants bury the dead among the living. There is a theory that all organisations are multiples of themselves in miniature. Well-water, percolating the earth of churchyards, must needs contain alderman, deputy, and similar bodies in solution. Examined by the Molecular Magnifier, it certainly confirms this theory.

A more important question is, by what are these beings animated? It is all very well to laugh at "Metempsychosis," but who would willfully be laid in an intramural tomb, having once beheld the Purgatory comprised in a drop of London water?

LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).

I PACED upon my beat
With steady step and slow,
All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street;
Ran'lagh St. Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd
Upon that fair May morn,
Beold the booming cannings sound,
A royal child is born!

The Ministers of State
Then presnly I sor,
They gallops to the Pallis gate,
In carriages and for.

With anxious looks intent,
Before the gate they stop,
There comes the good Lord President,
And there the Archbishop.

LORD JOHN he next elights;
And who comes here in haste?
Tis the ero of one underd fights,
The caudle for to taste.

Then MRS. LILY the nuss,
Towards them steps with joy;
Says the brave old Duke, "Come tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy?"

Says MRS. L. to the Duke,
"Your Grace, it is a Prince."
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,
He did both laugh and wince.

He vews with pleasant look
This pooty flower of May,
Then, says the venerable Duke,
"Egad it's my buhday."

By memory backards borne,
Peraps his thoughts did stray
To that old place where he was born,
Upon the first of May.

Peraps he did recal
The ancient towers of Trim
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
They did rewisit him.

I phansy of him so
His good old thoughts employin':
Fourscore years and one ago
Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,
Most musicle of Lords,
A playing maddrigles and glees
Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero
Upon his mother's knee!
Did ever lady in this land
Ave greater sons than she?

And I shoudn be surprize
While this was in his mind,
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes
Of unfamiliar brind.

To Hapsly Ouse next day
Drives up a Broosh and for,
A gracious prince si's in that Shay
(I mention him with Hor!)

They ring upon the bell,
The Porter shows his Ed,
(He fought at Vaterloo as vell,
And wears a Veskit red).

To see that carriage come
The people round it press:
"And is the gallant Duke at ome?"
"Your Royal Ighness, yes."

He steps from out the Broosh
And in the gate is gone,
And X, although the people push,
Says wery kind "Move hon."

The Royal Prince unto
The gallant Duke did say,
"Dear Duke, my little son and you
Was born the self same day."

"The Lady of the land,
My wife and Sovring dear,
It is by her horgust command
I wait upon you here.

"That lady is as well
As can expected be;
And to your Grace she bid me tell
This gracious message free.

"That offspring of our race,
Whom yesterday you see,
To show our honour for your Grace,
PRINCE ARTHUR he shall be.

"That name it rhymes to fame;
All Europe knows the sound:
And I couldn't find a better name
If you'd give me twenty pound.

"KING ARTHUR had his knights
That girt his table round,
But you have won a hundred fights,
Will match 'em I'll be bound.

"You fought with BONYPART,
And likewise TIPPOO SAIB;
I name you then with all my heart
The Godsire of this babe."

That Prince his leave was took,
His hinterview was done.
So let us give the good old Duke
Good luck of his god-son.

And wish him years of joy
In this our time of Schism,
And hope he'll bear the royal boy
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince
That's come our arts to cheer,
Let me my loyal powers ewince
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crown'd,
I think, in some respeck,
Eg extremely shootable might be found
For honest PLEASEMAN X.

OFFICIAL RUMOURS.



The on-dit last week was, that BRIEFLESS had positively taken office, and we are happy to say that the on-dit has been confirmed, for BRIEFLESS has at last taken an office—he has been for three years with nothing but the nominal occupancy of an outer door—up four pair of stairs, in

our own reporter informs us that it is rumoured in the highest circles—the upper-gallery at Astley's—that if LORD JOHN RUSSELL goes out, he will certainly go out on horseback some afternoon. It was whispered that MR. DUNUP had been offered a portfolio, and, on our own correspondent being sent to enquire, we found it to be literally a fact that MR. DUNUP had actually been offered a portfolio (complete, with lock and key and blotting-paper), for ninepence, in the Lowther Arcade.

the Temple. BRIEFLESS, it was also said, had kissed hands on the occasion, and it is a fact that he kissed his hand, in the exuberance of his spirits at his new tenancy, from the window above, to those passing below.

Oh, Law!

It has been decided by a majority of 19 in the House of Commons, that a Bill is to be introduced for taking off the duty from Attorneys' Certificates. As these instruments may be regarded as authorising the pursuit of game, we may expect the sportsman to attempt to avail himself of its provisions. The Attorneys have often been likened to the dogs of law—though they by no means deserve the wholesale application of the title; and perhaps, in reference to their hunting after game, the "Old Harry—ers" would be a good name for them.

Latitude and Longitude.

Father. I insist upon your telling me, Sir. Where have you been to?

Son. I've only been to the Opera.

Father. Opera! Fiddlestick, Sir! Why that was two days ago.

Son. Yes, Father; but you forget it was "A LONG THURSDAY!!!!"



THE SHADOW OF ENGLISH LIBERTY IN AMERICA.

APPENDAGES OF BLACK ROYALTY.

(To the Lord High Flunkey.)

MY LORD,

The high position which you hold in the Royal Household induces me to call your Lordship's attention to the fact that a nation of negroes is—if I may be pardoned the expression—going a-head of us in what you, doubtless, will consider a most important matter.

FAUSTIN SOULOUQUE, my Lord, Emperor of Hayti, a monarch, together with his subjects, as black as your Lordship's boots, and probably as polished, has been organising an aristocracy and a royal household on a scale which will, doubtless, astonish even your own strong mind.

FAUSTIN, your Lordship knows, woke up one morning lately, and found himself on a throne. "Entering at once," says the *Ordre*, "into the spirit of his imperial position, he soon created orders and titles of nobility. A first ordinance created four princes and fifty-seven dukes." The mind sinks prostrate,—does it not, my Lord?—in contemplating this wonder of creation. It is true that the titles of some of these noblemen have given occasion to shallow sneers. But what if the Haytian peerage include a DUC DE LA TABLE, a DUC DE LA MARMELADE, and a

DUC DE LIMONADE. Has not our own comprised DUKES OF GLOUCESTER, and is there any reason why it should not contain a DUKE OF STILTON?

"Another ordinance," the *Ordre* states, "created ninety-one counts." My Lord, may I be allowed to make the remark that so large a number of counts never perhaps occurred in the longest indictment?

According to the same authority, my Lord, this imperial blackamoor has a "grand almoner, grand marshal of the palace, gentlemen of honour, governors of the Royal residences, masters of ceremonies, &c." Your Lordship will perhaps conjecture with myself that the &c. may include Lord Stewards. The household of the Empress consists of "two ladies of honour, fifty-six ladies of the palace, twenty-two ladies of the chapel, chamberlains, squires, &c." There is something interesting, though painful, in the idea of these images of British flunkeydom carved in ebony.

If your Lordship were capable of entertaining such an emotion, I think you would feel some shame in observing the extent to which our Court is surpassed by that of Hayti, in arrangements regulating costume. The princes, dukes, and counts, who bask in the light—if it would not be more correct to say, who repose in the shade—of FAUSTIN's countenance, have to wear a white dress, the barons a red coat, and the knights a blue one. This combination of colours is much more splendid than the variegation of our own court dresses. Each of these magnificent uniforms is crowned with feathers, of which ornaments the princes wear nine in their hats, the dukes seven, the counts five, the barons three, and the knights two. We have nothing to compare with this, my Lord, except the appearance of distinguished officers at a levee.

Let me beg you, my Lord, to take especial notice of the circumstance that SOULOUQUE was originally a slave. This, viewed in connexion with his "entering at once into the spirit of his imperial position," and creating his coloured nobility, may suggest to your Lordship some pleasing reflections on the natural tendency of flunkeyism.

May I, in conclusion, earnestly exhort your Lordship to do all that you can in your peculiar province to cultivate that taste in which so humiliating a lesson is afforded us, by the EMPEROR OF HAYTI?

Your Lordship's, to your shoebuckles,

Menial Servant,

PUNCH.

A Remarkable Mis-nomer.

WE must say that the lady who presides over the Sisters of Mercy at Devonport, has been treated very unhandsomely by our contemporaries. The newspapers call her, Miss SELLON; whereas she styles herself "y^e Mother sup^r of the Sisters of Mercy." Now, she has really done so much good with her little imitation, or Albata Nunnery, that we freely pardon her for assuming, without the least acknowledgment, a title evidently taken from "Manners and Customs of y^e Englyshe;" and we will not allow her to be spoken of improperly. Since she describes herself as the Mother Superior, it is grossly inconsiderate, to say the least, to Miss-call her as the various journals do. We don't generally make these mistakes in England, whatever may be the case elsewhere. MRS. SELLON, gentlemen, if you please, for the time to come.

A QUEER QUERY.

A CORRESPONDENT, for whom we have much compassion but no respect, has written to us to know, whether in the event of the abolition of all pluralities, the use of the editorial "We" would be prohibited.



"LOOK HERE, JAMES!—OLD MISSUS IS GONE OUT OF TOWN, AND I'VE GOT HER BEAST OF A DOG WOT'S FED UPON CHICKINGS TO TAKE CARE OF.—WON'T I TEACH HIM TO SWIM, NEETHER!"

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE FOURTH.

MRS. MOUSER, INCOG., ATTENDS THE "PROTECTION OF ENGLISH INDUSTRY."

THE secret shall die with me, but I've been at the Great Quatern Loaf Meeting at the Crown-and-Anchor. How I got there—what I went in—how nobody knew me—and how I saw and heard everything,—all this, I say, shall go to the grave with me. To think that a noble Duke—the DUKE OF RICHMOND—should, at such a time as this, put our good little QUEEN into a fright,—forgetting himself and going and shaking hands, and slapping shoulders, with a pack of people that talk of overthrowing the Lion and Unicorn, and carrying bullets and gunpowder into the cupboards of quiet folks—and all because the cupboards are filled at too cheap a rate; to think of this, and wonder how the Duke can ever think of once more wrapping himself up in his fur and velvet, and going to sup again—as I have no doubt he will, if he's asked—at Buckingham Palace; to think of this is to think that society, as MOUSER call it, is going to bits, and that not a soul of us will be left to witness the pieces!

Well, the room was full, to be sure. The Crown—as I observed to MOUSER—was crammed with jewels, many of 'em, as they seemed to me, of the first brandy-and-water,—and then there was the Anchor, with Hope, in the shape of the noble chairman, as they called him, sitting smiling upon it—smiling at the four-pound loaf at 5½d. first quality.

And people talk of pride! Why, if that dear DUKE OF RICHMOND had been brought up in the fields to frighten birds from the corn—if he'd been bred to rattle pebbles in a tin pot against the sparrows—he couldn't have been more affable, more humble, more like one of the smaller people about him. But—as aunt PEACOCK used to say—the really great political man can always make nothing of himself, when it's for something to his advantage. I'm sure I've seen many a turnpike man thinking twice as much of himself as that blessed DUKE OF RICHMOND. For only consider what he had to listen to! There were half-a-dozen farmers threatening to cut off all our horses—to stir up all their ploughmen—and to come and take London to themselves; I suppose, sharing all the gold and notes in the Bank, and the crown and jewels in the Tower,—and the twopences of St. Paul's, and the half-crowns at Westminster, and all of us to be sacked—as I believe they call it—to make up what the farmers have lost in the price of corn, and the wear and worry of their understandings! All this the Duke had to listen to, and he seemed to think no more of it, but sat as quiet and as cosy, as though the Bank of England were of no more account than a

hen-roost, and the crown of HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY herself hardly worth five shillings. But, to be sure, there is nothing so really high-bred as indifference. The true nobleman—*aunt PEACOCK* used to say—can always be, when it suits him, half-brother to a block of marble.

I have in my time seen a good many impostors. One lives in London to very little purpose not to know what cheating is; we see it at every corner of every street. But if ever I set my eyes upon such a set of jolly, red-faced, broad-backed sufferers, all of 'em—as they shouted—destroyed and ruined, with not an inch of ground to rest their soles upon! I couldn't have thought it possible that misery could be so fat, and ruin so plump and good-looking!

To be sure, the DUKE OF RICHMOND told 'em to take heart, and they must fill their pockets. "Parliament," said the Duke, "must listen to you, if you only bellow loud enough. My advice is, don't let Parliament eat, or drink, or think till corn's at 50s., and up it must go again! In the meanwhile, you will make a row like peaceable persons, and—whatever you may threaten—threaten and swagger like men who know themselves. If we are robbed of every farthing, and strip of every rag, at least,"—said the dear Duke—"let us remember ourselves as gentlemen, and behave as such."

"Then," said one Farmer, "my opinion is that land's everything, and everything upon it's nothing. Without land, you can have no country at all. Without land, where could the QUEEN find a place to set her throne upon? Kings and Queens ar'n't like skylarks; they can't live in the air. It's the land as grows everything: soldiers and sailors, cotton-trees and cocoa-trees, shopkeepers and spinners,—all live upon the land: for take away the land, and where's the sort of Noah's Ark that will save the people?" At which everybody shouted, and the Duke in the chair nodded his head, and moved his lips, as if he was, just to himself, tasting the words, and mightily liking them. "But the noblest thing upon the land is the farmer. Other folks are to him, however fine they may be, no more than the poppies among the corn; they're a show and a mischief, and not a crumb of wholesome bread to be made out of 'em. Talking about poppies," said MR. MEALMOUTH, "they remind me of soldiers; and that reminds me again, if we're to continue to have glory, we must be protected in it. English gunpowder and British corn at 50s. are own brothers. With corn down and free trade all over the world, the manly British bayonet won't be worth a rusty nail; and instead of settling any little dispute after the good old manly stand-up fight—which ends in a few thousands being knocked down—there'll be peace all over the world, and the beautiful cannon guns be turned into beehives. We have," said MR. MEALMOUTH, "what's called the Apostle of Peace. Very well, then; if he is an Apostle, he's the Apostle JUDAS ISCARIOT." Whereupon, everybody shouted and clapped their hands, and all as pleased as if they'd found sixpence.

And next, a MR. GROWLER, with tears as big as peas in his eyes, declared that every English ploughman was without a bit in his belly, or a thread upon his back. As for SIR ROBERT PEELE—but here there was such a shouting; some cried out for Temple Bar, and some for Tower Hill: some for hurdle, and some for quartering—the Duke all the while quite mild and well-behaved, and unconcerned at anything, as a nobleman should be. Whereupon, MR. GROWLER took heart, and said, as the labourers were naked and starving, when they'd got in all the crops, they would be bound together like so many sheaves. And if the poor fellows broke into rebels, was it to be expected that the farmers would try to hinder 'em? By no means. Pretty liberty there'd be for the subject if men mightn't do what they pleased against cheap corn! "But"—said GROWLER—"our grand hope is in the dumb quadrupeds! We own nine out of ten of all the horses—to say nothing of the other animals. Well, what won't horses carry, when they're put to it? And when the Corn question is a question not only of wheat, but of barley and beans and oats, what won't English horses do, when mounted by English farmers and labourers? As for Free Trade, it would be put down like beans. And the QUEEN, the Prince, and the children—whatever was the rumpus in London and the towns—would be quite safe in the country. There were farm-houses quite as comfortable as Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace." And then, MR. GROWLER, snapping his fingers, said he should like to see what the cab-horses of London, or the horses of the Guards, to boot, would do against Dobbin? He said, in a great passion—and ending his speech in the sweat of his brow—he said he should like to see it. And then everybody shouted, as much as to say, and so should we! And if it weren't a thing to remember, to notice how that dear DUKE OF RICHMOND, who has been a soldier himself, smiled and looked as pleasant, as though to talk about Englishmen fighting with Englishmen—waggon-horses against cabs—was nothing! But then the Duke, having seen a good deal of smoke in his time, knew perhaps exactly what the speech was made of.

Well, there were a good many other talkers, but the most furious of 'em all was one MR. WIGGINS. I've heard a good deal of Red Republics—though, whatever colours may have to do with ribbons, what they've to do with kingdoms, I can't tell—and MR. WIGGINS did, certainly, though he was a farmer, look to my eye as red as *Samuel* in the *Freyshütz*—that *Samuel*, that, all in red from hat to boots, goes walking

about the fields, and down the groves, burning the grass with his foot-steps, and singeing the leaves with his cloak—Mr. WIGGINS bounced forward, and said he had but a very few words to treat 'em with; and, as I thought, all the better; for the words he did say, every one of 'em dropped from his mouth like a red-hot cannon-ball; and—I couldn't help it—I saw all England in a blaze, and London taken by the Cart-Horse Heavy Dragoons, and the Reaping-Hook Artillery, and the Light Flail Volunteers,—and me, and MOUSER, and the children hidden in the beer cellar while the sack went on,—and Mr. CORDEN's head off on Tower Hill, and Mr. BRIGHT—with Mr. FERRAND riding as Sheriff—on his way to Tyburn. All this I saw, and who could help it? for WIGGINS, with a terrible look, and a voice like a clap of thunder, called upon Government; and he said if Government didn't choose to answer to the call, why, then, he and all of them were ready for a scramble. "Up with wheat," cried WIGGINS, "or we'll fight for the rise!" And, certainly, he looked as if he meant it; for he flourished his arms about, as though giving the meeting a sample of his muscles; and the meeting—every man in it—jumped up, and gave such a shout—I'm sure there wasn't a quartern loaf, between us and Charing Cross, that didn't leap again upon the baker's shelf, at the very sound.

And to see that DUKE OF RICHMOND, and to fancy him with his coronet—"with his pearls upon his brow," as the song says—as meek and mild in his chair as any two-year baby with sugared bread-and-butter—to see him with not a pucker in his face, listening to such cannon-balls in syllables, did, I must say it, cause astonishment, if not admiration, in the breast of

Yours truly, Mr. Punch,

The Honeysuckles.

AMELIA MOUSER.

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

BOTHER.—A word in great use when a stupid visitor has called, or a dress has not come home, or the hair will not curl, or the pen will not write, or the shoe will not come on, or any other little domestic annoyance.

FIDDLESTICK.—A word strongly expressive of contempt. It crushes all reply. When a lady once says "Fiddlestick," he must be a bold man who ventures to say another word.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.—The same as "Fiddlestick," only a degree milder.

DUCKY.—A term of endearment, applied indiscriminately when a favour is to be asked.

INDEED!—An ejaculation, "strongly recommended for family use." It implies doubt, a contemptuous denial, a gentle refusal, and saves an infinity of useless explanation. Much may be said with that word "Indeed!" It all depends upon the way in which it is pronounced.

"DRAT IT!"—Very emphatic, almost amounting to an oath. It should be used very sparingly, even by ladies.

DELICIOUS.—A word that, coming from a young lady's lips, conveys the highest possible amount of praise. It is applied equally to MARIO's singing, GUNTER's ices, HOUBIGANT's gloves, FRANK STONE's pictures, FERRARIS' dancing, and means perfection in each instance.

SPOONEY.—A young man who cannot dance or talk, or talks no better than he dances, or *vice versa*. A young man who wears clogs and mittens, and sings sentimental songs with a lisp, and has turned-down collars, and a miniature which he always carries in his waistcoat-pocket, on the side nearest his heart, would take rank in household estimation as a "spooney."

DUMPY.—Unhappy, miserable. Any one who has a cold, or is disagreeable, or has been disappointed, or has received bad news, or an unpleasant truth, is said to look "Dumpy."

Lateness of the Season.

We saw last week, in the Park, a pair of Ducks, of the most spotless white, but the cold was so intense that they instantly ran in, and we have not seen them since. The London Ducks—for they are always observed in pairs—are an extremely chilly bird. The least drop of water sends them flying, and they do not stop till they get under shelter. This is most extraordinary in this bird, for it is well known to naturalists, that the Duck is, generally speaking, very fond of the rain, and, instead of running away from water, takes it as naturally as a teetotaller. The London Ducks, which are the surest signs of an early summer, are very late indeed this season.

I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM.

THE above would be an excellent motto for some trowsers recently made by a Manchester operative, who has just turned out a complete pair of "continuations" without a single seam. Such garments cannot be considered unseemly, notwithstanding the peculiarity of their construction; but it may be said that, if his plan should be generally adopted, needles would become needless, and the population would be curtailed of its tailors.

THE HOUSELESS COMMONS.

It is not generally known that the representatives of the people are only in lodgings at the present time; for until their own House is completed, they are occupying "genteel apartments," the rent of which is paid from the public Treasury.

We are therefore interested in knowing how the building for their permanent occupation is going on; and we are glad to hear that, "weather permitting," the Commons are to go into their new House forthwith; but if the evenings should become cold, the Commons must keep on for a week or two longer in their present lodgings. We cannot see that there need be any want of warmth, for there are always members ready to make the House almost too hot to hold anything.

Much curiosity has been excited in the minds of several M.P.'s, by the presence of nine enormous boilers which are standing in the quadrangle, and the intended uses of which boilers are rather dubious. There is surely enough of "Bubble, bubble, Toil and trouble," in the House without the introduction of nine tremendous boilers, which it is said by some are designed for the express purpose of enabling those who make a display of their indignation to boil over with it. The wags of the lobby were the other night very active on the subject of these vast reservoirs of hot water; and a Parliamentary wit, one of whose jokes was once permitted to appear by courtesy in the pages of *Punch*, was heard to remark, that the nine boilers looked as if the Commons intended boiling themselves to prevent others from roasting them. The M.P. who perpetrated this deserves, in our opinion, not simply a roasting but a basting also, for his atrocity.



"JACK OF ALL TRADES, AND MASTER OF NONE."

FAMILY METAPHYSICS.

AMONG the recent literary births, we observe that of a Magazine called the *British Controversialist*. Our new-born contemporary has mooted the following points of controversy:—

Is beauty a quality inherent in objects?

Is an hereditary monarchy preferable to an elective one? and, Ought capital punishments to be abolished?

It has been determined by the most profound female philosophers—the best judges, of course, in all questions about beauty—that so far from beauty being inherent in any object, the very nature of all objects, or that which causes an object to be an object, is downright ugliness. That an hereditary monarchy is preferable, is clear from the well-known circumstance that an elective sovereign very seldom succeeds. As to the abolition of capital punishments, we really must say that we wonder at the presumption of anybody who can raise such a question after it has been so satisfactorily disposed of by—our innate modesty forbids us to say whom.

Civic Inconsistency.

THE Metropolitan Interments Bill is complained of in the City as part of a system of centralisation. This is a strange objection, coming from those who may be truly said to go the whole hog in centralising, by keeping up their Smithfield in the middle of London.

PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

FLIGHT THE FIRST.



THIS is the month of Exhibitions. The flowers come out and the Academy spreads its tulip-bed, and the little Water Colour parterres blossom unobtrusively, like primrose patches and violet banks, into fresh COXES, and sunshiny BENNETS, and fresh green DAVISONS, and harmonious COPLEY FIELDINGS. So, in this merry month of May, Mr. Punch puts on his spectacles, pays his shillings, and may be seen, any day that the sun shines, between ten and two, choosing unfashionable hours (when something may be seen besides pretty faces and fasteful bonnets), catalogue in hand, slowly gazing his way through the Exhibitions. Mr. Punch loves pictures:

from his box in bye-streets, he is accustomed to look down on so many, and to note them too, at a time that the audience conceive we are thinking of nothing but how to compass the destruction of the doctor, or to cheat the terrible gentleman who carries us off in the fifth act.

Ah! pretty housemaid Mary, who lingered with the beer, yesterday morning, with that neat little bit of a cap, so prettily arranged on that shining, sleek, golden hair of thine, the checked apron thrown artfully over the foaming pot, and thy blue eyes making believe to laugh at me, while all the while they were eager to cast themselves down under the impassioned gaze of that guardsman—little did you think, Mary, that I, *Punch*, was sketching the group in my mind's eye—but no matter for that, except in so far as it connects itself with this article.

There is one thing *Punch* wishes to say, first of all. He is not going to give his readers a running commentary on a catalogue, with "Pishes," "Pshaws," notes of admiration, &c. &c. He would rather talk with the artists than sit in judgment on their pictures—one by one—and he would rather utter his own thoughts than do either.

I have been to all the Exhibitions now open, and from all of them—except the pair of Water-colours, of which hereafter—I have brought away one strong and painful impression—which I must get off my mind.

Is painting a living art in England at this moment?

Is there a nineteenth century?

Are there men and women round about us, doing, acting, suffering?

Is the subject-matter of Art, clothes? or is it men and women, their actions, passions, and sufferings?

I ask these questions of myself, and of my readers—especially the artists among them—because I am driven to grievous doubt about them when I look round the walls of the Picture Exhibitions.

If Art is vital, should it not somehow find food among living events, interests, and incidents? Is our life, at this day, so unideal, so devoid of all sensuous and outward picturesqueness and beauty, that for subjects to paint we must needs go back to the GUELPHS and Ghibelines, or to CHARLES THE SECOND, or WILLIAM THE THIRD, or GEORGE THE SECOND?

Because it seems as if the painters found it so. I see no homely life anywhere in your pictures. I see abundance of *bric à brac*, and MR. NATHAN. Very wonderful velvet doublets, undeniable silk hose, marvellous carved furniture, and very often a pretty set of features atop of the velvet doublets and silk hose aforesaid; but human emotion, human passion, the thing that interests me as a man, I nowhere see.

How is this, my painters? If I read books, it is not for the beauty of the type, or the subtle devices of the binding, but for the meaning I get out of the words. If I see a stage play with pleasure,—which is a picture in action—it is not for the glory of MR. COOPER'S coat, or MADAME VESTRIS'S purple velvet polka, but for the humour, or wit, or passion, or situation, that they help to make visible, and put into action.

But with your pictures it cannot be so.

My eye is regaled by their charm of colour, often—delighted by their harmony of line and skill of arrangement, often—attracted by the prettiness of your faces, often and often; but for meaning—for thought shadowed out by you to impress me—for deep and true expression—where are they?

Shall I tell you the sad truth, as it appears to me, of nine-tenths of you, and not the least skilful either? You appear to me like perfect masters of an alphabet writing nonsense verses; like carpenters, masters of your tools, constructing chairs that can't be sat upon, tables that won't stand, and beds that can't be laid in—in short, of men doing a work whereof the main aim, scope, and purpose, is lost sight of altogether.

EXTRAORDINARY DISPATCH.

CONSIDERABLE sensation was created on the London Exchange, one day last week, by the arrival, at 11 o'clock p.m., of a gentleman from Hammersmith. He had been deputed by a contemplated new Omnibus Company, to test the capabilities of the route, and the possibility of shortening the time now occupied in the journey. The usual period varies from two to four hours by some of the existing conveyances, and a company is understood to be in the course of formation, with a view to the acceleration of the transit, so that it may be performed within something like an hour-and-a-half on an average. The gentleman left the Broadway at 9 a.m., and reaching Kensington at half-past, instead of waiting the customary twenty minutes, proceeded by a special 'bus to Sloane Street, where a pause of a quarter-of-an-hour occurred for the filling of the nose-bags, and other minor matters. The vehicle then proceeded at accelerated speed as far as the Regent Circus, Piccadilly, which was gained by a quarter-past 10 o'clock, and having next made for Charing Cross, the customary stoppage for conversation occurred at the corner of Trafalgar Square, at the conclusion of which the 'bus pushed on to its destination. The gentleman who had carried out this novel enterprise was received with loud cheers, when it was known he had come in two hours from Hammersmith.

THE CHARTER OF PROTECTION.

THE "demonstrations" now going on at the various taverns throughout the country and within the metropolis remind us of the days of REYNOLDISM and CUFFEYDOM, when Holywell Street publishers were sending to Downing Street for the keys of office, and a dirty little half-caste tailor was volunteering to lead a million of his fellow men to death or victory over a cart on Kennington Common. The HOWLERS and the CHOWLERS are in a rabid state on the subject of Protection, which they are determined to galvanise, even though they throw the country into convulsions by their shocks and experiments. The HOWLERS and the CHOWLERS are taking the same line as the DUFFEYS, the CUFFEYS, the SNUFFEYS, and the rest of the agitators of John Street, Fitzroy Square, as far as language is concerned, though they have not yet arrived at the only practicable result of the CUFFEY, DUFFEY, and SNUFFEY movement, which was the breaking of an immense quantity of glass, the pillaging of a few shops, and the emptying of sundry pockets.

It is from a sort of Animals' Friend Society feeling that we advise these Protectionist howlers of sedition to stop in time, lest it may be demanded that the same justice should be meted out to them as was done upon the poor ignorant creatures whose tone it seems the fashion to imitate. CHOWLER boasted that he and his party had with them nine-tenths of the horses of the country. He might have claimed the whole of the other class of quadrupeds as his allies without the slightest fear of contradiction.

Londoners and their Lungs.

A SELECT Committee of the House of Commons is engaged in considering the question as to the establishment of a great Central Gas Consumers' Company. The Central Gas Consumers are an important body, as they comprise all the inhabitants of the heart of the Metropolis. The quantity of gas which they consume is enormous, including, not only that which they burn, but also the whole of the gaseous matter emanating from sewers, cesspools, and dead bodies, which they are continually breathing.

Mr. Bright and his Mill.

WITH a very sharp twinge of mental pain we observed that MR. BRIGHT, the other evening, opposed LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S motion for an inquiry relative to the sanitary condition of the journeymen bakers. We have a great respect for MR. BRIGHT, and for the Mill which he represents; but we wish he would be content with representing the Cotton-Mill, and not constitute himself the champion of that Mill by means of which Capital grinds Labour.



A REAL CASE OF CAUDLE.

THEREBY HANGS NO TAIL.

ONE of those ingenious and ever-watchful gentlemen, the astronomers, who may be termed the police of the skies, and are ever on the look-out for suspicious characters among the stars, or luminous bodies having no visible means of existence, has written to the *Times*, announcing the detection of a new comet. It is very clear that there is no escaping the vigilance of the astronomical detective force, and the new comet that has just been observed makes his appearance under circumstances of more than ordinary interest, for he is declared to be "without a tail,"—a fact which seems to indicate the presence of the comet in some meteorological disturbances of a very violent character. As there is a good deal of difficulty in finding names for all the new comets that are continually appearing, we beg leave to propose that the one which has just come forth without a tail, should go by the title of the Comet Spencer.

A REGULAR MULL.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduces another Stamp Bill, in which are incorporated, he tells us, all MR. MULLING's suggestions. We *should* have thought there had been quite mullings enough in this measure already.

THE WONDERFUL PROPERTIES OF RENT.

"THE Free Trader," growls a Pro-Corn-Law organ, "cannot deny that the entire abolition of rent would not enable the occupier to cultivate at a profit."

Ergo, levy a bread-tax which shall pay the rental of the United Kingdom, and yield a profit to all the farmers in Great Britain and Ireland into the bargain!

But the Free Trader has more to swallow. "And," continues our slightly paradoxical contemporary, "he has discovered that those who are most distressed, are those who have no landlord between them and their returns, but cultivate themselves the soil that descended to them from their fathers."

Therefore, having rent to pay is a positive advantage to the farmer. Agricultural subtraction is the same thing as simple addition. Rent is like mercy, "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes;" and the tenant in paying his landlord aggrandises himself. "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." *Minus* is *plus*, and *plus* is *minus*; and so Pro-Corn-Law reasoning brings us to a regular nonplus.

A ROTTEN CAUSE.—Among the opponents of the Extra-Mural Interments Bill are a good many, we fear, who attack it on the most corrupt private grounds,—private burial grounds.



THE POLITICAL "ROUGE ET NOIR."
Eugene Sue. "THE RED WINS!"

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

III.—ON THE BENEFITS OF BEING A FOGY.

IN possession of the right and privilege of garrulity which is accorded to old age, I cannot allow that a single side of paper should contain all that I have to say in respect to the manifold advantages of being a Fogy. I am a Fogy, and have been a young man. I see twenty women in the world constantly to whom I would like to have given a lock of my hair in days when my pate boasted of that ornament; for whom my heart felt tumultuous emotions, before the victorious and beloved Mrs. PACIFICO subjugated it. If I had any feelings now, Mrs. P. would order them and me to be quiet: but I have none; I am tranquil—yes, really tranquil (though, as my dear LEONORA is sitting opposite to me at this minute, and has an askance glance from her novel to my paper as I write—even if I were *not* tranquil, I should say that I was), but I *am* quiet: I have passed the hot stage: and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age, who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it, that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity,—you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth; but an honest Fogy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has been very happy.

A proper management of his recollections thus constitutes a very great item in the happiness of a Fogy. I, for my part, would rather remember —, and —, and — (I dare not mention names, for isn't my LEONORA pretending to read "the Initials," and peeping over my shoulder?) than be in love over again. It is because I have suffered prodigiously from that passion that I am interested in beholding others undergoing the malady. I watch it in ball-rooms (over my cards, where and the old ones sit), and dinner-parties. Without sentiment, there would be no flavour in life at all. I like to watch young folks who are fêt of each other, be it the housemaid furtively engaged smiling and glancing with JOHN through the area railings; be it Miss and the Captain whispering in the embrasure of the drawing-room window—*Ami* is interesting to me, because of *amavi*—of course, it is MR PACIFICO I mean.

A Fogies of good breeding and kind condition of mind, who go about in the world much, should remember to efface themselves—if I may use a French phrase—they should not, that is to say, thrust in their old legs on all occasions. When the people are marching out to dinner, for instance, and the Captain is sidling up to Miss, Fogy, because he is twenty years older than the Captain, should not push himself forward to arrest that young fellow, and carry off the disappointed girl on his superannuated rheumatic old elbow. When there is any thing of this sort going on (and a man of the world has possession of *la carte du pays* with half an eye), I become interested in a picture, have something particular to say to pretty Polly the parrot, or to little TOMMY, who is not coming in to dinner, and while I am talking to him, Miss and the Captain make their little arrangement. In this way I managed only last week to let young BILLINGTON and the lovely BLAHE POUTER get together; and walked down stairs with my hat for the ally partner of my arm. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY now, because he was a Captain of Dragoons almost before BILLINGTON was born, would have visted upon his right of precedence over BILLINGTON, who only got his top the other day.

Precedence Fiddlestick! Men squabble about precedence because they are doubtful about their condition, as Irishmen will insist upon it that you are determined to insult and trample upon their beautiful country, when you are thinking about it or no; men young to the world mistrust the bearing of others towards them, because they mistrust themselves. I have seen many sneaks and much cringing of course in the world; but the fault of gentlefolks is generally the contrary—an absurd doubt of the intentions of others towards us, and a perpetual assertion of our twopenny dignity, which nobody is thinking of wounding.

As a young man if the Lord I knew did not happen to notice me, the next time I might, I used to envelope myself in my dignity, and treat his Lordship with such a tremendous *hauteur* and killing coolness of demeanour, that he might have fancied I was an Earl at least, and he a menial upon whom I trampled. Whereas he was a simple, good-natured creature, who had no idea of insulting or slighting me, and, indeed, scarcely any about any subject except racing and shooting. Young men have this easiness in society, because they are thinking about themselves: they are happy and tranquil because they are taking advantage of, enjoying, without suspicion, the good-nature and good offices of other well-bred people.

Have you not often wished for yourself, or some other dear friend, ten thousand a-year? It is natural that you should like such a good thing as ten thousand a-year; and all the pleasures and comforts which it brings. So also it is natural that a man should like the society of people well-to-do in the world; who make their houses pleasant, who gather pleasant persons about them, who have fine pictures on their walls, pleasant books in their libraries, pleasant parks and town and country houses, good cooks and good cellars: if I were coming to dine with you, I would rather a good dinner than a bad one; if so-and-so is as good as you and possesses these things, he, in so far, is better than you who do not possess them: therefore I had rather go to his house in Belgravia than to your lodgings in Kentish Town. That is the rationale of living in good company. An absurd, conceited, high-and-mighty young man hangs back, at once insolent and bashful; an honest, simple, quiet, easy, clear-sighted Fogy steps in and takes the goods which the gods provide, without elation as without squeamishness.

It is only a few men who attain simplicity in early life. This man has his conceited self-importance to be cured of; that has his conceited bashfulness to be "taken out of him," as the phrase is. You have a disquiet which you try to hide, and you put on a haughty guarded manner. You are suspicious of the good-will of the company round about you, or of the estimation in which they hold you. You sit mum at table. It is not your place to "put yourself forward." You are thinking about yourself, that is; you are suspicious about that personage and everybody else; that is, you are not frank; that is, you are not well-bred; that is, you are not agreeable. I would instance my young friend MUMFORD as a painful example—one of the wittiest, cheeriest, cleverest, and most honest of fellows in his own circle; but having the honour to dine the other day at Mr. HOBANON'S, where His Excellency the Crimean Minister and several gentlemen of honour and wit were assembled, MUMFORD did not open his mouth once for the purposes of conversation, but sat and ate his dinner as silently as a brother of La Trappe.

He was thinking with too much distrust of himself (and of others by consequence) as TOPLADY was thinking of himself in the little affair in Hyde Park to which I have alluded in the former chapter. When MUMFORD is an honest Fogy, like some folks, he will neither distrust his host, or his company, or himself; he will make the best of the hour and the people round about him; he will scorn tumbling over head-and-heels for his dinner, but he will take and give his part of the good things, join in the talk and laugh unaffectedly, nay, actually tumble over head-and-heels, perhaps, if he has a talent that way; not from a wish to show off his powers, but from a sheer good-humour and desire to oblige. Whether as guest or as entertainer, your part and business in society is to make people as happy and as easy as you can; the master gives you his best wine and welcome—you give, in your turn, a smiling face, a disposition to be pleased and to please: and my good young friend who read this, don't doubt about yourself, or think about your precious person. When you have got on your best coat and waistcoat, and have your dandy shirt and tie arranged—consider these as so many settled things, and go forward and through your business.

That is why people in what is called the great world are commonly better bred than persons less fortunate in their condition: not that they are better in reality, but from circumstances they are never uneasy about their position in the world: therefore they are more honest and simple: therefore, they are better bred than GROWLER, who scowls at the great man a defiance and a determination that he will *not* be trampled upon: or poor FAWNER, who goes quivering down on his knees, and licks my Lord's shoes. But I think in our world—at least in my experience—there are even more GROWLERS than FAWNERS.

It will be seen, by the above remarks, that a desire to shine or to occupy a marked place in society, does not constitute my idea of happiness, or become the character of a discreet Fogy. Time, which has dimmed the lustre of his waistcoats, allayed the violence of his feelings, and sobered down his head with grey, should give to the whole of his life a quiet neutral tinge; out of which calm and reposeful condition an honest old Fogy looks on the world, and the struggle there of women and men. I doubt whether this is not better than struggling yourself, for you preserve your interest, and do not lose your temper. Succeeding? What is the great use of succeeding? Failing? Where is the great harm? It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will have you or not: what the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards? Do you, JONES, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality? The Future does not care whether you were a captain or a private soldier. You get a card to the Duchess's party; it is no more or less than a ball or breakfast like other balls or breakfasts. You are half-distracted because Miss won't have you and takes the other fellow, or you get her (as I did Mrs. PACIFICO) and find that she is quite a different thing from what you expected. Psha! These things appear as naught—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the grey calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say

Look, O, man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

But on the one hand, if there is an alloy in all success, is there not a something wholesome in all disappointment? To endeavour to regard them both benevolently is the task of a philosopher; and he who can do so is a very lucky Fogey.

FEARFUL FALL AND DECLINE OF THE LAW.



Y our letters we find that the Lawyers are crying out most piteously against the reductions that are made every Session in the profits of the Law. If that system continue, they declare the profession will be made so contemptible, that no gentleman will think of following it. A Chancery Suit will be a poor, miserable affair, that will be over in a couple of weeks, and a Bankruptcy Commission will scarcely enable the poor practitioner to keep his carriage. These will be dreadful times for the Lawyers, who will be compelled, for a livelihood, to issue

writs against one another. The Insolvents' Court will be filled with most heart-rending cases of legal destitution, and Basinghall Street will be occupied from day to day with winding up the accounts of Chancery Lane. The Inns will follow, and the Law will become such a Parish of a profession, that it will be universally shunned, excepting by the most reckless, or the very poorest. Recruiting-parties will have to beat up the most wretched neighbourhoods, in the hopes of finding some forlorn youth whose misery may drive him, as a last extremity, to "follow the Law," and disobedient sons and unruly apprentices will be packed off to Lincoln's Inn, as they formerly were sent to sea, to be reclaimed by its trials and hardships. Who knows but the Bar, also, may be reduced to a state of such abject penury, that we may see a JOSEPH ADY sitting on the woollack, sending out letters to all clients, to the effect that, if they have their causes tried before him, and will send him a sovereign, they may probably "hear of something to their advantage."

The following has been confidentially sent to us by one of the most respectable practitioners in Carey Street, as the copy of a Bill of Costs, for a trifling Writ, as it will be in 1852:—

SMITH v. JONES.		s.	d.
Writing Letter for payment of Debt		0	6
Instructions for Writ		1	0
Writ		0	14
Copy to Serve and Service		0	9
Affidavit of Service		0	54
Attending to Swear, and paid Swearing		1	2
Searching for Appearance		0	6
Instructions for Declaration		0	8
Drawing Declaration, 12 folios (at 1d. per folio)		12	0
		5	2

The Bill is much longer, but we have given sufficient to prove the extreme lowness of the charges. The worst is, the poor Lawyers receive no pity. Every one laughs at them. Their misery seems to be a joke universally enjoyed. Perhaps the retribution is but just. Those who proverbially have had no pity for others in distress, are properly punished if they receive none, now that they are distressed themselves.

Removals and Promotions.

The Central Protection Society: to the Chartist Hall, St. John's Street.
To Van Diemen's Land: — CHOWLER, Esq., *vice* CUFFEY, pardoned.

PATHOLOGICAL EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Noticed by our Surgical Adviser.)

THE Painter has hitherto done little for Medicine but hold its professors up to ridicule. This year, however, our science has received a tribute in the picture No. 518, at the Royal Academy's Exhibition. The interest of this work is purely pathological; the figures in it being simply illustrations of the scrofulous or strumous diathesis. Their emaciated bodies, their shrunken legs, and tumid ancles, are the well-known characteristics of that morbid state of system. The incipient cedema of the lower extremities is faithfully portrayed; though, in connection with this symptom, which indicates far-gone disease, the abdominal tension might have been more strongly marked. The boy, advancing with the bowl of water, exemplifies a splendid case of rhachitis, or rickets; and the osteological distortions of his frame have been correctly copied from the skeleton. The child in the centre is expressively represented with the red hair, light eyebrows, and mottled complexion, which betoken the extreme of struma. The female figure kissing it, apparently its mother, is endowed by the artist with the same peculiarities, in accordance with the law of hereditary transmission. With a nice discernment, too, the squalid filth for which the whole group is remarkable, is associated with a disorder notoriously connected with dirt. The drawing of the figures evinces minute study in the demonstration-room.

To render the phenomena of morbid anatomy is clearly the speciality of the artist. His talent for exact imitation, properly applied, might preserve for us many specimens which we vainly endeavour to keep in spirits. The productions of his pencil, thus directed, would eclipse everything in BAILLIÈRE'S shop-window; but he should limit himself to the strictly human subject. No. 518 has no title; but subjoined to it there is a text suggesting that it is meant for the Holy Family. Now the persons depicted in it seem to be mere portraits, taken from life at the Orthopædic Institution. Though interesting to the eye of medicine, to the non-professional beholder they are unpleasant—not to say, revolting. They appear to savour, as has been intimated, of an unacquaintance with soap and water much at variance with the man which adjoins cleanliness to sanctity. Scrofula, moreover, is a Northern disease; and its antecedents, besides nastiness, are irregularities in living. The figures in question are so many examples of the consequences of transgressing the laws of health. The genius requisite for "High Art" should include some creative power, sense of beauty and perception of congruities and incongruities. It will be a pity if this gentleman does not turn his abilities—which, in the mechanic way, are great—to the illustration of COOPER'S Surgical Dictionary, and leave the Testament alone.

THE ANTI-EDUCATION LEAGUE SUBSCRIPTION.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to SIR ROBERT HARRIS INGLIS, and begs to ask whether the Honourable Member for Oxford, enlightenment, and Toleration, has any idea of the number of the persons, Churchmen and Dissenters, who share his views on the subject of education? Because, in the first place, by insisting on religious instruction as an indispensable accompaniment to secular education, whilst differing among themselves as to what religion to teach, they combine to keep some eight or nine millions of HER MAJESTY'S subjects in ignorance. Secondly, inasmuch as it has occurred to *Punch* that possibly they might be numerous enough to subscribe, between them, the trifling sum of £2,000 a day, in which they are morally if not legally, indebted to the nation. Precisely this amount, according to the *Times*, does Government spend upon the "maintenance, supervision, and correction" of convicts, or for "Prison and Convict service." Hereunto might be added the further expense involved in the prosecution of offenders; however, *Mr. Punch* does not wish to be too hard on SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS and his confederates. But is ruled *in foro conscientia* by *Mr. Justice Punch*, that they whose mystical polemics prevent the multitude from being taught plain mis are bound to defray some part of the damage accruing from the obstinate bigotry. *Mr. Punch*, therefore, proposes to trouble the honourable Baronet, and all who side with him on the Education Question, that same £2,000 per diem, in order to pay for the Prison and Convict services necessitated by the want of schooling.

POLITICAL RUMOURS.

MR. DISRAELI passed Buckingham Palace yesterday, and looked up at the drawing-room windows three times. In his way home, he looked in at Apsley House, for the street door happened to be open at the time he was passing. The ministerial press made no mention of these facts.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



The Operatic department of Her Majesty's Theatre we have already described as a monarchy presided over by a reigning Queen of Song, but the sovereignty of the Ballet is usually disputed by two or three candidates. These contests may, in some degree, be compared to the Wars of the Roses, for the emblems of victory are frequently floral and consist of bouquets thrown at the feet of the conqueror. Homage is thus paid where it is due, since the feet are the arms chiefly employed in the great struggle for ascendancy in the ballet.

Those who contemplate the delicious softness of the

scenery, with its canvas bowers of profited bliss, its woodwork woods, its groves to which the paint pots of art have supplied the verdancy of nature; those who have looked on those pictures of peace—forgetting for a moment that they are merely carpenter's piece-work—would little suspect the turbulent feelings that agitate the groups inhabiting these apparently happy valleys. Secluded from the world by an impassable barrier of ever-burning gas-lights, nymphs are seen sporting round fountains gushing with a material that sparkles but never splashes. A happy peasantry gambols in white satin slippers on a village green, from which no moisture arises to damp their shoes or their spirits, while, sometimes, the scenery is celestial, and goddesses repose on clouds, having none of the unpleasant density of vapour, but being substantial enough to sit upon. Looking on such scenes as these, the poet might fairly hope to see nothing but tranquillity in the bosoms of the inhabitants, but the philosopher, rudely knocking the hat over the poet's eyes, proceeds with the spectacles of fact to look into matters on his own account, and the poet, hailing imagination's cab, starts for the realms of fancy, which are always to be found within a very short fare of sad and sober reality.

Hand in hand with the philosopher, who, with the Turk's-head of materialism, is for ever brushing down the cobwebs of idealism that overhang the romantic passages of life, we proceed to test the blissfulness of the ballet.

The difficulty of getting two suns to shine in the same hemisphere has been suggested by astronomers; but the excessive trouble of getting two or more stars of the ballet to exhibit their brilliance in the same *pas* has never been thought of by the *savans*, whose subjects of contemplation are at all events guided by fixed laws, while the dazzling bodies that float before the eyes of him who would read the stars of Her Majesty's Theatre are with difficulty subjected to any rule whatever. Nevertheless, the apparently impossible result has occasionally been accomplished, though we might almost as soon expect to see Sagittarius hand in hand with Virgo, executing a *pas* to the band of Orion, as hope to witness the conjunction of three stars of the ballet without a convulsion of the most serious character. We do not wonder that Her Majesty's Theatre requires the constant services of an Aquarius, who, with watering-pot in hand, is perpetually cooling the ground that must be impregnated with all the materials for a volcano, by the heat of so many contests.

The astronomer may well turn away baffled from the stars of the ballet, for the diplomatist is the only magician who can read or regulate their occasionally combined movements. Men practised in the most subtle regulations of Court etiquette, and skilled in deciding points of precedence as fine as the point of a needle—men who could bundle up together gold, silver, and half-a-dozen other sticks without giving offence to either—men who could satisfy the claims of every degree of knighthood, take the relative measures of any pair of garters, and deal with a couple of Baths without getting into hot water; even such men as these would find the points of precedence in a *pas de deux, trois, or quatre*, far more difficult of adjustment than the matters above alluded to. The achievement of the production of *Les Graces*, presenting together CARLOTTA GRISI, MARIE TAGLIONI, and AMALIA FERRARIS, Terpsichore's three favourite daughters, and their *pas or grand pa*, has indeed called forth the cunningest diplomacy of all concerned in a combination which seemed too good to be true, and which at one time would have been pronounced impossible.

We can imagine the numerous consultations that must have been held by the Cabinet of Her Majesty's Theatre on this momentous question. Which of the fair trio should commence was, no doubt, the subject of anxious deliberation, which was at last put an end to by the

bright idea of their all appearing at once in a group, and descending together from the same pedestal. The difficulty of the *premier pas* was thus got over, but this is not the only *pas qui coule* in such a very momentous affair as a *pas de trois*, where not a step must be taken that is not properly weighed, and its exact weight distributed in exactly equal proportions among the Three Graces. If EUPHROSINE has a movement of the music to herself, consisting of so many bars, THALIA and EGIE must be allowed to have their feet on the bars separately for the same period. If EUPHROSINE occupies for a moment the centre place between her sister Graces, THALIA and EGIE feel it to be the centre of attraction, and would murmur on both sides, or grumble right and left, if they did not in their turn take the coveted position. If THALIA is supported for an instant by the hand of EUPHROSINE at the waist, enabling the former Grace to maintain a horizontal line between the tip of her toe and the tip of her nose, at an altitude of three feet, THALIA will be expected to serve as a temporary prop, while EUPHROSINE forms herself into an arch, of which her head, bent backwards to the utmost possible extent, seems to be nearly forming one of the buttresses. If EGIE has been standing neglected during these ingenious feats of what may be termed the civil engineering of the human frame, she will expect in her turn to have the assistance of one of her sister Graces as a fulcrum or lever, while she arranges herself into some mathematical figure that would astonish a senior wrangler by its application of the best rules of art to the attractions of nature. It speaks highly for the equanimity of the Queens of the Ballet that, with a rival in their hands, they have never been known to let that rival drop at a moment when the victim, if left to herself, would scarcely have had a leg to stand upon.

The agony of upholding a competitor for public applause can only be understood by one who, with jealousy raised to its highest pitch by a whirlwind of delight and a hurricane of *bravas* at the achievements of a rival, and with muscular strength taxed to its utmost pitch by that rival's weight, can still sustain that rival in her enviable position, and look down upon her with a smile of benignity, unruffled by the pangs of jealousy, or the hard work of bearing a load under which a porter might wince, without much imputation on his porterhood.

THE SANITARY REFORMER TO HIS EXECUTOR.

WHEN in earth I shall calm recline,
Let no dwellings my couch be near;
Let not an atom that once was mine
Contribute to poison the atmosphere.
Bid them not lay me where churchyard railing
Encloses a narrow and crowded site,
Against my will and desire exhaling
Pestiferous vapours from morn till night.

Far from living men's habitations
Let me harmlessly decompose;
None of my chemical emanations
Shall injure a soul, or offend a nose;
Free-blowing breezes, bad gas dispelling,
Shall fragrance derive from the various bloom
Of the shrubs and the flowers, so freshly smelling,
Adorning my extra-mural tomb.

EXPENSIVE PROSELYTISM.

At the late annual meeting of the British Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, it was stated that—

"During the past year six individuals, who had been under instruction by the Missionaries of the Society, had been baptised."

If this well-meaning Society made no more than half-a-dozen converts among the Israelites in one year, it certainly takes a great deal to convert a Jew. For, according to the Secretary's report,—

"The balance-sheet showed the total receipts (including a balance from the last report) to be £4034 0s. 5d., and the expenditure, £3887 17s. 8d."

The conversion of these Hebrews, then, cost upwards of £600 a head; money well laid out, truly, but, considering the educational and other destitution existing around us, we think it might have been laid out a little better. Besides, there is a mode of Christianising the Children of Israel, at very small expense. The least costly and most effectual way of promoting Christianity among the Jews would be that of getting it practised among Christians.

A DUKE OUT OF PLACE.

THE exclamation of all on hearing that the DUKE OF RICHMOND took the chair at the disaffected farmers' meeting in a place of such radical celebrity as the Crown and Anchor, is "My Stars and Garters!"



MR. BRIGGS HAS GONE TO THE EXHIBITION.—A BOY HOLDS HIS HORSE IN THE MEANTIME.

THE BRITISH LION AN ULTRA CHARTIST!

A GENERAL meeting of that peculiar class of politicians interested in the notorious Land Scheme took place on Tuesday last week at the Crown and Anchor. The chair was occupied by **FEARGUS O'RICHMOND**, who delivered a very inflammatory speech, qualified by a judicious recommendation to his followers to abstain from "physical force." **MR. ERNEST BOOKER** indulged in a furious denunciation of Free Trade, and after asserting that the agricultural interest was in a state of sad depression, offered to subscribe £1000 for electioneering purposes. **MR. LOONEY CHOWLER** hinted, in no measured language, at the probability of a speedy insurrection among the peasantry, and at the policy, on the part of the farmers, of driving them to rebellion by sending them to the workhouse. The notorious **RUFFEY STANHOPE** slapped the orator on the back in approbation of his spirited views and suggestions. **MR. CUFFEY HIGGINS**, of Hereford, in a short but violent harangue, declared plainly that if the Government would not alter their system by moral force, they (the Land Schemers) would fight for it. The deafening applause that followed this declaration, we suppose, prevented the Chairman from calling the Speaker to order. **MANNERS**, of Young England celebrity, and **TOURNAMENT EGLINTON**, also addressed the meeting, in milder terms, certainly, than **LOONEY** and **CUFFEY**, yet without making any protest against the sentiments and language of those gentlemen, which, therefore, it is to be presumed, they adopt. We trust the Government will not be ill-advised enough to put the Felonious Speeches Act in force against these extravagant, but, no doubt, harmless spouters. Ministers had better take no notice of them, whatever they may say. The followers, or dunces, of **FEARGUS O'RICHMOND** will soon, perhaps, be talking of gunpowder and ginger-beer bottles, but it will be all talk; and even if they charge their bottles, we feel sure that they will never be so foolish as to throw any.

THE FRENCH AND THEIR FRANCHISE.

The Suffrage-narrowing Bill will pass, 'tis plain,
And Liberty is doom'd to SUE in vain.

SPARE, OH SPARE, THAT POLICEMAN.

THE axe of economy has found its way into that British type of the Australian Bush, the Bay of Herne, where the Pier Policeman has been cut off—in his prime!—and the place has been put under the control of that solitary sample of the civil power, the town constable. This individual, having now the sole responsibility of the public peace on his shoulders, has taken to wearing oilskin epaulettes, and has got himself up with a sort of military air that has a powerful impression on the simple-minded inhabitants. In order to represent all the ranks of the force in his own person, he wears a superintendent's gloves, an inspector's coat, a serjeant's waistcoat, and a common constable's trousers. He has laid down a series of regulations for his own guidance, and his system is such that he keeps himself constantly *au fait* at all the duties of all the ranks in the police force. He is his own inspector, and in that capacity he takes orders from himself as superintendent, while as serjeant he reports himself as private to himself as inspector; and so on, until he brings himself round once more to the point he started from.

It is understood that he promotes himself occasionally for good conduct, and that he now and then reduces himself to the ranks, in order that he may learn that lesson of humiliation which is so useful to mankind in general, and to policemen in particular. Having no night duty, he does not require a bull's-eye by way of lanthorn, but he sometimes indulges in a hap'orth of bull's-eyes, by way of "keeping up the allegory" with reference to this portion of a constable's accoutrements.

Punch's Notes and Queries.

Note. Rev. Gentlemen: If you were allowed to sell the iron railings which surround your Cathedral, and convert the proceeds to your own use, would you be content to give up your twopenoes?
—*Mr. Punch.*

Query. How much would the iron railings fetch?—*Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.*

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE FIFTH.

MRS. MOUSER'S VIEWS ON THE ROYAL CHRISTENING, AND THE LAUREATESHIP.

EXETER-HALL comes in with the gooseberries. There is nothing to me so beautiful as a bird's-eye look up the Strand, from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, at the very time the lilacs have come out, and the chestnuts in Bushy Park—every one of 'em—are like SOLOMON in his glory. With the gooseberries specially, as I said before, Exeter Hall's in prime season. And beautiful is it to see London—particularly the Strand—sprinkled over with folks, the pepper and salt of the world, as I say to MOUSER, though he won't listen to me—husbands seldom will, and that's why women should never marry, if they want to be attended to—with the pepper and salt that keep this wicked town as sweet as it is, which isn't saying much, I'm bound for it.

"If there isn't another 'tato blight all over Ireland," said our maid to me only yesterday, "it won't be for want of pervoking it. They're going to call the royal baby PRINCE PATRICK THE FIRST, and it isn't likely that the 'tatoes will ever get over it."

Now our maid's great uncle is the Beadle of Exeter Hall—I give her, what she asked, a pound a year more wages for the connexion, she said she always had it—and it's therefore in the nature of the girl—(it's that that makes her such a treasure to me, or there's much she can't do, I shouldn't put up with—but then, as aunt PEACOCK used to say, "You can't have a Wonder of the World for ten pound a year, not even with tea and sugar and followers allowed.")—it's therefore, as I was going to remark, in the blood of the poor thing to be alive all over to what, as dear MR. PLUMPTRE says, "threatens our hearths and our homes, our pews and our properties." With a PRINCE PATRICK sometimes sitting in the lap of our gracious QUEEN, can even the BISHOP OF OXFORD, in his eel-skin apron, lay his hand upon his heart, and say—the Church isn't in danger?

"Ma'am," said SUSANNAH to me, and the poor thing was in a real twitter—"Ma'am, they might as well have gone and called the bobby DAN O'CONNELL at once, and there an end of it. But I've no doubt, Ma'am, as uncle says, that the name of PATRICK is nothing but a feeler. If the country only puts up with that, why, in a year or two, DAN O'CONNELL will be sure to follow, with a PRINCE POPE PIUS to end the business. This, as uncle says, is the opinion, not only of MR. PLUMPTRE himself, but the downright belief of MR. DE NEWGATE."

"I tell you what it is, SUSANNAH," says I. "This christening resolves itself into a great kitchen question. To call a Royal baby PATRICK is to strike a blow at the English servant. SUSANNAH" says I, "you must have protection. With a PRINCE PATRICK at home in the palace, how long will people put in the papers—*No Irish need apply?* It's a question that begins in the kitchen, and, as I now see it, doesn't stay there; but goes into all parts of society. More than that, there isn't a good, wholesome English name that won't feel it. In another year, and there'll be nothing baptised but PATRICKS and PHELIMS, FERGUSES and O'CONNORS. Not even a page in all that blessed Belgravia that won't give up JULIUS and OSCAR, and take at once to MIKE and TEDDY."

"Uncle's very words to a T," said SUSANNAH; which brought into my thoughts Exeter Hall along with the gooseberries, having our first pudding that day, which MOUSER laughed at as what he called the association of ideas, being, as he further said, green altogether, which I took no notice of, recollecting the advice of dear aunt PEACOCK, who always said, "When you can't answer your husband, AMELIA; when you don't know what to say, throw yourself upon compassion. Don't speak; but look at him, as if you pitied him." It's a golden rule; and I advise it to every poor woman who's put upon; and, for the matter of that, I should only like to see the one who isn't."

"So as it's short," said MOUSER, "what matters what a child's called?"

"SUSANNAH," said I, "you may take your day out; and go and get up a meeting. If Exeter Hall—as your uncle knows—puts up quietly with PATRICK, there's no questioning it, in less than another year, PRINCE PIUS is sure to follow. You may go, SUSANNAH; and I've no doubt MR. HUGH McNEIL will take the chair, as this being May, he must be in London."

"I'm obliged to you, Ma'am," said the girl. "Uncle said all along there ought to be a meeting; if the name of PATRICK isn't stopped, in a couple of months, 'tatoes is nowhere. If we're to have PRINCE PATRICK forced upon us, it's as clear as twopence, there's an end of the kidneys!"

"I think, MR. MOUSER," said I, turning to him when SUSANNAH had left, "I think you might leave me my own housemaid to myself. It's very little I have in this house, but I think my own maid is my pet. I think, too, if children's names—whether Princes or common babies—aren't the rightful property of women, it's a pity they should

ever be called upon to have anything to do with babies. To call a royal child after a Popish saint—"

"Fiddlestick," cried MOUSER; "we're all of us, more or less, called after saints, ain't we? Not to be sure," said he, with a sneer at my own godmother, "not that I ever heard of a SAINT AMELIA."

"But an Irish Saint, MR. MOUSER; and so soon after the potato blight is, I think, rather flying in the face of Exeter Hall; but, to be sure, as MR. DE NEWGATE beautifully put it, when a heathen cabinet tampers with the coin of the realm, principles are sure to follow. I could have borne—and so could the Hall—that is the country—any Saint but a Saint from Ireland. Well, if I'd been a certain majesty, however I might have been put to it for a name, I should certainly have said to myself, 'No Irish need apply.' But the palace gates once open—who's to lock the area gate and the door of the kitchen? And the Privy Council, as they call themselves—if I was only in Parliament, wouldn't I make a motion about a few blocks and heads?—with their hands in their pockets, hav'n't a word to say! Now mark me, MR. MOUSER, not that either of us will be alive at the time; but only mark my words, then see if they don't come true. PRINCE PATRICK will be KING PATRICK THE FIRST of all Ireland! That dear little baby, whether he will or no, will be inveigled some day to Dublin, crowned against his will, and so repeal the Union. He'll be offered an emerald crown and—well, all I'll say now is this; I only hope, out of love and duty to his beloved mother, he'll have the strength and the wisdom to refuse it. But when this has all happened, won't MR. MACAULAY—in his vol 50—put in this prophecy of mine; and won't it for ever after serve as a moral and a warning to all royal christenings? PRINCE PATRICK! Why, MR. MOUSER, the thing's as clear as the moon at the full. All the hungry Irish will come about the name like flies about treacle. I wonder what MR. O'CONNELL would have given for such a chance—why, he'd have given, ay, anybody's money for it. Well, all I say just now, is this—I only wish I'd been born a man."

"I only wish you had," said MOUSER; and though I knew what he meant, I wouldn't be aggravated. "It's a great pity, Amelia,"—he went on—"With your abilities, your power of prophesying, if you could only have done it in verse, you might, with luck and friends, have been Poet Laureate; for the place is empty. As it is, don't you think you could send in a sample?"

"And why not?" said I. "Hasn't somebody said a woman ought to have the place, specially as a woman wears the crown? When I was at school, I remember they used to say all the Muses were women. Well, if it's so still, why shouldn't there be a Poetess Laureate? But there's the old hypocrisy that I spoke of before. You can paint, and chisel, and print women as the goddesses of everything—but to real women themselves, however you praise their shadows, you won't give even a crumb of solid pudding. I've heard it said they used to give the Crown Poet a butt of wine; why not make a woman the poet, and, instead of wine, give her a chest or two of tea?"

"Besides," said MOUSER, aggravating, "there is no doubt that a female would do the thing cheaper. I think the post's £300 a year. Now what would you do the work for—tea and sugar included? We've given up Birth Day Odes, and all that; however, we ought to have something for our money. Now, with a Poetess Laureate, as you call her, we might have all the Drawing-Room ceremonies put into poetry, and her Majesty's dress in particular run into a ballad."

"And why not?" said I. "And, as before there were only Nine Muses—it's nine MOUSER, isn't it?"

"Same as skittles," said he.

"The Queen's Poetess Laureate might be the Tenth. Eh?"

"Why," said MOUSER, and I could see he was going to say something, "in the matter of the real heroic verse, women can't do it."

"Can't do it," said I, "and why not? Quite as well as men, if not better."

"No, my dear," said MOUSER, looking malicious, "no; impossible. Hens don't sing."

MR. MOUSER was perfectly right to jump from the table, take his hat, and leave the house. Otherwise, what I might have answered, nobody knows, not even, *Mr. Punch*,

Yours always,

AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.

THINGS THAT WANT PUTTING DOWN.

By SIR PETER LAURIE, or any other celebrated Putter Down

THE Railings of St. Paul's Cathedral.
A great many more thousand pounds towards the slow subscription for the Grand Exhibition of Industry for 1851.
The Abominable Water and Gas Monopolies.
The Dead Wall in front of the British Museum.
The Advertising Carts; Westminster Bridge; the Cheap Tailoring system; and the gang of swindlers who live upon "Enormous Sacrifices" and "Alarming Failures," and grow rich upon a series of "Extensive Bankruptcies."

LINES ON THE ADDITION TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

BY A DISINTERESTED POET.



ANOTHER princely flower (ahem!)
The Poet Laureat's place,
I hear,
Is good three hundred pounds
a year)—
Buds forth on Brunswick's
royal stem.

Some, aiming at the courtly
bays,—
(A very comfortable thing;
Would that my pen as much
could bring!)

May tune their harps to ful-
some lays.

From mine be adulation far—
('Tis for the certainty I
pan!)

Men do not play the syco-
phant
Unto a new-discover'd star.

And, as astronomer might see,
Another planet in the sky;
(Snug little income!)—so
do I,

Young ARTHUR PATRICK AL-
BERT, thee.

I'll not predict, with flattering lips,
The glories of the Table Round—
(Fancy, my bucks, three hundred pound!)

That thou art destined to eclipse.
Thee, youthful Prince, I will not paint,
Winning a name of more renown—
(They've changed the sack for stumpy down)—
Than that of old Hibernia's Saint.

But thou wilt higher fame acquire,
If worthy—(ah! the berth, I fear,
Will go before these lines appear)—
Of thine august MAMMA and SIRE.

THE WINDOW-TAX—THE GREATEST ABSORBENT OF LIGHT.

SINCE Government is so particular in charging for light, we wonder it has never thought of putting a tax upon spectacles, eye-glasses, and opera-glasses, which are all media for conveying light to the eye, just as much as a pane of glass. The same with the windows in a carriage, or an omnibus, or a bathing machine. Why should they not pay the window-tax to the same monstrous extent as the windows in a house? These are shameful inequalities, which betray a partiality which should exist in no tax, particularly in one which should be framed with the strictest eye to accuracy, as the larger the frame, the larger the payment for it. It is strange that Government should institute itself the Great Purveyor of Light, in opposition to the Sun; with this difference, however, that Government charges for every pane of light it lays on, and cuts it off pretty quickly if it is not paid up exactly to the quarter, and the Sun gives its light for nothing. Of all monopolies, the monopoly of light is the most cruel, and is a measure only worthy of the dark ages. To carry out the cruelty consistently, every man who has two eyes should be taxed for light doubly, men with only one eye should be let off with one payment, and none should be exempt from the tax but blind persons.

Police the Best Policy.

THE best suggestion—by far—that we have heard for the settlement of the Greek question is, that the whole affair should be resolved into a mere matter of police, and that by way of preventing further disputes, England should be bound over to keep the Pacifico—which will be equivalent to keeping the peace.

THE MAN THAT WON'T MOVE ON.

THE Austrian Government has offered a large sum of money for a Prize Locomotive. If it had been for a Prize Slow-coach, LORD JOHN RUSSELL would have stood the strongest chance of winning it.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY AND FOREIGN BLUSTER.

Discussed by the British Lion and American Eagle.

AMERICAN EAGLE. (meeting BRITISH LION.) Good mornin' to you, old feller. You're a lookin' spry. And so you ort. You feel proud of yourself, don't you? Oh! in course you du. The thought that we've bin a behavin' brave, and noble, and ginnerus, is a pleassant one to chaw upon, ain't it? Oh! you're a magnanimus beast, you are, and have just bin showin' yourself such—that's a fact. There's none of the cur in your natur, is there? Oh, no! Not the least mixtur in you of the coward and the bully—

BRITISH LION. What the deuce do you mean?

AMERICAN EAGLE. Oh, you've bin actin' a fine part toward Greece, han't you?—go in to war amost with that air great and powerful nation, for little more but to recover a debt for that sorter British subject, sorter Portuguese, kinder Jew, DON PACIFICO.

BRITISH LION. Come, none of your chaffing. The honour of England demands that the smallest wrong, offered by whomsoever, to the humblest of HER MAJESTY'S subjects, shall be redressed.

AMERICAN EAGLE. Now, you cantin, braggin, ontruthful old loafer, have you got the face to tell me that air? When I know, and you know, and know that I know, that let the worst injuries be done to any on 'em, by them as you think you can't afford to quarrel with, and you'll pocket the affront like dollars, and eat humble pie as fast as buffalo-hump.

BRITISH LION. You are speaking in joke, of course; but really I cannot allow you to continue to use this language. It won't do.

AMERICAN EAGLE. I in joke? I never was more serious at a camp-meetin, I tell you. You can't allow me to talk so! I should like to know how you are to hinder me, you blusterin' old quadruped. Won't do? It will do, every word on it, and I'll prove it, and make you swaller it, in spite of your teeth, as easy as I'd give my old mare a boss-ball.

BRITISH LION. Well, well—I shan't let you put me in a passion.

AMERICAN EAGLE. No, I expect you won't; or if you do, you'll shut up your feelins in your own buzzum tight. You'll tie the valve down, you will, and keep your steam in, and I hope it won't bust you. And now, as all your QUEEN'S subjects is to have their part took agin the world, how about that air nigger of yourn, as was hauled out of one of your merchant ships, only because he was a nigger, and for no other reason on airth, by our free and independent citizens, and locked up in the common gaol whilst the vess-l stopped in port, accordin to law in such case made and provided, at Charleston, South Carolina, U. S.?

BRITISH LION. Diplomatic negotiations are now in contemplation, with a view to remove an anomaly which, I trust, will not continue to exist much longer in the relations between Great Britain and the American Republic.

AMERICAN EAGLE. And if your diplomatic negotiations fail, you'll send ADMIRAL PARKER and a fleet, to blockade New York, won't you? You'll seize all the craft you can catch off Long Island, till such time as we larn to respect the persons of your blessed niggers. But wouldn't you have done all this long afore, if New York had been Athens, and PACIFICO the nigger imprisoned at Charleston? Oh, you are an awful Lion to the weak, you are; but there ain't a lamb milder to them that is likely to show you the smallest fight!

MILK, OH! OH! OH! MILK!

SOME recent accounts of the Milky Ways of the London milkmen have filled us with a desire to have the good old days of chalk and water back again. We knew that under the old system our insides were simply whitewashed with a clean if not a very wholesome preparation; but we shudder at the thought of what the London milk is now declared to be.

It is said that the rich creamy look of the mixture is obtained by the use of starch, sugar of lead, and brains. Oh! that we could "dash out our desperate brains" from our milk-jugs, and imbibe the thinnest of decoctions that the pump and the chalk-pit ever contributed. We might not, perhaps, object to a dash of starch to enable us to get what might be termed a stiff glass of milk—but there is something so awful in the idea of brains, particularly as it is said they come from the knacker's yard—that our own brain reels, swims, and performs various other cerebral eccentricities that we know not how to describe. We feel almost resolved to forswear the lacteal liquid altogether, and take for our motto, as a direction to our children, "Lac milk."

Giving it a good Hiding.

MANY jokes—many complain's—have been made upon a certain Portrait of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE in this year's Exhibition. If the Portrait was not in a fit state to meet the public eye, the best thing would have been to put it in the Octagon Room, for there no one could possibly have been offended by it, for no one would have seen it.

AUTO DA FÉ IN ESSEX!

WE have to inform an astonished world that an *auto da fé* has actually taken place in England, and in the nineteenth century. This disgusting exhibition of truculent bigotry occurred on Tuesday last week at Billericay, in Essex. The facts of the horrid affair are recorded in the *Morning Post*.

The victim of a blind and ferocious superstition was the Editor of the *Times*, vicariously burnt to ashes under the species of his journal.

A conclave of fanatics of the Protectionist order having met at the appointed time and place, the alleged heretic was denounced by the Rev. C. DAY, Vicar of Mucking, who appears to be one of the most frantic and violent zealots of his sect. This DAY described the *Times* as an "infamous, abominable, and perjured journal," and accused it of attempting "to set the labourers against their employers." The only foundation for this charge was, that when Mr. CHOWLER threatened that the farmers would drive the labourers to rebellion by sending them to the Workhouse, the *Times* made the very obvious remark, that such a proceeding would only have the effect of causing them to destroy ricks, and burn thrashing-machines. But this, in the eyes of sanguinary and prejudiced judges, was enough to seal the doom of the offending journal. A voice—speaking the sentiments of the whole assembly, exclaimed, "Burn it!"

"Yes!" cried the furious though reverend DAY, at once accuser and judge; "Burn it, if you like!"

Then followed the execution, which is thus described by an eyewitness:—

"A copy of the *Times*, placed on the top of a pole, was then brought out and formally burnt in the market-place, amidst the execrations of those around."

This act of barbarity is evidently the self-same proceeding with that of the Inquisitors of Spain, who used to burn heretics in effigy—only when the originals were out of the way. Such a wreaking of spite and malice upon inanimate type and paper reminds us of the school boy in SEYMOUR'S caricature, smashing the weather-glass that would point to "Rain," or of children generally, who beat or kick the object over which they have stumbled. The Billericay act of faith—or act of folly—will not tend to lessen the peculiar reputation of Essex; for whilst it evinces the savage passions of the bull, it at the same time betrays the feeble intellect of the calf.

DEPUTATION.

A Farce.

AS PERFORMED AT HER MAJESTY'S CABINET THEATRE, DOWNING STREET.

SCENE—Interior of the Premier's Official Residence.

TIME—Noon. Discovered in an uneasy chair, THE PREMIER.

Premier (*solus*). Hm! Another deputation. The greatest of all political arts, is the art of saying nothing with a grace, and being courteous with no meaning. Just twelve. Here they come.

[Door is thrown open, and the Deputation, consisting of BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, BLACK, WHITE, and GREEN, &c. &c., duly announced, enter. Bows are interchanged.]

Brown. Your lordship is no doubt aware that a meeting of the most ominous magnitude has been held at—

Premier. Pardon me; I'm aware of nothing of the sort. Pray don't assume that I know anything.

Brown. Why, my lord, our meeting was reported—eight columns of it in—

Jones. Eight? Ten!

Brown. I am corrected—ten columns in the newspapers of—

Premier. I never read the newspapers.

Brown. As you please, my lord; nevertheless, at that meeting a memorial was adopted: a memorial rehearsing all the grievances of the land; a memorial, a copy of which I have the honour to lay before your lordship.

Premier (*running over the memorial*). Hm! Ha! Of course, I never shirk the responsibility of the executive government; but—pardon me—I can't agree with your memorial. You say here we have done nothing—now, I think, we have done everything. There is no reason that this slight variation of opinion should create any difference between us; by no means. I was always for toleration—let us continue to enjoy our own sentiments—it is the privilege of a free country; and the glory of Englishmen.

Jones. As for opinion, my lord; my opinion is, that there are no real opinions in the House of Commons reflecting the opinions of the people of England as at present constituted.

Premier. You see, there are two sides to that question; the negative and the affirmative; both of course can't be right; then, again, it is impossible that both can be wrong.

Robinson. I assure you, my lord, I am in the habit of travelling a

good deal in cabs; and there is not a cabman—if you come to talk about oats—that isn't against free trade. Oats to be sure are cheaper; but then, because they're cheap, people want to ride for nothing.

Brown. My lord, with all respect for my friend ROBINSON, I must say we do not at this moment wish to launch into the great sea of oats. There's a time coming for that. But I may be allowed to observe to your lordship—especially as you never see the papers, and may have heard exaggerated reports—that though there were certain frank-hearted farmers who talked of raising cavalry, and having a good stand-up fight with the authorities, for wheat at 50s.—that nevertheless, good souls! they never meant it. The words sounded a little strong—but only fizz and froth, my lord; no real treason my lord—nothing like it.

Premier. I assure you, Mr. BROWN, I have been too long in public life—have contested too many elections, not to treat with extremest tolerance the ebullition of public feeling. When on the hustings, a bad egg has with me gone for a bad egg, and nothing more—and a dead cat has been a dead cat, and there's an end. As I say, ebullitions of public feeling,—evidences, a little strong to be sure, but still only evidences, of the blessings of our incomparable constitution.

Robinson. My lord, many of us are magistrates, and however we may countenance foul language at a public meeting—such as the last—we never fail when on the bench to mulct offenders in the sum of five shillings.

Premier. Sir, I have no doubt of it; and with respect to the subject of this memorial, all I can say is, if we've been mistaken in our policy, we are evidently wrong. If, on the other hand, we have not been mistaken—if we have not hazarded reckless legislation, why, then, it is more than probable we are right.

Brown. My lord, we are penetrated by your lordship's condescension, and thank you heartily for—

Green (*aside, and pulling BROWN'S skirts*). Arn't you going to say something about the Colonies?

Brown (*aside to GREEN*). No; I thought that was you.

Green. Well, then, my lord, allow me to say, that whilst you cut off negroes from the West Indies, you can't shut up the slave market of the Brazils. You—

[The PREMIER bows, and all the Deputation, except GREEN, moves towards the door.]

Green. Allow me to say that the fight of freedom and slavery is in the Englishman's tea-cup, and—

[The PREMIER bows, and GREEN seeing himself about to be deserted, joins the Deputation, who immediately withdraw to the King's Arms, when having denounced "the Traitor of Tamworth," they adjourn to three cheers, which they "Register, register."]

END OF FARCE.



A GENERAL OF JOWLER'S ARMY.

A REDUCED FAIR.—We know a young lady, who, in her horror of Old-Maidism, has engraved at the bottom of her cards: "No reasonable offer will be refused."



AFFECTING SCENE.—KING SOYER RESIGNING THE GREAT STEWPAN.

RESIGNATION OF SOYER.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has, for some time past, been occasioned at the West End, by the rumour of its being the intention of MONS. SOYER to resign his position as *Chef* of the Reform Club. A few days ago the melancholy rumour was changed into frantic certainty, and it became generally known that SOYER had resigned the basting spoon of office, into the hands of the Committee, and had put his spit at their feet. On the first announcement of this intelligence, the enquiries were general whether LORD JOHN would go out with SOYER, whose retirement, it was said, had shaken the cabinet to atoms. But on inquiry, it was ascertained that the cabinet shaken to atoms, was a cabinet pudding, which was being prepared at the moment, when in a state of pitiable agitation the *Chef* resolved on throwing up the office he has so long adorned.

Various causes have been assigned for the step that has been taken, but nothing is positively known. By some it is intimated that there has long been a coolness over the kitchen fire, and that SOYER has vacated his office, in the hope of finding a much wider range for his abilities. Some insinuate that he was dissatisfied with his subordinates, and that on seeing a sirloin of beef going round on the spit with improper velocity, he expressed his horror at things taking such a turn.

In some quarters it is whispered that there are certain provisions contained in a bill which the *Chef* thought necessary to the maintenance of his government; but those provisions requiring a bill of enormous magnitude, were objected to in committee as extravagant, and not in accordance with the moderate tastes of the members, but SOYER declared it impossible to carry on the culinary government on a paltry scale of economy. Many of his plans required very early peas, but he and the Committee having, it is said, split upon these peas, and the latter refusing to shell out, the *Chef* had no alternative. Others give out, with an air of some authority, that SOYER's schemes were so gigantic, as to require a supply of five hundred new stewpans; but the requisition having been characterised by an "exquisite" belonging to the Committee as something "*really stew-pan-dous*," the pride of the *Chef* was offended, and he resolved at once on retirement.

This affair will cause much embarrassment, as it will require the filling up of several offices which the genius of SOYER was enabled to combine. There must be a minister for foreign affairs, including all the French dishes, and none but a successor of the PRESIDENT DU PATY could hope to preside over the pies. As to the puffs, the loss of SOYER will not be so severely felt, as most of the puffs he was so famous for manufacturing were for his own use.

THE THERMOMETER OF LOYALTY.

THE other day, it was apprehended that the farmers would rise; but wheat has risen instead. Thus the rising of the corn-growers may be represented as a consequence of the falling of corn; though the precise degree of cheapness that produces insurrection has not been exactly determined. It is, however, an ascertained law in political philosophy that the loyalty of the agricultural Protectionist increases in temperature in direct ratio with the price of wheat. A beautiful application of this principle to practice is exemplified in our newly-invented Agricultural Pocket Thermometer, which indicates to a nicety the warmth of the sentiment in question. This instrument differs from the ordinary thermometer in its freezing point being fixed at 38°; that is to say, thirty-eight shillings a quarter; for pro-corn-law loyalty assumes the character of ice long before its temperature sinks to 32°. Within the last few weeks it has been nearly down to zero. The degree of "Temperate" is attained at 45°, and at 56° the farmers' loyalty boils, with great noise, and the extrication of much vapour. We have tested the accuracy of our thermometer on the DUKE OF RICHMOND's friends, CHOWLER and HIGGINS. Introduced for a moment into such gentlemen's pockets, it registers, precisely, the degree of loyal heat in their hearts.

The Railway Gastronomic Regenerator.

SINCE SOYER's resignation, the most liberal offers have been made to him by several Railway Companies to join their Board of Directors. The object of securing such a celebrated *chef de cuisine* as MONSIEUR SOYER is evidently to have the benefit of his skill in "cooking their accounts."

FELLOWSHIP AMONG SURGEONS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"SEVEN-AND-TWENTY brisk young fellows—Fellows by examination of the Royal College of Surgeons—met some time ago, as the *Lancet* relates in full, to consider of a matter touching their honour and glory. You must know, *Mr. Punch*, that we have Fellows by Examination, and Fellows by Luck. The latter are certain members of the College who were so fortunate as to find favour in the eyes of the Council, and to be dubbed by that learned body, together with itself, in virtue of a Charter which it received in 1843. The former acquired the honour of the Fellowship by undergoing an Examination, which the Council, with a contempt of principle very remarkable, required of some of its members—all of whom were previously of equal rank—and dispensed with in the case of others.

"From 1843 to the present time, the Council has been continuously hissed and hooted for the unjust and arbitrary conduct, which it was then guilty of, in creating an invidious distinction between co-equal members of the same profession.

"These symptoms of public disapprobation have at length induced it to reconsider its course, and now it has applied to Government for a supplemental Charter, empowering it to elevate to the Fellowship, without examination, members of a certain standing. To discuss this proposed extension of the Fellowship, the Fellows by Examination were convened. Three-and-twenty out of the twenty-seven that composed the meeting, concurred in deprecating it. The view of the majority was opposed by MR. THOMAS WAKLEY, JUN., MR. ERICHSEN, and two other gentlemen, names unknown.

"Certainly, *Mr. Punch*, you would say that, intrinsically, length of years no more merits a scientific title than length of noses: and that Justice would not make Seniority a present of an honour which it forced Juniority to earn. To raise old JOLTER to the level to which you have made young BRISK climb, is unfairly to annul the distinction between B and J.

"But, Sir, why did our three-and-twenty brisk young fellows submit to an examination, if the partial requisition of it was an injustice? They have already recognised that right of discretionary dubbing against the farther exercise of which they now protest. From complaining of any such act on the Council's part they are quietly estopped.

"Let them be consoled. They may preserve the distinction of which they are so sensitively tenacious. They are Fellows by Examination: let them call themselves so; which is more than the Council itself can. The danger to their dignity on the ground of which they oppose an act of justice is imaginary; and their anxiety on that score is superfluous as well as unwarranted. They had better put their exclusiveness in their pockets, and liberally agree to salute the new Fellows with "Hail fellow, well met." So, at least, thinks

"Your Surgical Student,
"PROBE."

THE BATTLE FOR INTRAMURAL CHURCHYARDS.

Of the Undertakers wroth,
Sing the glorious fray's renown,
When they stood up for their cloth
At the Anchor and the Crown,
Where their zeal for "vested interests" was shown;
They came flocking to the Strand,
Round each hat a sable band;
And one NODS, we understand,
Led them on.

Blank of looks as black of coat,
With eyes almost dropping brine,
Their appearance did denote
Great discomfort in the "line,"
Which with extramural burial doesn't chime.
From among those carrion crows,
Such a deathlike odour rose,
That our stoutest held his nose
For a time.

It required no prophet's ken,
To anticipate a scene;
Since the sanitary men
An assembly did convene,
On behalf of the Interments' Bill, which, wou,
Overreaching rogues' strips,
And death-hunters' charges nips;
Dark and terrible eclipse
To their sun!

ROBERT GROSVENOR took the chair,
And he made a goodly speech;
They assailed him, then and there,
With howl, yell, whoop, and screech,
With hisses, shouts of "Off!" and cries of "No!"
And discussion, it was plain,
Would be utterly in vain;
Or to speak in vulgar strain,
All no go.

Then old NODS in rage up sprang,
And inveighed in angry tone;
There was fun in his harangue,
He so stoutly held his own;
And one pregnant observation that he made
It were pity to forget,
He those proceedings met,
As a regular "dead set"
At his trade.

Then confusion dire ensued,
Which precluded all debate;
And a thorough row was brew'd,
Punch to stomach, thump to pate;
Though it seems that no one met with serious harm.
And the meeting so did end
As when thunder-showers descend,
And the forests bow and bend
In the storm.

All reason clamour drowns,
To fisticuffs they fell;
And play'd at "knock-'em-downs."
Hammer-and-tongs; pell-mell.
Meanwhile, amid the noise and the uproar,
Remember those who sleep
In pits some fathoms deep,
A foul and festering heap
By the score.

Infection ever steams
From their pestilential bed,
Where fell Corruption teems
Among the crowded dead,
To aggrandise extortion; while the knave,
That in filthiest lucre rolls,
Sees his neighbours die in shoals,
Singing, "Merry the knell tolls
O'er the grave."



A THAMES WATER LILY.

Geography for Young Ladies.

"WHERE'S Hatcham?" enquired a young lady upon meeting with the name of that town in a newspaper. "Why, you stupid!" indignantly exclaimed her brother, "Hatcham is the first stage after Egham to be sure," and the young lady believed it.

DOWN ON THE NAIL.

THE Nailmakers, we are sorry to say, have joined in a very extensive strike. The only strike we should have been glad to hear of among the Nailmakers, would be their having hit the right nail on the head.

PUTTING A PANORAMA ROUND THE EARTH.



TRAVELLING is now-a-days so cheap, that it is brought within the means of the meanest pocket. A miser, starting from Burlington Arcade, could easily travel round the world for five shillings.

If this cheapness spreads much further, the longest and dearest journey will shortly be from Hungerford Bridge to Paddington for 2d.

We have enjoyed many cheap excursions lately. We have visited every quarter of the universe at Egyptian Hall—have been stirred up with the North Pole by MR. BURFORD in Leicester Square—have emigrated to New Zealand, and been brought back again in less than two hours by MR. BRES— and know every feature of every river that

has had its likeness taken on a piece of canvas, not more than three miles long. We have enjoyed all these little trips, and thought them wonderfully cheap, and wonderfully quick—but it seems that travelling was then in its stage-coach days of infancy. Paintings now move with the rapidity of steam—and an artist, who has anything of the quickness of the fox with his brush, will paint you a Panorama, long enough to go round the Globe, in less time almost than ARIEL boasted of putting a girdle round it.

The latest pictorial girdle of this kind is the *Overland Mail*, and a most lovely work of art it is, radiant with beauty, and sparkling with the most costly Indian gems.

We do not know the exact length of it, and really you follow its winding course with such a happy feeling of enjoyment, that, if it were three times as long as it is, you would still feel a regret that it had come so abruptly to an end.

The various pictures which turn this girdle into an ever-varying *Gallery of Illustration*, are taken from subjects which the traveller picks up on his road, between Southampton Docks and Calcutta.

These subjects are composed of half water, half sand. These materials might be objected to as being too wishy-washy and too dry for a long Panorama, but we can only say that, in the hands of the artists engaged, the water is such delicious water, that it only gives you a thirst for more, and that the sand is such superior sand, that it shines with all the interest of gold in your eyes.

Moreover, the water is dancing in every direction with ships and boats, and steamers, dressed out gaily with flags and seamen of every colour in the world—and, besides, it has a handsome border of scenery, with tints so dazzling, that a French ribbon would give you no more idea of their lustrous combination, than an *omelette* could of one of TURNER'S gorgeous pictures.

The sand, also, is alive with Arabs, and omnibuses, and caravans, and Cocknies dancing the Polka. Camels, too, are dying—which is a great proof of the picture's accuracy, for we never recollect a view of the Desert yet, but that there was sure to be a camel dying in it. This poor animal must be the JOHN O'CONNELL of quadrupeds, for he is always "laying down his life."

The omnibuses, by-the-by, are very like our bathing machines, with the curtains taken off. If they are licensed to carry fourteen inside, we should be very sorry to be the fourteenth. They have no stand, either, for the conductor behind, which must be very inconvenient if a Sheikh wants to be taken up, or any "son of a dog" wants to be put down, in the middle of the Desert.

Of the two halves, we like the sandy half the better. The fact is, that surrounded as we are with water, and flooded as we have been with the Nile and Mississippi, and other Panoramas that, like SOYER'S Pauper Soup were full of scarcely anything but water, it is but natural that that fluid however perfect and unlike the Thames it may be, should pall a little on the public, and the artist's palette. This is the reason why the sand "*a santé à nos yeux*," as the French say, with the greater pleasure, and the pleasure must have been something very exquisite, when we assure the reader that we kept the sand for full half an hour in our eye, and never felt a moment's desire to have it removed. The horses do everything but neigh. Their coats shine as if they were made out of the richest silks and satins, and, altogether, they are so beautifully dressed, that we think none but a lady in the height of fashion, could ride them.

Everything is turned off in the most finished manner, excepting the caravan, which, like a black, creeping, river, winds along, and is lost in the distance, the camels' humps looking not unlike a long line of waves, trying to leap over one another.

We should like to stop a whole day at Malta—and to tarry for a whole night at Cairo, walking and mooning about, reading the *Arabian Nights*, but we are afraid the proprietors might object, and would be turning us out of the room. The reader must visit them himself, for unless we had a pen that had the gift of colours, like MR. GRIEVE'S brush, it would be folly attempting to describe pictures that, when seen, speak for themselves so much more eloquently than words.

We have reached Calcutta;—and by the noise and shuffling are reminded that we have never left London. It is most curious on coming out into Regent Street to find that the porters and cabmen are not black, and that persons are riding on horses instead of camels. We call for our palankeen, and we sigh when the film falls from our eyes, as a Hansom is brought to the door. We rush back to the "City of Palaces"—but, alas! the Exhibition is closed! It doubles up one's heart as flat as a Gibus hat, to be compelled to stop in this ugly news-yard of a metropolis, after the beautiful cities we have just feasted our eyes upon.



ENTERTAINMENTS ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE usual list has appeared of entertainments given by the heads of Departments in celebration of HER MAJESTY'S Birth-Day, but there were some omissions, a few of which we have the happiness of supplying. The Beadle of the Opera Arcade entertained a select circle of Metropolitan Beadles—with a comic song—at his official residence, the watch-box, in the rear of Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Gate Keeper at Kensington Gardens, entertained a small party of nursery maids and children with the exhibition of his Waterloo Medal, and recited some anecdotes of his exploits under—or, rather, by the side of—the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Mr. Punch entertained the whole world at his weekly banquet, as usual.

MR. DUNUP entertained himself by reading various letters from his tradesmen, but did not see his way to the funds necessary for entertaining the idea of immediately paying them.

A Quick Passage.

A STOUT gentleman on Tuesday last entered the Lowther Arcade from the Strand, at 10 minutes to 1, and succeeded in reaching the opposite end precisely at 25 minutes to 3. This is considered a very quick transit, as the Middle Passage, at all times a very narrow one, is at this time of the year, all but closed up. A chimney-sweep gains a good livelihood, we are told, by stationing himself at either end of the Arcade, and offering for a small gratuity, to escort gentlemen, who are in a hurry, through that dreadful pass. He effects a thoroughfare in something less than half an hour.

THE BOTANY BAY FOR ARTISTS.

AN Artist, of some repute, is so discontented with the position of his pictures in this year's Exhibition, that he has written a long letter of remonstrance upon the subject to the Hanging Committee. The answer he has received is to the following terrible effect: "MR. — had better take care, or his pictures, next year, will be hung in the Octagon Room!"

WHAT IS MAN?—An American author describes Man "as the only animal that drinks sherry cobblers."

A LEAPING BARONET.



THE papers have recently contained an account of an extraordinary feat performed by a certain SIR W—Y—, who has just accomplished the task of running a mile and leaping over a hundred hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches high, in 18 minutes and 30 seconds. The notes and queries of *David Copperfield's* confidante, *Julia Mills*, might be very applicable to this case; and we are inclined to ask, with *J. M.*—"1st, Why run a mile? 2d, Why over hurdles? And 3d, Why in 18 minutes 30 seconds?"

The puzzle appears still greater when we find that SIR W—, though he cleverly performed the feat, was "neither in health nor spirits." We might form

some faint idea of the motive that would induce an individual in the exuberance of robust vigour, and in the whirl of unusual gaiety, to go bounding along over a lot of hurdles, and run a mile within a brief space of time; but when we find the voluntary athlete was actually indisposed in body, and depressed in feeling, we are positively thunder-struck at the recital of his needless achievement. Fancy an invalid hopping, skipping, and jumping in the manner adopted by the worthy Baronet, and only conceive a man in low spirits going through a series of antics, impressed with all the rampant fun of the most extravagant pantomime.

It is very evident that we must not, in future, judge from appearances, and regard athletic sports as an indication of bodily and mental vigour on the part of those who indulge in them. If we should happen to see a man tumbling head over heels, or requesting a back at leap-frog of a passing stranger, we may infer that his health is undermined, or that his spirits are suffering from depression.

THE EARLY DRIVING ASSOCIATION.

"SIR, "You often pulls us up—and we often deserves it. Will you give us a hand, now, to help us a for'ard a bit?"

"I see lots of 'Sociations for Early Closing, but not vun for Early Driving. Now I'm a poor 'bus-man, and I sits on my perch sometimes till I'm ready to drop off it. I don't know how long a hen may sit at a stretch, but fourteen hours a day would try its patience, I think, a few. Why, the poor tailors, who was put by the Day at Alljeers to hatch eggs, was never condemned in their worst sittings to so many hours as that, and I often thinks that the old pictur of Patience a sitting on a Monymment a-grinning at Grief must have meant a 'Bus Driver a-looking down on his 'osses. In all weather, too, weather broiling hot, or as cold as the Artache Regions, it is all the same, we must go through it. Talk of Cruelty to Animals! vy none of my hanimals goes more nor vun stage a day, but we goes all stages, and I'm afraid the last 'un will be a galloping consump'ion. I often thinks I'm on the highroad to it, as I drives by the Colledge at Chelsea. We're much 'arder driven than any animal—and for this reason no Hanimal would stand it.

"Fourteen hours a day, Sir, and sometimes 2 more upon the top of that, as I'm a living—or, to speak correkly, as I'm a dying-man. No slave has greater right to complain of the horrors of the middle passage than I have, a-going backards and for'ards, six and eight times a day thro Chairing X. How I sits on my box from eight in the morning till ten—sometimes eleven, and not unfreakently twelve at night, I cant tell, and this goes on running for weeks and weeks together. What slave, unless he'd been borne a Englishman, could endure it? Yet, Sir, the Publick—that monster with many 1000 heads, but not an atom of brains—expects us always to be as smiling and as sweet-tempered as a pastry-cook's Miss; and cries out loudly, like a man that has corns with summun treading on 'em, if we stumbles a bit, or commits the smallest forepaw. It little thinks that we may have been up there soaking eight consekutive hours in the pouring reins.

"Pray, Sir, start this Early Driving Association, and I'll give you a lift whenever you wants one in my way—which is, 'All the way from Putney to the Bank, for Sixpence.' Recollect. Factory Labour is restrikted to ten hours. I asks no more for the

"POOR OVER-DRIVEN 'BUSS-DRIVER."

THE WOFLE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN.

AN igstrawnary tail I vill tell yer this veerk—
I stood in the Court of A'BECKETT the Beak,
Vere Mrs. JANE RONEY, a widow, I see,
Who charged MARY BROWN with a robbin of she.

This MARY was pore and in misery once,
And she came to Mrs. RONEY it's more than twelve monce.
She adn't got no bed, nor no dinner nor no tea,
And kind Mrs. RONEY gave MARY all three.

Mrs. RONEY kep MARY for ever so many weeks,
(Her conduct surprized the best of all Beax,)
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,
Never thinkin that this MARY was a traitor to she.

"Mrs. RONEY, O Mrs. RONEY, I feel very ill;
Will you jest step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill?"
"That I will, my pore MARY," Mrs. RONEY says she;
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as may be.

No sooner on this message Mrs. RONEY was sped,
Than hup gits vicked MARY, and jumps out a bed;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key—
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs. RONEY's best linning gownds, petticoats, and close,
Her children's little coats and things, her boots, and her hose,
She packed them, and she stole 'em, and away vith them did flee.
Mrs. RONEY's situation—you may think vat it would be!

Of MARY, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,
Mrs. RONEY heard nothink for a long year and a day.
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see?
But this MARY, as had acted so ungrateful to she.

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man;
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand in hand;
And the Church bells was a ringin for Mary and he,
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. RONEY, and faces MARY BROWN,
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.
She calls a jolly pleasan, it happens to be me;
I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleasan, says she.

Mrs. RONEY, O, Mrs. RONEY, O, do let me go,
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,
But the marriage bell is a ringin, and the ring you may see,
And this young man is a-wai in, says MARY, says she.

I dont care three fardens for the parson and clark,
And the bell may keep ringin from noon day to dark.
MARY BROWN, MARY BROWN, you must come along with me,
And I think this young man is lucky to be free.

So, in spite of the tears which bejew'd MARY's cheek,
I took that young gurl to A'BECKETT the Beak;
That extlent Justice demanded her plea—
But never a sullable said MARY said she.

On account of her conduct so base and so vile,
That wicked young gurl is committed for trile,
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,
It's a proper reward for such willians as she.

Now you young gurls of Southwark for MARY who weep,
From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday veek,
To pull you all hup to A'BECKETT the Beak.

A Cathedral Gift.

It has been proposed to put railing round the top of the Duke of York's Pillar. We should not be at all astonished if the Dean and Chapter of one of our richest cathedrals did not seize this opportunity of presenting the pillar in question with a few of the railings which at present disfigure the handsome edifice intrusted to their charge,—which charge, by the bye, cannot be very great, for on inquiring at the door of the said Cathedral, we were told, "the charge was only twopence."

HUMILITY.

SIR PETER LAURIE blandly requesting the Omnibus Conductor to "put him down."

Manners and Customs of the English (New Series) No. 6.



GRANDE REVUE

THE MISSING DIPLOMATISTS.

DIPLOMATIC dinners have frequently an importance beyond the quality of the viands or the cookery; and the dinners given by Her Majesty's Ministers in honour of the QUEEN's birth-day, are sometimes full of significance. On such an occasion, LORD PALMERSTON's tablecloth may mean "more, much more than it unfolds;" and though we may not always take a leaf out of his Lordship's book, we may learn a great deal sometimes from a leaf out of his dinner-table.

The fact of the representatives of three powers having been absent from the recent banquet of the Foreign Secretary, has been much commented upon; and some of the habitual enemies of LORD PALMERSTON declare that his policy will eventually leave him no one but his Excellency DUKE HUMPHREY, the representative of Hung'ry, to dine with on official occasions.

We do not wonder at the desire that has been shown to establish new diplomatic relations, if only for the purpose of getting up a respectable show of guests at LORD PALMERSTON's diplomatic dinners; and we can even understand an anxiety that the Court of Pekin should send a representative, so that in default of a banquet on a grand scale, a chop with China might now and then be relied upon. We presume that a band is in attendance when the Foreign Secretary has the diplomatic corps to dine with him; but if his guests continue to fall away one by one, some wag will suggest that the melody of "Nobody

in the house with Diner," should immediately be practised by the musicians in attendance at the dinners of LORD PALMERSTON. The spread of disaffection among foreign powers, will act most unpleasantly on his spreads; and to show the state of our relations with other powers, no official returns will be more convincing than his Lordship's tables.

Foreseeing the effect of the absence of the Russian, Bavarian, and French Ambassadors on the public mind, an effort was made to weaken the force of a portion of the facts by a paragraph planing the measles in the family of the first of these accomplished noblemen. This might do very well, had the party been a juvenile one, but surely LORD PALMERSTON is old enough to be above all fear of taking the measles, and it is very unlikely that he would be alarmed at such an infantine complaint; so that there must have been some other cause of dread, if he really had any apprehension of "catching it" from the Russian Ambassador. We wonder the Court Newsmen did not tell us that the Bavarian Ambassador's baby had got the whooping cough,—a story that might have had some approach to probability, for we suspect that something in the shape of a whoop, which may turn into a war whoop, is in reality the malady to be apprehended. We shall be told next, that the representative of the Gallic Cock was absent in consequence of incipient chicken pox, when, in fact, if there has been any malady in the case, it is a sort of nettle-rash which has broken out among the Ambassadors of those Powers whom the rashness of our Foreign policy has nettled.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE SIXTH.

MRS. MOUSER CONSULTS THE "TIMES" FOR A SERVANT.

If there's anything that shows what a Paradise of a place England is—where Liberty, as they call it, doesn't wear a red cap like a butcher, but a headle's cocked hat like a general—what a country it is, swimming in milk and oil, and honey—if anything shows it, it isn't the riches in the Bank, but the gold upon liveries; it isn't the noble houses of England—but her tall footmen. As I said to MOUSER the other day, "If you wish to know what real independence is, just take up the *Times*, and drop your eye upon 'WANT PLACES.' After running 'em through, it does seem to me that there's no such thing as a real servant to be had; all of 'em, wanting to be hired, seem nothing less than gentlefolks that, for a time, go out to service for penance; just as, in Popish countries, noblemen are known to wear sackcloth under their fine linen, and ladies, instead of pearl-powder, sprinkle themselves with coal-ashes." "My dear," said MOUSER, "all that is the growth—the luxuriant growth, if you will—of our free institutions. Why shouldn't JACK be as good as his master?" "Just as you please," said I, "but I do think it a little too much that MOLLY should be better than her mistress. I will say it, MOUSER—when I think of the poor souls, who stitch away their very heart-strings in shirts and shoe-bindings for little more than bread-and-water, I do want patience when I see footmen and plain cooks in the newspapers turning up their noses at the fat of the land; and putting themselves upon choosing their places with as much ado as a bride chooses her wedding satin."

The fact is, we want a man and a maid. SUSANNAH—having, in a moment of woman's weakness, shown her Savings' Bank book to the policeman—has given us warning. I've told her what it will come to—I've writ to Exeter Hall, to her uncle, the Beadle—but I believe MOUSER when he says the girl *will* go headlong to the altar. When a woman's once blinded by a church in her eye, nothing but the church itself will make her see things as they are. So—I'm sorry for it; for the stoves will never be what they were again—but I give up SUSANNAH.

Well, for the last week I've sat over the *Times* every morning; and if it doesn't put me into a fever for the rest of the day to read the impudence of people's "Wants," I'm a marble stone, and not a flesh-and-blood woman. Just think of this;—not that we want a Boy. I'd as soon have a wild zebra in my house.

A Boy, age 16, under a Butler. A good character. No objection to the country. Direct to ———.

Now, I want to know, if there *could* be more brass in this Boy's buttons—stick 'em on him as thick as you will—than there's brass in these few syllables? Here's A Boy beginning life in the pantry to end in twen y stone, as MOUSER says, as landlord of the Duck, or Flying Elephant—here's a chap in training for a stomach and a red nose to match—both of 'em to be manufactured out of the fattest and the best—and he's "no objection" to begin to make 'em in the country. He'll give up Regent Street—he'll turn his back upon Pall Mall—he won't do more than think of Piccadilly; and with this alarming sacrifice of his feelings—age 16—he has "no objection" to go among the lilacs, and lie on his back in clover-fields and hay-cocks! Talk of Ragged Schools for wretched, houseless little boys, in dirt and tatters, I should only like to see a Proud Flesh School for young tigers in broadcloth and metal buttons. It would be a nice study, as I said to MOUSER, to watch this Boy through five meals a day for twenty years, and see what a whitlow he'll be at the end. "No objection to the country!" Well, I'm sure; and to think of the thousands of little wretches who are made to have "no objection" to the gutter!

We don't want a Valet—MOUSER puts on his own boots. But the man we want must be used to horses. Well, my eye fell upon this:—

A S GROOM, or Groom and Valet, a single man, age 26, who understands the management of hunters well. Would drive a pair occasionally.

As yet, we haven't come up to a pair—but we have a pole, and can do it when society calls for it. Now, what a pucker a house would be in with such a groom! I should like to know what he'd call—*occasionally*? Going to the Bank on Dividend Days—or once to Epsom—or to two Flower Shows—or three May Meetings? To be sure, he doesn't object—at least he doesn't say so—to go out at any time with one horse; it's the couple he boggles at. I suppose it's the two horses that make the wear and tear of a groom's mind, and to be paid for accordingly. Still, to have an "Occasionally" sleeping in the attic, and feeding in the kitchen, is, as I tell MOUSER, a responsibility I can't put up with. "Occasionally!" Well, arn't the 'bus men to be pitied, who, let it shine or rain, *must* drive a pair continually?

But here's something that's humble, and makes amends for others' impudence:—

A S COACHMAN, a steady, sober, single man, age 30. Six years' good character. No objection to drive a brougham.

"Poor fellow!" said MOUSER; "no doubt of it, he's never before driven less than six-in-hand, and now, humility, or trouble, or philosophy, or a proper view of the world's vanities has taught this coachman to have—'no objection' to drive a brougham." "I suppose," said I, "we shall next have chambermaids with 'no objection' to make a bed!"

I thought we'd lighted upon the very thing below, but as I went reading on, I was stopped dead—for we *do* have our share of company.

A S COACHMAN and GROOM, a respectable, steady, sober man, age 25. No objection to wait at table occasionally.

"Only suppose," said I to MOUSER, "that the HORNBLOWERS and MACAWS, and HALIFAXES were with us three Sundays running—as it *does* happen—and when we're expecting the man at the table, were to be told he *shouldn't* wait, for he didn't think three Sundays 'occasionally!'" "The only way, my dear," said MOUSER, "to make sure of attendance would be first to send for the man, and observe very politely, 'My good man, will you give us your definition of occasional company? Does it apply to two or three days in the week, or merely to Christmas, Easter, family birth-days, with here and there the marriage of a son and daughter?'" "Don't laugh, MOUSER," said I, "for I've no patience with it. No objection to wait occasionally at table,—with the thousands and thousands of poor souls, tailors, shoemakers, and what not, who have no table whatever to wait upon!"

We don't keep a cow, but if we did, she *might* be milked by the young man underneath:—

A S GARDENER, a young man, who understands the kitchen and flower garden. No objection to look after a cow.

"Would he really have 'no objection' to his bread well-buttered?" said I to MOUSER. "He might, my dear," said MOUSER. "Perhaps the young man would prefer orange marmalade or Highland honey."

When I came to what's below, I flung the paper down, for I wouldn't trust my temper any further.

A S PLAIN COOK, in a small family, a respectable person, age 30. No objection to a tradesman's family.

"What do you call that, MOUSER?" said I. "Why, I call that the democracy of kitchen stuff. When we consider what a very dirty thing trade is—what a dreadful degrading sight is the London Docks—what miserable creatures are the bankers and merchants of London—what a hovel is the Coal Exchange—and what a nasty show the Thames Pool with its thousand masts—I do think that the Plain Cook preaches, from the bars, a very fine lesson of humility to the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the land. Who, after this, should turn up his nose at commerce—who should refuse to take pot-luck even in a back-parlour, when a Plain Cook, aged 30, has 'no objection' to roast a sirloin and make a dumpling for a tradesman's family?"

"Take the paper, MOUSER; I won't look at another line."

"Stop," said MOUSER, "here's something that comes very beautifully after Footboys, and Grooms, and Gardeners, and Plain Cooks, with 'no objections.' Hear this." And MOUSER read:—

WANTED, A DAILY TEACHER, thoroughly experienced in the Pestalozzian system, to devote three or four hours daily to a little boy, aged four years, living near Bryanstone Square. As only English is required, and the engagement will continue for years, more than two guineas a quarter cannot be given. Address, to P. D., at Mr. Kennedy's, bookseller and stationer, 9, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square.

"Two guineas a quarter!" said I. "Two guineas," said MOUSER, biting his lips, and a cloud growing about his forehead. "Two guineas for four hours a day: this makes eight guineas a year. So, if the Daily Teacher, experienced in the Pestalozzian system, is lucky enough to get three such little boys as the boy of P. D.,—he, the philosopher and teacher, will, for twelve hours' daily teaching, amass the sum of twenty-four guineas per annum."

"Twenty-four guineas a year for twelve hours a day! And on the Pestalozzian system! Why, MOUSER," said I, "what system's that?"

"Why, my dear," said MOUSER, "according to P. D., it must be a system upon which the experienced teacher—just as the coachman has 'no objection' to a brougham—the butler's boy 'no objection' to the country—and the gardener 'no objection' to a cow—a system upon which the schoolmaster has 'no objection' to perish."

Who'd think that butler's boys and coachmen were so particular, and the schoolmaster made so cheap?

Yours, Mr. Punch, to continue,
AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honey suckles.

A Fearful Pass.

THE bills of the Colosseum advertise the "Fearful Pass of the Tête Noire, with its Awful Cataract," &c. &c. We wonder if this alludes to the crossing leading from Cheapside into St. Paul's Churchyard, which is defended by a Lascar, for that is the most "fearful pass of a Tête Noire" that a lady can have to go through. He levies black mail in the most barefaced manner, and if tribute is not instantly paid to his impudence, then there comes down such an "awful cataract" of abuse, that we pity the poor head it falls upon. By the bye, he would make an invaluable doorkeeper for St. Paul's Cathedral. He is just the bold man to collect the twopences!



MR. BRIGGS PUTS HIS HORSE IN HARNESS, AND DRIVES A FEW FRIENDS QUIETLY DOWN TO THE DERBY.

INTERESTING ORIGIN OF "THE FUN OF THE FAIR."

EVERY one knows that "The Fun of the Fair" is a little instrument made of wood, which, being rubbed up and down a person's coat, some hundred times in the course of the day, is admirably adapted for tearing it. This "Fun of the Fair" is said to have been the invention of an advertising tailor, who, finding business rather slack, and that gentlemen's coats, notwithstanding the bad cloth, and the poor workmanship, and every other advantage which the cheap, starving system could possibly give them, did not go off half quick enough, hit upon the ingenious idea of the above instrument for tearing them off. His ingenuity was quickly rewarded, for he amassed a considerable fortune in a very short space of time, and died "universally respected." His agents used to sell the "Fun of the Fair" with one hand, and distribute his handbills with the other. The game has been kept alive ever since, for it has been found by the cheap tailors such a profitable combination of pleasure and business, that MOSES has been heard to say that "If Greenwich Fair only came once a week, he should be able in time to sell coats for nothing."

PRESENTS FOR THE PASHA.

A SMALL domestic menagerie—a sort of Happy Family on an extended scale—has been sent out by the *Indus* to Alexandria, as a present for the Pasha. The collection comprised four swans and five dogs, a barn-door capon, and a prize ox, whose history, consisting of a cock and bull story, has been given by some of the newspapers. Water being the proper element of the swans, we suppose they will be attached, with ropes round their necks, to the stern of the ship, for they will never get on at all if they do not get on swimmingly.

Among the canine specimens are a couple of bulldogs, with countenances so ugly, that they are said to have terrified all beholders, many of whom quitted the bark at the first growl of the unsightly animals. We hope the Pasha will not think it necessary to send over here a collection of brutes in exchange; for our Zoological Gardens are getting rather overstocked, and the presents forwarded consist generally of such savage monsters, that we almost feel ourselves turning into sandwiches while they look at us.

PROTECTION FOR MR. MERRYMAN.

To our laborious punsters of the humbler class, whose overtaxed invention finds production daily more and more difficult, even the Traitor of Tamworth must feel in his secret heart that some protection must be afforded, if they are to compete with the foreign joker—for such a joker is every facetious gentleman whose jokes are alien from his subject and employment. The industrious Clown in Mr. BATTY'S Ring is not to be abandoned to rivalry with advocates in the Bankruptcy Court. The *Times* of May 21 published no less than three jokes of the most killing nature which had been made at that tribunal the day before. By this time, perhaps, they may be considered to have become rather stale; therefore we are not afraid of injuring MR. MERRYMAN additionally by transcribing them. MR. COOKE, who appeared on behalf of poor MR. DELAFIELD, observed, that

"The bankrupt's solicitor complained that the other solicitor had called him a MR. PICE. (A laugh.)"

"MR. LAWRENCE. Then it was not war to the knife, but war to the pike? (Laughter.)"

"MR. COOKE feared the poor client was the gudgeon. (Great Laughter.)"

As long as a profligate Whig Cabinet and an unprincipled House of Commons permit the system of free admission to Courts of Justice, and especially to the Bankruptcy Court, to continue, it is utterly impossible that the British Circus should maintain a competition with those lively institutions.

A Joke's a Joke for a' That.

It is all very well to say a joke's a joke, but the public would find a joke to be no joke, if, like ourselves, they received at least one hundred copies of the same joke by every delivery from the post-office. We have lately been inundated with the old jokes about Greece and Grease to such a fearful extent, that we have serious thoughts of applying for an Act of Parliament to place jokes about Greece among the deleterious substances that it is unlawful to transmit through the post-office. The chief objection to the measure would be, that the Bill must set out the joke itself, and Parliament would never consent to read a second and third time that with which we have been already nauseated.

PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES FOR THE DERBY.

Query. How many Postboys will come home sober?

Note. It is a singular thing—and whether it is the heat of the weather, or the dust of the road, or the abundance, or the cheapness, or the potency of the drinks, or the weakness of the post-boyish intellect, we cannot precisely determine—but we never recollect seeing a post-boy on his return home, whose legs did not manifest the strongest inclination to twirl themselves round the horse's belly; and generally the older the postboy the stronger did this inclination manifest itself.

Query. How many will a Derby carriage hold?

Note. It all depends whether it is going or coming back. If going, the usual number is four inside and two out, with the servant. If



coming back, every available space (as the reporters say) is occupied. The head, as it is thrown back on each side, is filled up by friends, who "cannot, for the life of them, find their drag,"—that is to say, have come down by the railway, and have no wish to return by it—and the pit of the carriage is crammed to that extent, that, to use the theatrical term, there is "not even standing room." It is well known that a Derby carriage has all the elastic properties of a carpet-bag, and will take in any number; but still, to be respectable, no unlicensed vehicle should carry more than a horse-killer or an omnibus.

Query. Is a white hat the thing to go to the Derby in?

Note. As we never could understand what "the thing" was, we must hold this query over for future arbitration.

Query. Is it justifiable to put a turnpike-man out of temper?

Note. As a turnpike-man never is out of temper on the Derby Day, it would be the height of absurdity making any note on such a preposterous Query as the above.

Query. What is Chaff?

Note. A kind of dry stuff you pick up in great quantities along the road, mixed here and there with a few grains of wit.

Query. Does it hurt? and was it ever known to kill any one?

Note. It stings, and it's rather hard, but a person must be soft indeed, for it to make any impression upon him. It is only another kind of dust flying about, but more easily laid. A glass of Sherry will lay the Chaff directly. We never heard of an instance of it's terminating in the death of an individual.

Query. If a gentleman is absent from home on the Derby Day, is it fair to suppose that he has gone to the Races?

Note. We think it most unfair to jump to any such conclusion. We know an instance of a gentleman, whose wife's relations are all Quakers, who left home early on that same morning, ordering dinner precisely at a quarter to six. By some accident he did not reach home till ten o'clock at night, and, because his clothes were a little dusty, he was instantly accused of having been to the Derby. Yet his statement was perfectly clear. "He had been to the Docks with a friend who wanted his opinion upon some Port he had been offered a bargain," and he repeated this with all the gravity of an innocent man. But his protestations were ridiculed, laughed at, and indignantly pooh-poohed: and his wife, to this present hour, believes he *was* at the Derby—and nothing will convince her to the contrary! We know many such instances, all proving the female liability to false conclusions, but we think one is enough.



A MATTER OF CONTEMPT.—Contempt is produced at first sight as often as Love—and really, as times go, it is a question if it is not produced much oftener.

THE FERRAND RAM.

As I was riding through Yorkshire upon a Yorkshire grey,
I met the finest ram, Sir, that ever eat turnips and hay;
The horns on his head that grew, Sir, were as big as good-sized trees,
And his eyes, I declare to you, Sir, as large as a Cheshire cheese!

As large (*Chorus.* Eh?)—as large (*Chorus.* No!)—I say as large
(*Chorus.* Now, do you, really?)—ay, as large as a Cheshire cheese!

Upon my life 'tis true, and what 'll you lay it's a "sell?"
If you 'll ask of MR. FERRAND, he 'll tell you so as well.

His head from ear to ear, Sir, was more than ten feet wide;
His mouth, to say the least, Sir, was eight from side to side;
The teeth with which he ate, Sir, were big as flag-stones quite,
And the legs that maintained his weight, Sir, a dozen yards in height!

A dozen yards (*Chorus.* What, twelve yards?)—yes, full twelve yards
(*Chorus.* Come, that's too much!)—by Jove, twelve yards in height!

Upon my life, &c.

He measured five score feet, Sir, to stern from tip of snout;
Thrice that—I scorn deceit, Sir—this ram was round about;
The tail at his dorsal end, Sir—(it had been allowed to grow),
Did in length as far extend, Sir, as MR. FERRAND'S bow!

As FERRAND'S bow (*Chorus.* Oh! Oh! You don't mean that?)—yes
(*Chorus.* Stuff!)—as FERRAND'S long bow (*Chorus.* Absurd—ridiculous!)
—yes, 'twas long as FERRAND'S bow!

Upon my life, &c.

The mutton upon his haunches would feed twelve thousand men,
His shoulders serve the paunches to fill of thousands ten,
And the fleece on his back—my eye, Sir!—(the Cotton Lords must fall
Would FERRAND'S League supply, Sir, with wool to clothe us all!

Yes, would FERRAND'S League (*Chorus.* Gammon!)—would FERRAND'S
League (*Chorus.* Walker! Bosh! Humbug! We can't swallow
that at any rate!)—would FERRAND'S League supply, Sir, with wool to
clothe us all!

Upon my life, &c.

EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY IN RACING PORTRAITURE.

NEXT week, we shall be too happy to publish—

THE PORTRAIT OF THE WINNER;

or, the portrait of the young Lady, who has won the greatest number of pairs of gloves upon the result of the Derby. Name, pedigree, height, and the colour of the Winner's eyes, will be given at full length—and the age, also, if possible.

N.B. Early orders are requested, as an extraordinary demand is expected.



*** ASK FOR "PUNCH'S" PORTRAIT OF THE WINNER.

DRAMATIC DICTIONARY.

THE phraseology of the play-bills is so calculated to mislead the uninitiated that several persons have actually been known to take the managerial announcements in a literal sense, and much inconvenience has arisen. To guard against such a dilemma for the future, we would strongly advise the publication of a Dictionary as a guide to play-goers, and the following may serve as a specimen.

POSITIVELY ON MONDAY.—Possibly on Wednesday.

ONLY WITHDRAWN FOR THE PRODUCTION OF NOVELTY.—Utterly and hopelessly unattractive.

REPETITION IMPERATIVE ON THE MANAGEMENT.—Nothing ready by way of substitute.

MORE NOVELTY.—The old style of thing.

THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF DIRECTORS.

OUR latest despatches from America announce the enormous rise of the Hudson on the other side of the Atlantic. The querist may well ask whether this enormous rise of the Hudson abroad may not be accounted for by the enormous fall of the HUDSON at home?

PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.

Of Portraits, or MR. JONES in and out of the Exhibition.



CHRISTOPHER JONES is a highly respectable and perfectly common-place man. He sits, habitually, in a square, snug room, with a Brussels carpet, mahogany furniture, oblong windows, with the usual sashes, and a prospect (Mr. JONES lives in London) of a common-place row of houses opposite his own, or, it may be, if Mr. JONES be so fortunate, a glimpse of the green in a square garden. When MR. JONES sits at a table, he generally puts his legs under it.

But MR. JONES comes to have his portrait painted. How it was brought about is no matter. MRS. JONES wished it, and her friend

MRS. SMITH had insisted on SMITH having his portrait painted, by such a clever man, and so cheap!

MR. JONES's portrait is in the Exhibition. Being a full-length, it is well hung. It represents MR. JONES in his best suit, with a very stiff white neckerchief, which MR. JONES never wears, except when he cannot avoid it, as at funerals, for it makes him feel what he calls "choky," and he is plethoric of habit. The individual thus dressed is seated in a spacious apartment, one, indeed, of palatial dimensions. The furniture consists of a massive pillar, and a heavy red or green curtain, partly swathed round, partly falling gracefully from the shaft, together with a very massive red morocco or crimson velvet chair, and the corner of a table, on which stands the massive inks and presented to MR. JONES by the United Club of Benevolent Brothers (of which MR. JONES has been twenty years secretary).

The apartment receives air from a square aperture, without a sash, through which is seen a wild and daring landscape, with the grey trunk of a tree, a lick of brown hills, and a splash of blue sky. MR. JONES is seated in the imposing attitude usually assumed by heavy fathers and stately noblemen in legitimate comedies, with his legs *not* under the table, and very elaborately blacked boots.

The features are the features of MR. JONES. There is his common-place forehead—ditto eyes—ditto nose and ditto mouth. This might be better painted. There is no occasion for a light from the top throwing a strong shadow under JONES's honest nose, and even of such light as there is, the effect might be more honestly and successfully given. However, let that pass. The face is an average portraiture, let us suppose.

But for the rest of the picture! What is a portrait? The representation of a man, you will say,—but that means the representation not of a man's head, even if you succeed in *that*, for that is only part of a man—and a daguerreotype can give it you better than a REMBRANDT. But let us stop here. If JONES's portrait be the representation of JONES, this is *not* JONES's portrait—for reasons, JONES never sat in such a room; JONES never sat in such an attitude; JONES would be most wretched under the circumstances in which he is here painted.

But we must further remind you that a portrait should be a picture as well as a representation of a man. It is a representation of a man according to rules of art.

Now look round the Exhibition, and do not wonder that portrait-painting as practised is considered a low branch of art! But should it be so? A low branch of art? That branch, which, if mustered, comprehends the setting out on canvas of the personality of an individual man—even though it be a JONES, and common-place exceedingly.

REMBRANDT painted the JONESSES of his day; and a Dutch JONES was, in nine cases out of ten, no better for the painter's purposes than an English one. RAPHAEL and GIORGIONE painted Roman and Venetian JONESSES. True, they had nobler matter then to work upon. But what, after all, is the difference between their work and yours?

They painted living human heads with characters and individualities in them. One doesn't think of the tie and the boots, and the curtain, and the inksstand, and the chair, in looking at their pictures.

And yet all these, truthfully and feelingly dealt with, might be made to help out to completion the notion of a JONES. Everything about every JONES, in his ordinary life, has got an impress of himself upon it. Catch him over his ledger; catch him at the annual rejoicing of the "Benevolent Brothers;" catch him in his own parlour, among his children, or reading the *Times*; catch him where you will and when you will—out of your painting-room—and you have the raw material of a picture,—full of character, of some kind or other, with accessories—just as disposable and paintable, if you have the eye and heart to see and feel it, as your stock, pillar, and curtain, and table and chair.

Now, might not portrait-painting, somehow, contrive to get out of this region of falsehood, into the region of truth—in other words, out of your painting-room into JONES's parlour? Could you not contrive to give us the man?—for every JONES is a man, and, as such, has a face

of his own, unlike all other JONESSES, and with meanings in it, sharp and peculiar to the man. Could you not catch them? If you could, and could also subordinate them to the laws of light and shade, as they are to be subordinated, you might do for our time what REMBRANDT did for his—and TITIAN and GIORGIONE for theirs—and RAPHAEL, and RUBENS, and VANDYKE for theirs—and REYNOLDS for his. You might elevate what is low, only because it is dealt with in a low and mindless way, to the dignity that belongs to all true representations of human beings, and you might paint pictures that would look very singular in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

If any one wants to know how the money goes, a perusal of that part of the debates which is headed SUPPLY will furnish much very striking, if not very satisfactory, information. The episode of the Marble Arch contains some curious illustrations of the way in which the public money may be wasted, not, perhaps, in playing at ducks and drakes, but in a game at marbles. The country is asked to knuckle down to the tune of some £10,000 or £12,000 for the mere removal of this arch, and nobody can decide where to move it to. One proposition of a site is the round water in Kensington Gardens; but whether the bottom of the water is intended, or merely the brink, we have not been enlightened upon. We should suggest a contract with some respectable dustman to remove the whole concern as rubbish, rather than that the country should have to pay £10,000 or £12,000 in addition to the £120,000 it has already cost us. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declared, with an arch look, that the removal of the arch would afford amusement to the public; and perhaps as far as the juvenile part of the population is concerned, there may be something in the argument. Possibly a pavilion might give the nation something for the old material; and thus the Ministry, which found the arch of marble, might leave it of copper, by getting a few halfpence out of it in the shape of balance, after deducting the expense of delivery.

Another portion of a recent debate on supply calls our attention to the expense of the great quantity of fret-work about the New Houses, and though there is not much use just now in fretting over it, we are sorry to hear that most of it is already filled up with sparrows' nests, so that, although the money has not literally gone to the dogs, it has gone to the birds in the most lavish manner. An Honourable Member complained also, that some of the new stone-work was crumbling away, and thus the public, after having come down so liberally with the dust, may find the dust coming down of its own accord, and their money will be blown away with it.

'Down—There, in Front!'

We cannot understand the strange tenacity with which the dead wall in front of the British Museum is kept up. Two or three bricks are knocked down every week, which certainly give the wall a picturesque, vandyked appearance, and must render it very easy for cats to climb; but, still, there must be some hidden reason why the wall is not knocked down altogether. Two Irish bricklayers would do it easily in half a day. No—we imagine it is maintained purposely to hide the new building, for it is very wisely thought that the sight of a handsome edifice in London would be too much for the public mind, if displayed all at once, so it is considered best to accustom the public eye to it bit by bit. In about five years' time, we may probably have a full view of the new British Museum.

CAUTION.

ALL GENTLEMEN, who have the happiness to be married, and leave home early on the Wednesday morning of May 29th, as "they have a little business in the City, which may probably detain them all day, so they'll not be home to dinner," are particularly recommended, before they venture in-doors, to search their pockets on the door-step. THIS CAUTION is given in the most friendly spirit, in order to avoid any unpleasantness, that might ensue in the best-regulated family, from the gentleman dropping by accident anything, which, upon being picked up by his affectionate wife, should turn out to be a—



"Dorling's Correct List!!!"

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.—What is the best Powder for removing Grease? According to LORD PALMERSTON, it is Gunpowder.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CHARACTER.

THE GRAPHIOLOGIST.



HOSE who would have a Character, can procure one for 13 postage stamps.

Write a letter—any bit of nonsense you like—enclose the above sum—address it to a GRAPHIOLOGIST—and you will have a Character by return of post.

Whether the Character will be good, bad, or indifferent, depends entirely upon your hand-writing,—so you must be very careful what pens, what ink, what letter-paper, you use. If your hand shakes, put it off till the next morning.

If you cannot write yourself—or write no better than a Chinese, or a Frenchman,—it is better to get some one, who does write

well, to pen the letter for you. This plan has its advantages, for if the Character is a bad one, you hand it over to the friend who has written the letter for you;—if it is a good one, you keep it yourself.

The profession of a GRAPHIOLOGIST is a profitable one!—so much so, that we have been told lately of three capitalists who have left the pill-line to go into it.

The stock in trade is very simple. A quire of paper—a dozen Magnum-Bonums—a hundred envelopes—and a fair average quantity of that material, of which knockers and barristers' faces are made of,—and you can start as a GRAPHIOLOGIST to-morrow. Borrow five shillings for an advertisement, and your fortune is already in your lap!

The letters keep pouring in in such showers that the second week you are obliged to start a Secretary—and each week generally brings a corresponding increase. You must recollect every letter pays in a shilling, and as every postman rarely delivers less than twenty letters, you can easily guess what the amount must be at the end of the day. His income—his pen-and-ink-income, to use an old joke—is something stupendous—and the name of a GRAPHIOLOGIST has been confided to us, who gave his daughter, on her wedding-day, a dowry of 25,000 stamps, and settled upon her for life the eight o'clock delivery, A.M., of his practice.

This extensive correspondence is occasioned by the simple fact, that there are many persons who write to every Graphiologist who starts up through the advertisement-trap of a newspaper. Those persons are hungry, conceited souls, who are never satisfied with the character they have got, and are always nibbling their goosequills to death, in the hopes of getting a better. Thus, no sooner does a new Professor publish the announcement, that he is ready to grasp everybody's hand that brings him thirteen postage-stamps inside it, than he is sure to receive applications from all those who have written to every Graphiologist who has flourished with his pen before him. According to this, the Graphiologist who comes last, will have a correspondence that will make the returns on St. Valentine's Day look very small indeed.

It must not be imagined, however, that the GRAPHIOLOGIST is merely a gypsy of literature, who tells characters by looking at the marks that run through a person's hand. He is a man of immense reading, and turns that reading to the greatest profit. He can tell at once the weak point in a person's character, and, by flattering that point, ensures many a letter-box full of customers.

But what has flattery to do with the truth? A great deal,—for every one is pleased in receiving a good character. It requires but little persuasion to believe we are good, but a great deal to be convinced we are bad. Then, again, the character, when it is good, is exhibited with pride to all the owner's friends—and this pricks them with an envious desire to have their characters told also. This is the cheapest advertisement the GRAPHIOLOGIST can have. But, supposing the character had been filled with bitters instead of sweets, it would have been torn up in a rage, or locked up in some secret drawer, and not a soul would have seen it. The well from which the GRAPHIOLOGIST draws his truths is filled with *eau sucrée*.

There have been libels against the GRAPHIOLOGIST, as there have been against every bold innovator who has attempted to raise the character of his age. It has been falsely uttered, like a bad note, that he keeps upon hand a large stock of characters, filled with all the cardinal virtues, and that, as the applications arrive, he fills them up with the names and addresses, and sends them off indiscriminately. This libel is so atrocious, that, we think, it answers itself.

We have ourselves written to a Graphiologist three different letters on three different days. It is true that the answers we received were in three different handwritings, but still they were full of such flattering truths, and redounded so honourably to our character, that we were more convinced than ever of the libellous tendency of such rumours, which persons cannot be too cautious in circulating.

It is as clear as silver-lake ice that the GRAPHIOLOGIST believes in a preponderance of good over evil. If he errs, it is on the side of good-

ness. In these days of despondency, when it is too much the fashion to hang crape round every thing, it is most refreshing to hear a voice, carolling above us, gladdening hundreds of hearts by the cheering notes he scatters around him. In this happy strain does the GRAPHIOLOGIST perpetually sing, and we shall always look up to him as the gentlest of Larks!

One thing is very certain. The GRAPHIOLOGIST is a loud warning to parents how careful they should be in teaching their children to write. When we consider that a hopeful son may bud into a ROBESPIERRE because he has not been properly taught at school to dot his i's—or that a promising daughter may blossom into a MRS. BROWNIGG from an early vice of not crossing her f's—the responsibility of teaching the young idea how to pick up pothooks and hangers becomes so awful as almost to make one forswear matrimony altogether. The only way we see to avoid accidents would be to bring up one's entire family as writing-masters.

THE SONG OF THE UNDERTAKER.

To arms, to arms—unfurl the pall,
Spread far and wide the sighs of gloom;
Awake at self-protection's call,
The goal we fight for is the tomb.
They shall not baulk us of our prey—
No living victims do we crave;
The dead they dare not take away,
They shall not tear us from the grave.
From Undertakers' dismal den,
Mutes, mourners, we invite;
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry me
'Tis for the dead we fight.

Why should they turn our mimic woe
Into substantial grief?
Surely, if burning tears must flow,
Their progress should be brief.
If sorrow's emblem must appear,
We need no grief within;
As rich the moisture born of beer,
The tear distilled from gin.
From Undertakers' dismal den,
Mutes, mourners, we invite;
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men
'Tis for the dead we fight.

Knights of the sable plume are we,
Our trappings are of woe;
Our crest shall the black feather be,
The white we will not show.
Of all the perquisites we prize
Shall we be rudely shorn?
What genuine tears will dim our eyes,
When for ourselves we mourn!
From Undertakers' dismal den,
Mutes, mourners, we invite;
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,
'Tis for the dead we fight.

They say that anguish only kills
When on one object fixed;
That like our teas our mortal ills
Are wholesomer when mixed.
Grief for the dead may lose some power
If we its sphere enlarge,
By making, in affliction's hour,
A stunning funeral charge.
From Undertakers' dismal den,
Mutes, mourners, we invite;
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men
'Tis for the dead we fight.

Then make an effort, one and all,
Since they our rights invade,
Ye Undertakers, great and small,
Black sheep of every shade;
Performers in the funeral line,
Who've fatten'd on the dead,
We want—and never will resign—
Their bones to make our bread.
From Undertakers' dismal den,
Mutes, mourners, we invite;
Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,
'Tis for the dead we fight.

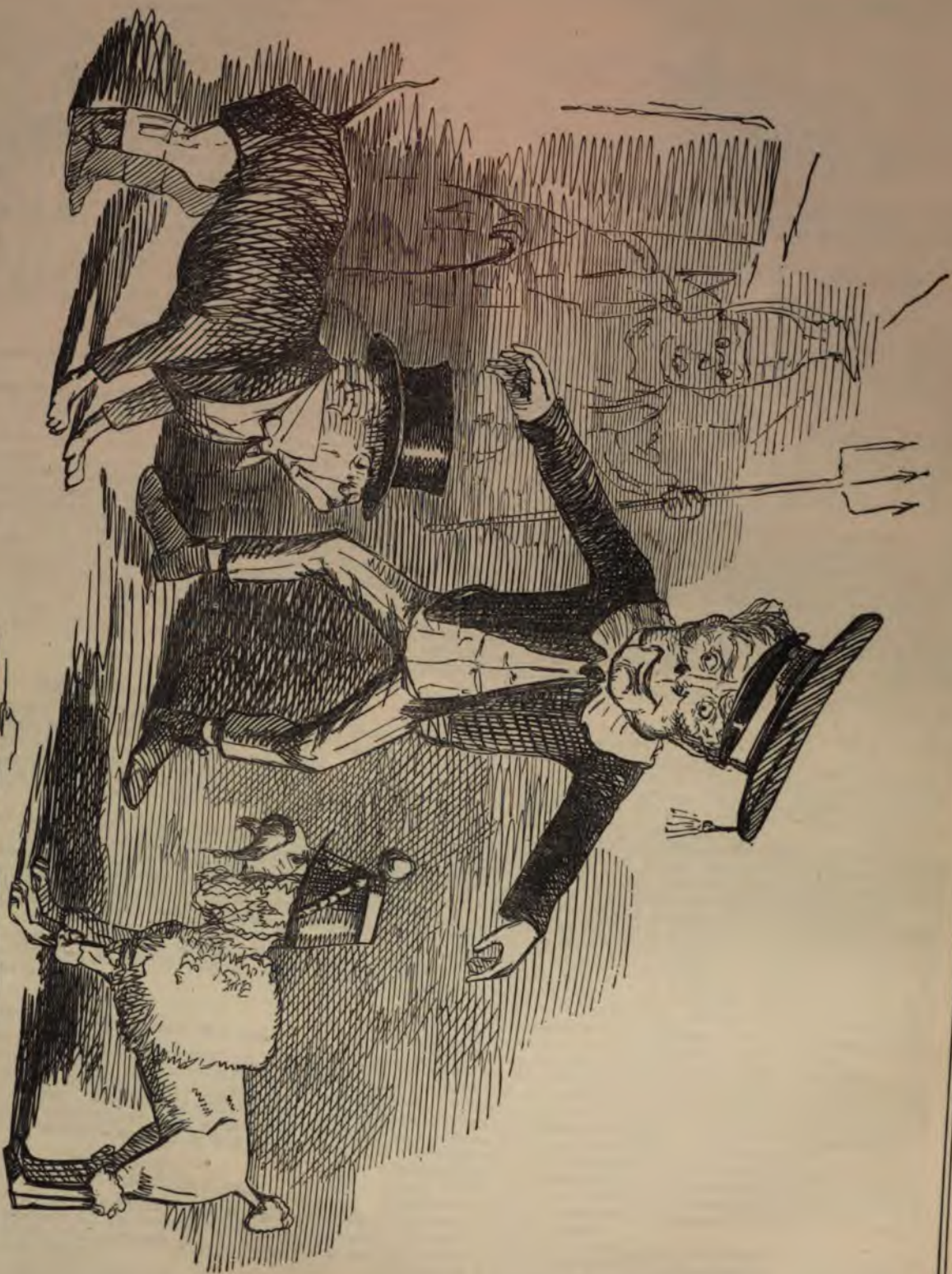
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—A Rejected Article.—Man and wife quarrelling, and the latter being thrown out of window.

Maners and Cvstoms of ⁂ Englyshe (New Series) No. 7.



A PIC-NIC

(IN THE BACKGROUND IS SEEN THE 'ABBEY')



PALMERSTON, THE MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

MEN OF LETTERS AT THE POST-OFFICE.



LEGISLATION and LANDLEY MURRAY are often at issue on a variety of points, and it would seem that the Executive is equally at fault to such an extent as to make us fear that Government and Grammar are incompatible. We should, however, have supposed, that, if in one department more than another it might be possible to construct a sentence for which a charity boy would not deserve the cane, that department would be the Post-Office, where the cultivation of letters might reasonably be looked for. We regret to find that the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand are as bad as the worst of them in their syntax, and we have much reason to believe that it is only the printer's care that preserves official orthography from constant error. We invoke our old friend ŒDIPUS to give us his aid in the elucidation of the following direction issued from the Post-Office as to the transmission of Bank Notes in letters:—

"The safest course will be to cut such notes in half, sending each half by two different Posts."

This direction can only be followed by some genius such as HOUDIN, the professor of magic, who has been all his life accustomed to burning pocket-handkerchiefs into tinder, and producing them in a perfect state, drawing an infinite variety of liquids from one inexhaustible bottle, or exhibiting the same article in two different places at almost the same moment. We should be delighted to know the secret of complying with this requisition of the Post-Office authorities, for, if it could be done, we might send one half of a bank-note to two different places, and the other half to two other places, which would enable us to kill two birds with one stone, or, rather, pay a couple of debts with one note—if we happened to be so fortunate as to possess such a document. We strongly recommend the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to put himself in communication with the Post-Office authorities, for the purpose of learning the art of not only making money go as far as it possibly can, but of making it go in two directions at the same instant.

MR. ARCHER FERRAND.

At the meeting of a Society for Increasing the Price of Bread at Doncaster last week, reported by the *Morning Post*, MR. FERRAND is represented to have made the following remarkable assertion:—

"I here repeat a fact which has recently been stated to the public, and which has been proved, that in America, 1000 slaves are daily murdered in the cultivation of cotton (sensations), by cruelties and atrocities more horrible than ever were inflicted on dumb animals."

At this rate, America will have little to fear from the increase of her slave population. All that's black will fade from Transatlantic earth with what MR. CARLYLE would call "some degree of brevity." A thousand negroes murdered every day would be three-hundred-and-sixty-five-thousand destroyed per annum, not to count an odd two-hundred-and-fifty that would probably be killed besides in the additional six hours.

MR. FERRAND is a good old English enemy of Free Trade, which, verily, he attacks with a good old English weapon. ROBIN HOOD was a child to him at the long bow.

"Bless their dear Eyes."—T. P. Cooke.

WHEN England is in an awkward predicament, and does not know how to act, she is always warned that "the Eyes of Europe are upon her." We do not see that we should have any particular respect for these said "Eyes of Europe," beyond the reverence we show to everybody's orbits, though we must confess there is one great superiority they enjoy over Englishmen's eyes, and that is, they pay no Window-Tax.

THE NOBILITY OF THE LOWER ORDERS.

A COOK, in one of our most fashionable squares, calls the Police "The Area-stocracy of England," and certainly a Policeman can claim for his order three of the great elements of aristocracy, for he can prove Rank, Station, and Descent.

SILENCE, PRAY, SILENCE!

IN consequence of the attempt of the undertakers to prevail by clamour at the meetings in favour of the Government Interments Bill, there ought to be a regulation that no funeral performer should be allowed to attend except in the character of a mute.

WHAT ARE THE LAWS OF THE ROAD ON A DERBY DAY?



It is very difficult to say, for it is quite a toss-up, but more frequently a spill, if there are any Laws at all on such a day. The only Laws we know of as holding the reins of Government on that occasion are the following:—

To pass every one on the road, whether you are right or left.



To allow no one to pass you. Cut in and out; and recollect it is the same as at whist—you must cut the very lowest, if you wish to get the lead.

To exchange compliments with every one on the road, more particularly with elderly persons whose steeds have not been purchased at ANDERSON'S, and with gentlemen who are walking on foot with their coats off.

To take your hat off, and kiss your hand most vehemently to all the pretty faces you see lining the garden walls on each side of the high road, and to cheer those who have the good nature to return your pointed compliments.

To stop at every public house on the road, if it is only "to give the horses five minutes!"

To shake hands with every body, when you descend, and to be most particular in enquiring after every stranger's health.

To ask the bar-maid in the blindest manner, if she is quite well? and "if she'll take anything neat?—a French cap, for instance, or a lace bonnet, or a pair of diamond earrings?—you're not particular which."

To assure the ostler that you will "remember" him as long as you live—and longer, if he particularly wishes it.

To evince the highest disdain for broken panels, and not to have the slightest regard for your horses' legs, or your postilions' calves, but to command them to cut through narrow places, where there would be scarcely room for a ginger-beer cart to creep through.

To distribute impartially to persons on the road the "knock-em-downs" you have brought away as trophies of your exploits on the turf, reserving one or two of the largest for any particular friend to whom you owe a long-standing grudge for similar debts incurred on previous occasions, and, as you would be ashamed to do anything behind his back, to wait till you meet him face to face, and then "catch his eye" with the biggest. Before your friend has recovered the use of his eyesight, you are, of course, a good mile a-head, laughing in the jolliest manner possible at the goodness of the joke.

Before leaving the high road, to stop the most superb foreigner on horseback you can select, and taking off your *chapeau*, to ask him in the gravest manner, softened with a few drops of the "sweet oil" of his own continental politeness, "*d'avoir la bonté de se donner la peine de vouloir bien vous confier des nouvelles de la santé de Madame sa Mère; et si Madame sait au juste que Monsieur son fils est sorti?*"

To stand up in your carriage, to shout, to use your arms like a wild telegraph, and your legs like a pair of mad compasses, to talk, joke and laugh, in the easiest, and decidedly the freest manner, with persons you would be ashamed of being seen to exchange a single word with on any other occasion but the Derby.

To subside into your natural, quiet, gentlemanly, state, as soon as you reach Kennington Gate, and for the remainder of the journey to sit silently in the back of your carriage, taking no heed of the vulgar observations addressed to you by the dirty blackguards who forget their station in life in daring to speak to you.

A COUPLET FOR CHOWLER.

Is the demand for Corn-Laws we examine,
'Tis but a cry for artificial famine.



THE DERBY DAY

THE STUPID OLD COUPLE WHO CROSS THE COURSE AS THE RACE BEGINS.

✓ THE GREATEST BRITISH SUBJECT.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has generally been considered to be the first person under the Crown, and, next him, the LORD CHANCELLOR. This is quite a mistake. There is a yet greater subject than DR. SUMNER or LORD COTTENHAM. Not *Punch*. Not PRINCE ALBERT. Oh! no. Nor yet the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. No; nor SIR ROBERT PEEL, nor LORD JOHN RUSSELL, nor even LORD BROUGHAM, whatever opinion the latter may have of himself. Not one of the distinguished personages just mentioned—not the highest and most influential of Spanish bondholders, or of the creditors of American repudiators—has ever had a Foreign Secretary for his sheriff, to issue a writ for him, and a British Admiral for a bailiff, to collect his debts. Our late proceedings against Greece indisputably show that the greatest British subject is, beyond all peradventure,—DON PACIFICO!

The Tax-Bound Pocket.

WE are afraid that PRINCE ALBERT's very laudable project for the Exhibition of '51 will not meet with all the encouragement which it so much deserves. It is hardly so general a subject of conversation as we expected it would be; and on asking why this is, we are generally met with the reply:—As to the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, let us have the Income-Tax fairly adjusted, and the Window-Tax taken off, and then we'll talk about it.

TAO-KWANG'S DRAGON.

Upon the 14th of the First Moon, HIS MAJESTY TAO-KWANG (the Lustre of Reason) departed upon the great journey, mounting upwards on the Dragon, to be a guest on high.—*Chinese Court Bulletin*.

WITH a few curious English, it may be a matter of passing curiosity to know something of the Dragon, which the EMPEROR OF CHINA has so recently bestrode—taking his Throne as a mounting-post—and departing from Peking to be a guest in Heaven. We are enabled to give the fullest particulars of the animal, as set forth by a very distinguished Bonze in a conversation, philosophic and confidential, with an English Post-Captain, now at Hong-Kong.

Captain. And you really believe that TAO-KWANG started upon a Dragon?

Bonze. Believe! Have not the Flowery People put on garments of white? Have not the Mandarins put away their buttons? Do they not let their beards grow, and are not their eye-brows ragged, and their tails in a state of frenzy? Believe!

Captain. Aye, aye; very good. All that we can see. But the Dragon? Are you so sure of the Dragon?

Bonze. Sure of the Dragon! But the barbarians are blind and pig-skinned! Sure of the Dragon!

Captain. Understand me. Are you as certain of the existence of the Dragon as of yonder peacock? Is the Dragon a real thing, or only a Dragon drawn by the vermilion pencil?

Bonze. The barbarians are eyeless as stones. The Dragon a real thing! Does not the Dragon, at certain seasons, with open jaws approach the moon? Then, do we not beat drums, and strike gongs, and frighten and appease the Dragon? This do the Bonzes. And then the moon comes forth bright and unbitten; with not a mark of the Dragon's tooth in her silver face.

Captain. And is this Dragon—the Dragon of the Eclipse—the same Dragon that has given old TAO-KWANG a lift aloft?

Bonze. The same.

Captain. Who has seen him? Nobody but the priests?

Bonze. Nobody but the Bonzes, whose trade it is to see the Dragon—none other.

Captain. Then you can tell me all about him. What does he measure from the snout to the tail? Does he wear chain-armour, or scale? Come, paint me your Dragon.

Bonze. The Dragon is as no other Dragon. A Dragon ten palm-trees in length, and four in compass. A Dragon, coloured as the rainbow, with precious stones that melt into one another. A Dragon, whose teeth are of onyx, whose tongue is of coral, and whose voice is as the beating of a world of gongs. The Dragon has eyes of orange-tawney, and on his lower lip is one long hair of mouse-colour, a hair thick and straightforth as a bulrush.

Captain. You have seen it?

Bonze. I am a Bonze, and so being, is it not my trade to see and know, even to a hair, all about the Dragon? Can you turn my "Yes" inside out into "No"?

The Post-Captain was taken aback by the confidence of the Bonze, who continued to talk of the Dragon as of a daily friend—an old, old acquaintance; making large profit of the knowledge. The Post-Captain would fain have disputed the matter; but he had a touch of philosophy (nourished, perhaps, at Exeter Hall), and knew it was a service of peril to meddle with the property of Bonzes, a property vested—in Dragons.

Police Libraries.

EVERY Police-Office has a Library attached to it. The following, we believe, are a few of the works generally selected to adorn the shelves:—

Cook's Voyages.
Walker's Exercises.
Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.
A Life of Knox.
The Heads of the People.
The Lost Senses.
Rambles in Berlin.
Impressions of Greece.

Kitchener's Oracle.
Blucher's Campaigns.
Recollections of Eton.
Lardner's Encyclopædia.
The Whole Duty of Man.
Constable's Miscellany.
Lover's Entertainments.
Cook's Journal, &c.

Together with the Idler, Tatler, Rambler, and the complete works of Borrow, Steele, Bacon, Hogg, and Lamb.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOK FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS TO THE DERBY.

Comprising every useful information which can be required before leaving London, while on the Course, and during the Return.

CHAP. I.—Why should people go to the Derby?



In the first place, because everybody goes to the Derby. Another reason is, because they like it. And a third, and very strong reason is, because it is an excuse for a holiday. A few people go because they have bets on the race, and certain old fogies go because they always have gone, and "always mean to," as they tell you with some pride.

CHAP. II.—Hints worth Consideration.

Is it worth paying £18 18s. for a barouche and pair? Hadn't you better find a seat with a friend who has already been green enough to engage such a vehicle? Hadn't you better pause before you agree to stump up for the party, and get it back from the men afterwards in shares? Did you ever know a case of anybody ever getting it back, under those circumstances? Consider whether it isn't the freest and easiest way after all to toddle down in a Hansom, with a hamper between your legs?

CHAP. III.—Preparations for the Road. The Economical Passage System.

There is often a necessity for economical conveyance to the Derby. There are various plans for effecting this. Some go in a van; but unless your relish for warm porter, all-fours, and strong shag tobacco, with dust, be very decided, I cannot recommend this mode, which, however, gives opportunity for considerable social enjoyment. If you do go in a van, avoid one whose horses you think it probable, from observation, will die on the road home. Persons have been known to go down five in a Clarence cab. This is economical, but the brutality of the practice creates a prejudice against it. The guinea drag is objectionable from the mixed character of your companions, their propensity to indulge in chaff, and missiles of all descriptions, the great probability that there will be a *cornet-à-piston* which will be played, and the painful responsibility you will feel thrown on you, on your way back, of keeping on the coach two intoxicated young gentlemen, in no way related to you, but whom you naturally feel averse to let drop.

Of all the economical systems, the most economical, and decidedly the most painful, is the railway. By choosing this mode you will be enabled to combine the experience of a squeeze at the Opera pit-door, a Smithfield cattle-ring on a Monday morning in a "full market," and a prison-van in the dog-days. You have also the terrific struggle on getting out at Epsom, the exorbitant fare over to the course, with the peculiar mental satisfaction which a man feels who has been deliberately done; and, to wind up, you will have to leave the course about four, if you wish to start by the seven o'clock train, as you may calculate upon a three hours' conflict to get to your carriage. These considerations may probably induce you to adopt the railroad line of conveyance.

CHAP. IV.—Preparations for the Road, continued. The Outfit.

Luncheon deserves consideration. As for the drinkables, I will not insult you by supposing you capable of a "ready-packed hamper," at



36s., containing two bottles of Port, two bottles of Sherry, two bottles of Champagne, two bottles of Hock, two bottles of Chablis, and two bottles of Moselle. Reflect upon the awful consequences of drinking any considerable portion of any one of those bottles, and then conceive, if you can, the results of a mixture! Pray see to knives and forks, and salt. Without these, what is the most perfect luncheon? Think of the humiliation of eating the most consummate lobster salad out of a newspaper, or drinking even real *St. Peray* out of a bottle-neck.

For the eatables I say nothing. Let them be of the best quality, and in the greatest abundance.

In the above remarks, I allude to the considerations that should guide you in eating your friend's luncheons, not in providing your own. As a rule, never take any luncheon. You are certain to meet persons who have provided more than they can possibly consume, and you will oblige them by partaking. I have always found the object, at the Derby, to be, to get the people to eat luncheons.

CHAP. V.—First Steps at the Derby.

As to your conduct on the road, let it be dignified and affable. Do not pelt in return, if pelted at, and, above all, avoid that interchange of chaff in which the cabman is an adept, since you know, as well as I do, that you cannot do it, and that, though you may commence with an air of defiance, you are sure to end in ignominious failure. Against too much freedom in your manner of saluting the ladies' schools over the garden walls, I surely need not warn you, but you will find the temptation strong. On reaching the Heath, if in a carriage, you will have to pay a sovereign for your place on the hill. Pay it; and I would earnestly beg of you not to swear while doing so, but I know you will. You had better allow yourself to be brushed on alighting, as you are certain to be brushed if you will not allow it, and will have to pay all the same.



Your first steps after getting down, and being a good deal brushed, will probably be to a knock-em-down, or a thimble rig, or a prick-in-the-garter. I cannot recommend any of these amusements, but knock-em-downs is the most innocent of the three. It is highly improbable



that you will gain at either of the latter. It is customary, in hand-books of this description, to give estimates of the capital that may be taken out with advantage. I should say that the less capital you take out in the case of the Derby Day, the better—as, whatever its amount, you and it will be pretty certain to be taken in.

About luncheon-time you must brace up your energies, and concentrate them on the delicate business of "sponging." Do not appear eager—and accept refreshment when offered as if you were rather conferring than receiving a favour. Champagne you may drink about the carriages as you please, but I would recommend you to lunch *substantially*, in one and the same place. When you have once done this you are independent for the day, and I need not, surely, enlarge on the noble and exhilarating effects of a sense of independence.

CHAP. VI.—The Return.

Your horses will be found eventually, but you may, if you like, go and look for them yourself. The search will be attended with considerable excitement, as you are certain not to find what you are looking for. You will also, in all probability, be kicked.

Do not pay anybody for helping to get your carriage out of the jam. Parties performing this service, without previous agreements, have no legal lien upon you, and it is a gratuitous politeness which you may feel sensible of, but cannot properly be called upon to pay for.

Need I enlarge on the proper conduct to be pursued on the road home. I am perfectly aware you will misconduct yourself. You are certain to be in a state of more or less excitement; and if you avoid the use of eggs and wine-glasses, and do not get spilt, I have every reason to be agreeably disappointed.

A MEASURE THAT HAS PASSED THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"Do you know that the MARQUESS OF W— has his coats from MOSES?"—"No; but I can believe it, for I was told that MOSES was hanging on to the skirts of the nobility."

STICK-IN-THE-MUD OXFORD



ERTAINLY the gift of prophecy is not so rare now-a-days as some suppose. There are some things which anybody may predict with certainty besides eclipses and the time of high water at London Bridge. For instance, given any measure for public instruction, equitable distribution of Church property, or the repeal of laws insulting and injurious to

Christians not belonging to the Church of England, you may be sure that Oxford will oppose it. Government's proposal for a commission of inquiry into the state of the Universities is, of course, objected to by that learned body. VICE-CHANCELLOR PLUMPTRE, on behalf of the walking grammars, called Heads of Houses and Proctors, has forwarded an Address to CHANCELLOR the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, in deprecation of the projected inquest. This precious document is anything but the cheese: however, here is a taste of it:—

"It may be well that modern founders and benefactors might, in some instances, improve upon the ancient regulations if they were creating colleges anew of their own bounty; but it does not follow that the former foundations and endowments, when they are in no instance injurious to the community at large, often highly beneficial, ought therefore to be disturbed."

The delicate irony with which this passage commences is, in straightforward language, as much as to say, "Yah! Why don't the Ministry found colleges themselves, and make statutes for them after their own fashion?" However, even if they did so, according to the Oxford Dons, they ought not to be suffered to render their foundations too useful. "It may," as these Alphabeta-gammadeltarians hypothetically put it, "be well that modern founders and benefactors might in some instances"—not in all—"improve upon ancient regulations." We may have too much of a good thing—old Port for instance. Improvement is Oxford's example of the aphorism—not old Port.

If it "may"—not *must*—be well that ancient regulations should be improved upon, but that only in some instances, and those confined to new colleges, certainly it "does not follow that former foundations and endowments," which are "in no instance injurious to the community at large, often highly beneficial, ought therefore to be disturbed." Nobody says that it does. The question is, whether institutions in no instance injurious to the community at large, often highly beneficial, should not be rendered beneficial to it in every instance, and in as high as possible a degree?

Of course, MR. PLUMPTRE, and Messieurs Proctors and Heads of Houses, who object so strongly to interfere with former foundations—of course you say Masses for the souls of your founders. If not, can't you stand a little more reformation?

Down among the Dead Men.

We have heard it whispered, that, in the event of the Government Interments Bill passing into a law, the use of its machinery will be requested of his colleagues by LORD PALMERSTON, who is desirous of getting the last few months buried in oblivion. BRITANNIA will in that case be present as chief mourner, though she will soon recover her spirits should the funeral take place,—for in that case much of our recent foreign policy will fall to the ground.

OMNIBUS POPULATION.

It is most difficult to ascertain the population of one of those elastic, squeezable vehicles—it fluctuates so. For instance, we believe four to be the extreme number an Omnibus is allowed to carry on the roof, but we are sure, on any warm day, that, instead of four, sixteen will be much nearer the outside.

RATHER OVER NICE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the height of civilisation indicated by the discovery of the electric telegraph, we heard a lady object the other day to receive a message by it, on the ground that any information conveyed by means of electricity must require the use of shocking language.

MEDICAL PRECAUTIONS AGAINST MURDER.

SUPPOSE a man is indicted for the murder of his wife. Suppose it proved in evidence that he had, for some time previously to the act, evinced great irritability after dinner. That while in this state he had once said to his wife, "There will be war between France and England, and I'll kill every foreigner; and before I've done I'll kill you: I'll shoot you through the neck." That he added the remark, that he always felt inclined to murder her. That thereupon he made two attempts to strangle her, endeavoured to cause her to jump out of window, and, lastly, snatched up a loaded gun to shoot her with, which he was only prevented from doing at the time by not being able to find a percussion cap. Suppose, moreover, the fact of his killing the victim to have been clearly established.

Beyond all doubt the jury would return a verdict of acquittal on the ground of insanity.

The circumstances above supposed are those of an actual case, which, according to the Police Reports, came before MR. BINGHAM last week at Marlborough Street. The wife only applied for protection from her husband's violence: she said that

"She feared his mind was occasionally disturbed, as he appeared at times in a state of forgetfulness."

The issue of the application was that

"MR. BINGHAM thought that the most expedient course to take, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, was to call on the defendant to find sureties for his peaceable behaviour."

Of course MR. BINGHAM could do no more,—his hands were tied; he was morally and legally under that restraint under which the defendant ought to have been placed physically. Cannot a magistrate be empowered, in a case like this, to sentence the accused to a strait waistcoat—the only way of binding a lunatic to keep the peace? Cannot he be authorised to direct—under medical advice—a little bleeding and blistering, with the exhibition of something sedative and antiphlogistic, and to commit to Hanwell instead of Coldbath Fields? Many a timeous shaving of the head would have prevented another use of the razor. But as it is, a man must prove himself a dangerous madman by destroying somebody, before the law takes care of him. Shut the stable door, and a fig for the thief,—but unfortunately the horse is gone.

Matrimonial Destitution at the Diggins.

ACCORDING to the latest intelligence from California, there are scarcely any ladies there. Amidst all the riches, therefore, of that El Dorado, the treasure of a charming wife, it seems, would be sought in vain. Probably, lovely woman will never emigrate to California for gold, so long as there is enough of the precious metal at home to make a little hoop that will just go round the fourth finger of the left hand.

PREPARATIONS (AT ASTLEY'S) FOR WAR.

F. M. WIDDICOMB, directly the rupture between England and France was known, wrote in to LORD PALMERSTON, to offer his services to the British Government, and said he was empowered by MR. BATTY to give £1000 for another Battle of Waterloo, with the promise of laying out £3000 more towards its celebration, in the event of its turning out a successful piece.

Calling them Names.

It has been suggested by a wag, now, alas! in his dotage—a veteran who has seen better jokes—that the most appropriate names for our Minister at Greece and our Foreign Minister at home would be Penny Wyse and Palmerston Foolish.—N.B. If there is any individual who cannot or will not see any joke in this, he is requested to wink at it.

A PROFITABLE PERSUASION

THE word Agapemone is a cross between Greek and English. "Agape," in the former language, signifies love. "Mone" is evidently an abbreviation of money. That the Agapemonians ought rather to be called Agapemoneyans is clear from "BROTHER THOMAS'S" having been instructed by revelation that it would be sinful to settle his wife's property upon herself.

A TRUTH, BUT NO JOKE—AT LEAST, A VERY SMALL ONE.

We see that there is advertised a "Free Trade Polka." We do not think this a very happily-chosen title, for we have been down to Kent lately, and there the universal complaint is, that, though there is Free Trade enough in corn, there is no Free Trade yet in *Hops*.

Toujours Fidele.

HERR DREYSCHOCK, the eminent violinist, has been astonishing his audiences by playing "God save the Queen" with his left hand. However wonderful the feat, it has been objected to by a super-loyalist, on the ground of its being after all a left-handed compliment to the sovereign.

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

IV.—ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.



OME time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of ERMINIA's brother a rather pretty and affecting scene: whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew ERMINIA's family long before the young lady was born. VICTORINA her mother, BOA her aunt, CHINCHILLA her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies: and at the table of SABILLA, her married sister, with whom ERMINIA lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

Everybody who has once seen ER-

MINIA remembers her. Fate is beneficent to a man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies it throws ERMINIA. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune; who might have shown you CAPRELLA, with her whiskers, or FELISSA, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful ERMINIA. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of MOZART breaking upon you: when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that Princess, that fairy lady? Even the women, especially those who are the most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favouritism which Nature takes, she has endowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection: has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humour, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old fogey. On the day when I leave off admiring, I hope I shall die. To see ERMINIA, is not to fall in love with her: there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that: and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess DIANA. Mrs. PACIFICO, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards MISS ERMINIA.

Well then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, TIMOTHEUS, whose habitation is not far from the country house of ERMINIA's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. TIMOTHEUS had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. TIMOTHEUS can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a little factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious TIMOTHEUS for the young beauty.

After having made himself well acquainted with ERMINIA's perfections, the famous votary of APOLLO and leader of the tuneful choir, did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort

carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardour, and tender and respectful admiration, we went to the SACCHARISSA for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry doesn't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how, as much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I am jealous of him. TIMOTHEUS's verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well indeed, or do anything to give ERMINIA pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear Mrs. PACIFICO here remarks that I never made her a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I a poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of APOLLO.

When ERMINIA got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. "They all tell me that," she said; "nobody cares for anything but that," cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

I once heard of another lady, "*de par le monde*," as honest DES BOURDEILLES says, who after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, "I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!" and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. "We are full of love and kindness, ye men!" each says; "of truth and purity. We don't care about your good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy." I admire and reverence ERMINIA's tears, and the simple heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is JEPHTHAH's daughter condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by Fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendour to whom all the Lords and Princes bow down and pay worship. "Ah!" says she, "it is to the Queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped: and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me."

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an Ordinance of Nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young Prince in a gold dress under his horns and bearskin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those two-penny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

When ugly WILKES said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England; meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as

agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex! How true it is, (not of course applicable to *you*, my dear reader and lucky dog who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general.) *We* look for Beauty: women for Love.

So, fair *ERMINIA*, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accep', nor will your dominion last much longer than my *LORD FARNCOMBE*'s, let us say, at the Mansion House, whom Time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne: the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with *XERXES* and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with *LORD FARNCOMBE*, so with *ERMINIA*: were I *TRIMTHEUS* of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between Lord Mayors and Beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antithesis make a verse offering to my fair young lady. But, Madam, your faithful *PACIFICO* is not a poet, only a proser: and it is in truth, and not in numbers, that he admires you.

CIVILITY OF ST. PAUL'S SHOWMEN.



THE public has known for some time how remarkable for civility and respectful demeanour are the Showmen and Money-takers of the St. Paul's Cathedral Twopenny Exhibition. The politeness and courtesy of these gentlemen have at length been taken cognisance of by the Court of Aldermen; at a recent sitting of which worshipful tribunal, reported in the newspapers, *MR. ALDERMAN HOOPER* took occasion to say on their behalf:—

"A more impertinent set of fellows never appeared anywhere to perform duties of any kind. Some of the females of my family went to the Cathedral on Sunday last to hear Divine Service, but it was in vain they

applied to the vergers for admission into the pews regularly appropriated to the accommodation of the ladies and families of the Aldermen. One of these vulgar, insolent fellows said, upon being remonstrated with on the subject, that he didn't care about the Aldermen. . . . In fact, nothing could exceed the impudence of the presuming brutes."

This last remark, *pace* *ALDERMAN HOOPER*, is rather too strong; for the impudence of these "presuming brutes" is certainly exceeded by that of their employers in demanding money for the admission of the public into a national church. "Like master like man;" and caputular rapacity, naturally enough, is imitated by extortionate flunkeydom. *MR. HOOPER* proceeded to state that—

"A lady who happened to get a seat, was surprised to see the pew into which she was admitted, almost filled with strangers, who, no doubt, paid these fellows silver for the privilege."

Begging *ALDERMAN HOOPER*'s pardon, we object to calling the sittings in St. Paul's Cathedral, pews. They are not pews, but stalls and boxes, and you get admitted to them by means of the ordinary silver key, that is to say, by tipping the box-keeper. To leave their servants to eke out their remuneration by picking up money in this scampish kind of way would be discreditable to the management of any decent theatre, and is in the highest degree scandalous to that of such a House as St. Paul's.

The subject of *ALDERMAN HOOPER*'s complaint has been referred to the Committee of Privileges, and now that the showfolks of St. Paul's have insulted the family of an Alderman, perhaps they will be brought to their senses.

BANQUET TO M. SCRIBE.—Certain distinguished translators of the Dramatic Authors' Society propose to give *M. SCRIBE* a dinner. This is the least they can do, seeing the many dinners he has given them.

THE PRINCE'S PETITION.

PITY the troubles of a poor young Prince,
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your doot;
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store!

This empty hat my awkward case bespeaks,
These blank subscription-lists explain my fear;
Days follow days, and weeks succeed to weeks,
But very few contributors appear.

You house, whose walls with casements tall abound,
With look of affluence drew me from the road;
But Grumbling there a residence had found,
Light was so plaguy dear at that abode.

Hard was the answer, and the cut was sore;
Here, where I hoped for good a pound a head,
A maid-of-all-work drove me from the door,
"We pay too much for Winder-Tax!" she said.

Oh, never mind your highly-rated dome!
Time hastens on: a year will soon have roll'd:
Down with your dust, ye generous people, come,
Or else I shall be regularly sold.

I'll not conceal how deep will be my grief
If liberality don't touch your breast,
And failure, for the want of kind relief,
Should swamp a grand design, as mine's confess'd.

Station brings duties: why should we repine?
Station has brought me to the scrape you see;
And your condition might have been like mine,
The child of Banter and of Railery.

A great success I thought would be my lot,
When, for a lark, I broach'd my plan, one morn;
But ah! Taxation to such height has got,
That I'm afraid the thing will fall still-born.

The Income-Tax, that burden of the age,
Narrows the comforts of so many a home,
That people can't afford me patronage,
And I am doom'd for charity to roam.

The tiresome duties that on knowledge bear,
Retained by Government's unwise decree,
A farthing will not let the poor man spare
To aid All Nations' Industry and me.

Pity the troubles of a poor young Prince,
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door;
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store!

"Eminent Services."

THE *Globe* says:—

"A royal sign manual warrant has just been issued granting a pension of 25*l.* a year to *Mrs. HARRIET WAGHORN*, widow of the late *LIEUTENANT THOMAS WAGHORN*, 'in consideration of the eminent services of her late husband.'"

There was a *LIEUTENANT WAGHORN* who wore out his life in achieving the noblest work, bringing England and India within a few weeks together. It is plain, however, that this is not the *WAGHORN* whose widow is pensioned into something less than ten shillings a week. We may be wrong, but we have a strong suspicion that the *QUEEN*'s rat-catcher was named *WAGHORN*; though, as we have not heard of the death of that functionary, we are somewhat puzzled by a pension granted to his widow.

NAPLES' SOAP.

THE KING OF NAPLES has given a place in his court to the son of a gentleman—a correspondent for an English newspaper; the correspondent having, for some months, "written up" his Majesty. And now comes the appointment: Naples soap for Irish blarney.

Legal Wool Gathering.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL took the greatest pains to prevail upon *LORD LANGDALE* to resign the permanent Mastership of the Rolls, and accept the unstable position of Lord Chancellor. The Premier paid very high compliments to the talent and learning of *LORD LANGDALE*, who drily requested *LORD JOHN* to desist from flattering, inasmuch as "so long as he, *LORD LANGDALE*, enjoyed the Rolls, he cared little for the butter."

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE SEVENTH.

MRS. MOUSER, AS ONE OF THE ENGLISH MATRONS' HOTTENTOT SOCIETY, IS SHAMEFULLY DECEIVED.

PERHAPS never woman was so insulted—yes, insulted is the word; insulted, laughed at, made a fool of, besides being wounded in her tenderest feelings, pity and compassion for her fellow-creatures, especially the fellow-creatures that are dark and distant—never, I will say it, was a woman ever so played upon by her husband, a person, plain enough, that is sworn to love, honour, and protect her—(by the way, if women had had the making of the marriage service, wouldn't they—as aunt PEACOCK used to say—wouldn't they have put in a few more locks and bolts on their own side?)—

Well, never was woman so played upon, as MOUSER has put upon me! It was just three weeks ago that I went with MRS. HORN-BLOWER and her two sisters, and Mrs. MACAW, and Mrs. GRIFFITHS—there were six of us, and we'd taken a fly among us, to go and pay our subscriptions to the Society against Cruelty to Animals—just three weeks ago, that, coming back, we went into Exeter Hall—killing two birds, as MOUSER sneered, with one fly—to Exeter Hall, to the Annual Meeting of our body, the English Matrons' Infant Hottentot Society! As Mrs. COSSETT observed—not that I like the woman, for I know, if she could, she'd send her Pusey Tracts among our dear little Kaffirs, poisoning 'em—as the Rev. Mr. STIFFNECK piously preaches—poisoning 'em in their vital source—still, as Mrs. COSSETT observed, such a meeting was an earnest of Eden. I never cried with such pleasure in all my life. For that dear Mr. STIFFNECK winds round the feelings—as I told MOUSER, who only laughed—like a convolvulus round a rose! And what did he say? What did he call us? "Lilies of women"—said he—"women with hearts that beat on the other side of the ocean; with arms that, stretching across seas, raise the little Hottentot from the dust, and dandle him into reason. How many children have ye?" cried Mr. STIFFNECK, and his voice made me sweetly shiver like a silver trumpet—"how many children, every woman here?"—at which Miss POTTS and Miss WINKS did stare—"I don't mean the children, nurslings of your own hearth! The creatures born in comfort, nestled in luxury, and running alone in happiness—I don't mean your own white children—I don't count them—I don't think of them. Certainly not: I should despise myself if I did. But I mean how many black children have ye? How many offspring, born of your charity, and wet and dry nursed on your benevolence? This, indeed, is a family to be proud of. Oh, my sisters! is it not delightful to feel that you have in the middle of Africa a family you can't count? Is not this something to sleep upon? You—The English Matrons' Infant Hottentot Society—you have sent in the last year ten thousand books to the Hottentots. Say that one book upraises only ten children—and the calculation is only too modest and too moderate—that one makes only ten—why, then, my beloved women, you have among ye one hundred thousand infants to whom you all are nursing mothers! Think of that, sisters—let that thought accompany ye to your hearths; let that recollection be with you, when you look upon your white families, the lily-skinned brothers and sisters of your own black Hottentots. Ten hundred thousand children, my beloved women, and share them all among ye!" There wasn't a dry eye in the place, except, indeed, that Mrs. PRINCE who makes it a point to cry at nobody but Mr. LOCUST. And dear Mr. STIFFNECK's discourse went home with me, every word of it; and I did nothing but think of my dear little black children—the little sooty darlings in the middle of Africa, among thousand elephants—while my own—but I won't draw comparisons, I can't bear it.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said I to MOUSER, "to be sitting here at our own fireside, and to know that one's heart, like a dove, as Mr. STIFFNECK says, is flying about, carrying leaves—that is, books—among the blacks ten thousand, thousand miles away? It's a beautiful thing, isn't it, MOUSER?" And what did he answer?—But it only shows the narrow-mindedness of the other sex in general. "Amelia," said he, "if you have any superfluity of maternal affection, I do think you may find little negroes nearer home than Africa. Suppose you tried some of the courts in Whitechapel,—made a visit to a few of the alleys in Spitalfields. You'd find negroes there—with this difference, that the miserable creatures are black and all black inside—with minds as dark as Ethiops' faces!"

(But that's so like MOUSER—indeed, not to be too hard upon my own husband, it's like all of 'em—a woman isn't allowed, as aunt PEACOCK used to say, to expand her feelings upon broad humanity, the little-minded creatures think it so much love and duty taken from themselves. They'd have a woman's affections, like the fire-irons, never budge from their own hearth—which I call poor and narrow.)

"MOUSER," said I, "you don't know what true benevolence is. You don't know what a soul-upraising, and heart overflowing delight it

is, as Mr. STIFFNECK says"—(and then MOUSER put a word upon STIFFNECK that the ink would turn red if I was to try to put it upon paper)—"what a glow it is to the very finger-ends of the soul, to sit here under a Christian roof, and to know that you are pouring down upon Africa, and China, and Mesopotamia, and the Great Desert, and Araby Stony—pouring down books like snow; books for the blacks, and reds, and fawnies—books for men, and women, and children, not only black, as you sneer upon one—but for the benighted of all colours."

"Very beautiful, no doubt," said MOUSER, with that horrid turn of the corner of his lip, when I know something's coming; "very upraising, as you call it; still, I think, if you'd only laid out the same money you've paid in books for the infant Hottentots and sucking Bosjesmans,—the same money in soap, for the blacks at home, you'd have begun at the better end. Depend upon it, AMELIA, soap is the first thing, the great letter A in the alphabet of all social improvement; muck won't be taught, and hunger—for with soap goes bread—and hunger won't be lectured." Had MOUSER—though he's my own husband—had MOUSER been born a Hottentot, before the Matrons' Society was established he couldn't have been more—but no; every woman's husband is her own burthen, and I'll bear mine, and say nothing.

This, however, I must make known—the shameful trick; the unfeeling sport, and worse than Caribbean cruelty—the words are not mine, but Mr. STIFFNECK's that he played off, only three days ago, upon me. I'd been looking over the Report of our Hottentot Sisterhood, and was sitting with my eye upon the tiger in the hearth-rug, and my thoughts were flying away among the cocoa-trees and sugar-canes, and I was thinking to myself—whilst my heart warmed again—what a deal of good my last two-pound ten—(and I'm sure if anybody wants a new gown, I am that very woman)—what a deal of good my subscription was doing in Africa, and perhaps in Mesopotamia, when the door ran open, and one of the sweetest little black boys ran in, and fell upon his knees at my feet, and lifted up his hands and said, in the most affecting broken English—"Buckra lady; ain't I a little boy, and a son?"

I'd hardly risen from my chair, when MOUSER followed the child into the room. "There, AMELIA," said he—"there's a forlorn little bit of ebony, fresh from the Bite of Benin"—some horrid monster, as I thought—"fresh from the Bite, he's been saved by a miracle and one of the African squadron, and as one of the Matrons of the Hottentots, you may dry-nurse and protect him."

Who'd have thought that a woman's own husband would sport with the feelings of his own wife! But let me go on.

As I looked at the poor little black—for he was as black as the very coal in the scuttle, and his hair as woolly as a black lamb's back—as I looked at him, I thought to myself, "Won't it be a treat and a triumph over that Mrs. COSSETT to take this little burning brand to her platform of the Hall, and examine him in the face of the world, showing how I've opened his mind, and formed his principles!"

"The blessed darling," said I, "where, MOUSER—where did you find this precious cast-away? If I won't have his picture taken for our next Report, I'm not a bit better than a heathen. Where did you find him?" "You shall know all about that, AMELIA," said MOUSER; "but now he's here, what are you going to do with him?" "The precious dove," said I: "of course, examine him." Whereupon I was going to try him in a few questions—preliminary, as Mr. STIFFNECK says, and such as he recommends—when MOUSER said, "My dear, let me advise you to try bread first, soap afterwards, and then the schoolmistress if you please."

Well, just to humour MOUSER, I had up a beautiful cold chicken—one of two that was left yesterday—a bit of broiled ham, a gooseberry tart, and half-a-dozen custards. As the sweet little negro eat up every bit, my only wish was, that all the Hottentot Matrons had been there to see him.

"And now, he's got his bellyfull," said MOUSER, "let me prescribe the soap." It was against my principles, for I wanted to rush into the examination, but to let him have his own way, I rang the bell, and sent the black boy into the wash-house.

Well, he'd been gone about half an hour, and I'd been looking at our Hottentot Tracts to open the negro mind, when the child—the wicked little impostor—as white and as clean as a new-washed baby, with brown hair and blue eyes, and a leer upon his saucy little face, as if he knew he'd cheated me, and gloried in it,—when a white boy, a real native of Whitechapel, ran in, and tumbling head-over-heels upon the rug, began to sing—"Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me!"

"You good-for-nothing creature! What are you?" said I.

"I'm one of the Hottentot singers, and here's my wig:" whereupon he pulled out the curly thing, and shook it in my face.

"A miserable creature," said MOUSER, "with no home but the gutter—no bread but—"

"Don't talk to me," said I, "a little good-for-nothing white impostor," and with that didn't I turn the vermin into the street? If I didn't, my name is not

Yours, truly (ill-used),
AMELIA MOUSER.

Manners and Customs of the English (New Series), No. 8



THE DERBY DAYE.



THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

"Please to Remember the Exposition."

PITY the troubles of a poor young Prince,
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door,
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store!

This empty hat my awkward case bespeaks,
These blank subscription-lists explain my fear;
Days follow days, and weeks succeed to weeks,
But very few contributors appear.

Station brings duties: why should we repine?
Station has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition might have been like mine,
The child of Banter and of Raillery.

Annals and Customs of the Angles (New Series), No. 8



THE DERBY DAYE.



THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

"Please to Remember the Exposition."

Pity the troubles of a poor young Prince,
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door,
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store!

This empty hat my awkward case bespeaks,
These blank subscription-lists explain my fear;
Days follow days, and weeks succeed to weeks,
But very few contributors appear.

Station brings duties: why should we repine?
Station has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition might have been like mine,
The child of Banter and of Rallery.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PIC-NICS.

To the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, Ranger of Richmond Park.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

It is one of your many distinguishing virtues that you love a good dinner. I have seen you many times exercising that love with a heartiness that would put bowels into a mummy. You are, I understand, to be painted as a jovial BRIAREUS for the refreshment room of the House of Lords, with a hundred jolly faces smiling, glowing, reddening, lip-smacking, over a hundred different plates,—and a hundred hands carving the hundred delicacies of the four seasons. MACIJS is to do the heads; and LANDSEER the roast pigs, ducks, geese, and all the other animals that continually come whole to dinner. LAURIE is spoken of for the fruit; and the mouths of unborn men will water at his grapes, his pines, his peaches, and his melons. All this is right—admirable; in excellent taste: worthy of the House of Lords, and wisely commemorative of your Royal Highness's knife-and-fork amenities. No man has eaten more dinners in the cause of charity, and until the end of your days—that is, if an end shall ever be—may gout respectfully avoid you! May the demon never shake so much as your lit. le toe, and indigestion hold you in profoundest reverence! But—

But, your Royal Highness, is it possible that, as Ranger of Richmond Park, you forbid the laying of a table-cloth on the greensward, and—by means of your keepers—carry consternation into the hearts of parties pic-nic? Is this right of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—the Duke of the Freemasons' Tavern—of the London ditto—of the Crown and Anchor—the Thatched House—the Clarendon—the Blue Posts—the Elephant and Castle—the Pig-and-Whistle, and all the other hostelryes? (to be duly noted by PETER CUNNINGHAM in his new *Knife-and-Fork-Book of London*),—whose rooftrees have resounded to your laugh, whose lures and penates have shaken their sides at your inexhaustible flow of humour—your cataracts of wit?

Can your Royal Highness enjoy your green peas with the gusto that you and green peas are equally worthy of,—reflecting that a Richmond Park-keeper has warned off JOHN STUBBS, tailor, MRS. STUBBS, and children,—MRS. STUBBS having laid the cloth upon Richmond grass, and about to lay upon that a sweet bit of cold lamb with her first gooseberry pie of the season? Is this wise—is it just—is it kind, your Royal Highness? In a word, is it like the jolly, good-hearted DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE? What! shall the champagne frizz and foam to your royal mouth at the Freemasons', and shall not bottled porter cry "pop" *sub tegmine fagi* in Richmond shades? Yet this notice, like a death's head, stares and mockingly grins in the lengthened faces of perplexed holiday-makers:—



RICHMOND PARK.

NOTICE.

Persons riding or driving in the Park are requested to keep the line of the gravel-roads. If riding or driving over the grass across the Park, they will be considered as trespassers, and dealt with accordingly. If horses are taken off from carriages, the keepers and constables have orders to impound them. No dogs admitted unless they are led. All dogs found hunting or straggling will be shot.

We have a respect for the English crown—especially regard the gracious gentlewoman who adorns it,—and that we have a respect, we have in proportion a sorrow to see the crown placed as a scarecrow to homely happiness.

And so, your Royal Highness, you will immediately think the matter over, and we doubt not even ere the chestnuts shall have dropt their blossoms—(what a glory, what a floral illumination, while we write, is burning in Bushy Park!)—the ugly notice frowning above will be taken down; and in its place, the notice subjoined, with the illustrations faithfully copied:—



RICHMOND PARK.

NOTICE.

Persons coming here, are ordered to enjoy themselves. They are commanded, as faithful subjects, to bring with them an ample supply of the best they can afford of meat and drink; from venison and champagne, to cold mutton and bottled porter.

Hot water, for tea parties, is to be had gratis at the Lodge from the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE's own tea-kettle.



GOOD HEALTH TO ALL.

N. B. Parties are earnestly requested not to leave their bones behind. Please to pick up the corks; and—in consideration of the deer's feet—leave no broken glass.

Vivat Regina: Good Night, and Happy Dreams.

This, may it please your Royal Highness, is the sort of notice for a demesne, of which the jolly DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is Ranger, and this notice—he expects—will gladden his eyes, when Richmond Park is next visited,

By your Humble Servant, Friend, and Councillor,
PUNCH.

DRAMATIC NEWS.

THE *New York Literary World* publishes an astounding piece of news: nothing less than a statement that London dramatic authors—(how many authors would be left if war once broke out between the Palais Royal and the Burlington Arcade)—intend to "hold their works," that is, not to print them; in order that American managers may not play them cost-free. What a notable device! Why, before SIR BULWER LYTTON's Act, many dramatists did not print their pieces; and what was the result? Why, miserable garbled copies were obtained by a go-between agent, and thus the authors were not only robbed, but murdered. So would it fare with authors who nominally "hold their works" in England; being really plundered and butchered by the American managers; most of whom, by the way, are Englishmen; and therefore may believe they have a patriotic right to defraud their countrymen of their own.

All Up with the Reds.

THE Parisian Boulevards are to be macadamised—not so much for the purpose of making the population mend their ways, but in order that the general breaking-up of the large stones may prevent the success of any future outbreak. MACADAM is the great enemy of the barricades after all, since his invention will be the cause of a split or general break-up of those constant friends to the Red party—the paving-stones of the Metropolis. The spirit, or rather the unhappy ghost of poor Liberty will in vain call upon the very stones to rise in Paris, as they have often risen before on former occasions.

THE CHARITY-SCHOOL OF ART.

OUR olfactory moral sense is greatly outraged by a number of engravings, to be seen in almost every print-shop window, representing charity children in various devotional postures. The vile odour proceeding from these works is that of sordid plagiarism, mingled with the affectation of a sort of pious sentiment, which may be called parochial. Some little time ago, a print was published, representing three choristers chanting: the young gentlemen of the choir were idealised specimens; the thing was rather pretty, and became very popular. Since then, Town has been over-run with engravings of charity children, male and female, saying their prayers, and repeating collects and responses. Every clause in the Belief is threatened with being illustrated in this nauseous manner.

One idea has been successful, and, as usual, a host of imitative speculators set to work to produce "something like it." On the same mean principle, some snob, a short time ago, when GEORGE CRUICKSHANK had treated us to "The Bottle," was understood to contemplate bringing out "The Bible." There is something peculiarly disgusting in the attempt to get a "run" out of the Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer, and in trying trade "dodges" on the religious sympathies of the public. Superadd to this the singular offensiveness of the appeal to that vulgarity of taste and feeling which is gratified by the exhibition of charity children, in their ridiculous and degrading costume, playing pretty. Seemingly, there are persons whose ideas of Art are

derived literally from the National School. For the express delectation of such, our Artist has been so kind as to draw these



Sentimental Charity Boys.

who speak truthfully for themselves, instead of chanting or canting. To these three Graces of the "Charitable Grinders," our said Artist, with a marvellous appreciation of the class of mind to which he addresses himself, has added a parochial APOLLO in the shape of a



Lackadaisical Beadle.

who may be safely recommended as a study to the necessitous draughtsmen, whose poverty of resources has driven them to throw themselves on the parish.

LEGISLATIVE LITTLENES.

THE new House of Commons, though intended for the making of Statutes at large, is so constructed as to render necessary the making of statues in little. SIR BENJAMIN HALL having visited the studio of a sculptor employed on the stone figures, intended to adorn the walls of Parliament, was struck by the fact that many of the greatest characters of English history appear so remarkably narrow-shouldered, that they could never have sustained the weight of their own heads, much less the weight of public affairs, that had been thrown upon them.

When SIR BENJAMIN asked for an explanation, he was informed that the statutes had been made to measure, according to certain niches allowed by the architect, who leaving ample room for the stretching of the legs, had provided for extremely contracted chests, among the illustrious individuals whom the artist had undertaken to chisel. The result is, that many of the statues will have the appearance of sugar-loaves; and most of the distinguished men will seem as if they had been purposely pinioned or trussed for the roasting that criticism will inflict upon them.

It is very hard upon such a man as HAMPDEN, for instance, to be limited to a few inches from shoulder to shoulder, when in life he demanded elbow-room for all, and won his celebrity, by his regard for liberal measures. Historical accuracy will be much impaired by the placing of various political characters in such a position as to leave them no room to turn round, though they may have been notorious for their adroitness in that movement. Some of the statues have been so curtailed of their fair proportions by the regulations as to size, that the well-known political watchword of "Measures, not men," would be applicable to the greater part of them.

WAR TO THE KNIFE AND FORK.

A BANQUET was lately held in aid of the funds of King's College Hospital, and the following notice was published for several days afterwards:—

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

"NOTICE.—The hats and coats left at the dinner of the above Hospital, have been removed to the Hospital."

Such was the energy and enthusiasm of the supporters of the charity, that they determined to stock it with a quantity of patients at once, and that this might be done without pain to anybody, the patients selected were inanimate. Hats with broken crowns, coats with the loss of an arm, trousers with a lacerated leg, and pantaloons with seats looking like the seats of war, were gathered in large numbers, and as it appears by the notice we have given above, were dispatched to the Hospital. We might extend the dismal catalogue with bits of shirts torn at the bosom, and rent to mere ribbons streaming with gore and gusset, to say nothing of gloves cruelly bereft of fingers, and pocket-handkerchiefs prematurely mangled.

It is satisfactory, however, to feel that the sufferers were removed to the Hospital, from which we can imagine the issue of a series of bulletins in the following fashion:—

"The hats have enjoyed a tolerable long nap, and the wounded arms of some of the coats having been sewn up, are progressing towards recovery. Several of the trousers have been discharged cured, with no other appearance of having suffered but a stitch in the side, which is nearly imperceptible. Several shirts with a gathering in the neck which had been unhappily torn open, have been restored under an application of fresh cotton. Very few of the sufferers are past recovery, but we regret to say that an aged paleot was so much shattered in the affray, that it was found impossible to bring it to, by making it one again."

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

WE have all respect for the genius of MR. EDWIN LANDSEER, but when LORD MAHON calls him the first painter of the age, it does appear to *Punch* that it is sending Art a little too much to the dogs.

THE YORK COLUMN.

Little Boy. PAPA, why does the DUKE OF YORK stand with his sword drawn?

Father. Self-defence, my dear. To keep off his creditors.



MR AGAPEMONE. WITH A PROSPECT OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
A PLAYING AT HOCKEY.— ALSO BROTHER SYR MISTER PRINCE by 4 IN HAND.

THE CHEERFUL MOURN.

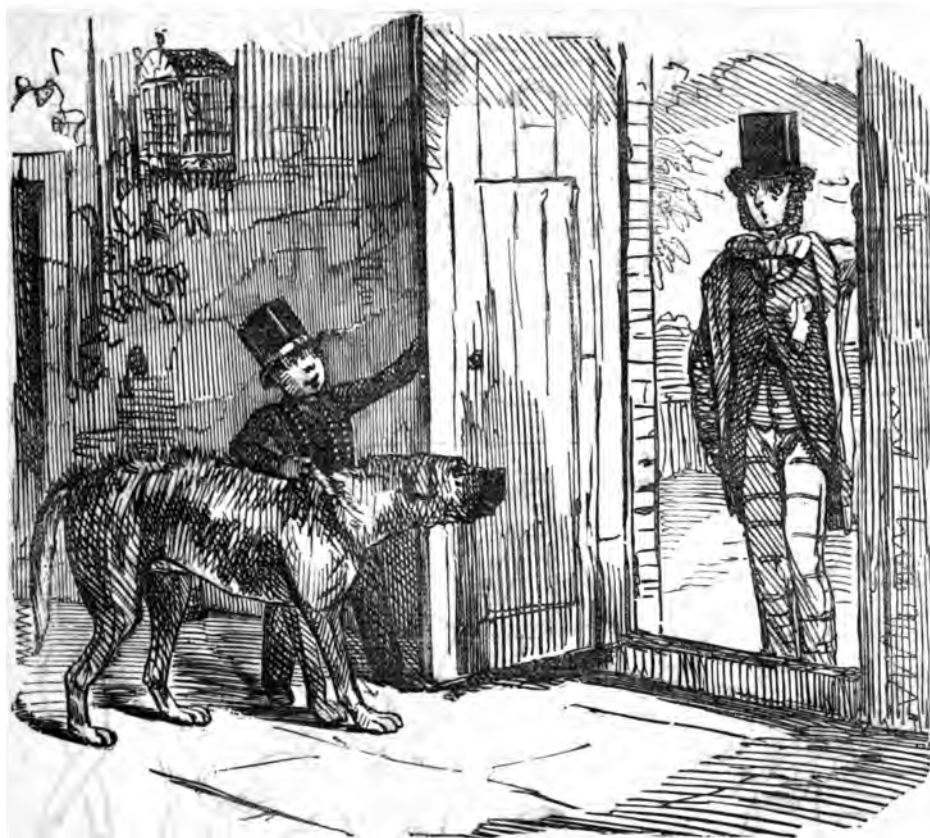
THE EMPEROR OF CHINA is lately dead, yet the sun is shining away merrily as if he had not lost a brother; the moon was all last week, and the week before, in a state of the most smiling brilliancy, notwithstanding the decease of a cousin; and as to the stars, they are every night twinkling away and keeping it up with the most unfeeling disregard to the memory of an affectionate uncle. Considering the close relationship of the late Emperor to all the celestial bodies, we might have expected a general mourning in the skies, an eclipse of both sun and moon, with a new suit of sable clouds for the whole starry community. ORION's band should have had its drums all muffled on the day of the funeral; the GEMINI, or Twins, should have sported a couple of "suits of strong boys' black," and AQUARIUS should have been got up in a mourning gown, with a little bit of black crape fastened round the rose of his watering-pot.

We have not heard whether there is to be a Court-mourning for the EMPEROR OF CHINA in this country, but we suppose that if such a

measure is adopted, as distance mitigates grief, the gap that exists between ourselves and the dear departed, will cause our trappings of woe to be of a mild and moderate character.

We recommend the arbiter of these matters to issue directions that in order to show our grief at the loss of the EMPEROR OF CHINA, we should go into mourning by drinking black tea until the 14th of June, on which day the mourning may be changed to mixed, which is to last until the 30th., after which day we may be at liberty to go into green, as a sign of the mourning having ceased altogether. On the day of the funeral, had we known it, we should have proposed that every family should have discharged a spoonful of gunpowder into the pot, as a salvo of respect to the Emperor.

We think the Court Circular should have issued some instructions on the subject, if it had only been to recommend the general adoption of the willow-pattern plate for one week, in consequence of the great loss of China.



Boy. "COME IN, SIR! YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID! I'VE GOT HIM QUITE TIGHT."

ON HORROR'S HEAD HORRORS.

DURING the morning of the first trial of the new House of Commons, all the members were talking at once; and there was such a noxious atmosphere of bad jokes floating over us and around us, that our senses were scarcely our own, and they were certainly nobody else's, for nonsense seemed to prevail in all directions. One of the jokes, perhaps from its being heavier than the rest, fell to the level of our ears, and we give it as a specimen of the rubbish that was in general circulation. Somebody asked if the selection of a summer's day for the experiment was for the purpose of debate. "No," was the reply; "choice has been made of a summer's day with a view, not to the debate, but to the Summary." Happily this atrocity escaped notice in the general din; and the delinquent made his escape by leaping over all the forms of the House into an adjoining lobby.

Dreadful Case.

A MAN—we do not give his name out of respect to his family—a man is at this moment suffered to be at large who perpetrated the following atrocity. The conversation ran upon "the Affredee contumacy on the Indian border," when the shameless offender observed, that the enemy must be always beaten, seeing that they were never anything but "half-ready." The man—we repeat—is still at large.

BENEFIT OF RESPECTABILITY.

THERE is one rule at least which is supposed to be without exception—that recorded in the poetical reflection of the youthful pickpocket—

"Him as pris' wot isn't his'n
Ven a's catch 'll go to pris'n."

But even the committal of a detected thief is no matter of certainty at all police offices. At the Marylebone tribunal, for instance, it seems that a man may steal bricks, and be let off with a penalty,—on a certain condition. The *Daily News* reports that at the Temple of Themis in question, one—

"MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL, a person of considerable property, residing in Fitzroy-place, Kentish-town, was charged with having stolen two bricks, the property of the Commissioners of Sewers."

A policeman, RANSBY, 61 S, caught this gentleman, whom he suspected of having stolen bricks before, in the fac', red (brick) handed. The constable deposed that—

"He (witness) who had only just marked some of the bricks, had not been long in his hiding-place when he observed the prisoner come up to the wall, and with a chisel remove two bricks, which he put into his silk pocket-handkerchief, and then walked away in the direction of his own house, situate about 200 yards from the spot."

MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL was taken to the station-house, and locked up on a charge of felony. That he took the bricks out of playful mischief—a species of frolic, libellously to a respectable individual of the feathered creation termed a lark—was not pretended: and in answer to any such excuse that might have been pleaded—

"Witness further stated that he found other bricks laid down so as to form a path at the rear of the prisoner's dwelling, some of them had the initials before referred to upon them, and in all probability had been removed from the wall from which the two (produced) had been stolen. Suspicion of the robbery was entertained against some poor persons, but there was now every reason to believe that they were entirely innocent; the wall was much damaged."

Who cannot imagine that he sees the prison yard in which the poor persons suspected of the robbery would now be in case it had been they who were detected in committing it? Yet poverty is the only palliation of theft in the opinion of most people. But by way of reason why

MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL should not be committed to take his trial for felony like any ordinary person charged with that offence,—

"MR. WOOLF said that his client felt acutely the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, and was willing to make any reparation in his power for the wrong he had done; he would put the wall into proper order, and in addition thereto would be happy to contribute a sum of money to the poor-box; he was a man of great respectability, and his family were much distressed at the situation in which he was placed."

So that great respectability, instead of great poverty, is the extenuation of dishonesty, according to MR. WOOLF. By respectability, of course, MR. WOOLF means solvency, or this being well off, because brickstealing is, in itself, obviously a refutation of any pretences to that attribute in the sense of moral character. MR. WOOLF's advocacy appears to have been less judicious than successful. The very fortunate conclusion of the affair for MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL was that—

"MR. BROUGHTON having ascertained that the Commissioners were willing to leave the case entirely in his hands, and that they had no desire to prosecute, remarked that the respectability of the prisoner was an aggravation of the offence, but under all the circumstances he should deal with the case as one of misdemeanour, and not as a felony; and for the unlawful possession of the bricks, he inflicted a penalty of 50s., or one month's imprisonment in the House of Correction. THE FINE WAS IMMEDIATELY PAID."

MR. BROUGHTON is here judge and jury. As jury he finds the prisoner guilty of misdemeanour, consisting in an act of theft aggravated by respectability. As judge he inflicts a fine of 50s. The ability to pay fifty shillings and not feel it, may be taken as a practical definition of "respectability." Of course, "the fine was immediately paid," and the offender escaped comparatively unpunished by reason of that which was the aggravation of his offence. MR. WILLIAM HARNSHALL may or may not steal more bricks; but he will not be likely to find such another brick as MR. BROUGHTON.

DERBY DONKEYS.

We observed a large number of asses in returning from the Derby last week. They went principally with the vans—not between the shafts, however, but inside, and being viciously inclined, and too stupid to bandy verbal jokes, they amused themselves by throwing flour over gentlemen's clothes. We regret not having had an opportunity to dust their jackets in return.

A TALE OF A WHALE.



F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the Margate Boatmen have been recently in the position of the Lion and the Unicorn, except that, instead of fighting for the crown, they have been fighting for a whale, which was fool enough to tumble like a great sand eel on to the sands of Margate. F. M. THE DUKE, treating as fish all that comes to his net, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports claimed his share of the prize, and refused to allow the captors to bone the whale for the sake of the whalebone. MR. WADDINGTON, the Margate surgeon, took up the matter on behalf of the boatmen, when F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON presents his "compliments" in a manner anything but complimentary. F. M. is not aware of any relationship between a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and the Court of Admiralty of the Cinque Ports, and F. M. expresses his determination to dispose of

the proceeds of his share of the whale without consulting the opinion of MR. WADDINGTON.

There is no doubt that F. M. is entitled to do as he pleases with his own; and if a donkey were to tumble over the cliffs, the Lord Warden might come into competition with other claimants for the carcase. We can imagine the DUKE's answering an application from a stranger something in the following manner:—"F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON presents his compliments to MR. BLANK. The DUKE is not aware that MR. BLANK has any relation with the Admiralty, or with the donkey found on the Margate Sands. F. M. THE DUKE will dispose of his own share of the proceeds of the donkey, and will be happy to hand over the skin to any one whom it may happen to fit, and who is entitled to wear it."

LIBERAL OPPONENTS OF PROGRESS.

To COLONEL SIBTHORP.

"GALLANT COLONEL,

"I'm sorry I've no vote for Lincoln. Never mind; I'm your constituent in heart. I admire your views and sentiments altogether. Your fine old English speeches always delight me. I was particularly pleased with the noble declaration you once made, that you were determined to sleep with your ancestors—that you *would* do it! As your well-wisher, no less than my own—I am an undertaker, Sir—allow me to say that I hope it is no untoward circumstance that has prevented you from offering the spirited opposition that I expected you would to the Metropolitan Interments' Bill. I know you must have been unavoidably disabled from sticking up against this Whig job and sanitary humbug. I am sure you regret that very much. Console yourself, Sir, by considering how nobly your place was supplied—and by whom? Why, by our most out-and-out Liberal Metropolitan Members. Would any one have believed it? MR. DUNCOMBE, MR. WAKLEY, and LORD DUDLEY STUART, did all they could to shelve the bill. Of course they "approved of the principle"—just a little flourish this, to soap the sanitary reformers—but "objected to the details." Never mind what they thought of the "principle" of the bill: thank them for endeavouring to pick it to pieces. Then, how splendidly they argued in defending our vested interests! Here's wisdom and logic for you, from LORD DUDLEY STUART of all men; who now shows what I call truly liberal sentiments. These are his words, as given in the *Times* :—

"The clause of the bill which enabled the board to fix the price at which funerals were to be put, and to receive contracts from undertakers, was in opposition to the principles of political economy."

"Of course it is. So is providing model lodging-houses for the poor at 1s. a week; thus underselling the private building-speculator and landlord; and, I may add, robbing the undertaker.

"Again: look at the candid and sensible remarks which his Lordship is reported to have made about us :—

"He would grant that there were instances of extortion in this branch of trade. But were the undertakers the only tradesmen in this metropolis who were extortionate? (*Hear, hear!*) Were there no extortionate tailors or shoemakers? If no, why should not the Government step in and say that these tradesmen should charge only a certain price for a coat or a pair of shoes? Butchers, too, very often charged a very high price for meat. (*Hear, hear!*) Then why did not the Government prepare a public scale at which the butchers were to sell their joints of meat?"

"You, COLONEL, at least, will see the force of this reasoning. Some people may say that there is a difference between us and tailors, shoemakers, and butchers. You hear such persons complain that we are enabled to charge at our present figures by having to deal with customers generally knocked over by grief—too distracted to bargain with us—whereas people usually know what they are about in ordering a suit of clothes, a pair of boots, a leg of mutton. But, as LORD DUDLEY STUART, doubtless, would reply, are no boots ever purchased under frantic excitement, whether arising from love or bunions? Does nobody ever rush to his tailor's in a state of frenzy, occasioned by wanting clothes on an emergency? Is there no one that sometimes sends out for a chop, in the desperation of hunger? Government does not protect such reckless parties from imposition. Then why should it interfere to defend those prostrated by affliction from the little overcharges of undertakers?"

"Must not the greatest booby on earth perceive that the cases are quite parallel?"

"Is it not a triumph, COLONEL, to find ultra-liberal members siding with us in defence of our time-honoured graveyards? Ill-natured jesters say they have become the champions of Corruption. But a joke must hit hard to break your head, or that of your humble servant,

"BONES.

"P.S. SIR B. HALL, ALDERMAN SIDNEY, and MR. OSBORNE also came out strong for the coffin-interest. I flatter myself we've a tolerable parochial influence at elections, COLONEL."

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

V.—ON AN INTERESTING FRENCH EXILE.

As he walks the streets of London in this present season, everybody must have remarked the constant appearance, in all thoroughfares and public places, of very many well-dressed foreigners. With comely beards, variegated neck-cloths, and varnished little boots, with guide-books in their hands, or a shabby guide or conductor accompanying a smart little squad of half a dozen of them, these honest continentals march through the city and its environs, examine NELSON on his indescribable pillar, the DUKE OF YORK impaled between the Athenæum and the United Service Clubs—*les docks, le tunnel (monument du génie Français), Greenwich avec son parc et ses whites-bates, monuments de la cité, les Squares du West End, &c.* The sight of these peaceful invaders is a very pleasant one. One would like to hear their comments upon our city and institutions, and to be judged by that living posterity; and I have often thought that an ingenious young Englishman, such as there are many now among us, possessing the two languages perfectly, would do very well to let his beard grow, and to travel to Paris, for the purpose of returning thence with a company of excursionists, who arrive to pass "*une semaine à Londres*," and of chronicling the doings and opinions of the party. His Excellency the Nepaulese Ambassador, and LIEUTENANT FURRY JUNG, know almost as much about our country as many of those other foreigners who live but at four hours' distance from us; and who are transported to England and back again at the cost of a couple of hundred francs. They are conducted to our theatres, courts of justice, houses of parliament, churches; not understanding, for the most part, one syllable of what they hear: their eager imaginations fancy an oration or a dialogue, which supplies the words delivered by the English speakers, and replace them by figures and sentiments of their own *façon*, and they believe, no doubt, that their reports are pretty accurate, and that they have actually heard and understood something.

To see the faces of these good folks of a Sunday—their dreary bewilderment and puzzled demeanour as they walk the blank streets (if they have not the means of flight to Richmond or Amstedd, or some other pretty environs of the town where *gazon* is plentiful and ale cheap), is always a most queer and comic sight. Has not one seen that peculiar puzzled look in certain little amusing manikins at the Zoological Gardens, and elsewhere, when presented with a nut which they can't crack, or examining a looking-glass of which they can't understand the mystery—that look so delightfully piteous and ludicrous? I do not mean to say that all Frenchmen are like the active and ingenious animals alluded to, and make a simious comparison odious to a mighty nation; this, in the present delicate condition of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and while LORD STANLEY's questions are pending respecting papers which have reference to the affairs of a celebrated namesake of mine, would be a dangerous and unkind simile; but that, as our proverbial dullness and ferocity often shows itself in the resemblance between the countenances of our people and our *boules-dogues*, so the figure and motions of the Frenchman bear an occasional likeness to the lively ring-tail, or the brisk and interesting marmozet. They can't crack many of our nuts; an impenetrable shell guards them from our friends' teeth. I saw last year, at Paris, a little play called "*Une Semaine à Londres*," intending to ridicule the amusements of the excursionists, and, no doubt, to satirize the manners of the English. Very likely the author had come to see London—so had M. GAUTIER—so had M. VALENTINO, the first of whom saw "vases chisselled by BENVENUTO" in the pot from which MRS. JONES at Capham poured out the poet's tea; the second, from a conversation in English, of which he didn't understand a syllable, with a young man in Messrs. HUNT and ROSKELL's shop, found out that the shopman was a Red Republican, and that he and most of his fellows were groaning under the tyranny of the aristocracy. Very likely, we say, the author of "*Une Semaine à Londres*" had travelled hither. There is no knowing what he did not see; he saw the barge of the Queen pulling to Greenwich, whither Her Majesty was going to *manger un excellent sandwich*; he saw the *bateaux of the blanchisseuses* on the river; and with these and a hundred similar traits, he strove to paint our manners for the behalf of his countrymen.

I was led into the above and indeed the ensuing reflections, upon reading an article in the *Times* Newspaper last week, on citizen LEDRU ROLLIN's work on the decadence of this unhappy country; and on a subsequent reference to the work itself. That great citizen protests that he has cracked the British nut, and, having broken his grinders at it, pronounces the kernel utterly poisonous, bitter, and rotten. No man, since the days of PITT-COBURG, has probably cursed us with a more hearty ill-will, not O'CONNELL himself (whom the ex-tribune heartily curses and abuses too) abused us more in his best days. An enthusiastic malevolence, a happy instinct for blundering, an eye that naturally distorts the objects which its bloodshot glances rest upon, and a fine natural ignorance, distinguish the prophet who came among us when his own country was too hot to hold him, and who bellows out

to us his predictions of hatred and ruin. England is an assassin and corruptor (roars our friend); it has nailed Ireland to the cross (this is a favourite image of the orator; he said, two years ago in Paris, that *he* was nailed to the cross for the purpose of saving the nation!) that, while in France the press is an apostleship, in England it is a business; that the Church is a vast aristocratic corruption, the Prelate of Canterbury having three million francs of revenue, and the Bishop of Hawkins having died worth six millions two hundred and fifty thousand; that the commercial aristocracy is an accursed power, making "*Rule Britannia*" resound in distant seas, from the height of its victorious masts; and so forth. I am not going to enter into an argument or quarrel with the accuracy of details so curious—my purpose in writing is that of friendly negotiator and interposer of good offices, and my object eminently pacific.

But though a man paints an odious picture, and writes beneath it, as the boys do, "This is England," that is no reason that the portrait should be like. MR. SPEC, for instance, who tried to draw ERMINIA as a figure-head for the Proser of last week, made a face which was no more like hers than it was like mine; and how should he, being himself but a wretched performer, and having only once seen the young lady, at an Exhibition, where I pointed her out? As with SPEC and ERMINIA, so with LEDRU and BRITANNIA. I doubt whether the Frenchman has ever seen at all the dear old country of ours, which he reviles, and curses, and abuses.

How is LEDRU to see England? We may wager that he does not know a word of the language, any more than nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand Frenchmen. What do they want with Jordan when they have Abanah and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, which they consider to be the finest and most cleansing waters of the world? In the reader's acquaintance with Frenchmen, how many does he know who can speak our language decently? I have, for my part, and for example, seen many of the refugees whom the troubles of '48 sent over among us, and not met one who, in the couple of years' residence, has taken the trouble to learn our language tolerably, who can understand it accurately when spoken, much more express himself in it with any fluency. And without any knowledge of MR. ROLLIN, who blunders in every page of his book, who does not make the least allusion to our literature, one may pretty surely argue that this interesting exile does not know our language, and could not construe, without enormous errors, any half-dozen sentences in the *Times*. When MACAULAY was busy with his great chapters on KING WILLIAM, he thoroughly learned Dutch, in order to understand, and have at first-hand, the despatches of the PRINCE OF ORANGE. Have you heard of many Frenchmen swallowing a language or two before they thought of producing a history? Can THIERS read a page of NAPIER? No more than LEDRU can, or communicate in our native language with any Englishman, of any party, from LORD JOHN MANNERS to MR. JULIAN HARNBY.

How many houses has LEDRU visited of the ruffian aristocrats who are plundering the people, of the priests who are cheating them, of the middle classes who are leagued with the aristocracy, or of the people themselves? Is he intimate with any three English families? with any single nobleman, with any one parson, tradesman, or working man? He quotes a great mass of evidence against England from the *Morning Chronicle*: did he translate from the *Chronicle* himself, or get a secretary? Can he translate? If he will, without the aid of a dictionary, sit down in our office, and translate this paper fairly into French, he shall have the last volume of *Punch* gilt, and presented to him gratis.

The chances are that this exile never sees our society at all; that he gets his dinner at a French *table d'hôte*, where other unfortunates of his nation meet and eat, and grumble; that he goes to a French *café*, or coffee-shop used by Frenchmen, to read the French newspapers; that he buys his cigars at a French house; that he takes his walk between the Quadrant and Leicester Square; and that he takes his amusement at the French play, or at a hotel in Leicester Place, where there is a billiard and a smoking room, and where the whiskered Red men can meet and curse *l'infâme Angleterre*.

MARIUS sitting in the ruins of Carthage, and scowling on his pursuers, is a grand figure enough; but a French tribune looking upon *our* Carthage, standing alone we may fancy against the desolate statue yonder in Leicester Square, is the most dismal, absurd, ludicrous image imaginable. "Thou hireling soldier," (says he, folding his arms against the statue, and knitting his brows with an awful air), "thou shuddering Cimbric slave, tell thy master that thou hast seen CAIUS MARIUS, banished and a fugitive, sea'd on the ruins of," &c. The minion of despots whom he addresses does not care in the least about his scowls, or his folded arms, or his speech; not he—Policeman X points with his staff, thinks within himself that it's only a Frenchman, and tells him to move on.

To an exile of this sort what a daily humiliation London must be! How small he appears amongst the two millions! Who the deuce cares for him? The Government does not even pay him the compliment of the slightest persecution, or set so much as a spy or a policeman as a guard of honour at his door. Every man he meets of the two millions has his own business to mind. Yonder man can't attend to MARIUS: he is CHOWLER, and has got to "chaw up" PEEL. The next can't

listen; he is COBDEN, who is so pressed that he cannot even receive CAPTAIN AARON SMITH, who has something particular to say to him. A third is engaged; it is LORD ASHLEY, who has the bettering of the working classes at heart, and the model houses to visit. A fourth gives MARIUS a little sympathy, but must pass on: it is Mr. G. W. M. REYNOLDS, Author of "*The Mysteries of London*" and "*The People's Instructor*," who is going to beard LORD JOHN at the Meeting, and ask his Lordship what his Lordship is going to do for the millions? One and all they have their own affairs to mind. Who cares about MARIUS? Get along, MARIUS, and play a pool at billiards, and smoke a cigar, and curse England to the other braves. Move on, MARIUS, and don't block up the way.



Back View of the Elephant at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.

THE HOUSE THAT BARRY BUILT.

AFTER all the expense that has been incurred in the building of the new House of Commons, we are now told that it is not large enough for the accommodation of all the members, and that, in fact, the House will never be able to contain itself. In the event of a call compliance will be impossible, and we shall expect to see the doors of the Commons beset like those of the Haymarket Theatre, by M.P.'s anxious to obey the SPEAKER's summons. We certainly think the great contractor, who has so thoroughly contracted the necessary size of the building, should be made to keep his charges within the same narrow dimensions as the work he has undertaken to execute. It is true enough that the business of the House is usually performed by a minority of the members, but as the useless majority will have quite as good a right to occupy the House as the really working members, how are the affairs of the nation to be carried on, if the non-workers should take it into their heads to attend regularly, and thus curtail the accommodation of the real statesmen and legislators of the House of Commons? We may presume that the system will eventually be adopted of dividing portions of the House off into stalls, reserved seats, and private boxes, for those who like to pay the price demanded, while the ordinary run of members must be content to go in with the rush when there is any extra attraction.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE ACT.—We are sadly afraid that a husband, like a chimney, is almost beyond a cure, when once he takes to smoking in doors!—*Joseph Paine.*

"ONE *Swallow* does not make a Summer," as the Cook from Eaton Square said at Herne Bay, when she was told there was but one Policeman.

SCRIBE v. SHAKSPEARE.

KNOWING the argument of a book will, in some cases, save us the trouble of reading it. A treatise "*On the Substance of the Moon, showing that it is really Green and Caseous*," might be sufficiently judged of by its title. Accordingly, few are likely to be the readers of a pamphlet, in which the author's object—*à propos* of SCRIBE's burlesque of the *Tempest*—is, according to the *Times*,—

"To show that SHAKSPEARE, if he had lived at the present day, would probably have made the *Tempest* an Opera, rather than a spoken drama, and that, therefore, M. SCRIBE is carrying out the English poet's intention."

The idea, in the first place, of the thoughts, conceptions, and images of SHAKSPEARE—addressed by him to the fancy and the philosophic intellect—spun out into trills and quavers! Or, the idea of SHAKSPEARE turning his drama into an opera, with all these his peculiar beauties omitted! The idea that SHAKSPEARE would not have left such a work to M. SCRIBE, unless he could have got an injunction against him to hinder it! The idea of comparing SHAKSPEARE with SCRIBE! And, lastly, the idea of saddling all these absurdities on a certain unfortunate individual, by name.

There is no idea like the last but one, conceived by SHAKSPEARE himself—occurring, not in the *Tempest*, but in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—the idea of the reward conferred by Puck on Bottom. A similar trick must have been played on the author, to whom his friends may exclaim, in the words of Quince: "Bless thee, BOTTOM! bless thee! thou art translated."

COMPENSATION FOR EVERYBODY.

WE congratulate the landed interest on the probability that before the first of April next the Government will have taken measures for making it some amends for the losses which it has sustained in consequence of the Repeal of the Corn and Cattle Laws. Our reasons for expecting that Ministers will adopt these considerate steps are comprised in the following paragraph which has appeared in various journals:—

"THE DEFUNCT PALACE COURT.—It is understood that the Treasury has awarded to each of the four barristers of the Police Court the sums they paid for the purchase of their places. Mr. BEST, M.P., paid £2000 for his appointment as one of the four, and was the last purchase allowed. The attorneys and officers of the defunct court are said to be waiting for compensation."

We want to know what sort or description of personal interests can be overlooked, if those which are vested in the Palace Court are to be respected? Whoever buys a place in such an establishment speculates on future Governments keeping up the rascality which he thinks to profit by. A distinguished moralist has—or ought to have—laid it down that a bargain implying the maintenance of an abuse is an immoral contract; therefore, not binding: and that legislators may at any time abate nuisances without regard to those who have staked money on their permanency.

As to the attorneys and officers of the Palace Court who may be waiting for compensation—let them wait for it a little longer;—yes, a little longer than the innkeepers and coach proprietors that have suffered by railways.

LAUGHING SONG AND CHORUS.

Adapted from *Der Freyschütz* to Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE DONS, a QUEEN'S Commission

Is to hold an inquisition

On your University;

Don't you like it? Ha, ha, he!

Chorus.—Ho, ho! &c.

You, averse to be molested,

To your CHANCELLOR protested:

And, in answer, "ALBERT C."

Says, "Be quiet." Ha, ha, he!

Chorus.—Ho, ho! &c.

When PRINCE ALBERT you elected,

Cambridge Dons, you scarce expected

You were in for what's to be:

Tell me, did you? Ha, ha, he! &c.

Chorus.—Ho, ho! &c.

AN IMPERFECT BISHOPRIC.

A CORRESPONDENT, who dates from Hanwell, begs to call our attention to an imperfection in our episcopal institutions, inasmuch as the Bishopric of Iland-aff, being 'Alf-Land, must be an imperfect sea (see). (We have placed this in the hands of the Commissioners of Lunacy, who will act accordingly.)

"THE ROAR MATERIAL."—One of VERDI's operas.



FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH ON EPSOM DOWNS AFTER THE GREAT DERBY DAY.

THE MARBLE ARCH.

We have received permission to publish the subjoined correspondence:—

SIR GEORGE GREY to PUNCH.

Downing Street, June 3.

"SIR GEORGE GREY presents his Compliments to Mr. Punch, and is desirous of acquainting himself with Mr. Punch's sentiments relative to the unfortunate marble arch—the relic of GEORGE THE FOURTH of gold frog memory—at present in front of Buckingham Palace. It has been suggested by the highest personage in the realm that if Mr. Punch—as a trifling testimonial to his unvarying and triumphant services in the cause of good humour and rational order—would accept the aforesaid marble arch to span Bride Court, and thereby to give a more distinguished appearance to Mr. Punch's Office, the structure is wholly at his service, and shall be forwarded without delay by an early Parcels Delivery.

"SIR GEORGE GREY avails himself of the present opportunity to make a further enquiry, namely, whether Mr. Punch will consent to stand for his Statue, to be placed in one of Mr. BARRY's niches in the House of Commons."

PUNCH to SIR GEORGE GREY.

"Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of SIR GEORGE GREY's letter; and further wishes to convey his gratitude—if he may trust the jewel to the hands of a Cabinet Minister—to the highest personage of the realm.

"Touching the arch, the thing is altogether puerile; and Mr. Punch has long ceased to play at marbles.

"With respect to the Statue, Mr. Punch cannot consent to accommodate his hump and shoulders to the stone strait waistcoat of MR. BARRY."

A SOUND OBJECTION.—The great defect of the new House of Commons seems to be "an extreme slowness in transmitting sound." We shall not mind this defect so much, if the slowness is only compensated for by an additional quickness in transmitting sense.

A TARDY CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE not unfrequently sleeps; but it is seldom that it takes so long a nap as we infer must have been taken by the conscience of an individual whose act is recorded in the *Times* of last Saturday. It is there stated that the Paymaster-General has received from some anonymous individual the sum of £10, "supposed to have been unavoidably overdrawn during the Peninsular War." Now it is upwards of thirty years since this overdrawal must have taken place; and we can only wonder at the obstinate nature of the lethargy into which the conscience must have sunk, that has not wakened up during a period of nearly the third of a century.

We fear the conscience is not yet quite roused up, and we must take the liberty of giving it a good shake, tugging it by the button, and slapping it on the back, in order to open its eyes a little wider, and render it thoroughly alive to the fact, that the interest on the £10 for thirty years has yet to be dubbed up before the conscience can quietly set itself down again to repose. This gentleman's conscience (being somewhat of a sleeping beauty, in the length and intensity of its naps, we consider it all the more necessary to pull it unceremoniously out of its bed, to prevent its "tumbling off" again, and being wholly oblivious of the arrear of interest that is clearly payable. Conscience would make a capital thing of it if it kept the principal in hand for a long series of years, and then made a merit of paying over the original sum, after pocketing the interest. We have, therefore, nothing further to say, than "Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my merry merry boy," to this anonymous individual.

The Government Plan of Education.

MR. DRUMMOND defines Education as "something drawn out of a man." According to this, Education is the same as Taxation, which the Government understands "drawing out" of the people to a very great extent, and yet Education and Taxation can never be synonymous terms, for it is a lamentable fact that, heavily taxed as the English people are, they receive very little, if any, Education in return for it from the State.



PURITAN SUNDAY ; OR, WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO.

THE MAISON DE DEUIL OF PROTECTIONISTS.

In consequence of the general ruin that has spread over England, it is not unlikely that the great body of Protectionists—and it is singular that mostly all Protectionists have great bodies, which is another proof of the starvation to which they are reduced—will be going into mourning. In anticipation of this mournful event, a large commercial house in the City is about to open an immense *Maison de Deuil*. The premises, appropriately enough, are situate in Cornhill. We were conducted over them a day or two ago, and the following is a short description of their manifold attractions, as far as our agonised feelings will enable us to recollect.

The sign of the house is "*That Traitor Peel*." The shop is almost larger than HOLMES' or EVERINGTON'S. The exterior is plain but substantial. The summit is decorated with a full-length figure of Fortune with a crape band over her eyes, holding the Cornucopia, out of which are flowing houses, horses, greyhounds, dog-carts, county members, and prize oxen. The arms over the door are very simple—three tankards of home-brewed ale on a field of bread and cheese, and the motto, "*Ruin stares us in the face*."

The interior of the shop is most sumptuous in its grief. There is an air of comfortable poverty about it that rather invites than repels. We longed to sit down on one of the knotted garden chairs that line the counters, and call for one of the tankards that are foaming (with rage, of course) over the portico. All feelings of commiseration left us as we passed the door-step, and on contemplating the abundance and jollity that floods the whole place with a glorious sunshine of woe, our only desire was to be ruined as quickly as possible.

Stout-looking farmers stood behind the counters. Their fat faces were dimpled with the most good-natured wrinkles; to look at their round cheeks, was to laugh. Crying was out of the question. HERACLITUS himself could not have done it. They carried handkerchiefs with deep black borders to them, but these evidently were only used to hide their smiles, so that visitors might not see them grinning. The tops of their boots were blacked over, and they sported weepers, and it was strictly sporting, for it was a costume that, far from drawing tears, only provoked merriment.

We were conducted by an elegant-looking gentleman in polished leather boots and a silver riding-whip to the "*Protectionists' Unmitigated Woe Department*." Here we were shown a neat book of patterns. It contained maps of the several estates in the kingdom to be sold, owing to the unparalleled pressure of the times. There were mansions with princely parks for noblemen, down to two-roomed cottages with cabbage-gardens for prize labourers at six shillings a week; but really the prices of them all were so extravagantly high, that we are ashamed to confess we were too poor to effect the smallest purchase. Our conductor gave a mournful smile, as much as to say he deeply felt for us, but that it did not matter in the least.

After this we were led to the "*Partial Grief Stores*." It was adorned with lists of the principal races and cattle-shows all through the country, embellished with portraits in ebony frames of distinguished racers, and celebrated cows and pigs that had won prizes.

The next room was the "*Inconsolable Lumber-room*." It was a small library, filled with the most agonising speeches and harrowing debates, all bearing upon the question of the national ruin. Newspapers were strewn about the floor, with reports of meetings that are said to have shaken not only the Corn Market, but the Bank to its very centre, so much so that it is a wonder that Mark Lane and Threadneedle Street are standing at the present moment. Beautiful miniatures of Protectionist Orators, their familiar features crowned with gold laurel leaves, enliven the otherwise dreary walls of this little apartment. We were kindly offered the last speech of MR. FERRAND, hissing hot from the hustings, and taking the hint in the friendly spirit in which we are sure it was offered, we immediately ran out of the room.

A pair of beautiful folding-doors, sheeted with the richest plate-glass, were thrown open to make way for our retreat, and we found ourselves in the middle of such a picture of misery as we had never witnessed before. Immense long tables were groaning—and their groans harmonised half-melodiously with the painful feeling that lay, like a black pall, over the room—under heavy sirloins of beef. Huge haunches of venison added to the oppressive weight of the scene. Yorkshire pies, raised pies, fruit pies, pies of every kind of game and rare delicacy, were strewn about in such reckless disorder as only wretchedness can produce, and, by their heavy looks, that evidently betrayed how much was in them, made one's mouth, if not one's eyes, water to look at them.

Ugly-looking mugs, filled with bitter ale, lent a darker hue to the picture, which was made still blacker by small groups of bottles, with silver heads, that kept hanging about the corners, and assembled in greater force the oftener they were dispersed.

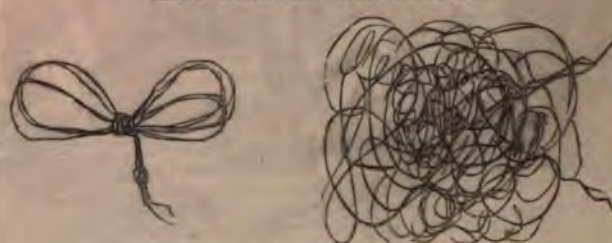
"What is the name of this room?" we inquired in a whisper, for fear of disturbing the solemnity of the meeting. "This, Sir, is the '*Speechless Misery Department*,'" answered our attendant—and, true enough, though there were at least a hundred persons present—and

several Members of Parliament amongst them—yet not a syllable was heard. It only showed how deep must be the grief that could not find words to express itself!

We felt the influence of the place gradually stealing over us, and sitting down to one of the principal tables, did not speak for an hour afterwards!

On getting into a cab, we were astonished at the very agreeable feelings that animated us from head to foot. We had not felt so well, in such boyish good temper with all the world, since the memorable day on which we recollect we first carried a gold watch. We determined to turn Protectionist—to get ruined—and to get installed a constant member of the *Maison de Deuil* as quickly as our funds would enable us. We begin to find out that there is no comfort, no pleasure in the world, equal to that of being ruined. The only drawback which we can see connected with such a luxurious state, would be the constant uneasiness of recovering some day from our ruin, and then having to fall back again into the same miserable state of happiness we endured before. Only let us be ruined—ruined for life—and we shall die happy!

THE GRECIAN DIFFICULTY.



THE EXPLANATION.

A TREMENDOUS BATCH OF PEERS.

ONE of the penny paragraphists of one of the fashionable journals announced the other day—as per order, of course—that Lord Somebody or other (we forget, or choose to forget, his Lordship's name) had on a preceding evening "thrown open his magnificent saloons to nearly 800 of the very highest aristocracy." Now, as the very highest aristocracy are the dukes, who number some twenty, we should be glad to know when this tremendous creation of 780 dukedoms took place, and how it is the Peerage has not been completely swamped by an inundation so vast, as to be utterly without precedent.

We hope LORD BROUGHAM will inquire into this *réunion* of 800 Peers, for there must have been an extensive usurpation of titles, if there has been no wholesale addition to the nobility; and we have certainly heard of none whatever. We should recommend some Peer to rise in his place, and move for a return of all the SMITHS, JONESSES, and ROBINSONS, included among the "800 of the highest aristocracy," to whom the "magnificent saloons" alluded to were thrown open. It might as well be said that the Beadle of Burlington had thrown open the gates of his splendid arcade to several hundred of the *haut ton*, as well as to a ton of Wall's End Coal ordered for the consumption and the curling irons of a *coiffeur* of fashion.

METROPOLITAN MELODIES.

AIR.—"*The Meeting of the Waters*."

THERE'S not in the wide world an odour less sweet
Than the stench that's exhaled where the Thames' waters meet!
Oh, the last sense of smelling my nostrils must close,
Ere the stench of those waters offends not my nose!

Vile scent of Thamesis, howe'er can I rest,
And know you, perchance, may engender a pest—
Till the law, bidding shameful monopolies cease,
Lets us wash in, or drink, our pure water in peace?

Official False Alarm.

At a moment of considerable doubt and interest as to the disposal of the Chancellorship, considerable excitement was occasioned in legal circles, by a report which got into extensive circulation, that MR. BRIEFLESS had actually had an interview on the subject of the Great Seal. On further inquiry, it turned out that the rumour originated in a fact somewhat analogous to the subject of the Great Seal—namely, that MR. BRIEFLESS had been to see the Hippopotamus.

THE POLICE ON SUNDAY.



We understand that it is contemplated to effect, at no distant date, a discontinuance of Sunday labour in the Police Force. Legislation, advancing in its present spirit, will soon render all work, not strictly necessary on the Sabbath, illegal. The sole and only business of the Police is to keep order in our thoroughfares, and protect our dwelling-houses. But it may be confidently expected that Sabbatical enactments will soon put down every cab, omnibus, railway-train, steam-boat, on the Sunday. None will go abroad, except a few pedestrians, who may be left to take the consequences of their impiety.



The streets will soon be exclusively occupied by thieves, with nobody to rob but one another. The houses will be sufficiently defended by their inmates, who will be forced to stay at home. The only conceivable occasion for policemen will be afforded, when people walk to church, for walk they all will and must, when not even a bishop will be suffered to ride. They will keep Bibles and Prayer-Books at their places of worship; but, still, they will be obliged to carry pocket-handkerchiefs, if only by way of provision for the sermon. It is undoubtedly possible that their

pockets will be picked. They will leave all their valuables at home; but then, when the whole family has gone to church, the domicile, perhaps, will be, to a certain extent, in danger from housebreakers. However, these are trifling inconveniences, which the Public will soon learn to put up with, after a little experience of those at present arising from Sunday legislation.

PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

FLIGHT THE THIRD.

MANY of Mr. Punch's good friends the painters are very angry with him for what he has written already under this title, charging him with injustice and narrowness. As to the first charge, he has only to say, that he made a sweeping attack on a common vice and sin. That there are many painters whom the vice grieves quite as much as it grieves Mr. Punch, he knows very well, and he could, no doubt, have cited examples of pictures with meaning, and sentiment, and passion in them, and of portraits which were true representations.

Let all painters of such pictures and portraits hold themselves exempted from Punch's Jeremiade. It does not include them. They ought to be thankful that he has lifted his *bâton* against those spreading abominations of furniture pictures and conventional portraiture—

"No—Let the galled jade wince, their withers are unwrung."

But it is not Punch's purpose, or business, to pick out these meritorious gentlemen from their offending brethren.

Let the Public do that, when they pay their shillings in Trafalgar Square—so Punch would, if he were writing a *catalogue raisonnée* of the pictures in the Exhibitions. But that task he leaves to the writers of the daily papers, who have on hand a stock of stereotyped phrases for the praise and blame that is yearly doled out to the painters in the month of May as a matter of business.

Punch, on the other hand, squeaks out of the fulness of his heart, and mourns over the pretty face and scanty brains of the Muse of English Painting, because he cannot help it. He goes into the Exhibition, and comes out of it with his mind less impressed, his imagination less stirred, his fancy less titillated, than it is easy to suppose possible, after a wall of some thousand pictures has been spread for his entertainment.

But you charge him, further, with narrowness. His demand being that you should paint truly what is, he reduces Art, you say, to a mere servile re-production of outward Nature—and so destroys invention, and, indeed, creative Art altogether; making, at best, Daguerreotypes of you all.

Not so. All he said, was, that if you have to paint JONESES, you should paint JONESES—real, not impossible JONESES. But all art is not painting JONESES, and, even for the true representation of that large and common-place family, there is needed a generalisation, as well as a selection, a distribution and subordination of parts, which leave Art quite work enough on her hands when she goes no further than this.

Be as true as you can be. The truer you are, the more you will find your work gets away from the literal, lineal, hard, harsh, and tea-boardy, which belongs to true representation only in vulgar and untaught eyes.

But Punch has not attempted to map out the field of Art. Heaven forbid! It is as wide as mind, and may be as variously cultivated. All he asks for is, that there be meaning in what is painted, and truth in expressing that meaning. Pictures ought, in his mind, to be books, the characters whereof are colours and forms. The point in the picture, as in the book, is what the characters convey to him. This is repeated here, both because there has been some misunderstanding of what Punch has said, and because it is a preface to something he hopes to say, next week, to certain young friends of his, calling themselves, the dear silly boys—Pre-Raphaelites!

MORAL OF THE PORSON PRIZE.

THE subject of the PORSON Prize, at Cambridge, this year, was taken from the *Merchant of Venice*, Act v., Scene 1:—

"Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

to the words,—

"Let no man be trusted."

The word "man" at Cambridge means, we believe, Undergraduate. We hope MR. WILLIAM OWEN, of St. John's, the gainer of the prize, took care to render it accordingly, with a note for the benefit of College tradesmen, who would save many an anxious parent from much misery by adopting the passage, so translated, as their motto.

THE FOX AND THE GOOSE.—The M.P. for Oldham and the M.P. for Oxford University (not GLADSTONE).

PUNCH'S BIRDS.



OME of the highest flights taken by philosophy have been in pursuit of birds. Science, in the form of Ornithology, has been running about for ages with a pinch of the salt of research between its fingers, to place on the tails of the feathered community. From the days of ROMULUS and REMUS, birds have played an important part in history, and the student will not require the elbow of his memory to be jogged by a reference to the achievement of that respectable bird, the goose, whose well-timed cackle saved the Eternal City when its durability was doubtful, and who, in his roasted state, was the harbinger of good fortune to QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The Bird must always occupy a very high position, whether we look at him as a lark, or, with wondering eyes and gaping mouth, regard him as a swallow. The feathered tribe present so many phenomena from the very tip-top of the crest to the lower extremity of the drumstick, that, were we to take him to pieces, feather by feather, we should find a few words to say upon each, and still reserve something more to say of him by filing his bill for future comment. Though the bird is not like the dog, emphatically the friend of man, nor like the cat, the friend of woman, he is still on very amiable terms with most of the human family. Assuming, for the sake of illustration, the correctness of the Pythagorean doctrine, we shall suppose a sort of amalgamation between the bird and the human biped, and shall take the bird in hand just as if it were a member of our civilised community. There are many varieties of strange birds to be met with in the everyday paths of life, and though not apparently deprived of liberty, there are many who live in a cage, for which Convention supplies the wires. All birds, however, are not restricted by the network, sometimes gilded, and sometimes iron, that society throws around so many, and perhaps, after all, the bird who is ever at liberty to hop the twig, is in the most enviable position.

Intending to run through the whole race of social birds, from the hawk downwards to the duck, keeping in our eye the jay, and comprehending all pies, from the magpie to the Roller—who, by the way, would seem to belong equally to the pies and the puddings—we shall start with the most agreeable of the series, the Warblers.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

This delightful specimen of the warbler is very plentiful in England, but the choicest of the class are to be found during the spring, summer, and autumn, when, in addition to our native birds, some of the rarest nightingales visit this country, from Italy, Sweden, France, and other parts of the continent. The nightingale—as the name implies—sings chiefly at night, and abounds in gardens, such as Covent Garden, or delights in hay, many of the most favourite sort having found a very desirable nest in the Haymarket. In the former locality there is still to be seen a splendid specimen of the female nightingale, which emigrated some time ago from the latter spot. This splendid nightingale is universally known as GRISI, a magnificent specimen of the class, and possessing what DR. BECHSTEIN describes, in his *Natural History of Cage Birds*, as a wondrous union of “compass, flexibility, prodigious variety, and harmony of voice, which make it so admired by all lovers of the beautiful.”

The nightingale, as an Operatic bird, is liable to many diseases, and its tendency to cold is so great, that a draft may render it mute, though sometimes a pecuniary draft adroitly applied, or even a mere ordinary puff, will at once restore its inclination to exercise its vocal powers. Their notes are only to be procured at a very considerable cost, and some naturalists have gone so far as to allege that the note of the Operatic nightingale is due to the constant supply of Bank notes, which, in this country, the bird in question lives upon.

The mode of catching a nightingale is rather curious, and sometimes very difficult, on account of the competition among the principal Operatic bird-fanciers for the rarest and most valuable specimens.

The ordinary method of capturing a bird, considered to be of great value, and where two or three are trying to achieve the same result, is by depositing, on a firm bank, a very large bait, when the nightingale, having usually a long bill, perceives the deposit ready to meet its bill, and drawing the bait from the bank is immediately tied by the leg or caught in some legal lime that has already been spread for binding purposes. The Operatic nightingale is remarkable, not only for the variety and beauty of its plumage, but for the frequency of change that occurs in the course of a season, so that the bird may appear to be constantly moulting, yet never suffering the weakness incidental to the process, but coming out entirely changed in appearance night after night, each appearance putting an additional feather in the cap, and enabling the nightingale to soar higher and higher in public favour. The maladies to which Operatic birds of all descriptions are subject would fill a volume, and we can therefore only find room for a few of them.

The catarrh or cold is a very common complaint, to which we have already alluded. It is often caused by cold water being thrown upon the nightingale by the engines

of criticism; and then the remedy, according to DR. BECHSTEIN, is a compound of “fresh butter,” which can hardly be laid on too thick for the taste of an Operatic nightingale. Straining of the throat is a frequent cause of injury to the best of birds, and this is continually brought on by their being fed upon leaves—of music—of a most unvegetable character. This sort of verdure—called by the Italians, *Verdi*—some nightingales have the instinct to avoid, and the famous nightingale GRISI has preserved her powers unimpaired, by her taste having directed her to refrain from the deleterious article, and confine herself to a more wholesome commodity.

A POETICAL INTERREGNUM.

THERE has been a considerable gap in the succession to the Poet-Laureateship, though it is rather singular that there should be any *interregnum* whatever, for if *poeta nascitur non fit*, we ought to find a poet already born for the office, and not be compelled to look out for the *poeta*, who when *fit* may be a miss-fit, and be incapable of wearing the crown of laurel. Many are of opinion that the pause in the succession has been caused by a necessity for taking in the diadem, that, though not too large for the temples of the late laureate, would completely bonnet the individual who may be selected to come after him.

The chief difficulty we see about the office, is the fact of there being nothing to do in it. The virtues of our QUEEN are of too matter-of-fact a sort, and of too every-day occurrence, to be the subject of mere holiday odes, or, indeed, of fiction in any shape. As the angler refused to go fishing, because there were no fish, so the Poet Laureate finds a difficulty in employing his fancy, because the virtues of the Sovereign form such a prosaic matter of fact as to afford no opportunity for mere flattery to play the lyre. If any duties are to be attached to the Laureateship, we would propose that they should consist of the task of giving a poetical turn to that otherwise very dull and uninteresting affair, the *Court Circular*, which fills the somewhat contemptible duty of *Paul Pry* in constant attendance on what ought to be the domestic privacy of royalty. As an illustration of what we mean we give the following specimen:—

This morning at an early hour,
In Osborne's peaceful grounds,
The QUEEN and PRINCE—'spite of a shower—
Took their accustomed rounds.
With them, to bear them company,
PRINCE LEININGEN he went,
And with the other royal three
The DUCHESS, eke, OF KENT.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE OF WALES
Went forth to take the air;
The PRINCESS ROYAL, too, ne'er fails
His exercise to share.
On the young members of the flock
Was tenderest care bestowed,
For two long hours by the clock
They walked—they ran—they rode.

Calmly away the hours wear
In Osborne's tranquil shade,
And to the dinner-party there
Was no addition made.
Judge-Advocate SIR D. DUNDAS
Having returned to town,
The Royal Family circle has
Settled serenely down.

The Strongest Thing in the World.

THE Camel has a peculiar way of remonstrating when too much is being put upon her back. She turns round, and sighs. If the sighs take no effect, she weeps. The tears are generally irresistible, and she is allowed her own way. We have heard of the same expedient being resorted to when ladies consider themselves “too much put upon.” They turn round, and weep, and instantly they are allowed their own way. The strongest thing in the world is decidedly a woman's tear, for we never knew a man yet who could stand up against it!

NEWS FOR THE HORSE MARINES.

THE latest London Lion is now to be found at the Zoological Gardens, not in the regular Lion's den, for the hobby upon which public curiosity now rides is no less than a sea-horse—our young friend the Hippopotamus. It is understood that the interesting animal came, not as a deck passenger, but at a cost of £500 for his berth, while his provisions,

instead of being included in the ordinary bill of fare, consisted of dates, and other delicacies, washed down daily with a couple of buckets of new milk, not merely from the cow, but from the subscribed contributions of all the cows, goats, and donkeys that formed part of the ship's company.



Since the interesting creature has arrived in London, the difficulty of procuring its favourite beverage in a pure state has placed the Hippopotamus under the necessity of putting up with the usual wash of chalk, pump water, brains, and other ingredients that form the liquid commonly served out daily as milk into all the cream jugs of the Metropolis. The Hippopotamus is such a young and artless creature that it does not

seem to be up to the London Milk Dodge, and laps up the trash, as if it were wallowing in the lap of luxury."

One of the great peculiarities of the Hippopotamus is its extreme sensibility, which is found very inconvenient to the Arab in attendance, who cannot go away from his young charge for half an hour, without its beginning to whine after him like a young baby just put out of the



nurse's arms, and refusing to be dandled by a stranger. It is in vain that the ordinary employes at the gardens attempt the soothing system, and utter such endearments as "Pretty little Hippy Pippy," or sing songs about "Hush-aby Potty on the tree-top;" or warble an invitation to "Ride a Sea-horse to Banbury Cross;" for, in spite of all these little attentions, that usually tell so well on the infant mind, the Hippopotamus only replies with a melancholy whine for its Arab nurse, who is compelled to return and "sit a bit" with the sentimental juvenile. This is quite an unfortunate attachment for the Arab, who finds himself so completely tied by the leg to the Hippopotamus, that he cannot stir out in comfort, lest his young charge should cry his eyes out, and thus deprive himself of two of his most prominent features. The naturalists place the interesting animal among the Mammalia, but we think a new class, called the Mammy-sick-alia should be established, in order to comprise the Hippopotamus, who ought, by the way, to rank among whales, if we may judge by his tendency to blubber.



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

THE *Times* complains, with justice, of the confusion into which the laws of England are thrown by the absence of anything like a feeling for LINDLEY MURRAY in the framing of our statutes. The recklessness with which adjectives are left to stand alone, and plurals thrown into discordant contact with singulars, the hopeless abandonment by antecedents of their unfortunate relatives, and the incessant outrages upon grammar which characterise our legislation, renders the whole such a fearful mass of hodge-podge, that the general obedience shown to the

laws is doubly creditable to a puzzled community. The only way to set matters right would be the advent of a strictly Grammatical Ministry, or the formation of a Cabinet, in which the great principles of LINDLEY MURRAY should be paramount. We would have a Lord High Grammarian, a Comptroller of Syn-tax, as well as the other taxes, and a Secretary of State for the Full Stops and Colons, as well as for the Colonies. We shall have little hope for the intelligibility of our laws until we see a party rising in the state, calling themselves neither Tories, Whigs, Protectionists, nor Radicals, but styling themselves simply the Grammarians.



MASTER JONATHAN TRIES TO SMOKE A CUBA, BUT IT DOESN'T AGREE WITH HIM!!

SCHOLASTIC.

"He would much rather support a Bill to encourage amusements, such as peg-top, cricket, foot-ball, and other exercises, than one for Public Libraries."—SIBTHORP on Public Instruction.

EDUCATION.

AT SIBTHORP'S ACADEMY, LINCOLN GREEN,

Youth are liberally boarded, clothed in true-blue, and educated according to the subjoined scheme of instruction, by DR. SIBTHORP and able assistants.

Junior Course.—Hop-sotch; Ring-taw, in all its branches; Blind Man's Buff; Hunt the Hare; Peg in the Ring; Prisoners' Base, and Rounders.

Trap-Bat-and-Ball, extra. Boys to find their own marbles. Every boy to come provided with a spell-and-nurr, three skeins of whip-cord, and a peg-top.

Senior Course.—Foot-ball, on the Harrow and Rugby systems; the use of the gloves; Hockey, after the Eton grammar of that noble game; Cricket, by a resident player of the Marylebone Club.

Bats, Balls, and Wickets are extras. Nothing but Vacations.

DR. S., in submitting the above programme of a manly English Education, is well aware that he will offend the numerous advocates of that wishy-washy, democratic, namby-pamby, rigmareole method of book-learning carried out in most schools.

DR. S. despises books. He does not read himself, and trusts that everybody committed to his care will leave the Academy with an uninformed mind, an improved wind, an enormous appetite, a reverence for our glorious Constitution in Church and State, a horror of revolutionary opinions, an aversion to foreigners, and a thorough contempt for HER MAJESTY'S Ministers—principles which it is DR. S.'s pride and determination to inculcate, along with the above branches of a solid and thoroughly wholesome education.

Particulars of terms may be had at Lincoln Green, on the premises, or at the House of Commons, where DR. S. attends regularly during the Session.

STOPPING HALF-WAY.

EARL DE GREY, in complimenting MR. BARRY said, of the new Houses of Parliament:—

"The purposes to which it is to be applied are multifarious—there are wide and gorgeous palace halls, long windows, short passages, lowly doorways, magnificent entrances, aspiring terraces, groined staircases, every class of residences, porters' lodges, committee-rooms, offices, and even kitchens."

We hardly think the noble flatterer goes far enough. He should have continued his oratory in the following strain:—

"The other uses of the House are indeed multitudinous—there are magnificent flues, a profusion of sinks and trusty sewers, mediæval door-knockers, arabesque scrapers, staunch bell-pulls, aspiring chimney-pots, bannisters that nothing will shake, every variety of cupboard, a coal-scuttle to every fire-place, and a gorgeous chimney in the kitchen. Nothing has been omitted that the eye of Science can display or invent. There is even a key-hole to every door."

These prodigal details would have made the compliment perfect, and would have succeeded in rendering the noble Earl's eloquence in every particular worthy of the source from which it has been apparently borrowed—the auctioneer's catalogue. What a splendid GEORGE ROBINS seems to be buried in EARL DE GREY!

BANQUET TO M. SCRIBE.

THE Dramatic Authors' Society are about to give a banquet to M. SCRIBE. This is noble—manly! For how rarely do men, deep in debt, thus seek a meeting with their heaviest creditor?

CLERICAL CONUNDRUM.

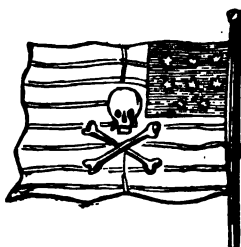
WHICH ought to be the best mannered prelate on the Episcopal Bench?

The BISHOP OF EXETER, to be sure, as he moves so much in Courts.

Q. WHAT are the "Street Orderlies?"

A. The "Street Orderlies" are the persons you see about six o'clock, waiting in the street, outside the Box-office of a Theatre, with orders.

BULLETIN OF GENERAL LOPEZ.



Our Savannah correspondent informs us that the subjoined bulletin is posted up in the coffee-room of the City Hotel, to which GENERAL LOPEZ, after being discharged by JUDGE NICHOLS, was escorted, amid the acclamations of the multitude:—

"CITIZENS!

"We have bin and offered the blessings of our free institutions to the enslaved and benighted Cubans. We found we was a castin our pearls afore swine. But I estimate we've larnt 'em

what it is to slight the advances of ginnerus republicans. Oh, yes! I reckon we've read 'em a lesson in manners. Eternal History will pint to the Cuban expedition from New Orleans. It is a go as Posterity will never oblivate.

"Our little band of heroes arrove at Cardenas with the olive branch in one hand and the bagganet in the other. Their fraternal overtoors was met by a charge of Lancers. Our gallant fellers was riled with sitch ongratitude. They paid back the enemy noways slow. It was shot for shot, slash for slash, dig for dig, slockdologer for slockdologer. In less than no time we had chawed up the whole troop, and left nothin of the biggest on 'em but a little grease-spot.

We marched on victorious to within six yards of the Governor's, where showers of balls from the house-tops rained, hailed, and snowed upon us. They galled our army considerable, but no wus. COLONEL WHEAT come in for a sprinkle of the pepper, and a spice or two on it stuck in COLONEL O'HARA.

"After an hour's fightin, the Governor and his staff knoced under, and hiseted the white flag. We sot fire to his house, and locked our prisoners up in the barracks, and then went and let the convicts out of gaol.

"The enemy havin cleared off, leavin us masters of the city, we calculated we had licked 'em elegant, but when the evenin come they again riz. Two hundred horse was the amount of their squad, and by the time we had done with them, we had whittled 'em down to a dozen. Twelve of our fearless warriors breathed out their magnanimus sperrits on the field of glory.

"LIEUTENANT JONES, of Alabama, had daylight let through his side, but the bullet cleared his vitals. CAPTAIN LOGAN, Kentucky, and QUARTERMASTER SEIKAS, of Miss., have bin took from us. MAJOR HAWKINS, Kentucky, was wounded serious, but the Major has been spared.

"Nothin would have made us pause in our career of victory, but overwelmin numbers. The convicts we had extended the blessings of liberty to, refused to jine us, not bein the rogues we took 'em for. Not meetin with the sympathy we expected, we indignantly absquotilated. We fit our way backwards to the steamer *Credle*; and I guess that arter ages will locate this here exploit alongside of GENERAL MOORE's, and call it the American Co-runner.

"Head Quarters, City Hotel, Savannah. (Signed) "LOPEZ."

A Gnatty and Knotty Point.

We are happy to find that we are not likely to have any difference about the Mosquito Shore with the American Government. We always thought it partook a great deal of the absurdity of straining at a gnat when there was any talk of extraordinary exertion about the Mosquito. Any rumour with reference to war on the subject of Mosquito, turns out, happily, to be all Buzz.

EXPENSIVE NATIONAL LUXURIES.

MR. GRATTAN says, that the people of Ireland are as much entitled to have their Lord-Lieutenant as the people of England are to have their Lord Chancellor. Certainly they are, if they want him, and choose to pay for him.

The Pirate's Doom.

LOPEZ, and his buccaniering companions, who built so much upon Cuba, have found that all their building consists of castles in the air, or, to speak more appropriately, *Châteaux en Espagne*. When we recollect the association that exists in the minds of Englishmen, between a Cigar and Cuba, we are not surprised that the late affair should have ended in smoke.

A COACH GETTING SLOW.

Among the most obstructive carriages that stop the way of University Reform who ever would have expected to find a BROUGHAM?

SHAKSPEARE COOKERY BY M. SCRIBE.

M. SCRIBE threatens to oust M. SOYER, and to surmount the laurels of the original dramatist with the paper-cap of the cook. M. SCRIBE's first dish to an English audience having been relished with such delight, press scribes—their ink-bottles foaming with champagne—having declared the fricassee of wondrous spiciness and flavour, and fast men having smacked their mouths, and yelled their applauses of the treat, the new French Opera Cook, in the depths of his gratitude, is about to publish the recipe by which he has been able to lay before a thoughtful, SHAKSPEARE-loving audience, the savoury mess. *Punch* has been favoured with an early copy of the document.

HOW TO COOK A SWAN (OF AVON.)

Cut the swan into pieces, throwing away the heart and brains.—Put the fragments of the swan in a brazen kettle.—

Place over a quick fire, which fan with the poem of *Venus and Adonis*.—

Stir with the toe of MILE. GRISI, now fast, now gently; now stir not at all.—

Use LABRACHE as a bellows, when wanted to boil.—

Take a song of SONTAG's, as cold champagne, occasionally to cool.—

Boil again with an air by COLETTI.—

Cool and boil, and boil and cool, until the fragments of the Swan shall be thoroughly dissolved.

Strain through canvas, painted by MARSHALL.—

Serve hot to an enlightened public, who will be frantic with delight that a French cook should have made so admirable a *fricassee* of their adored Swan of Avon.—

N.B. It would doubtless give the dish a fine flavour if the fire could be made of the rafters of SHAKSPEARE's Birth-place.

Further, *Mr. Punch* may be allowed to advise M. SCRIBE, who can hatch such admirable French geese of his own, not to meddle with the Swan of Stratford.

WHAT HO! WATCH, I SAY.

We have for some years kept a watch on the London clocks, and have always had in our eye the hands of the principal public timepieces. Chance and a threepenny 'bus—one of the Atlas, which never could have been intended by the immortal bard, when he wrote the words, "fixed as great Atlas self," for the 'buses in question are remarkable for the fewness and brevity of their stoppages;—chance, then, and an Atlas 'bus took us the other day to the neighbourhood of the Old Cavendish Street Post-Office. Instinct led our eye to the clock, which we instantly perceived to be suffering with a sort of *delirium tremens* in the hands, which are so shaky that they let the time slip, as it were, through their fingers. We believe the clock does not suffer from any internal complaint, but there is such a nervous movement of the hands, that the clock would seem to be affected by a sort of St. Vitus's Dance, which causes it to play truant in a Truandaise of a very desperate description. The clock keeps its own internal arrangements very well, but rumour and our own correspondent have informed us, that the Post-Office authorities keep a man expressly to lead the clock by the hand, and it is only by his constant vigilance in going hand in hand with the clock that it can ever be made to conduct itself with the least regularity.

A NATIVE APPEAL TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOURABLE HOUSE,

I AM an oyster, a real native; and as such have within me the largest and noblest pearl ever bred by British mollusc. My house—that is my two shells—is little more than simple lims; yet—with the pearl inside—what a treasure it contains?

Oysters of the House of Commons, does my condition preach no moderation—no moral to you? Your House has already cost two millions of money, and I should like to know what will be the value of the pearls dropt from the mouths of its tenants?

Yours, (with a broad hint),

A MODEST OYSTER.

DEAF TO COMMON SENSE—AND EVERYTHING ELSE.

It seems that it is very difficult to hear anything in the new House of Commons. According to this, the fallacy of petitioning will be rendered clearer than ever, for it will be quite impossible now for the people to "gain the ear" of Parliament.

CAUTION FOR EXPLOSION.—Of all names, we think that "GUNN" must be one of the most unpleasant. It must be so very trying to one's temper to be continually asked if you are the "son of a gun?"

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE EIGHTH.

MRS. MOUSER TRIES HER HAND AS AN EXPERIMENTAL LEGISLATRESS.

MR. PUNCH.—Having my own notions, perhaps a little assisted by the Beadle of Exeter Hall—(by the way, SUSANNAH is not going to leave us, for all her warning; the Savings' Bank, in which she put her bit of money having failed, and the Policeman that was to marry her, failing immediately afterwards)—having my own notions upon what an Act of Parliament ought to be to double lock the Sabbath like a prison door, with chains and bolts to make it fast and respected,—I have steeped out of my sex for once to give my pattern of an Act of Parliament as it should be; which pattern I beg to send through you, Mr. Punch, to that suffering nobleman, LORD ASHLEY; who, I understand, has—upon his own authority—sacrificed his reputation for the good of the working-classes, who, I hope, will show their proper merits of his Lordship's goodness, by presenting him with a costly piece of plate, or some such token. It isn't often, Goodness knows! that a real nobleman jumps into a gulf like the Roman CURTIS,—and when he does, he ought to be thanked and respected accordingly. But, Mr. Punch, to give you my draft—as I believe it's called, of

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR SECURING THE SUNDAY.

WHEREAS,—It has been thought nothing but proper, especially by the Dignities and Authorities assembled in LORD ASHLEY's Drawing-room and MR. PLUMPTRE's back-Parlour,—to take a loving Care of the Souls and Consciences of the Masses of HER MAJESTY's loving Subjects, too many of 'em not a bit better than Turks and Heathens, and knowing no more of the Sunday than the Mackerel that is sold by Act of Parliament, to the Grief of the truly Respectable on that day,—

It is Enacted, to begin with the extreme Beginning, that it shall not be lawful for any Child, Male or Female, Single or Twins, to be Born on a Sunday. Inasmuch, and for the very Reason, that many respectable Professional Gentlemen, to say Nothing of Druggists' Assistants and Monthly Nurses, are—by such Forgetfulness of the Seventh Day—called up and out at a Minute's Notice, to the Neglect of their better Duties.

And Further, If Children, after the Passing of this Act, in Contempt of the QUEEN, the Bishops, MR. PLUMPTRE, and LORD ASHLEY, will go on, coming into the World on a Sunday, as if no Act to the contrary had been set forth, and Signed by the QUEEN, with her Crown on her Head, and her Sceptre in her Hand, THEN—

All Such Sabbath-born Law-Breakers—Boys or Girls, Single or Twins,—shall be deprived of all Civil and Political Rights, being considered Born out of the Law, and therefore to be treated as little Rogues and Vagabonds, who will have no Right to know that they exist at all, except when such Knowledge is brought Home to their Consciences and Pockets by the Law that shall, to the end of all Time, cast them in Double Taxes.

Further, Be it Enacted, That all such Offenders born on a Sunday—and thereby coming into the World in Contempt of Our aforesaid Sovereign Lady the QUEEN, MR. PLUMPTRE, and LORD ASHLEY in particular,—shall never be Christened. And, Further, if any Archbishop, Bishop, or Dean shall, in Violation of this Act, attempt to baptise any Felonious Infant so offending, that then the said Archbishop, Bishop, or Dean shall be liable to Support, Provide, and Pay for every such Boy, Girl, Single or Twins, as if such said Baby or Babies were their own natural Flesh, and not born Outlaws, with no acknowledged Father or Mother, or Nurses Wet, or to the Contrary.

Further, Be it Enacted, That—in place of Baptism—the said Felonious Sucklings born on Sundays shall be numbered only by the Beadle of the Parish (properly Empowered for that Service) so that, denied the Christian Comforts of a Name, they shall—by the Figure borne—carry their own Register as to their numerical Strength, and Social and Political Weakness.

(And be it particularly Enacted, That the Beadle of Exeter Hall shall, by Virtue and Violence of his Office, be the Grand Registrar Beadle of all Felonious Infants born on Sundays in HER MAJESTY's United Empire, Herne Bay and the Isle of Man included.)

And, Further, to assure the Better Observance of the Sabbath—now too frequently violated by the Performance of the Marriage Service—all Parties joined together in Matrimony on a Sunday, shall not be considered joined at all. JOHN BROWN and MARY WHITE, wedded on the Sabbath, shall by no means be held One Bone and One Flesh, but Separate Bones and Separate Flesh; that is, the Bones and Flesh of JOHN and the Bones and Flesh of MARY, as if no Ceremony whatever had been performed, or celebrated between them.

And Whereas, divers Excellent Rose-coloured People—and especially LORD ASHLEY and MR. PLUMPTRE—have been mightily grieved and scandalised at the Performance of the Rite of Marriage on the Sabbath; and Whereas they—the Rose-coloured People aforesaid, moved by the most virtuous Scruples, would lay Axes of all Sizes, and without Number,

to all the Roots of Sunday Neglect as especially shown in Sunday Matrimony,—

Be it Enacted,—That all Mercers shall have a Certificate signed by not less than Three Respectable Householders (who have paid their Water-Rates,) that any Silk, Satin, Lace, or any Commodity of their Trade, sold for Wedding-Gowns, Wedding-Ribands, or Wedding-Laces, are not to be used, put on, or worn for a Sunday Wedding; and, in Default of non-Requirement of such Certificate, that they, the Mercers, shall be committed to Gaol for not less than Three Months, with or without Oakum, at the Decision of the Magistrates.

And Be it Enacted,—That the same Clause shall apply to all Tailors supplying Wedding-Coats with their Supplements. To all Glovers vending Wedding-Gloves. To all Pastry Cooks dealing in Wedding-Cakes and Wedding-Breakfasts. And, Further, that all Carriages and Post-Horses belonging to Post-Masters, let out for Hire or Reward to Sabbath Wedding-Parties,—be confiscated to the Parish, the Beadle of Exeter Hall having—in Virtue of his Office—Right and Authority to seize one Carriage to his Own Use, with not more than Four Horses for every Statute Twelvemonth.

And Further, Be it Enacted, That all Tavern-Keepers, Licensed Victuallers, and Others who shall—without Enquiry—harbour and comfort any Sunday Bride and Bridegroom for the Honeymoon, or any Day thereof, shall forfeit their Licence for Ever and Ever, and be mulct in a fine of not less than Ten Pounds, to be carried to the Poor.

And Further, That no Tradesman soever, shall recover the Amount of any Debt for any Goods or Commodities, whether of Food or Apparel served during the Honeymoon—which to Offenders shall henceforth be known as the Aloes Moon—to those Criminals who believe themselves Married on a Sunday.

And Further, That as it is a Matter of deplorable Notoriety, that Many Persons—having no respect for the Feelings of divers Rose-coloured Individuals, and of LORD ASHLEY and MR. PLUMPTRE in Particular, have been known to Die, or Decease, or otherwise become Defunct on a Sunday—

Be it Enacted, That henceforth every Man, Woman, or Child, who shall henceforth violate the Feelings of the Rose-coloured Individuals aforesaid, and especially of MR. PLUMPTRE and LORD ASHLEY, by Dying on the Sabbath,—

SHALL BE BURIED by Certain Undertakers by Law Appointed, who shall exact any Amount of Cost of Funeral that may to them seem Fit—burying the Sabbath Defunct Criminal in Rough Deals, and with not an Inch of Feather,—and that such Amount shall be paid by the Heirs or Assigns of the dead Culprit, at their Peril refusing to disburse the Same.

And Further, Be it Enacted, That All Parties dying on Sunday—and thereby offending certain aforesaid Parties, and particularly LORD ASHLEY and MR. PLUMPTRE—shall have their Epitaphs written by the Beadle of Exeter Hall in the blackest Paint, and in the very hottest Syllables.

Long Live the QUEEN, and (saving Her Royal Presence),
Long Live MR. PLUMPTRE and MR. ASHLEY!

There, Mr. Punch, that is my notion—with a little of the Beadle's, I own—of An Act for the Better Chaining and Bolting of the Sunday,—a notion which I will thank you to forward to LORD ASHLEY, and beg of him to believe me (with yourself),

Truly Bound by his Lordship,

The Honeysuckles,

AMELIA MOUSER.

FILCHING A GOOD NAME.

THE republic of letters is remarkable for the number and variety of the titles to which it annually gives rise; some of the titles being almost as unaccountable in their origin as that of the celebrated NATHAN BARONY, now existing in Kennington. The last eccentricity of authorship in giving a name to a work is exemplified by the daily announcement of "The Shoe and the Canoe, or Travels in Canada." In accordance with the customary rule of imitation, we may expect shortly to see advertised "The Sock and the Rock, or a Week at Gibraltar," as well as "The Highlow and the Highlands," "The Slipper and the Iceberg," with a crowd of other counterfeits of the original to which we have alluded. The "Shoe," &c, will soon have a tribe of imitators treading on its heels, for every one is ready to follow the steps, or stand in the shoes of a successful writer.

It is in vain to attempt to achieve a singularity of title; for the singularity is immediately changed into plurality by the mass of imitators, who, though always jealous of success, are in some respects different from the green-eyed monster, inasmuch as they are thoroughly unable to make "the meat they feed on."

AN AUTHOR'S CRY OF AGONY.

Wrung from Him by the Repeated calls of the Printer's Boy.

"Oh! that Devils' visits were, like Angels', 'few and far between!'"



THE REAL FLOWER-SHOW.

THE STAR OF FRANCE AND HIS SALARY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON often having afforded us a good laugh, we shall offer him in return a good cry. "*Vive Napoléon II!*" and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" have been tried and won't do. Something more rational is required as a shout for the PRINCE PRESIDENT. The want is supplied to a nicety by the apposite exclamation,

"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE DRAMATIQUE ET THÉÂTRALE!"

The dramatic and theatrical republic—not the social and democratic republic, or the simple republic, is precisely what the French Republic is. It is a declaiming, singing, dancing, decorative, scenic republic. Its histrionic character is peculiarly manifested in LOUIS NAPOLEON regarded as its representative. His part of President consists mainly of regular stage-business, riding about in full uniform, distributing crosses, pinning decorations to the breasts of meritorious peasants, and making wives and children happy. It is but just to say that he goes through even the heaviest act of charity *con amore*, and enters into the spirit of his situation. However, it seems that he has trusted to the national management to indemnify him for his disbursements; since he now applies for a dotation-bill to enable him to pay the debts which he has incurred in character, and to sustain his somewhat exhausting part. By continually repeating "Hold; take this purse," the word being suited to the action and the purse containing real cash, the most opulent pockets must be emptied in the end; and if LOUIS NAPOLEON is to go on relieving distress and dispensing happiness to infinity, he must be the goose with golden eggs, or else, if he persists in such munificence, he will be the goose without them. Much indignation has been raised by his demand for an increase of salary; but it is perfectly reasonable that, being expected to furnish a constant stream of bounty, he should claim an adequate supply from the national well. Otherwise, indeed, he would be a mere empty Pump. No: let his friends cry "*Vive la République dramatique et théâtrale!*" and base is that Public which seeks for orders, and grudges even to pay the expenses of the poor actor.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—Taking the Nepaulese Princes to see the *Island of Jewels*.

THE WELLINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON will go down to posterity not only as the hero of a hundred fights, but as the hero of, at least, a million letters. Future ages will declare that never were the spirit and the letter so strikingly combined, as in the grand junction of valour and epistolary correspondence that distinguishes the conqueror of Waterloo. He was evidently born to be a man of note, in every sense of the word, and is as much at home in presiding over the billet of a soldier, as in replying to the billet of any one who addresses him. F. M. THE DUKE will be looked upon by posterity, as the polite letter-writer of the nineteenth century. Everybody writes to him, and he writes to everybody in return, so that, of all his numerous distinguished posts, the General Post will hereafter be regarded as his favourite. It is calculated that he consumes more letter-paper than six of the largest commercial houses in England put together, and if he does not ride about with the order of the Bath on his breast, he never stirs from home without investing his stationer with the usual order of the Bath Post—on which he writes his daily ream of letters. We think a great deal of trouble might be saved if F. M. were to start a weekly newspaper, to be called either *The Duke's Life in London*, or *The Apsley Times*, for the purpose of answering his numerous correspondents in some five or six columns of small print, for, even if the journal did not pay half its expenses, he would save a fortune in postage.

Lopez and Cuba.

OLD smokers will remember a cigar which used to be sold under the name of "labelled Lopez." The Lopez now become so celebrated should be labelled "Pirate." In connexion with the subject of tobacco, we may make the observation, that from literary to common piracy there seems to be but one step in America, and advise Jonathan to put that in his pipe and smoke it.

CALUMNY, THE REAL BLACK REVIVER.

A MAN's character is frequently treated like a grate—blackened all over first, to come out the brighter afterwards.



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STEAL A CUBA.



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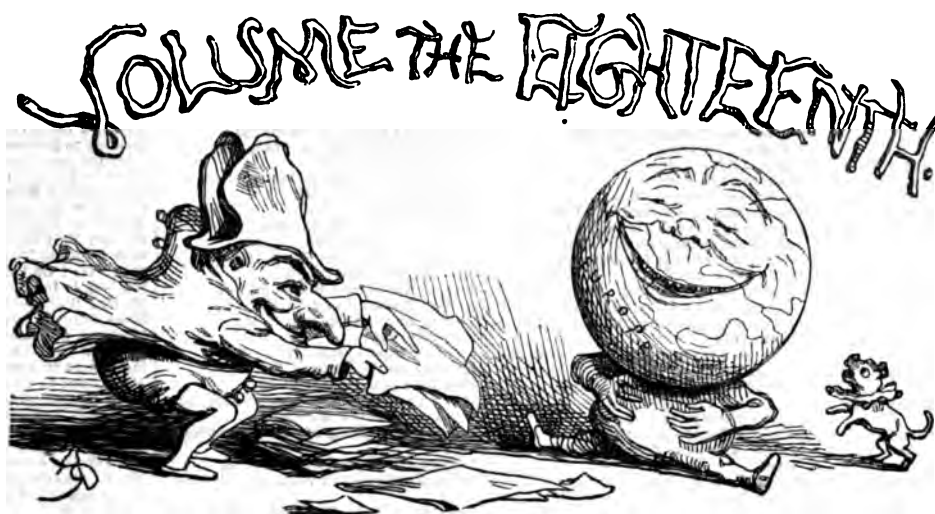
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1850.

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



MR. PUNCH presents his profoundest sense of admiration and respect to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

MR. PUNCH, having completed another Volume—always a national event—ventures to address His Royal Highness, as the originator of the Exhibition of the World's Industry in 1851; convinced that, as His Royal Highness is deeply interested in the successful issue of that great endeavour, His Royal Highness will learn with peculiar delight the intentions of MR. PUNCH with reference to his own proposed contributions on that eventful occasion.

MR. PUNCH proposes to send, to be enshrined in the Crystal Palace, his Nineteen Volumes, superbly printed on sheep Vellum—the sheep segregated and fed on the aromatic herbage of Mount Hymettus—and illuminated with colours of gem-like lustre. The Nineteen Volumes will be bound in the skins of unicorns; with, at least, one phoenix feather in each, by way of marker.

But the pageant contemplated by MR. PUNCH—the procession from his cell, 85, Fleet Street, to the Great Glass Hive in Hyde Park—will, MR. P. humbly believes, afford to the foreign nations, awhile boarding and lodging in England, matter of most valuable instruction and most abounding amusement.

Even as the Camel carries a copy of the Koran to Mecca, so will each and every of the Nineteen Volumes be borne from 85, Fleet Street, by some animal of significant species, (the animal richly caparisoned, and duly mounted and paged,) to the Palace in Hyde Park.

Will your Royal Highness vouchsafe to MR. PUNCH two little minutes, that he may just hint, in general phrase, at his preparations for the great event?

VOLUME I. will be deposited in a superbly carved chest, to be borne upon an Elephant; the LORD MAYOR himself—as PUNCH's fellow-citizen—having offered to ride on the neck of the beast and to take every

charge of the precious tome. The Elephant is selected as typical of the united strength and gentleness of PUNCH—of the power that can root up the upas, or play with a rose-bud.

VOLUME II. will be carried by an Ostrich. And wherefore? Is not the pen of PUNCH as white as the primest plume of the bird?

VOLUME III. upon a Lion—descended in a direct line from the original British; and though, when roused, pouring forth a roar quite equal to the earliest note of his great progenitor, nevertheless, a Lion in whom silent magnanimity is the greater quality than noise.

VOLUME IV. will be consigned to the Hippopotamus: only a just tribute to the good-nature that redeems ugliness, and turns what would otherwise be a monster, to quite a pet.

And thus, MR. PUNCH proposes to lay his Nineteen Volumes on the backs of beasts and birds, too various for your Royal Highness's patience to be particularised. Suffice it to say, there will be the graceful Stag, the grisly Bear, the massive Brahmin Bull—ditto JOHN, represented by a distinguished amateur from Smithfield; the Giraffe, the Alpaca, the Porcupine; and, saving your Royal Highness, the very cream and pith of the animal world, for the nonce made active members of the Parcels' Delivery Company; and guided and waited upon by a whole army of riders and attendants,—all of them living representatives of the thousands of pictorial individuals that at the present moment people the pages of PUNCH, as thickly as fire-flies burn in a tropic night.

When the procession shall have reached its Crystal destination, the Nineteen Volumes—to triumphant blasts of trumpets—will be duly deposited within the shrine prepared for them. A guard of honour, composed of individuals of all nations—so that all the inhabitants of all the globe shall be represented, clustered around the marvellous work—shall take their post, to be duly relieved, pending the Exhibition. Already MR. PUNCH has a thousand letters, from writers in every nook of the world, supplicating the enjoyment of such honour.

And thus, your Royal Highness, you may assure yourself—from the admiring and loyal zeal of PUNCH—of a new glory for the Exhibition of 1851. And that the thought of it may cast an added light, and impart a newer pleasure to your yet merrier Christmas, and your still happier New Year,

Is the wish of your Obedient humble Servant,

Punch.



Introduction.

VOLUME XIX.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1850.

THE RUSSELL CABINET.—1850.

First Lord of the Treasury	LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
Lord Chancellor	LORD COTTENHAM.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	SIR C. WOOD.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	LORD CAMPBELL.
President of the Council	MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.
Lord Privy Seal	EARL OF MINTO.
Home Office	SIR GEORGE GREY.
Foreign Office	VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
Colonial Office	EARL GREY.
Admiralty	SIR FRANCIS THORNHILL BARING.
Board of Trade	MR. H. LABOUCHERE.
Board of Control	SIR JOHN CAM HOBBHOUSE.
Postmaster-General	MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE.
Woods and Forests	EARL OF CARLISLE.

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

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ON July 2nd, 1850, died SIR ROBERT PEEL. Within a few hours after his eloquent speech on the foreign policy of the country, he was no more. The fatal accident which deprived him of life occurred on Constitution Hill in the Green Park. His horse becoming restive, swerved towards the rails of the Park, and threw SIR ROBERT on his left shoulder. He became almost immediately unconscious, but revived for a few moments, and then relapsed during his progress from the Park to Whitehall Gardens. SIR ROBERT lingered in great pain until eleven o'clock of July 2nd, when he died, surrounded by the principal members of his family, except LADY PEEL, whose painfully excited feelings would not allow her to remain. It was not discovered till after death that the fifth rib on the left side was fractured, and this pressing on the lung, produced what is technically called effusion and pulmonary engorgement.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of regret and deep emotion with which the news of his death was received by the public. The House of Commons, on learning his decease, immediately adjourned, and the French Assembly gave a striking testimony of their appreciation of him by entering with the general consent a minute of his death, and of their sympathetic regret, on the official records of their sittings. SIR ROBERT PEEL's family having declined both a public funeral and a peerage, the interment took place at the quiet village church of Drayton Bassett, and was attended by thousands of respectful mourners.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE having died on July 8th, both Houses expressed their condolence and eulogy. A proposal to settle £12,000 a year on his successor, the present DUKE OF

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CAMBRIDGE (1862), met with considerable opposition from *Mr. Punch* and other sensible members of the community, but the amount was ultimately granted, and has been—all things considered—much better deserved than many similar grants from the public purse.

Towards the close of the month of July BARON ROTHSCHILD, as the elected of the City of London, came to the table of the House of Commons to take the oath, desiring to be sworn on the Old Testament. SIR ROBERT INGLIS opposed the attempt; a spirited debate ensued, and a majority of 54 was obtained by MR. HUME in favour of administering the oath on the Old Testament.

The next day the Baron again presented himself, but in taking the oath of Abjuration he omitted the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," whereupon SIR F. THESIGER moved that a new writ should issue for the City of London, and the debate was only terminated by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL carrying two resolutions, one of them pledging the House to a measure for the relief of the Jews at the commencement of the next Session.

That valuable measure—the Act for Prohibiting Intramural Interments—received the Royal Assent, as did the Bill for the Extension of the Jurisdiction of County Courts, an important instalment of Law Reform, and for which we are indebted to MR. FITZROY, the Member for Lewes. A Bill for the regulation of the Mercantile Marine, (conceived and drawn by the present excellent Registrar of Merchant Seamen, COMMODORE BROWN,) and several other enactments of value, also received the Royal Assent before the prorogation of Parliament by the QUEEN in person on the 16th of August. At

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that time the country was in a state of complete tranquillity ; but about two months after it was convulsed from one end to the other by the publication in England of the insolent Papal Brief, constituting a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England and Wales, in place of the Vicars Apostolic. This brief was written in the same imperious language which distinguished the Church of Rome in the plenitude of its mediæval power, and pretended to create one Archbishop and twelve Episcopal sees, marking out the territorial limits of the new province and dioceses. This arrogant document was followed by another still more offensive from its insolence. A pastoral was issued by the newly-appointed CARDINAL WISEMAN, dated "out of the Flaminian Gate at Rome," overlooking altogether the existence of any other Church than the Church of Rome in England, and affecting to regard England as a nation restored by an act of spiritual sovereignty to the communion of the Roman Church. There were other ridiculous and mendacious assertions in this Pastoral which stirred the Protestantism of the country. *Punch* exerted his best energies to place the Papal Aggression (as it was called) in its proper light, and the very marked and permanent increase in the circulation of this periodical testified most unmistakeably how earnestly the national heart was touched by this impertinent proceeding on the part of the Church of Rome. Those Brummagem papists, the Puseyites, were not overlooked by *Mr. Punch*, and it is believed that many followers of ceremonial fashions were made to see the absurdity and wickedness of playing at religion, by the teaching of these pages.

At length the Prime Minister spoke out, and the following letter to the BISHOP OF DURHAM was most warmly welcomed by the people at large:—

"My dear Lord,

"I agree with you in considering the late aggression of the POPE upon our Protestantism as insolent and insidious, and I therefore feel as indignant as you can do upon the subject. I not only promoted, to the utmost of my power, the claims of Roman Catholics to all civil rights, but I thought it right and even desirable, that the ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics should be the means of giving instruction to the numerous Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere, who, without such help, would have been left in heathen ignorance. This might have been done, however, without any such innovation as we have now seen.

"It is impossible to confound the recent measures of the POPE with the division of Scotland into dioceses by the Episcopal Church, or the arrangement of districts in England by the Wesleyan Conference. There is an assumption of power in all the documents which have come from Rome—a pretension to supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway, which is inconsistent with the QUEEN's supremacy, with the rights of our Bishops and Clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation as asserted even in Roman Catholic times. I confess, however, that my alarm is not equal to my indignation, even if it shall appear that the Ministers and Servants of the POPE in this country

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have not transgressed the law : I feel persuaded that we are strong enough to repel any outward attacks. The liberty of Protestantism has been enjoyed too long in England to allow of any successful attempt to impose a foreign yoke upon our minds and consciences. No foreign prince or potentate will be permitted to fasten his fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious.

"Upon this subject then I will only say that the present state of the law shall be carefully examined, and the propriety of adopting any proceedings, with reference to the recent assumptions of power, deliberately considered.

"There is a danger, however, which alarms me much more than any aggression of a foreign sovereign—clergymen of our own church who have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, and acknowledged in explicit terms the QUEEN's supremacy, have been the most forward in leading their flocks, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice. The honour paid to Saints, the claim of infallibility for the Church, the superstitious use of the sign of the Cross, the muttering of the Liturgy so as to disguise the language in which it is written, the recommendation of auricular confession, and the administration of penance and absolution—all these things are pointed out by Clergymen of the Church of England as worthy of adoption, and are now openly reprehended by the Bishop of London in his charge to the clergy of his diocese.

"What then is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign prince, of no great power, compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself?

"I have little hope that the propounders and framers of these innovations will desist from their insidious course ; but I rely with confidence on the people of England, and I will not bate a jot of heart or life so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation which looks with contempt on the mummeries of superstition, and with scorn at the laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul.

"I remain, with great respect, &c.,

"Downing Street, Nov. 4."

"J. RUSSELL."

The people were thoroughly aroused, and displayed their resistance to the Aggression by Addresses to the Throne, County meetings and other significant demonstrations, until at last CARDINAL WISEMAN put forward a long and elaborate address, in which he attempted to show that the proposed change had been adopted for the more regular administration of the Roman Catholic Church in England, and only at the request of English communicants ! But no sophistry could disguise the striking contrast between this address and the Pastoral addressed to his own people ; and though the ingenuity of the composition was generally acknowledged, its arguments were despised, or laughed at. We shall have to refer again to this subject in our next volume.

NOTES.

AGE

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- 5 **Verily, Brother Ashley, &c.**—The present EARL RUSSELL and EARL SHAFTESBURY. The cut refers to the Post Office difficulty explained in the "Political Summary" to our last volume. See also p. 8, *post*.
- 9 **A Strong Suit in Diamonds.**—The Nepaulese Ambassadors to England generally appeared profusely decorated with diamonds.
- 9 **From an Old Friend in a New Place.**—Until the House of Commons was ceiled with glass there existed a very troublesome echo.
- 10 **Albert! Spare those Trees!**—The proposal to place the Exhibition Building of 1851 in Hyde Park was strongly opposed by COLONEL SIBTHORP and others, until the adoption of SIR JOSEPH PAXTON's beautiful design.
- 12 **Hyde Park in Jeopardy.**—Much to the credit of the masses, none of the uncomfortable predictions of this article were realised.
- 13 **Building Glass Castles in the Air.**—The first design accepted for the Exhibition Building of 1851 was an oblong brick structure with a large glass dome.
- 17 **A Miserable Character.**—Southwark Bridge has very few passengers.
- 17 **A Little Speech from a Little Blue-coat Boy.**—It was thought at this time that considerable nepotism prevailed with regard to the presentations to Christ's Hospital, and that the well-to-do connections of some of the wealthy Governors had an undue preference of election.
- 19 **A Very Brazen "Trumpet."**—The *Morning Herald*.
- 23 **The Belgravians' Lament.**—To carry out the plan for the brick and glass Exhibition Building of 1851, it appeared to be necessary to cut down some of the fine old trees in Hyde Park.
- 29 **Our "In Memoriam."**—SIR ROBERT PEEL died July 2, 1850.
- 30 **The Real Street Obstructions** were scarcely exaggerated in this cut. They were shortly after put down by the Police.
- 35 **Ministers getting over the Business of the Session.**—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, SIR C. WOOD, SIR FRANCIS BARING, LORD PALMERSTON, EARL OF CARLISLE, FOX MAULE, CLARICARDE, SIR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, &c.
- 55 **Whig Economy** refers to the Cambridge Job of £12,000 per annum. Page 54.
- 62 **Balloon Scientific Preparations for the Ensuing Week.**—MR. GREEN the veteran aeronaut, had been advertised (in imitation of a man in Paris) to ascend on the back of a horse attached to a balloon. The Magistrates prevented the cruel and absurd exhibition.
- 65 **The Royal Rising Generation.**—Application had been made recently for the purchase of Marlborough House for the PRINCE OF WALES.
- 70 **Proctor to Undergraduate.**—Incredible as it may seem, some "fast" Oxonians perpetrated dresses as extravagant as the one here represented.
- 74 **Shameful Bobbery committed on Mr. Washington Irving.**—MR. BOHN, a publisher, had reprinted for his own advantage some of IRVING's works.
- A Gentleman in Difficulties.**—BARON ROTHSCHILD 75 had been elected M.P. for the City of London, but refused admission to the House of Commons.
- Glass Houses of Parliament.**—How well MR. (now 81 SIR JOSEPH) PAXTON deserved this eulogy has been acknowledged by half the civilised world. And yet—such is National gratitude—he is not found among the Royal Commissioners for 1862.
- The Sunday Post Delivery** was resumed in compliance 87 with the loudly expressed wish of the general community.
- "This House to Let."**—The House of Commons. 95
- A Few Words about Ourselves** are equally appli- 99 cable to *Punch* in 1862. Hem!
- The Height of Extravagance.**—MR. GORDON CUM- 100 MING, the Lion Hunter, was said in his Autobiography to have destroyed many hippopotami, and some in a very remarkable manner.
- The Homoeopathic System of Rewards.**—THE GREAT 113 GEORGE STEPHENSON.
- Byron's Mazeppa.**—This popular hippodrama is still 134 running! (1862.)
- The Matrimonial Knot.**—The Siamese Twins were 135 united to each other by a large fleshy ligament.
- Female Barristers.**—MRS. COBBETT, the lady referred 144 to, continued her applications until 1862, when the new Bankruptcy Act came into operation, and compelled the release of MR. COBBETT.
- A Sketch of Character by Professor Milkansop** 154 the Celebrated Graphiologist.—There have been many graphiologists since 1850, and who professed to tell the character of people from their handwriting.
- Poitevin's last Folly.**—See p. 62, *ante*. 159
- Chancery and Chancery Lane.**—To the disgrace of 161 the Woods and Forests, the grievance complained of in this article remains until the present day (1862).
- The Golden Brougham.**—A similar striking resemblance 165 to *Mr. Punch* was found in California, and kindly forwarded to that illustrious personage.
- A Reflection.**—The advertising slop-sellers at intervals 182 continue the annoying mode of circulating their lists of prices as described in this article.
- Pontifical News.**—The Papal Aggression had begun. 182
- A Cosmopolite Motto for the Exhibition of 1851.** 183 —*Punch* gave (by the pen of DOUGLAS JERROLD) the name of the CRYSTAL PALACE to the Exhibition Building of 1851.
- The Ministerial Complete Letter-Writer.**—See *Intro-* 204 *duction*.
- A Voice from the Bottle** was heard and attended to 206 in many Hotels and Taverns in Great Britain.
- Bub up your Blunderbuss.**—The Frimley murder 256 created a great sensation at this time. The victim was the 177 REV. MR. HOLLEST, and the trial of JONES, SMITH and HARWOOD, had many curious points of interest. The Burglaries in 1850 were alarming, many of them being attended with more or less violence.



HERE'S TO THE VOLUME.

AT one of the recent banquets given by *Punch* to himself, in commemoration of the commencement of his Nineteenth Volume, he had the honour of proposing his own health, and returning his own thanks for his own compliment. In reply, he begged leave to excuse himself from rising, as he was already on his legs, and always meant to be, but, with his own permission, he would sing himself a song, if he would permit himself. The proposition from himself having been acceded to by himself, with a hearty inward cheer, or chuckle, *Mr. Punch* proceeded to chaunt, with a voice as clear as chanticleer, the following Bacchanalian:—

Here's to the Volume of jolly Nineteen,
For June, eighteen hundred and fifty;
Here's to old JUDY, of humour the queen,
And TOBY, the house-dog so thrifty.
Let the wine flow,
Rapid or slow,
I warrant 'twill prove an excuse for *bon mot*.

Here's to the artist whose cuts we so prize,
Here's to the writer of fun, Sirs,
Here's to the brain that the satire supplies,
Here's to the man with the pun, Sirs.
Let the wine flow, &c.

Here's to the SIBTHORP, who lets his tongue go,
As if he were playing bob cherry;
Here's to the HUME, that very "old Joe,"
At which we have laughed and made merry.
Let the wine flow, &c.

Let them be clever, or let them be dull,
I tickle them all with my feather;
So, pour me a bumper of ink out, quite full,
And I'll toast them and roast them together.
Let the wine flow,
Rapid or slow,
I warrant 'twill prove an excuse for *bon mot*.

Who's my Uncle?

A VARIOUS and important controversy is now raging in the *Chronicle*—whether LOUIS-PHILIPPE, when he dropt upon his knee at Stowe to LOUIS XVIII., was addressed as "my nephew," and whether the said LOUIS-PHILIPPE replied "my uncle!" Certain correspondents affirm that the Duke could not call the King his "uncle," there being no avuncular relationship between them: others maintain that, "particularly as regards Royal houses," the term uncle is indefinitely used on the continent, as a term of affection; even, we presume, as it is sometimes used in houses, not Royal, in England; when folks speak of certain objects bearing peculiar interest, they name them as being under the especial guardianship of their "uncle."

DESIGNS FOR THE PAVILION OF 1851.



bubbling beneath his velvet cap. There is a modest feature in SOYER's plan which deserves notice. He purposes to take the marble arch as a portico to his pavilion. On the top is to be raised a colossal emblematic group, "in honour of the proposer." We cannot refrain from exhorting our country, "*Soyez Généreux au Généreux Soyer*," and turn the marble arch into a pedestal for the great man whom the ungrateful and suicidal Reform Club have allowed to depart—the man who has civilised them. "As AUGUSTUS," one day observed the illustrious ALEXIS, with that humility which distinguishes true genius, "found Rome of brick, and left it of marble,—so I found the Reform Club '*aux gigots*,' and left it '*au béchamel*.'"

THE INSOLENT OF BEADLEDOM.

BEADLEDOM has been for some years growing upon us, until at last it has come to be looked upon as one of the Institutions of the country, and as such it is liable to abuse, for the guarding against which all our vigilance is required. Beadledom, once confined to the parish, has crept into our squares, insinuated itself into our arcades, and, indeed, become so general, that to say we are literally swarming with beadles would be no extravagant figure. As an Institution, when it grows with vigour, is liable to run into prurient excess, so the increase of beadledom has been attended with results, in some respects, deplorable.

The cocked hat has been cocked up somewhat too high, and the staff has been brandished a little too boldly in these latter days, when, indeed, we might have expected that one of CARLYLE's latter-day pamphlets would have been devoted to beadledom. Its insolence has, however, received a blow at the hands of the respectable Court of Aldermen, whose wives and daughters were, in a recent instance, treated, by mistake, as if they formed part of the public in general. It is the usual practice of beadledom to cringe to authority, and play the Jack-in-office to the outer world; and as a flunky may not know all the members of a numerous family, so a beadle may now and then make a mistake, by acting the bully where he would otherwise have played the sycophant.

We are rejoiced at seeing the humbled head of abashed beadledom bruised by the hand of superior authority, and though it is only civic insolence that has felt the blow, we feel that Jack-in-office-dom all over the world has received a lesson which will not be lost upon the whole universe of underlings, who generally act upon the principle that the less authority they legitimately possess, the more will they assume to add to it.

A Vehicle for Satire.

THERE were, of course, hundreds of equipages of all sorts at the House of Lords on the night of the grand debate on LORD STANLEY's motion, but it was remarked by ourselves as a very odd coincidence, that the carriage of the CHEVALIER BUNSEN was immediately followed by a very shabby BROUGHAM, which gave the idea of a most disreputable turn out.

Prize Medal for the Exhibition of 1851.

WE are informed that the legend selected for the Prize Medal is, "England hopes for peace with all the world." The obverse is to be BRITANNIA with a Young Lamb, *vice* the Old Lion. What if, for the reverse, the Committee chose a head of PALMERSTON, *sparrant*, with the legend, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*."

EVERAL persons are of opinion that the prevailing character of these designs—which have been shown by that eminently Civil Institute of Engineers—is the absence of any character at all.

There is the long design—of the early English Shed character, extremely plain—ugly in the highest degree. There is ditto with domes, looking like a system of gigantic rat-traps. There seem to be only two objections to a dome of the size proposed in most of these designs. The first is, that it is very doubtful whether it can be erected at all, and the second, that it will be of no possible use if erected. The Committee have, therefore, determined on having such a dome. Then there are the florid composite designs, which are in no style at all, being of all styles together.

SOYER has of course sent a plan, which ought, properly, to be called a recipe. The illustrious man is bent on becoming an Architectural as well as a Gastronomic Regenerator. His design is remarkable for the prominence given to the culinary department; and perhaps, if the dome proposed by the Committee could be turned upside down, the illustrious chef might make it useful as a soup-kettle of all nations. SOYER clearly sees in the Exposition a glorious opportunity for exhibiting the industry of the kitchen on a gigantic scale; colossal casseroles are already simmering in his brain, and monster marmites are

ENCOURAGEMENT TO ENTER THE ARMY; OR A SCARE-CROW TO FRIGHTEN RECRUITS.

MAJOR-GENERAL NAPIER writes a letter to the *Times*, Which, we consider, at our hands requires a few short rhymes; He gives the touching story, line for line, and word for word, Of RICHARD OGDEN, lately private in the Forty-Third, Who served in the Peninsula—is now an aged man— And has just been discharged as a disabled veteran.

Now what should you imagine is the worn-out hero's pay? A war-medal, and fivepence to subsist upon per day. When he from his parish asks what Government denies, "Nonsense! you're a pensioner!" the Union Board replies; Two-and-elevenpence a week have OGDEN and his wife; That's all between the pair to keep together soul and life. Out of this pittance, which can't find them half enough to eat, Rent, and (of all things) Taxes, this old soldier has to meet.

MAJOR-GENERAL NAPIER asks if COBDEN, BRIGHT, and STURGE, From ALBERT's Show of warlike arms who the exclusion urge, Would probably object to OGDEN's being there displayed, A sample English veteran by a grateful country paid?

Easy is the answer: MESSEURS COBDEN, STURGE and BRIGHT, Could not possibly desire a more persuasive sight, To hinder from enlistment any spirited young man, Than RICHARD OGDEN, shown as "The Rewarded Veteran."

LORD SACKCLOTH-AND-ASHLEYS.

WHEREAS,—On consideration of our desire to commemorate the pious services of our dear cousin, the Member for Bath, and heretofore known as LORD ASHLEY,—

It is our pleasure, that, in consideration of our dear cousin's successful attempt to shut up, put down, and otherwise confine and castigate Sunday, that he shall henceforth assume the title and name of—

LORD SACKCLOTH-AND-ASHLEYS;

And further, that he shall be empowered to quarter a cinder-sieve with his armorial bearings,—a cinder-sieve with a Pilgrim's Shirt of Sackcloth proper.

Given under our hand, at our Office, 85, Fleet Street, June 24, 1850,

PUNCH.



A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE NINTH.

MRS. MOUSER POLITELY BEGS THE ATTENTION OF LORD ASHLEY.

HEARING, *Mr. Punch*, to my great pride—and what aunt PEACOCK called a proper pride, I was always proud to confess to; for pride, as she used to say, to human creatures, is like wings to a bird, there's no getting up in the world without it—hearing, *Mr. Punch*, that my little Sunday Bill of Parliament, with which I was so bold as to trouble you last week, has been taken in the most affable manner by LORD ASHLEY, and what the Exeter Hall beadle calls his Lordship's Bird of Paradise Tail, meaning, as he says, no disrespect to MR. DE NEWGATE, MR. STUMPTREE, and such others;—hearing, as I say, that what I must call my little maiden effort at a Bill—for MOUSER says it's a word I've still a right to in such a matter—has set LORD ASHLEY and his friends a-thinking how to give proper effect to every one of my claws, I am still more emboldened to go on, putting Sunday in decent mourning, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, whether they will be benefited or no. Supposing LORD ASHLEY is determined to put Sunday into a strait-waistcoat, what has Sunday to do, but to sit down and accommodate itself to the clothing? His Lordship knows best what is fittest for Sunday in this world; and has, no doubt, as they say in the newspapers, intelligence, private and exclusive, from the next. We ought to bless ourselves, as the beadle says, that we've such a pillow of camphor among us—such spikenard in the House of Commons, such Bank incense to keep Parliament from corruption.

And therefore it is—whatever MOUSER might say to the contrary—that I've kept awake and restless these two nights for the good of my country, and out of the highest respect to LORD ASHLEY in particular. I feel, as I tell MOUSER, that every female ought to be with his Lordship in his struggle with the Sabbath. When the dear good man has railroads and steamboats against him, we of the weaker sex—as man in his conceit (and it's just like his impudence!) calls us—we of the tenderer sex ought never to rest until to a woman we're with him. The proper way to begin with Sunday—as I say to MOUSER—is in the kitchen! Cold meat is the first step to a pure state. The roasting jack, as I observe, is the prime mover of carnal sin: it works, though nobody sees it—but it does work for all that, with the steam-engine on railways, with steamboats, and with the penny post. Stop the Sabbath roasting-jack, and you bind ROWLAND HILL over in chains to keep the peace all the Sunday.

And, therefore—at the Fancy Sackcloth Sabbath Fair, which is about to be held, but of which I shan't say another syllable at this moment—therefore aren't LORD ASHLEY's blade-bones nat'rally expected to carry all before 'em? For it is well known to all his Lordship's kitchen that he always—out of example to the nobility and gentry who, somehow, won't follow him—always keeps a cold Sunday. I'd defy any living creature, with the sharpest pair of eyes, let him watch the whole blessed day, to see a single whiff of smoke come out of any of his Lordship's Sunday chimnies. With his Lordship, for these five years past, a cold shoulder of mutton is the Sunday dish—and all to his glory!

Which brings me to the blade-bones. When I was a girl, I remember reading about a BARON TRENCK who married some Emperor's sister against his will, and was seized upon in the very first step of the honeymoon and shut up in a cell, where he cut all sorts of fancy-work upon his tin mugs; which mugs fetch more than virgin gold. Well, the beadle of the Hall tells me—and though MOUSER won't believe it, I'll be sworn for every syllable—that there's Exeter Hall, with portraits of LORD ASHLEY, MR. DE NEWGATE, MR. STUMPTREE, and others, beautifully cut on each of the cold shoulder-of-mutton blade-bones of his Lordship, which, with a running text going round 'em in a hemlock border, is expected to bring any amount of money; no really pious family being expected to feel comfortable without one.

But, *Mr. Punch*, supposing that at the Fancy Sackcloth Sabbath Fair about to be held, as I hear, in the Thames Tunnel—being a comfortable and serious place, quite away from flaunting giddy daylight—supposing that the HON. MISS VERJUICE, who has kindly undertaken the Blade-bone Stall, has all his Lordship's bones for the last five years, why how many will that be? Let's see; for after all, as MOUSER says, not that I quite believe him, "the basis of every moral object is arithmetic;" let's see the number:—

A shoulder of mutton once a week for a twelvemonth	52
Multiply by five years	5
Total blade-bones	260

Now, taking, as MOUSER says, morals at the lowest ebb, and supposing every cut and carved shoulder-blade fetches only three pounds, this will give us—

	260
	3
Price of blade-bones at £3	£780

Well, with this—we'll call it eight hundred pounds, for of course many people won't think of taking change out of their five-pound-notes—with this eight hundred pounds, I propose that we shall buy a piece of ground in the very heart of London—if it has a heart, which I doubt—and having bought it, that we (that is, a Society, that's as easily hatched out of the Hall—the beadle assures me—as a dove's egg's hatched under MR. CANTELO) that we make over the whole plot to LORD ASHLEY, to rear a pattern Sunday upon after his own heart, entirely for the carrying out his own will and pleasure, and to the confusion of the stiffnecked and vain-glorious of all Sabbath-breaking England.

"MOUSER," said I, wanting a name. "When we've bought the plot, what shall we call it?"

"ASHLEYOPOLIS," said MOUSER; and though I don't know what it means, it sounds well, and, as the beadle observed, rolls full out of the mouth, like double XX out of a bottle.

ASHLEYOPOLIS—built upon Sunday blade-bones—will have a moral in the very foundation that is quite reviving to think of when we remember the beginnings of some places. Why, *Mr. Punch*, there's nothing in all *Pilgrim's Progress* like it. And won't it in a space of London—don't you think we could get Smithfield?—like a lump of salt-petre, help to keep all sweet and wholesome about it? Then his Lordship can really show us what he means to make of Sunday—and folks be edified and converted accordingly.

Whilst the Fancy Sackcloth Fair is only upon the carpet, I can't be expected to go fully into it; but as I feel my thoughts upon the matter growing like mustard-seed, you must allow me—money being the great matter—to offer another notion that's come into my head, to show how a handsome sum might be raised upon his Lordship's Fancy Portrait. And—if you please—in this way.

It was only yesterday that I went to the Zoological Gardens to see the doings of the Arab Snake Charmers, JABAR ABOU HAIJAB and his friend, with the horrid reptiles of the establishment. It was altogether curious, and pleasant, and dreadful to see JABAR take up adders and rattlesnakes and tie 'em into true lovers' knots, and put 'em round his legs, like any Knight of the Garter. As for boas, he minded 'em no more than tape-worms!

Well, *Mr. Punch*, the thoughtless and giddy world, with mouths wide open, wondered, and that was all. Not so with your humble servant. No, Sir; I flatter myself I looked a little deeper. Not a single snake that, as the poet says, I didn't point a moral with his tail! And for the charmer himself, I saw no JABAR ABOU HAIJAB from stony Arabia, but in my mind's looking-glass, LORD ASHLEY, Member for Bath!

Yes, *Mr. Punch*, there was his Lordship, and there—that Post-Office Snake, only in the shape of the worst serpent of the lot—ROWLAND HILL! There was the Charmer from Bath, making no account at all of the speckled reptile—(and if I didn't see thousands and thousands of Post-Office heads worked and embroidered in his skin, I never saw anything!)—but twisting him round and round; and at last, tying him in a double knot—(as he has done in the House of Commons) and throwing him in a corner, to untie himself if he can!

That is what I said, *Mr. Punch*; and that is what I should like the people of all England to see. Therefore, I humbly propose to one of your artists, or any other Royal Academy man, to draw a portrait of LORD ASHLEY, the Post-Office Snake Charmer: showing his Lordship tying up the Serpent ROWLAND HILL in a Tyburn Knot, as a Sunday Moral for all Chimney Pieces.

This, *Mr. Punch*, would be a beautiful thing—an affecting thing; and upon Indy paper would go off in any number at the coming Fancy Sackcloth, to be held for the foundation of ASHLEYOPOLIS, (I believe I'm right in the spelling,) a settlement upon which I shall make bold to trouble you with another line, the week that's coming; and am therefore

Yours, to continue,
AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.

In Medio Tutissimus.

DURING the late trial sittings in the New House of Commons, it was remarked that SIR ROBERT PEEL shifted his seat repeatedly, sitting alternately on both sides of the House.

What a pity it is that no special accommodation has been provided for SIR ROBERT, who, with his accustomed relish for "three courses," finds only "two courses" provided for in the benches of the New House.

There ought to be a PEEL Bench, which would enable the occupant to sit on both sides of the House at once.

TURN, GENTLE BROUGHAM.

LORD BROUGHAM has appeared in at least five hundred different characters, but who would have thought of his turning out a distinguished foreigner after all, as he did, the other day, in the House of Lords?

"MUSIC HAS CHARMS." (P)

"Highbury, June 21, 1850.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"In my very joyfulness of heart, I cannot resist writing to you a few lines. You will sympathise with me, I know. Yes! He has left at last. He has returned to the country. He has gone home to his friends, and I am free. Oh, my dear Sir! how can I describe the delightful feeling of relief, the—the sensation of almost (if I may use such a term) rollicking quiet that I experience, after the tortures I have endured for this month past? You may think me mad for writing in this strain to a perfect stranger, (indeed I am perfectly acquainted with your admirable works): but no; whatever my mental disturbance may have been, I believe my mind to be in a tolerably healthy state now. I feel at peace with all mankind—I can open my window—I can sit at it. I can go through my accounts; transact my business; and—what bliss!—in quiet. WHY, SIR, HE WOULD BE AT IT FOR HOURS TOGETHER. Regardless of the feelings of his neighbours he would go from tune to tune, (he never had the perseverance



to learn one throughout); he would make the poor instrument gasp, grunt, squeak, puff—and what not; and sometimes—evidently made impatient by his own ridiculous incapacity—finish off an attempted sentimental air with such a flourish of his own composing, that I positively shudder when I think of it. Well, Sir, all this I have endured; and, I flatter myself, like a martyr: and now I am rewarded. He is gone; and with him, his very unpleasant Cornet-à-piston. Excuse me, my very dear Sir, for the liberty I have taken in addressing you; and believe me ever,

"Your constant, and now happy Subscriber,
"To Punch, Esq., &c., &c., &c. "FREDERICK ISLINGTON."

PROTEST.

"WE—ROBERT KEELEY and EDWARD WRIGHT—find in the *Times* the subjoined paragraph in reference to the motion of LORD BROUGHAM to turn M. BUNSEN, the Prussian Minister, out of the Peereses' Gallery of the House of Lords.

"Our brief report of LORD BROUGHAM's speech can give but a faint idea of the scene. Imagine WRIGHT at the Adelphi, or KEELEY uttering a tissue of coarse drolleries, and giving effect to every point by contortions of face and figure; and still the image will fall short of the reality. The gaunt figure of the noble and learned lord, as with his strong Border "burr" he delivered his points, must be brought before the imagination."

"Whereas the above-drawn parallel, in which it is attempted to place us in the same point of view, as professional comedians, with HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, amateur low comedy man to the House of Lords, is highly detrimental to our professional character as actors, and singularly unpleasant to our feelings as men, we protest against the repetition of any such parallel as untrue to the purpose intended, and cruelly unjust to ourselves. And for these, among other especial reasons:—

"We materially differ from LORD BROUGHAM, inasmuch as we conscientiously keep to our own line of business, never interfering with the characters of others.

"We only say what is set down for us; and therefore are not, like LORD BROUGHAM, answerable for all the nonsense that may come out of our mouths.

"We do not waste the time of the public; but, on the contrary, improve it, to the public profit and amusement.

"Moreover, we endeavour to hold the mirror up to Nature; and are not best satisfied, when we are cutting the most extravagant capers, and making the ugliest faces at her.

"Finally, if we do chance occasionally to make zanies of ourselves, we play the fool at a moderate cost, receiving very much less than £5000 per annum pension for the extravagance.

"(Signed) { ROBERT KEELEY, Theatre Royal, Haymarket.
 { EDWARD WRIGHT, Royal Adelphi."

THE NEW ROYAL GAME OF GOOSE.

THIS amusement derives its title partly from the circumstance that the scene of it is one of the Royal Parks, partly from its fun consisting in making fools or geese of the British Public. The present long evenings afford great facilities for the diversion under notice; which is got up by the gate-keepers of the Green-Park, for the delight of the rabble. The game is played in the manner following:—As many passengers as may present themselves are let into the Green-Park at Hyde-Park Corner up to 10 o'clock. At 10 precisely the gates are closed, and the gate-keepers take their departure. The Park remains shut until 12, when a gate is opened to relieve guard, and the imprisoned Public may take the opportunity of obtaining relief at the same time.

In the meanwhile they are confined like birds in a cage, and some antiquarian in after times will perhaps discover that Birdcage Walk was so called from its affording a promenade to the ragamuffins collected of an evening to enjoy the vexation and annoyance of the unlucky persons caged in the Park adjoining, and gesticulating and vociferating on the other side of the railings, or making ludicrous efforts to clamber over them amid the derision and execrations of the beholders.

MR. CAMPKIN, the Librarian to the Reform Club, who called attention the other day to this waggery of the Woods and Forests in the *Times*, well remarks that "written notices seven or eight feet high are not very legible at dusk." We may add, that if the notices stating the hours of closing the Parks were ever so conspicuous, it is not everybody that runs who could read them in the present state of popular education. The New Royal Game of Goose may be very droll; but surely the Woods and Forests, and the Gatekeepers, and the Ranger, might devise some practical joke more harmless than that of cooping people up in the night air from 10 to 12, in this country of bronchitis and consumption.

THE CITY ARTICLE.

A WELL-KNOWN Alderman was taken to see the Hippopotamus. He looked at it intently for a quarter of an hour, and then burst out of his reverie with the following remark:—"I wonder what sort of soup it would make!"



Puritan. "VERILY, BROTHER ASHLEY—BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
AND THE **POST**—WE HAVE MADE A NICE MESS OF IT."

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

VI.—ON AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

As you sit in the great drawing-room at the Megatherium or any other club, I dare say you will remark that as each man passes the great mirror in the middle room, be he ever so handsome or homely, so well or ill-dressed, so hurried or busy, he nevertheless has time for a good survey of himself in the glass, and a deliberate examination of his clothes and person. He is anxious to know what the glass thinks of him. We are anxious to know what all reflective persons think of us. Hence our constant pleasure in reading books of travel by foreigners: by HAJJI BABAS and Persian Princes; by LEDRU ROLLINS or German philosophers; by Americans who come to England; and the like. If the black gentleman in St. Paul's Churchyard, who was called away from his broom the other day, and lifted up into the Nepaulese General's carriage in the quality of interpreter, writes his account of London life, its crossings and sweepings, I have no doubt we shall all read it; and as for the Americans, I think a smart publisher might bring over a traveller from the States every season, at least, so constant is our curiosity regarding ourselves, so pleased are we to hear ourselves spoken of, of such an unflinching interest are we to us.

Thus, after reading LEDRU ROLLIN's book the other day, and taking the dismal view supplied of ourselves by that cracked, and warped, and dingy old Estaminet looking-glass, I, for one, was glad to survey my person in such a bright and elegant New York mirror as that of Mr. PARKER WILLIS; and seized eagerly, at a Railway Station, upon a new volume by that gentleman, bearing the fascinating title of "*People I have Met*." PARKER WILLIS is no other than that famous and clever N. P. WILLIS of former days, whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits; sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at WILLIS's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders, amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem; amusement always, with him or at him; with or at WILLIS the poet, WILLIS the man, WILLIS the dandy, WILLIS the lover—now the Broadway CRICHTON, once the ruler of fashion, and heart-enslaver of Bond Street, and the Boulevard, and the Corso, and the Chiaja, and the Constantinople Bazaar. It is well for the general peace of families that the world does not produce many such men; there would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses were such fascinatons to make frequent apparitions amongst us; but it is comfortable that there should have been a WILLIS; and (since the appearance of the Proser) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honour of that profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as WILLIS has done.

"There is more or less of truth," he nobly says, "in every one of the stories" which he narrates here in "*People I have Met*"—more or less, to be sure there is—and it is on account of this more or less of truth, that I for my part love and applaud this hero and poet so: and recommend every man who reads *Punch* to lay out a shilling and read WILLIS. We live in our country and don't know it: WILLIS walks into it and dominates it at once. To know a Duchess, for instance, is given to very few of us. He sees things that are not given to us to see. We see the Duchess pass by in her carriage, and gaze with much reverence on the strawberry leaves on the panels and her Grace within: whereas the odds are that that lovely Duchess has had at one time or the other a desperate flirtation with WILLIS the Conqueror: perhaps she is thinking of him at this very minute as her jewelled hand presses her perfumed cambric handkerchief to her fair and coronetted brow, and she languidly stops to purchase a ruby bracelet at GUNTER's, or to sip an ice at HOWELL and JAMES's. He must have whole mattresses stuffed with the blonde, or raven, or auburn memories of England's fairest daughters. When the female English aristocracy reads this title of "*People I have Met*," I can fancy the whole female peerage of WILLIS's time in a shudder: and the melancholy Marchioness, and the abandoned Countess, and the heart-stricken Baroness, trembling as each gets the volume, and asking of her guilty conscience, "Gracious goodness, is the monster going to show up me?"

"The greater number of his stories," WILLIS says, "embody such passages in the personal history of the eminent men and women of Europe as the author came to the knowledge of, by converse with the circles in which they moved"—and this is the point, rather than their own liveliness, elegance of style, and intrinsic merit, which makes them so valuable to English readers. We can't hope for the facilities accorded to him. As at Paris, by merely exhibiting his passport, a foreigner will walk straight into an exhibition, which is only visible to a native on certain days in the year; so with English aristocratic society, to be admitted into that Elysium you had best be a stranger. Indeed, how should it be otherwise? A lady of fashion, however benevolently disposed, can't ask every body to her house in

Grosvenor Square or Carlton Gardens. Say there are five hundred thousand people in London (a moderate calculation) who have heard of LADY P.'s Saturday evening parties and would like to attend them: where could her Ladyship put the thousandth part of them? We on the outside must be content to hear at second hand of the pleasures which the initiated enjoy.

With strangers it is different, and they claim and get admittance as strangers. Here, for instance, is an account of one BROWN, an American, (though, under that modest mask of Brown, I can't help fancying that I see the features of an N. P. W. himself): BROWN arrived in London with a budget of introductions like the postman's bag on Valentine's Day; he "began with a most noble Duke" (the sly rogue), and, of course, was quickly "on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair."

"As I was calling myself to account, the other day, over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a '*sonjours perdrez*,' even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people."

"I had, under a *press-papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards, and follow up the trump."

"JOHN MIMPSON, Esq., House of MIMPSON and PHIPPS, Mark Lane, London."

"The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mrs. (and probably Mrs.) JOHN MIMPSON."

After a "dialogue of accost," BROWN produced his introductory letter to MIMPSON, whom he finely describes as having "that *highly-washed* look peculiar to London city men:" and MIMPSON asked Brown to lunch and sleep at his villa at Hampstead the next day, whither the American accordingly went in a "poshay" with "a pair of NEWMAN's posters." BROWN might, as he owns, have performed this journey in an omnibus for sixpence, whereas the chaise would cost four dollars at least, but the stranger preferred the more costly and obsolete contrivance.

"Mrs. MIMPSON was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information led me through a superb drawing-room, and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence."

"It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner; but, at a turn in the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies."

"I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as 'Mr. Brown.'"

"With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me in to lunch. The speaker was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome; but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but, that she was not at all glad to see Mr. BROWN, was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convey with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow."

"The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather, and the other common-places, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a MIMPSON."

"Hand this to Miss ARMSTRONG," said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne."

"Miss BELLAMY, you mean, Sir."

"I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a courtesy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss BELLAMY—through THOMAS, the footman! Miss BELLAMY burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of Mrs. MIMPSON."

There's a rascal for you! He enters a house, is received coolly by the mistress (and if Mrs. MIMPSON had to receive every Brown in London—ye Gods! what was she to do?) walks into chicken fixings in a side room, and, not content with MIMPSON's sherry, calls for a bottle of champagne—not for a glass of champagne, but for a bottle; he catches hold of it and pours out for himself, the rogue, and for Miss BELLAMY, to whom THOMAS introduces him. And this upon an introduction of five years' date, from one mercantile man to another; upon an introduction, one of a thousand which lucky Brown possesses, and on the strength of which BROWN sneers at MIMPSON, sneers at Mrs. M., sneers at M.'s sherry, makes a footman introduce him to a lady, and assumes a bottle of champagne! Come, BROWN! you are a stranger, and on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair; but isn't this *un peu fort*, my boy? If Mrs. MIMPSON, who is described as a haughty lady, fourth cousin of a Scotch Earl, and marrying M. for his money merely, had suspicions regarding the conduct of her husband's friends, don't you see that this sort of behaviour on your part, my dear Brown, was not likely to do away with Mrs. M.'s little prejudices? I should not like a stranger to enter my house, pooh-pooh my Marsala, order my servant about, and desire an introduction to my daughter through him; and deferentially think, BROWN, that you had no right to be impudent somehow to somebody, as in this instance you certainly were.

The upshot of the story is, that Mrs. M. was dying to take her daughter to Almack's, for which place of entertainment BROWN, through one of the patronesses, LADY X., "the best friend he has," could get as

many tickets as he wished; and that, to punish Mrs. MIMPSON for her rudeness, and reward Miss BELLAMY for her kindness, BROWN got tickets for Miss BELLAMY and her Mamma, but would get never a ticket for Miss MIMPSON and hers—a wonderful story, truly, and with a wonderful moral.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS' ORDERLY.



It has long been known that a certain noble and learned lord is able to turn his hand to any thing; but few, perhaps, were aware that the grasp of that marvellous organ is so comprehensive as to include the truncheon of the policeman or the beadle's staff. By ordering CHEVALIER BUNSEN, however, out of the Peereesses' Gallery in the House of Lords the other night, his Lordship has come out in a fresh character, which no doubt will commend him to some highly select vestry in want of an illuminated parochial officer, or to Mr. COMMISSIONER MAYNE, if the situation of A. 1 should unfortunately become a vacancy in his corps. Some say that the noble and learned lord in question has ap-

proved himself the javelin-man of the Supreme Court of Justice. All agree that he has signalised himself in such a way as to deserve promotion for it; but opinions differ as to whether he should be created LORD HIGH CONSTABLE, or elevated to an Earldom under the title of BUMBLE and VAUX.

A NATIONAL RELIEF.

It seems very probable that England will be effectually relieved in a short time from the heavy burden she has been labouring under for some years, of reading the Parliamentary debates. The House of Lords is reduced to such a state of deafness, that it is quite impossible to hear a single word, and the new House of Commons is, it seems, equally hard of hearing. Under these happy circumstances—as the complaints, instead of improving, only grow worse—we may hope to see the joyful day when there will be no more Debates in the land, from the simple fact of its being no longer possible to report them. But in our joyfulness we should not forget the claims of a very intelligent class of the community, who will be suddenly thrown out of employment by this improved prospect of things. Their trials have been as severe as their patience in enduring them has been sublime. We know of no body of men who, in their painful course of business, suffer more and complain less. We allude to the reporters, the laborious gentlemen whose hard vocation it is to weave into long ropes of sentences the flimsy yarns which Honourable Lords and Members spin every night. But if those gentlemen cannot hear a word of these interminable yarns, it is very clear that there must rapidly be an end to their weaving; for newspaper proprietors, with all their liberality, will soon tire of paying a large corps of contributors in proportion to their talents, when those talents are only exercised in the difficult art of doing nothing.

They might as well be sent to report a Quakers' meeting as sit for hours in the gallery of either House, in the hopes of hearing a word of the causes that are facetiously "set down for hearing." In the joyfulness of our own escape we must not forget the price which others will have to pay for it, and we only trust that, in the event of the Debates being shortly occupied, according to our best hopes by a congenial blank, every reporter will receive such compensation from Government, as will not only make his old age comfortable, but allow him to look back with some degree of complacency upon the sufferings of his past youth. If a mere solicitor of the lately-deceased Palace Court receives £2000 for the loss of his situation, we think a reporter will not be over-paid upon being presented with five times that amount. Martyrs must be paid for, and we do not consider £10,000 by any means too much for a person who has been condemned for years to listen to the speeches of Parliament every night during the lingering session. We are sure the country will not object to pay this large sum, if it is only relieved from the Debates.

DRAMATIC MOVEMENT.—From Drury Lane to Her Majesty's Theatre, the Statue of SHAKSPEARE in a new coat of Plaster of Paris.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SUNDAY-BOUND LETTERS.

We have received a communication, signed St. MARTIN-LE-GRAND, of so wonderful a nature that, if it had come from anybody but a saint, and from any saint but St. MARTIN-LE-GRAND, we should never have believed it. St. MARTIN avers that the letters detained in a provincial Letter Box, have been, in the interval between Saturday and Monday, owing to the stoppage of postal communication in the meanwhile through puritanical legislation, so impatient of the delay, that they could not contain themselves, and have been actually heard to compare notes. He gives the following as a few out of many of their conversations:—

To letter A—which excites attention by heaving a deep sigh, as if from the heart of the writer—says letter B, "What are you about? You seem very sentimental; and you are sealed with a heart skewered on an arrow." "Ah!" replies A, "I am addressed by a poor mad young fellow, head-over-ears in love, to the object of his affections, who has unaccountably neglected to answer his last six billets. He writes to say that he will destroy himself unless he hears from her by return of Post. What is your news?" "Mine?" answers B, "why, rather urgent, I should say; briefly this:—Your father has had a fresh attack—put yourself into a postchaise and come up instantly, if you want to see him alive." "Anything particular?" asks letter C of letter D. "No," answers D. "I'm only from a wife who writes to tell her husband that an execution has been put into their house in his absence, and that he must return home directly, and not wait till the next day, or their goods will be all sold off at a loss, and she and her children turned into the street." "My tidings," remarks C, "are of some little importance." "So I should judge," observes E, "from your black seal." "They are these," says C:—"Dear Tom. Your poor uncle has died suddenly. He named you as his heir. Come up instantly, or that old woman will make away with everything in the house." "And I," says E, "am to a surgeon of Bartholomew's, now in the country, begging him to come up instantly, as the danger is imminent, and a patient's only chance is an operation."

Saint MARTIN-LE-GRAND says, that such news as that above instanced won't keep, and ought not to be kept even on Sunday; and we would take the word of St. MARTIN against that of St. ASHLEY, or St. PLUMPTRE.



THE PURITAN PENNY POSTAGE STAMP.

Our Own Report of the Drawing-Room.

At the Drawing-Room held by the QUEEN on Thursday, last week, the following persons of distinction had the honour of being presented to HER MAJESTY:—

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, on having had his policy censured by the House of Lords, by LORD ABERDEEN.

LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX, on having turned CHEVALIER BUNSEN out of the Peereesses' Gallery, by LORD JOHN MANNERS.

Mr. Punch, on having commenced his Nineteenth Volume, by Mr. PLUMPTRE.



Excited Gentleman. "THEY'RE OFF!—THEY'RE OFF!"

Quiet Lady. "ARE THEY, DEAR. WON'T YOU HAVE SOME PIE?"

A QUESTION PUT TO LORD FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE.

MY LORD,

You have lately done a very handsome thing, as the Governor of Portsmouth; in fact, two handsome things; for you have at once patronised art and done homage to naval and military glory. On the 8th, amidst explosive gunpowder and braying of trumpets, you exhibited to the delighted folks of Portsmouth two statues—done, it is said, out of your own private pocket—one of WELLINGTON and one of NELSON.

A philosopher—of course an ill-natured fellow who lived in a vinegar-cask—has said, "to pay honours to the dead, is the surest way of making bubbles of the living." I acquit your Lordship of any such sneaking motive: no, your trim statues are a pure offering of an heroic heart, paid down to heroism.

It is right that NELSON should be so honoured; but having so lately set up NELSON in stone, may I beg to ask you when—to the best of your knowledge—it is the intention of the two services to set up NELSON's daughter in a little gold?

Accept the assurance of my consideration,

PUNCH.

A STRONG SUIT IN DIAMONDS.—The Dress of the Nepaulese Ambassadors.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PLACE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As the Echo of the House of Commons, I don't know to whom I can better address myself than to you, who are the Echo of Public Opinion.

"I have been shamefully abused of late. I am accused of not doing my duty of fetching and carrying the utterances of the collected wisdom of the country. I am charged with dropping all manner of words in their passage from 'the floor' to 'the gallery,' with making the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER commit fearful blunders in arithmetic, with losing the points of COLONEL SIBTHORP'S jokes, and shamefully mutilating MR. HUME'S grammar.

"Sir, it is sometimes very lucky to have an Echo to fall back upon. But I appeal to the past. Do I deserve this? I, the old and tried servant of the Commons, who have had the honour of acting as *repetiteur* for every House since the time of SIMON DE MONTFORT; who saw through all the hard work of the Long Parliament; who assisted at the last dying speech of the Rump, and carried CROMWELL'S message, 'Take away that bauble!' to the scared ears of MR. SPEAKER; who saw JAMES out and WILLIAM in; who reported the Debates all through the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD; and have had the honour of being word-bearer to a SELDEN, a MARVELL, a PITT, a FOX, a BURKE, and a GRATTAN—I to be accused, in my old age, of failing to do my duty; of allowing Honourable Gentlemen to be 'inaudible in the gallery!'

"No, Sir—I throw back the accusation with scorn. I am as serviceable, and hard-working, and able-bodied an Echo as ever I was. I have not lost that power of discrimination which I have acquired through nearly five centuries of wearisome experience. I still know nonsense when I hear it. I have heard enough, and not now, any more than ever, do I repeat more than is absolutely necessary. If the country only knew what I do *not* carry, they would feel proper gratitude towards a public servant who has saved them from more false grammar, bad jokes, verbiage, rhodomontade, and Billingsgate, than any gentleman of the press who ever 'took a turn' in the gallery.

"I repeat it, Sir; the fault is not with me. In the Painted Chamber at Westminster I did my duty in the days of the Plantagenets. In St. Stephen's Chapel I was generally acknowledged to be irreproachable, down to the recent calamitous fire that burned out me and my employers. In the late temporary House I made myself at home, and satisfied Honourable Members; but I confess that MR. BARRY has been too much for me. In one word, Sir, it is all that new House! What with panelling, and crocketing, and finnikin, and finial, and arched recesses, and tracery, and slish and slash, and snip and snap, and filagree-work of all kinds, I cannot keep my sounds in decent order. I defy any Echo going to carry a message safely from any part of that room to

any other. They *will* be off, playing hide-and-seek among the fret-work and frippery, lurking in the darkness of the strangers' gallery, bolting, on the sly, in among the ladies who sit behind the bars up there, like so many doves in a cage. It was only the other day I found the darlings all in a titter at a bon-mot of MR. STAFFORD'S which had got up there, the sly thing, undetected by me or the House, and was having it all its own way among the ladies.

"I don't know how many withering sarcasms of MR. ROEBUCK may be at this moment taking it out in the sunk panels of the ceiling, or how many of SIR CHARLES WOOD'S Stamp Bill calculations may be groping through the dark in the unexplored recesses behind the Speaker's Chair.

"In short, Sir, I will not be answerable for any message that may be entrusted to me in the new House. If any other Echo can be found to do the business, let them engage that Echo. There is one at Exeter Hall, who has had a good deal of experience in the Evangelical and BOANERGES line of business; and perhaps now that LORD ASHLEY'S Resolution is carried, he may have no conscientious objections to work for the House of Commons. They talk about the Echos employed at the theatres. I should like to see the Covent Garden Echo in our new House. You might just as well set MARIO in SIR GEORGE GREY'S place, and tell him to make a speech on the Interment Bill.

"No, Sir; depend on it; I am all right enough, if MR. BARRY will only give me fair play.

"I don't know whether that gentleman is a friend of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE'S. But if the architect had considered how he might best bring about the consummation so much desired by the ingenious author of the Latter-Day Pamphlets, of reducing Parliament from a speaking to a silent body, he couldn't have hit upon a cleverer or more effectual way of doing it than by building such a House of Commons. They don't hold their tongues in it, it is true. But what they say can't be heard, which comes practically to much the same thing. Trusting that this will meet the ear of the Public,

"I remain, Mr. Punch, your obedient Servant,
"THE ECHO OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

CROWS SHOULDN'T PICK OUT CROW'S EYES.

THERE is something inconsistent in the opposition of the Undertakers to the Intramural Interments Bill. The worst thing they say of it is, that it is "a black job," though it is precisely by "black jobs" that they have hitherto secured their own livelihoods.

WANTED, FOR THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.—A discriminating Echo, to drown nonsense only.

ALBERT! SPARE THOSE TREES.



ALBERT! Spare those trees,
Mind where you fix your show;
For mercy's sake, don't, please,
Go spoiling Rotten Row.

That Ride, that famous Ride,
We must not have destroyed,
For, ne'er to be supplied,
Its loss will leave a void.

Oh! certainly there might
Be for your purpose found
A more congenial site
Than Hyde Park's hallowed ground.

Where Fashion rides and drives
House not industrial Art,
But 'mid the busy hives
Right in the City's heart.

And is it thy request
The place that I'd point out?
Then I should say the best
Were Smithfield, without doubt.

There, by all votes approved,
The wide world's wares display,
The Market first removed
For ever and a day.

PATHETIC APPEAL OF 42-POUNDERS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"TOM BINNACLE writes this for us, the long guns of the *Victory*, Portsmouth, and we do hope that your honour will so put our case afore the Lords of the Admiralty, that they'll take pity on us, as 42-pounders that have feelings, and what is more, characters to consider in HER MAJESTY'S—Heaven bless her!—naval service.

"*Mr. Punch*—We're not the sort of fellows to brag, whatsoever noise we may have made in the world; notwithstanding and for all that, it does seem a little hard to us; that we, who blazed away at Trafalgar, should be called upon to salute the DUCHESS OF KENT, a quiet old lady, every time she goes to take tea, or dinner, as it may happen, with her Royal daughter and Royal grandbabies, crossing from Portsmouth to Osborne. I'm sure, when we're thundering away, we must do her more harm than good; and when we think—for, after such a long peace, even guns are beginning to think—that we're blowing away some of the taxes in blank cartridge, and all for nothing but to bother and stun a gentlewoman that can't do her any real honour sumever, we put it to you, *Mr. Punch*, to put it to HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN—Heaven bless her again! say all of us—to order the gunner's mates to leave us in peace and quietness, saving the ears of the DUCHESS OF KENT, and the gunpowder of the people.

"*Portsmouth.*"

"Yours (TOM BINNACLE), for
"THE GUNS OF H. M. S. VICTORY."

GENTLE LOPEZ, TELL ME WHY?

WHY was the Cuban EXPEDITION not put an end to by the retreat of the American buccaneers?
BECAUSE they went away with much more EXPEDITION than they came!

ARTICLES INTENDED FOR THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.

OUR FAST MAN has sent to the Commissioners of the Grand Exhibition the list of the following articles which he intends to exhibit as specimens of his industry during the year 1851:—

- 11 Knockers, of the admired Lion's Head pattern, taken from the doors of the Nobility
- 2 Gross of "Fun of the Fairs," or scratchers.
- 1 Portrait of PRINCE ALBERT and VICTORIA (2ft. by 6in.) in gilt gingerbread—reckoned very good—early impression.
- 23 Pincushions and Wooden Pears, won at Greenwich.
- 1 Handle of a Pump, and Iron Ladle, complete—very rare.
- 25 I O U's given at cards, with autographs of several distinguished young men about town.
- 366 Genuine Letters from a rich assortment of tradesmen, all having "a little bill to take up next week."
- 1 Painting in Oil, with inscription "Milk sold here."
- 1 Free Admission to JULLIEN'S Concert for 1850, with JULLIEN'S sign manual (written with the two I's) in the corner, and a private memorandum "Not Transferable."
- 1 Richly-coloured clay pipe, not more than two inches long, intended to be worn in the waistcoat pocket, with bowl perfectly black—quite unique.
- 8 Tickets in various sweepstakes; which, if the respective horses had won, would have given the lucky holder prizes to the amount of £15,000.
- 25 Bad sixpences taken from 'bus conductors on wet nights.
- 14 Hats of different sizes taken away in mistake from evening parties. (Names of makers inside).
- 14 Coats to match.
- 2 Shares in the Frankfort Lottery, with prizes, payable at Frankfort, of 2s. 2d. each.
- 7 Pewter pots, highly embossed, found late at night on area railings, and never reclaimed.
- 1 Garden Roller (once the property of a fashionable Square).
- 1 Mortgage-deed of a valuable stop-watch (duplicate movement).
- 52 Checks to the Haymarket, Adelphi, Lyceum, and Strand Theatres—all admissible at half price.
- 4 Refreshment Vouchers for Cremorne Gardens, entitling the fortunate possessor to refreshments not exceeding the value of sixpence each ticket.
- 1 Return ticket from Rosherville, dated July 1850—the memorable night of BARON NATHAN'S benefit.

SINCERITY IN BLACK.

Now that the metropolitan Interments Bill has passed the House of Commons, a stigma will have been removed from the character of undertakers. These gentlemen will no longer be chargeable with hypocrisy in wearing mourning.

"O, SI SIC OMNES."

THERE has lately been started on the Thames a new steam-boat with the old title of the *Emmet*. It certainly is the very worst name for a sea-going craft, since no one will go on board the *Emmet* without thinking of an Emmet-ic.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THE great attraction of the Hippopotamus.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE TENTH.

MRS. MOUSER PROPOSES AN EXHIBITION OF LORD ASHLEY'S
MODEL SUNDAY.

THE finger of fortune is in it, *Mr. Punch*, and points out Smithfield as the very place for the model ASHLEYOPOLIS. I'd hardly put my last "Bit" in the post when I saw the Parliament Report that recommends the repeal of Smithfield as a market-place for cattle; which leaves it beautifully open for our moral experiment on a grand scale; for the large and wholesome exhibition of Sunday, according to LORD ASHLEY; which brings me to a notion that, at once, as with a pair of tweezers, I feel it my duty to nip in the bud. Which is this.

There's that MRS. HORNBLOWER—if she could only hear what people said of her, I think she'd look a little more after her family concerns: mending public morals is very well, when there isn't a single hole in a stocking at home—well, there's that MRS. H., I hear, has writ a letter—and like her impudence!—to PRINCE ALBERT, to ask for a few acres in the new Exhibition, which they're weeding Hyde Park for at this minute of all the British oaks—to show a Model British Sunday, as a specimen of Parliament Manufacture, for the improvement and conversion of all the foreigners that's coming. A Model Sunday, as she says, that will put all Paris to the blush, and not leave Brussels or Vienna a single leg to dance upon! Now, *Mr. Punch*, if this was granted—not that it will be, the dear Prince has too much sense for that—a grand idea would be cut up into a little kickshaw—just as though a magnificent venison pasty for Guildhall should be frittered away into nothing better than penny pies.

No, *Mr. Punch*; Smithfield is to be hired, and it will be a beautiful satisfaction to the calves and sheep that have suffered there, to have their market turned into a place, where the wickedness of human nature may be rebuked—as the Beadle of the Hall says—by the hockey-stick of MR. STUMPTREE. It will be sweet and refreshing, where bullocks have been baited, to put an iron-ring in the noses of worldly pride; charming, where little lambs have bleated for the water-brooks and didn't find 'em, to mortify the flesh of Sunday sinners, thirsting for country air, and—it may be—a steam-boat on the Thames.

I should be ashamed of my fellow-creatures if I could doubt that the money taken at the coming Sackcloth Sabbath Fair would not be enough, and more, to hire Smithfield for once a week—for the Exhibition of the Model Sunday would, of course, only be wanted every seventh day while the Park Show lasts—and then as for the building, all we want would be a monster tent, painted black with a sort of doom—an allegory the Beadle says it should be—fire red, to hover above the top of it.

Why, I quite burn and glow with the thought. As the Beadle says, my spirit's like an axle tree—(not that I know where the tree grows)—that kindles as it turns, with the idea! Again, as money—say twopence, for it wouldn't be right to go higher than St. Paul's—as money would be taken at the doors of the Tent, the Exhibition would more than pay itself.

There's no doubt of it, that five hundred families—running, we'll say, five apiece—could be accommodated under the Tent, to carry out Sunday in a way that should preach, as the Beadle says, thunderbolts. In order that the whole day might be properly done, the families should meet, not later than daylight, on the Sunday morning, to begin with the beginning, and not leave before twelve at night, to go through the model day. And first for the people showing themselves.

LORD ASHLEY—as they say in the papers—is expected to preside on the occasion. With him there will be more than a sprinkling of the heads of the Church; with MR. STUMPTREE, MR. DE NEWGATE, and all the majority that sealed up the Sunday post. Everybody is to show a pattern of everybody helping himself on the Model Day; so that the master shall be his own footman, and the mistress her own maid-of-all-work.

As for the time between the hours of devotion—which, of course, is to be according to everybody's conscience—that is to be passed in a way that will strike home to the hearts and hearth-stones of the thoughtless wicked, for whose good the exhibition is intended. It isn't for me to give rules outright; I can only embolden myself so far, as to drop here and there a hint.

I am aware that I approach a delicate subject—shaving. Nevertheless, in these times, people are to speak out. I think all shaving, and so I have told MOUSER, should take place on the Saturday night. Neither do I think that water ought to be set to boil on Sundays; but that people, with a proper interest in their own welfare, will only do what is right to take a serious breakfast of cold tea.

A hot dinner is, of course, an abomination—the oven being by no means second to a fiery furnace. If people would only think of things in their proper light, wouldn't they—says the Beadle of the Hall—wouldn't they shudder at the very notion of a shoulder-of-mutton baked; with the gravy hissing among the potatoes beneath? They'd see in that scorched shoulder, and hear in that bubbling and hissing gravy, a warning and a sermon that is too dreadful to think upon.

As for Sunday clothes, nobody under the Tent will presume to wear anything but the deepest black; silver grey, perhaps, being allowed for infants and the younger branches. As for ribbons, they must be looked upon as carnal ties; and so much as a single flower in a bonnet, little better than flower of brimstone.

The time under the Tent not spent in service is to be enjoyed in perfect silence; everybody sitting and wondering at and applauding his own goodness—and, as the Beadle says, patting his own spiritual head, and thinking how, in that sweet, sad-coloured tent, he is so much better than the flaunting, forlorn people, who—having been to church—go into the fields; and letting their thoughts, like butterflies, rove from tree to tree, and flower to flower, have in 'em no more religion than the larks above their heads, that are singing they don't know why, and are happy in their ignorance because they can't help it.

The Beadle of the Hall tells me—and he had it from the black man with the broom that is now the esquire to the Nepalese Ambassadors—that there's an Indian God that does nothing but sit cross-legged, thinking of nothing soever but his own sweetness and goodness—his own elevation above all other creatures. Now, that's the state I wish to get into: that's the state that everybody who—with proper earnestness—makes one for LORD ASHLEY'S Model Sunday, must hope to arrive at. For why does his Lordship, MR. STUMPTREE, MR. DE NEWGATE, and so forth, take the Sunday Post out of the hands of the wicked? Why, for this humble reason; they know best what is right, and therefore—with a beautiful boldness that comes of true piety, says the Beadle—will make the Seventh Day for other people.

I hope, however, that when his Lordship takes his place in the Smithfield Tent, he will "improve" upon the Sunday, to the profit of this wicked land, and to the further delight in particular, of his

Lordship's faithful servant,

AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.



NOT TO BE DELIVERED UNTIL MONDAY.

NEW DAILY SUMMARY OF THE DEBATES.

When both Houses of Parliament will be finished.

THE House of Lords met yesterday at a quarter-past four, and sat for six hours. As not a word of the Debates was audible, we are saved the trouble of reporting them.

The House of Commons assembled early in the afternoon, and did not adjourn till long past midnight. We are sorry we are not in a position to say what the Debate was upon, for though we were in the gallery all the time, we did not hear a single syllable.

Editor's Remarks on the above Summary.

We are spared the necessity of offering any comments upon the subject of the Debates that occupied the attention of our two Houses of Legislature for so many hours last night, from the simple fact that we are perfectly at a loss to conjecture what the subject of those Debates was. We could not ascertain, nor could any one inform us. Under these circumstances our task is very slight, for we have only to act upon the old rule which enjoins every rational creature never to talk unless he has something to talk upon. As we have absolutely nothing to say, we congratulate ourselves upon the great prudence we display in holding our tongues.

THE FOOLERY OF FASHION.



OUR daily experience teaches us that, *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*, and it is equally a fact that everybody is playing the fool at all hours. The present practice of what is called the fashionable world is to kill time, not merely in the old established modes, but to shuffle the hours together in such an extraordinary way, that it is quite impossible to form any notion of time's having any existence whatever. We find the *beau monde* dining when it ought to go to bed, dancing when it ought to be taking its luncheon, going to bed when it ought to be getting up, and having its breakfast when it ought to be taking its dinner.

There is such an indescribable confusion of hours, as to remind us of the

worst days of St. Clement's Clock, or that disgraceful series of escapades in which the timepiece of the Horse Guards indulged when it used to resort to the figure of "hands across, and back again," or indulge in a "grand round" of all the hours at once in the course of twenty minutes. We are in hopes that the *reductio ad absurdum* that has been effected in the hours kept by the world of fashion will soon work a cure, or lead to an essential improvement, inasmuch as it is quite impossible that the present practice of dining between 9 and 10 P. M., dancing at noon, and breakfasting in the evening, can be persisted in much longer, if the *beau monde* is to claim credit for sense of the very commonest character.

We confess ourselves also thoroughly nauseated by the names given in the fashionable papers to the entertainments of what are called the higher classes, who have introduced what they term *thés dansantes*, or dancing teas, and other similar absurdities. If we are to have a series of dancing teas, why not a course of musical dinners, lyric luncheons, scientific milk-and-waters, literary bread-and-cheeses, or any other ridiculous combination of what the vulgarians would call "grub" and gaiety? We shall be hearing shortly that the VISCOUNTESS WHIRLIGIG has given an *eau de vie dansante*, and, as CAPTAIN JOHNSON would have said, "Why not?" for it would be quite as rational as a dancing tea, and far more spirited. We have never yet been to a dancing tea, but the subject always brings to our mind the magnificent *tableau* of BARON NATHAN and his popular fandango among the eggs and breakfast-cups.

THE PENNY-POST-CARRIER-PIGEON-SUNDAY-SOCIETY.

A NEW society is about to be organised with the above title. Its object is to deliver parcels on a Sunday between neighbouring towns. At a distance of every thirty miles there will be a fresh relay of pigeons. By this means a letter—we mean a parcel—will be conveyed from London to Manchester very much quicker than if it had been sent through the post. A pigeon will start every two hours,—thus enabling a person to send a letter and receive an answer on the same day. It is calculated that each pigeon can with the greatest safety carry twenty-four letters, the size of which will be limited by a scale; and as some hundreds of pigeons would fly off at once, it is easily calculated how enormous the returns will be in the course of a day, for the number of pigeons would only be restricted by the number of letters. Pigeon-holes would be established at different parts of the metropolis for the reception of letters,—only when we say letters, of course it is understood we mean parcels. The only difference would be, that the letters would have to be strung round with coloured thread, for fear the Post-Office might cry out against an interference with its monopoly, and prosecute private individuals for deriving any emolument from the execution of a duty which it refuses to carry out itself. We wish this new Carrier-Pigeon-Sunday-Society every success.

A Nice Little Volume.

AMONG new works lately advertised, we find—

"The Great Gorham Case: a History, in five books. In one vol. 3s. 6d. cloth."

We can confidently recommend the perusal of this book—by way of penance for heresy on the subject it relates to, provided the Court of Arches and the Privy Council, between them, can agree as to what heresy is.

HYDE PARK IN JEOPARDY.

We live in an age of mutation,
And a warehouse as big as an Ark,
To exhibit the goods of each nation,
Will illustrate that truthful remark,
By the pleasant and nice alteration
Its erection will make in Hyde Park.

No more the superior classes
Will parade their vain elegance there;
But your blithe lads and frolicsome lasses
Give the place quite a different air:
'Twill be crowded, in fact, by the masses,
And by Greenwich instead of May Fair.

No longer fine ladies shall amble,
With their delicate airs, in the Ride;
The soft Guardsman no longer will gambol
At the frivolous horsewoman's side,
But the holiday-mob push and scramble,
Scorning all ostentation and pride.

With tobacco the gale shall be loaded,
Now so fragrant with bouquets and scents,
And the Waterloo cracker exploded,
Mid much noise like the tearing of rents:
* Whilst we're rather—not much—incommoded
By our backs being rasped by the gents.

The gentle and mild conversation,
Softened down by Society's law,
Will give place to the rough exclamation,
To the lively and boisterous jaw,
To the loud, jolly, bold imprecation,
And the roaring and hearty guffaw.

The flowers will no longer their sweetness
In the Gardens of Kensington waste;
They'll be plucked with surprising completeness,
And the grounds will be somewhat defaced.
Never care for their order and neatness—
After all, that's a matter of taste.

The great human tide will ebb nightly,
And its scum in the Park leave behind,
There to harbour—nice characters, slightly,
It may be, unto pillage inclined;
If Belgravia and Pimlico lightly
Weigh this danger—why then, never mind.

THE DEEP AND ARTFUL IN FOREIGN POLICY

PUNCH hereby gives notice of a motion to have the following passage from MR. ROEBUCK'S speech in defence of LORD PALMERSTON'S policy printed in letters of gold:—

"Now, Sir, I at once acknowledge that I wish the people of England would entirely withdraw from these miserable consultations and diplomatic relations with all nations. (*Hear, hear.*) I feel degraded when I see the name of England prostituted in such discussions. (*Hear, hear.*) I want no representative in the shape of an ambassador to any Foreign Court, to protect our rights—let it be the great name of England—and let it be on the Mediterranean our ships and nothing more."

That's the plan for BRITANNIA in dealing with foreigners, to abandon the artful dodge, and conduct her manoeuvres only on the deep.

Shakspeare à la Française.

To some tastes SHAKSPEARE, like railway accounts, must be cooked in order to be made pleasant. On the occasion of some recent festivities, M. SOYER, as we learn from the *Morning Post*, produced an invention in gastronomy. Our contemporary informs us that "the new culinary innovation" (a rather peculiar kind of innovation that must be), "was named *Croustade Shakspearienne à la Halévy Scribe*."

Croustade, friend SOYER? Oughtn't it to have been *salmi*? Surely, if you meant to concoct a Shakspearian dish in the style of SCRIBE and HALÉVY, you should have made a hash of it.

A JOKE FROM MR. SPEAKER.

As the tellers on the Vote of Confidence division advanced to declare the numbers, the Speaker—with doubtless a prophetic sense of the majority of 46—said, with a benignant smile at Ministers—"Gentlemen will be pleased to keep their places."

MR. SEESAW'S CONDUCT IN PARLIAMENT
DURING THE LATE DEBATES.

THE conduct of MR. SEESAW in the circumstances which have been of late engaging the attention of the country, and calling forth the eloquence of both Houses of Parliament, has been exceedingly puzzling to MR. SEESAW himself, and such as all his friends expected of him. Unbiased by party, his motto, "measures not men," his firmly expressed determination being to "rally round the British Oak," the independent electors of Noodleborough, of which town the distinguished gentleman is a native, chose him lately as their representative, in place of the veteran DADDLES, who thought that, because he had represented the borough since the Reform Bill, he might dispense with treating and the usual ceremonies which he had performed at the previous elections. Having signified his intentions to this effect, MR. POUNCE, Solicitor, and Mayor of the Town of Noodleborough, discovered with regret that MR. DADDLES was no longer a fit person to be returned to Parliament by such a constituency as that of Noodleborough, and proposed the accomplished and wealthy MR. SEESAW in opposition to the former member. MR. DADDLES was vanquished in the contest, and MR. SEESAW has been in Parliament for the last three years.

Five or six courses were open to MR. S. on his commencing his parliamentary career: to join the ministerial party, or that of the opposition, or that of SIR ROBERT PEEL, or that of the advanced liberals, or to be himself a party open to all and fettered by none. This latter line MR. SEESAW chose, and sometimes voted one way and sometimes another, with a praiseworthy impartiality which had its merits and advantages.

A man who has his vote in his pocket is always an interesting character. When you see MR. WIGSBY going down to the House, or SIR JOHN HAWBUCK, nobody cares to know how *they* will vote. Their opinions are the opinions of their party, and DON PACIFICO is either an injured individual who merits redress, or an old rogue who deserves to have his house turned out of windows, according to the opinion of their leaders.

NOW SEESAW is not a thick and thin Protectionist like HAWBUCK, or a mere ministerial minion like WIGSBY. He has lodgings in Saint James's Street, half-way between Brooks's and the Conservative; and when he first entered Parliament, he declared that one club, the Oxford and Cambridge, was quite sufficient for him, and that he must wait for a year or two, and economise after his electioneering expenses, before he could afford to pay the entrance-money to any other club.

He always said, he was free to avow, that he thought the Government of the country should be wisely liberal, and cautiously, though energetically, progressive. The Corn-Laws being repealed, it was his firm opinion that the Free Trade system should have a fair trial: at the same time, if it was found that our agricultural interests (and our manufactures through them) suffered so much that some protection was absolutely necessary to maintain them; he, for one, reluctantly but firmly, would consent to a modification of the present system.

An enemy to religious cant, and a friend to tolerance and freedom, MR. SEESAW could not but see, was proud to see, that ours was eminently a religious country; and admiring as he did the honesty and philanthropy of LORD ASHLEY, and the great and good party whom he represented (with some of whose extreme views he could not however take upon himself to concur), and subscribing from the depths of his heart to the doctrine that the Government officials—and by consequence those in the Post-Office—should have every possible labour spared to them on the Sunday; MR. SEESAW, though he would not vote with the noble lord, yet certainly on that subject would not vote against him—and warmly complimented LORD JOHN upon his resolution not to interfere—a compliment which must have surprised and delighted his lordship, and given him a high opinion of MR. SEESAW's conscientious patriotism.

From the day of his entrance into the House of Commons, MR. SEESAW made a point of cultivating the acquaintance of gentlemen of all parties, and being an agreeable person of much anecdote, and pleasing humour, had soon a pretty large acquaintance. Good Heavens! what a brilliant wit, what a tearing invective, what a consummate rhetoric, MR. DISRAELI possesses! he would say, when the Honourable Member for Buckinghamshire spoke, whom MR. SEESAW invariably cheered with frantic enthusiasm. What a spirit there is about LORD JOHN,—the same panegyrist would remark—what a high-minded English statesman, what a plucky man he is! which remark he made with special enthusiasm with regard to his Lordship's contest on the Sunday Bill. He cheered the chivalry of COLONEL SIBTHORP: he would go a hundred miles to hear CORDEN, and MR. FOX was as great an orator as his illustrious namesake. He admired honest men of all opinions, MR. SEESAW generously said, but SIR ROBERT and SIR JAMES he did not like so well, because their opinions were not decided, and he did not like vacillating men.

As MR. SEESAW had always a case of the very best cigars in the kingdom in his pocket, and offered them liberally to the young fellows of all parties in the House, he became speedily acquainted with many,

cementing the acquaintance by many handsome dinners at Greenwich, whither he invited the young Whig and Tory gentlemen; and, after a brief space, he became on terms of friendship with some of the young men's families, and his name might be seen as among the company at some of the most fashionable parties in London.

It is impossible to say how keen was MR. SEESAW's anguish when he heard that LORD STANLEY (a man whose honesty and admirable powers as an orator he thought could not be too highly praised,) was determined to push his motion against LORD PALMERSTON in the Lords. His own opinions on the case had always been delivered in a perfectly straightforward manner. No man could doubt the integrity of LORD PALMERSTON; that our fellow subjects had been insulted, robbed, imprisoned, and denied redress in Greece; and that because a state was mean and despicable, that was no reason why it should bully and rob us. But then what a rogue this old PACIFICO was? Ought we to send fifteen sail of the line to get £150 for his bedstead? Might not conciliation have been used? and were the good offices of the French (though he must own they were making a nefarious government job of the quarrel) to be rejected? It was altogether a lamentable affair, and the right thing, the patriotic thing, as he thought would have been—to *hush it up!* Nevertheless, that we had been insulted, and grossly insulted, there could be no question.

On the night of LORD STANLEY's speech in the Lords, MR. SEESAW got a place, and after bursting with laughter at the little incident of LORD BROUGHAM turning out CHEVALIER BUNSEN, and rushing out and heartily condoling with his Excellency, he listened with rapt admiration to LORD STANLEY's wonderful oration. LORD CANNING's was a masterly oration; LORD ABERDEEN's, he thought, was needlessly bitter; and how gallantly LORD EDDISBURY went in and tackled to him!

The vote of the Lords, he said, was a grave matter, most pregnant with grave consequences, and one which must make every man in England think, and think deeply.

MR. SEESAW would gladly have subscribed to any *worthy* picture of LORD PALMERSTON, to be presented to her ladyship; but his opinions about high art were known; no man was fit to paint a great picture of so great a statesman but MR. SOANDSO, or MR. WHATDYOCALLEM. It was to the painter he objected, and unless they would have a Royal Academician, he thought they were paying but a poor compliment to the wife of a Minister of the Crown.

During the debate in the House of Commons, SEESAW of course was in his place. No man cheered more loudly when LORD PALMERSTON made his noble speech; no man was more delighted when SIR JAMES GRAHAM said we have had enough of *nisi prius*. He thought SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH's excellent speech was unanswerable; and no one was more astonished and pleased at MR. COCKBURN's fierce assault upon SIR JAMES and magnificent defence of the Government. SIR ROBERT PEEL's speech, so calm, so statesmanlike, so masterly, so melancholy, filled SEESAW with a sad admiration; and, at four o'clock in the morning, when he was going to say a few words himself and give his own views on the question, and just as he had returned from looking over his notes, whilst MR. DISRAELI was speaking, in the cool dawn before St. Margaret's church, what was SEESAW's astonishment to find that the House had divided, and that Government had a majority of 46!

He rushed up to LORD PALMERSTON. "Heaven bless you, Sir," he said. "This is a great day for England indeed!"

Building Glass Castles in the Air.

A HUGE dome, 200 feet in diameter—which, in point of size, is to make the domes of St. Paul's and St. Peter's and the Pantheon, look like very small dish covers—is run up, or rather, is intended to be run up, as the great feature of the proposed Building for the Industrial Exhibition. It is a question, however, whether this monster dome can be erected in the short space of time allowed for the construction of the whole building. For ourselves, we have no hesitation in asserting, that if the opening is made dependent on the completion of this great DANIEL LAMBERT of a Dome, the Industrial Exhibition will most decidedly never be opened till *Doom's Day*.

The Most Liberal Measure of the Session

It is said, in defence of the very limited accommodation in the new House of Commons, that MR. BARRY, in return for certain interferences with his plans, made the mistake on purpose, and instead of measuring the bodies of 656 members, simply took the *measure of their intellect*. Judged by this new standard of measurement, we are compelled to confess that not only is there plenty of accommodation in the new House, but that it is much too large for any purpose to which the present Parliament can possibly devote it.

LIBERAL PATRONAGE.

WE are informed that Government has, with the greatest liberality, granted MR. BRIGHT the use of Leicester Square for trying, on a small scale, the experiment of Cultivation of Cotton in India.

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART I.



BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON PREPARE FOR THE DERBY DAY.



BROWN PREFERS GOING ON HORSEBACK.



THEY HAVE A HAMPER FROM FORTNUM AND MASON'S.



UNEXPECTED SITUATION OF ROBINSON.



JONES'S GREAT DIFFICULTY IS TO PREVENT THE "THING" UPSETTING.



AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS.



BROWN LOSES FIVE POUNDS AT THIMBLE-RIG, "JUST TO TRY WHAT IT IS LIKE."



BROWN TRIES HIS HAND AT KNOCK-EM-DOWNS.

Admirable Working of Lord Ashley's Measure.



"OH! I WISH I KNEW HOW MY DEAR GIRL IS?"



Wife. ART GOING OUT, TOM?"

Husband. "YES, LASS, I BE JUST GOING OVER TO RED LION TO HEAR WHAT'S A DOING. YOU SEE, SINCE THESE NEW FANGLED POST-OFFICE CHANGES, I CAN'T GET MY BIT OF A NEWSPAPER O' SUNDAYS NOW?"



"DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! I WONDER WHETHER WALKER'S BILL WAS PAID YESTERDAY."



Swindler (log.) "HURRAH FOR THE PURITANS, I SAY. I'VE DONE EVERY BODY, AND NOW I'VE A CLEAR DAY'S START OF THE BRUTAL POLICE AND MY INFAMOUS CREDITORS. VIVAT CANT, NO MONEY RETURNED."

JULLIEN SEEN IN A MOMENT OF INSPIRATION.



THE two Zoological Gardens, are, at present, full of attraction. There is the Hippopotamus at the one, and JULLIEN at the other. Our French ORPHEUS, who plays to an audience of wild beasts every night, and has taught many of them to dance the Polka, so enlivening are his strains, has lately come out with a new "Inspiration." It promises, we think, to divide the public ear with his famous Row Polka, for it is in every measure as noisy. It is called the "Derby Polka," but why Derby, we cannot make out. It is true that JULLIEN imitates the action of a jockey, and uses his *bâton* as a whip; and that many of the instruments run a dreadful race together, to see which shall come in first; and that a bell rings to announce that the fiddles have started; and that JULLIEN drops down on his chair as an intimation that the *cornet-à-piston* has won; still so many things are wanting to complete the picture of the Derby, that the Polka was deficient in that striking verisimilitude for which all JULLIEN's Polkas are loudly distinguished.

In other respects, JULLIEN acts up to his usual "Inspiration." His movements, his airs, show the same great master, and his "Poses Plastiques" exhibit most imposingly the same great *artiste*. His attraction is as great as ever, and he proudly continues *l'enfant gâté* of the "Maid of Merry England," who resort in thousands to the Surrey Gardens, to admire its beautiful ducks.

He draws fully as much as the Hippopotamus, without resorting to the same artifices for catching applause. Besides, the Hippopotamus has no moments of "Inspiration;" excepting when he is in the water, and then he is invisible, he is as heavy as a City Councilman after dinner. He lies on the ground like an immense lump of pig-lead. No! there is no comparison between JULLIEN and his great rival, and we prophesy that JULLIEN will be flourishing his *bâton* as mercurial as an English barometer, rising and falling every minute of the day, when his monstrous rival will not occupy, with all his unwieldy frame, half a line in an eighteenpenny advertisement. The Hippopotamus may just at present have got the start, but, in the long run, JULLIEN will be sure to leave his bulky competitor far behind him, and we are prepared to take any odds that he wins the race, even in spite of the slowness of his Derby Polka. Who'll take a 1000 to 1 on JULLIEN against the Hippopotamus?

A BLINDED NATION.

HOMER was blind, TIRESIAS was blind, MILTON was blind, HANDEL was blind; but there never was any cataract, or even amaurosis, equal to the blindness of Prussia. The *Times* has already informed an indignant nation, that

"The London *PUNCH* has been prohibited by the Post-Office of Königsburgh."

As there is no way for *Punch* into Prussia by the Post-Office, that unfortunate country may be compared (in one solitary respect), to the immortal author of "*Paradise Lost*," having

"Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Provisional Arrangements for the Ballet.

We observe that the "PROVIDENT SOCIETY OF DANCERS" held their annual meeting on Thursday, last week, in the saloon of the Haymarket Theatre, the use of which had been afforded to the Charity by MR. WEBSTER. The formation of a Provident Society is one of the best steps that we ever heard of on the part of the Terpsichorean body. The knowledge that dancers are actuated by forethought will give us additional pleasure in witnessing a *ballet*, and we shall regard their bounding movements with the greater satisfaction from the consideration that they look before they leap. We hope that the Public will not be wanting in support to this Association for providing boiled mutton in old age to those who, in youth, have so often gratified them with capers.

A MISERABLE CHARACTER.—"I tell you, Sir, he is a mean man! I really believe, Sir, that man is capable of robbing the toll-box of Southwark Bridge!"

A LITTLE SPEECH FROM A LITTLE BLUE-COAT BOY.

FORTY boys connected with Christ's Hospital, waited with a deputation of the Masters upon HER MAJESTY, previous to the last Drawing-Room. This is a visit paid, we believe, every year, when the boys exhibit their maps, and charts, and drawings, and make a little speech. As this speech has never been printed, we are too happy to have it, in one respect, to give a verbatim report.

The speech on this occasion was made by a youth, whose humble garb showed too plainly the lowliness of his condition. He was dressed, it is true, in the uniform of this school, but his clothes were made of such poor material, that they betrayed the struggle that had evidently been made to attire him, even respectably. His appearance deeply engrossed the sympathy of HER MAJESTY, who listened with the most lively interest to every word of the following address:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—

"We belong to a School which was called by the good Bishop of Calcutta 'the noblest institution in the world.' We are all poor boys; there is not a rich boy amongst us; we are, every boy of us, the children of poor persons. If it were not for Christ's Hospital we should receive no education at all, for our parents are much too poor to educate us. We should be running about the streets, and getting into all sorts of mischief, and perhaps turn out bad characters, and make our parents ashamed of us. But now they have no fear of that sort,—they know that we are fed and lodged and educated all for nothing, and they are happy to get us into so good an institution. Many rich persons try to get their sons into Christ's Hospital—which is a great compliment to the school—but it will not do; they only try in vain,—for it would not be fair, YOUR MAJESTY, that rich boys should receive the benefits which were intended by our good King and Founder, EDWARD VI., only for 'destitute orphans' and poor boys. Our Governors are often teased out of their lives to give 'presentations' to persons who keep their carriages; but they laugh at those persons, and tell them there are Eton, and Westminster, and Harrow for those who have money,—but that Christ's Hospital was built and endowed only for those who have no money for the education of their children. We are at present more than 1200 boys on the foundation, and I can say, without telling a fib, YOUR MAJESTY, that there is not the son of a nobleman, or an alderman, or a common councilman, or anything of that sort, amongst us. We should like YOUR MAJESTY to come and see us and get us a holiday, and then YOUR MAJESTY could judge for yourself whether what I have been telling you is not the truth. But please YOUR MAJESTY, I should like you to come on a week-day—I mean not on a visiting-day; for YOUR MAJESTY might think that the carriages you saw then waiting outside, were the carriages of our fathers and mothers, which would be doing a great injustice to an Institution of which I am a regular 'Blue.' I hope YOUR MAJESTY will come, and I will promise YOUR MAJESTY to sing 'God save the Queen' all the days of my life."

The QUEEN patted the pretty little yellow-stockinged boy on the head, and promised him "she would be sure to come." This promise has thrown the boys into the greatest tumult of delight, but the Governors of Christ's Hospital are in a state of feverish consternation, lest the Institution should not exactly come up to the expectation of HER MAJESTY. Strange to say, the key of the strong chest, in which is locked up the Charter of Christ's Hospital, has the last few days been missing. We only hope it will be forthcoming on the occasion of the royal visit, as it may give HER MAJESTY a key, in more senses than one, to the real intentions of the munificent founder of this much libelled charity.

American Independence.

THERE never was such a thorough specimen of natural American Independence as was exhibited at the Botanical Gardens in the Regent's Park, by the celebrated American plants which were advertised to appear in full bloom, at least three weeks earlier than they condescended to show themselves. Everyone was asking a month ago, how it was that the American plants did not show according to promise, but they obstinately remained shut up in their buds, as if when looked for to blossom, their reply had been "If I do, I'm blown."

SOMETHING VERY SURPRISING.

WE cannot sufficiently express our surprise. There was a Protectionist Meeting at Salisbury lately, followed by a disturbance. There was nothing so very surprising in that, for the one always follows the other. But MR. FERRAND was present at the meeting, and yet his name does not appear amongst the speakers. We can only account for this extraordinary accident by supposing that the Hon. M. P. was actively engaged at the time pursuing his new vocation. Depend upon it, he was busy "wool-gathering."



A FRIENDLY HINT TO YOUNG LADIES WHO WEAR THOSE DEAR DELIGHTFUL BARÈGE DRESSSES. ALWAYS LET THE SLIP (OR WHATEVER THE MYSTERIOUS GARMENT IS CALLED) BE AS LONG AS THE OUTER DRESS!



A NIGHT OF PLEASURE AND "PROPHÈTE."

In a Letter from a Young Man in Town to a Young Man in the Country.

"MY DEAR GUSS,

"I THINK by this time I have dragged you all over town. I have taken you to every Exhibition, and made you follow me through every Long Acre of a Panorama, that is at present dragging its slow length along the Continental streets of London. You must be tired, old fellow; for pleasure grows tiresome, even when we have nothing to pay for it. One more visit, and then I will let you off, for really this weather is getting too warm for sight-seeing.

"In all my excursions through this fairy Maze of Wonders, I have endeavoured to send you the feelings with which I have enjoyed each of them. I hope you have seen them in the same light, and derived as much pleasure from the view as I have done. If so, the many shillings, the pocket-full of half-guineas I have expended in feasting my eyes, have performed double duty; and I shall expect you on my return to the country, to refund me at least one-half of the handsome little fortune I have disbursed in prosecuting our mutual expedition in search of pleasure.

"This is a bargain; and, on the faith of it, I do not mind taking you to the Opera. The cab is at the door, so get out your opera-glass, and as you read this letter, put on a white neckcloth and a pair of white kid gloves, and fancy you are seated in the middle of the pit of the Royal Italian Opera. I send you the bill and the book, so that nothing may be wanting to help the delusion; and that you may be convinced at once that it is Thursday evening, June 27th, 1850. Set your watch at eight o'clock precisely, and the charm will be perfect.

"You are a lucky fellow, Guss; for if you look at the bill, you will see what a treat there is in store for you. It is the *Prophète*—an opera in four acts, which has never been performed anywhere in London, but at the Italian Opera House. I am no musician, you know, and it is fortunate for you that I am not. Otherwise how I might have dazzled you with a grand display of musical fireworks! I would have astonished you with such a discharge of ten thousand *arpeggios*, mixed with a flying shower of *sostenutos*, and whirling, whizzing, hissing, cracking *G alt's*, &c. &c., that you should have heard nothing, seen nothing, and understood still less. As it is, in my profound ignorance of musical pyrotechny, I can only send you a poor, dry, catalogue of my sensations, and the effect the Opera produced upon me.

"The effect was that of reading a beautiful story, or, rather, of listening to a beautiful story whilst it was being read to me by some loved voice. I seemed to read with my ears. The interest began at once: I was charmed from the very first page. Events rapidly followed events, and were told in such lovely language, that it became a pain

when the lecture ceased, and I longed for it to continue, so that the pleasure might flow on uninterruptedly to the end. The finish of each act was like the interruption of a 'bore' that drops in for five minutes, and makes a black gap in the perusal of some exciting romance. The relief you feel at his departure, when you can resume your enjoyment, was the same I experienced when the curtain again rose, and my ears were enabled to take up once more the broken thread of the melodious narrative. The opera was a long, stirring, musical romance. As I read it, I became conscious of nothing else. I knew no more that I was in the pit of that theatre, than a school-girl who is secretly reading a novel at night knows that she is in bed. My own feelings were interested in the fates of that poor *Fides*, who, writhing at her son's feet, more like a worm than a human being, lifts her drooping head, and prays with her eyes to be crushed sooner than to be called upon to deny him. But her son is in danger: a hundred poniards are pointed at his breast, and, with a heart that almost breaks audibly in your ear, she shrieks out the 'No!' that saves his life.

"I am afraid to go into extacies, Guss, in case you should laugh at me, but, my dear boy, I shall never forget the interest of that scene. No book ever chained me to its living pages with half the force of that terrible contest between mother and son. I am sure my own existence ceased. I was not in Covent Garden Opera, but in that same Cathedral of Munster, watching the growing intensity of the struggle, and longing to lift up the crushed form of the mother, as she lay humbled to death upon the pavement. With the shriek of denial, that sounded as if it had been wrung by some iron instrument from her soul, the curtain fell like a portcullis, and I was astonished to find a great chandelier of gas glittering over my head. I was a prisoner for another half-hour till the rising of the curtain set me at liberty again to pursue my delightful story. The conclusion is mournful, like the conclusion of most romances, but one passage delighted me beyond all limits. *Fides* and the *Prophète* meet in the prison to which she has been condemned. The mother pours her burning reproaches on her son's guilty head. He, so recently triumphant, cringes now before the just wrath of his disowned mother, and at last falls on his knees, and with self reproaches implores her forgiveness. She, so lately trodden upon, now towers above him. It is her turn now to triumph, and she is about to disown the son who so publicly disowned her, when her rage turns to pity, and she only triumphs, in opening her arms to fold him to her breast.

"Guss, I must not make my letter too long, or else you will never read it, and I should like you to read to the end of my stupid rhapsodies, if it was only to share the exquisite enjoyment, the almost new sensation of pleasure—for music spoke to me that night with almost a new voice—I revelled in that same Thursday evening. The music of the *Prophète* is the conversation of a cherished friend, who talks to entertain you, and not for the mere sake of talking. You listen unconsciously, are pleased, charmed, and are only aware that it is music when the music stops. Here and there a pretty expression, a poetical thought rises to the surface of the conversation, but, generally speaking, the words fit so aptly to the subject chosen, are so plain and yet so expressive, that you would feel inclined to call it common-place if it were not for the general feeling of happiness it leaves upon your mind when it is all over.

"The illustrations, too, of this beautiful romance are in the most complete and artistic keeping, as if nothing should be wanting to mar the perfection of the whole. Never has LONGMAN, nor MURRAY, with all their profuse liberality, produced a book in all its details so gorgeous as the *Prophète*. The Coronation scene would not disgrace Westminster Abbey, and the dresses seem as if they had been dyed in one of MACLISE's pictures, so vividly bright is their colouring.

"Another act was added to the *Prophète* the evening I was present, Guss, and it was an act that materially heightened the enjoyment, the witching surprise, of the whole entertainment. The act in question was played by the audience, if playing can be applied to anything so natural, so real, and so unaffected. It was when the QUEEN entered the theatre. It was but three hours after she had been attacked by one, whose only excuse for his action is, that he is insane, and so has ceased to have the feelings of a man. Upon her entrance, up rose the whole theatre, moved by the same strong impulse, to congratulate the QUEEN upon the happiness of her escape. I never heard such shouting. It was the very madness of affection. It was a deafening tumult of love, in which a thousand voices were trying to outvie one another in giving the loudest expression to their sympathy. It was a loyal competition of sound, in which a thousand hearts were thrown, like so many hats, simultaneously into the air, every one of them struggling which could be thrown the highest. Then came *God Save the Queen*, and soothed the angry waters into something like a calm regularity of flow, until the surging voices rose musically together, and formed one loud swelling wave of devotion and enthusiasm. The QUEEN smiled, and held out her hand, with outstretched palm, as if her heart was inside it; and, to my fancy, it is the very best Ball of State she can carry before her. It is Ball and Sceptre melted into one!

"My paper is exhausted, and so must be your patience, Guss; but I have been so pleased, that I could not keep myself within reasonable bounds. Extend your usual good-nature to

"Yours cordially — — —

ALARMING STATE OF THE CROPS.



O HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF RUTLAND
—Private and Con-
fidential.

"My Lord Duke,
—I am just come
back from a ride
through the crops;
and afore I pull my
boots off, saving
your presence, I
take up my pen to
say they're dread-
ful. Nothin' but
ruin and bankrupt-
cy starin' in the face
of the unpertected
farmer. First for
wheat,—why, it's
heartbreakin'! The
blessed COLONEL
hissself would stare
to see such ears!
Big as Indy cobs
that's only fit to
pison pigs with, and

not to be thought on in the stomachs of a bould peasantry, that I've heard your Grace at meetins talk so movin' about. Howsomever, there's the wheat—every ear on it, bigger than ever was wheat since the seven big ears that eat up the seven little uns, and I only hope somethin' o' the sort isn't goin' to happen now, that's all, to bring about starvation prices. The wheat's in the most aggrawatin' state I ever see it; and every step I've been all the ears seemed waggin' their heads at me, sarcy like, as much as to say—'Old unpertected feller! Look at us! We shall be down at 20s. afore September!'

"Then I don't know what's come to the fields, they're cleaner than ever I seed 'em. As for the like of poppies that used to flourish among the corn, like standin' armies in time o' peace, why, whether it's the talk o' that chap CORDEX or no, I can't say—but there's hardly a poppy or a weed to be seen. Wonderful! and the straw as thick as bulrushes! What *will* become of us?

"I've hardly the heart to go on—but only think of barley! Why, if strong beer isn't twopence a pot afore October, blame the brewers, that's all! Barleycorns mustn't no longer be a measure; for I'm blessed if every barleycorn of itself, in these parts, isn't an inch! And then the straw,—like crow-bars! And the beard—(when it's ripe)—like any brass wire! What *shall* we do?

"Oats. There, again! They won't be worth the reapin'—there'll be such a glut o' oats, the very barn-door fowl will turn up their noses at 'em. As for osses, oats will be quite drugs to 'em! They'll be so cheap that—our xciseman says—all Lunnun will be overrun with cabs and 'buses, drivin' people for nothin' and leavin' 'em with a bottle o' wine a-piece at their own doors. If oats climb up to 8s. a quarter arter August, I'm not a injured British farmer, that's all. Only think on it, my lord Duke! Oats at 8s. a quarter! Pretty gruel, eh, for JOHN BULL!

"Well, your grace, I'll try to go on—but beans drives me mad. They're not beans,—but monsters—unnat'ral beans; for size more like sheep's kidneys than honest English, properly pertected beans. Beasts must be made with bigger throats to swaller 'em, that's all I know.

"And then for clover! Why, I've seen a stalk of clover that, savin' your Grace's presence as the farmer's friend, I could knock you down with. Howsomever, all I'll say is this—if this weather's goin' to go on, the sooner the sea rolls over Old England the better. Nothin' can stand against the harvest that's likely to foller.

"My Lord Duke, I shall close with turnips. As if everything was to be a piece this harvest, the turnips is enormous. I hear that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT is goin' to have a doom for the show-booth of 1851, a doom as big as St. Paul's, of iron in sheets. Well, if I haven't seen a turnip—a bit o' English Industry as it's called—that ud do for that doom, I'm not your Grace's Humble Servant,

"A Ruined, Broken-Hearted, Unpertected Farmer,
"JOHN GAMMON."

"P.S. (And between ourselves, savin' your grace.) I hear that JIM SLOEBUSH is goin' to give up Pigscheek Farm. I hope your Grace will give me the refusal on it. England is goin' to ruin I know, but for that reason—as a man and a unpertected farmer—I think it's no more than my duty to stick by her.

"P.S. (No. 2.) I send you my pictur atop, painted they tell me by the Sun hissself, that's brought about in these parts by a painter in a box. You will see, my Lord Duke, by that pictur what the Alarmin' State of the Crops has brought your Servant to command."

A VERY BRAZEN "TRUMPET."

THE *Morning Trumpet*—may its volume never be less!—is the acknowledged, cherished organ of the candid souls that, for a time, have closed the Sunday Post Office; and for the immortal health and safety of Sabbath readers of newspapers, have forbidden *The Examiner*, *Spectator*, *Sunday Times*, *Illustrated News*, &c., &c., to be issued per post on the seventh day. There can be no doubt that these rigid overseers of Sunday have the very best intentions; so, no doubt, had certain, well-meaning, but rather violent people, who once upon a time roasted their kind in Smithfield. There is, therefore, a sort of best intention, which it is the duty of the selected victim of well-meaning earnestness, to knock down, get rid of, in the shortest and concisest manner possible. Where best intention will put his nose into the affairs of his neighbours, the more vigorously the said nose is wrung, the better, says *Punch*. Best intention has, for a time, closed the Sunday letter-box: very well; when his impertinence is sufficiently felt—and the exasperating nuisance is fast spreading—best intention will be bound over, like a common brawler, to keep the peace.

But how about the *Morning Trumpet* daily newspaper? For months past has the *Trumpet* blown upon the Post Office to surrender. Well, there is now no "desecration" of Sunday post. Is there to continue a desecration of the Sunday printing-office? Does the *Morning Trumpet* continue in its olden way? And if so, how has it the brass on Monday mornings to appear at the breakfast-table of LORD ASHLEY, MESSRS. PLUMPTRE, NEWDEGATE, and other Christian pillars of porphyry? Two questions—only two—to the *Morning Trumpet*.

In preparation for the Monday's impression, are the office-doors of the *Trumpet* thrown open at six on Sunday evening? Do compositors still attend, wending their way towards Shoe Lane, as the bells ring for evening service, to work out the Sabbath for the Monday's *Trumpet*, or—

Is the office closed until Sunday midnight, and a double, treble staff of printers engaged, so that no single type may go to form a sinful syllable—sinful, if put together on the Sabbath?

How can the *Morning Trumpet* blow a blighting blast against the Sunday postman, yet still employ the Sunday printer?

A HINT TO JOHN BULL.

TAKE care of your pockets, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,

Take care of your pockets, JOHN BULL;
An opinion prevails that if ALBERT'S Show fails,
On your purse there will be a slight pull,

JOHN BULL,
The subscription not being quite full.

Encourage your PRINCE, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,

Encourage your PRINCE, JOHN BULL;
His intent and design is exceedingly fine,
It were pity the scheme to annul,

JOHN BULL,
Let us hope it won't end in a mull.

But ere you cash up, JOHN BULL, JOHN BULL,

But ere you cash up, JOHN BULL;
Get a pledge—don't be foiled—that Hyde Park shan't be spoiled,
And o'errun by tramp, vagrant, and trull:

JOHN BULL,
You magnificent jolly old gull.

Ex-King Hudson at Sunderland.

His late Majesty took the chair at Sunderland on the opening of the Docks. His health was drunk, and—with much emotion—he returned thanks. As the late potentate slowly rose, it is said he looked very like KEAN in *Sir Giles Overreach*, when he said—

"Some undone widow sits upon mine arm!
My sword to th' scabbard's glued by orphans' tears!"

MR. HUDSON, however, returned grateful acknowledgments. He said with overflowing heart, "when he forgot Sutherland, might his right hand forget its cunning!" If MR. HUDSON'S right hand be the hand with which he signed railway cheques, "making things comfortable," the amount of cunning to be forgotten by that member must be prodigious.

A NATIONAL PARTY.

At the Final Dinner, given by the Dramatic Authors to SCRIBE, there was a deal of fuss and ceremony, when SCRIBE at last exclaimed, "*Messieurs, pas tant de gêne, je vous en prie—il n'y a qu'un Français de plus parmi vous!*"



THE DIARY OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

As many of our country readers naturally feel anxious to know how the Hippopotamus passes his time in a strange land, where he is so far away from home and all his relations, we have gone to the expense of procuring the following particulars, which are now printed for the first time.

The Hippopotamus gets up generally about six. The first thing he does is to wag his tail; he then grunts, nodding his head all the while to the Arabian, which is his peculiar method of saying "Good morning!" At seven he has a pail of porridge and maize, which he prefers to tea or coffee. After that he washes his hands—we mean his feet—in the tank which is put in his room as his washhand-basin. He sleeps till ten, when he turns out to receive the numerous company that is always waiting to see him. He takes several rounds in the park that is attached to his dwelling-house, bowing to his guests politely as he passes along. After this exertion, he lies down in the hottest patch of sand he can pick out, and curling himself up, till he looks like an immense ball of india-rubber, he goes fast asleep. He rarely wakes up till the latter part of the day, when his first thought is to run and tap at the door of the Giraffes, who hang out in the next room to him. This act of civility over, he takes his bath, which sometimes lasts two or three hours. During this time very little more than his nostrils are visible above the water. The fact is, the Hippopotamus is of a modest, retiring disposition, and likes to hide himself as much as possible from the public eye. At six o'clock he leaves his bath and retires to his bed-room. He never sees any one after six. A small bucket of porridge and maize, of which he is amazingly fond, is brought to his bedside, and the Arab boy feeds him with a spoon. After this he generally feels very sleepy, and lies down. He lays his head on the Arab's lap, and, throwing his legs round his neck, is very quickly in the arms of MORPHEUS.

Proper Names for Litigants.

LAST week there came before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, an appeal from the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, in an action to which the parties were DOLUBDASS PETTEMBERDASS AND OTHERS v. RAMLOL THACKOORSEYDASS AND OTHERS. The remarkably euphonious names of these Indian gentlemen may provoke a smile; but they ought also to suggest a reflection; namely, that people who go to law are generally quite as much asses as DOLUBDASS, PETTEMBERDASS and THACKOORSEYDASS.

LINES TO HENRY BROUGHAM ON HAVING BEEN GOOD.

How much more pleasant 'tis to praise
Than to rebuke or blame;
We'd rather say "Well done!" than raise
The cry of "Fie, for shame!"

For instance, now, when HENRY's good
It always gives us joy—
How much we wish he never would
Act like a naughty boy!

And HENRY has been good and brave,
A check to try and put
On Mawworms who, on Sunday, have
Our letter-boxes shut.

Thus to behave is prettier
Than being, even in fun,
Rude to a foreign Minister,
Or rude to any one.

WANTED.—BOARD AND LODGING for the great building for the Exhibition of Industry of 1851. Proposals specifying terms, either for a permanency or a limited period, to be sent in to the Commissioners, Whitehall. N.B. Ireland need not apply.

PUNCH TO THE WORLD!!

The reader is respectfully requested to remain calm while perusing the following merely preliminary announcement of an intended EXTRA NUMBER, which has been for some time in preparation, and will be published during the month. It is felt necessary to break by degrees the particulars of this startling fact. We do not at present feel ourselves justified in going further into detail, but we simply intimate to everybody the necessity of restraining his curiosity and preparing his threepence, until it may be deemed expedient for us to satisfy the former and receive the latter.



"THERE, BABY DEAR, LOOK AT THE PRETTY SOLDIERS!"

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE ELEVENTH.

MRS. MOUSER SUGGESTS A DOMESTIC IMPROVEMENT AS REGARDS THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

MR. PUNCH.—At this minute I write in deepest darkness. Whether Hyde Park, as MR. MOUSER says, is to be roofed in as a brick tenement, or whether the world's to meet in Battersea Fields, is at the moment I hold my quill in the bosoms of the Fates. Destiny, no doubt, has already taken her measures; and all we have to do is to sit quiet, like Patience on her monument, and wait for 'em. Though, if I may be allowed, as a fragment of the female public, to give my mind upon the matter, I would certainly object to what MRS. HORNBLOWER calls the desecration of Hyde Park by bricks and mortar, and with 'em no end of chimneys. To be sure, I'm told that there's to be an Act of Parliament to compel the chimneys, for the sake of the herbage and the trees, to digest their own smoke,—but I've no faith in 'em. It's all very well to talk about Aphrodite coals; but there can be no Aphrodite without fire,—and no fire without smoke. But this is not the grist of my present writing.

What I burn to make public is this. Whenever the Exhibition may be opened—and whatever it may have to show, from a piece of the walls of China, to snow-balls from the North Pole—the whole business will be a mocking-bird, an illusion and a snare, if conducted wholly and solely by the monopolists, as I am bold to call 'em, of the creation,—need I observe, mere men? Unless the mind of woman sets her mark upon the show, it will be nothing more than a big, selfish bachelors' party of all the world; or, what's the same thing, a Club House of the Lords of the Creation (as they give the nobility to themselves), with the Ladies stopping at home. A proposal, throbbing at the heart of your humble servant, carried out at the fullest extent, would make a very different thing of it.

MR. HORNBLOWER—(I dislike the man, for I never know—or rather I *do* know, too well—when MOUSER goes out with him, *when* he'll come back)—MR. HORNBLOWER, the other night dropping in, and as usual all over tobacco smoke, remarked that the whole world would be packing up its carpet bag by next April, directed "London:" men from the Mountains of the Moon, Timbuctoo, and the Beginning of the Nile. "There'll be a pattern-book of colours"—(MR. H. is a tailor in a great way, and inventor of the Butterfly Paletôt, though he might, as I say, leave his shop at home when he comes into other people's drawing-rooms; especially, who are *not* tailors)—"a pattern-book of colours of all the men in the world." "And why not," said I, "of the women too? How, in an Exhibition of all the world, can the women be left out? Why, without 'em,"—said I, for I felt my blood rising; and if I hadn't felt it, I could have seen it in MOUSER's looks, who, when I've my heart at my lips, too often likes to frown it back again—"without 'em," said I, not seeming to see MOUSER, "without 'em, the

great globe itself, as somebody calls it, would be only like a plum-pudding cut in half; and I won't say—or I could—which half is the richest and the best, with most of the fruit and spice in it. Why not all the women, too?" I repeated in a voice that, I could see it, rather astonished MR. HORNBLOWER; "if we are to have the Lords of the Mountains of the Moon, why not the Ladies of the Moon too? If the GREAT CHAM's to come, as MOUSER calls him, why not the GREAT CHAMESS? Are we always to be left at home at gala times; thrown into a corner like every-day clothes, as if we weren't good and handsome enough to be worn on holidays?"

Well, *Mr. Punch*, this question—which MR. HORNBLOWER couldn't answer, and therefore, in a mean way, he shifted his ground, as I afterwards heard, to some tavern; taking, of course, MOUSER with him—this question remaining, I may say, in my mind, went to bed with me; and the consequence was, one of the sweetest dreams that ever came to anybody in the world upon goose-feathers. All the sweeter and prettier too, because it can be carried out, when the world's wide-awake; there being nothing in it that isn't as plain as pancakes. Which is this:

I dreamt that the Exhibition, which wasn't in Hyde Park after all, though, being awake, I can't be sworn where—was, as it ought to be, a palace of very crystal, the sky looking through every bit of the roof upon all nations under it. And the nations, *Mr. Punch*, were in my dream, as they should be, not represented by halves, but men and wives complete. Here and there it was like a tulip-bed with beautiful creatures of all colours, from the lily-white Circassian—(though, after all, none of 'em came up to the Red and White Roses of England, as I'm bold to call myself and country-women.)—to the tawny Cherokee. And there they were, some of 'em with their children little and big, sprinkled about—among the goods of All Nations—the Chinese lady on her chest of gunpowder—the Turkish with prize rhubarb—the woman from the Sandwiches with grass baskets—the Russian lady with black fur boas—the maidens of Cachemire with such loves of shawls, like being wrapped in Paradise—the Persian Sultaness with otto of roses—and a real American lady from California with necklaces of gold-dust and virgin ear-rings to match.

It may be said, this is all very well in a dream. But why, I ask—as I asked of MOUSER when I woke—why shouldn't it be carried out in broad daylight? Why, when the Chinaman tea-dealer comes to Hyde Park himself—supposing it to be Hyde Park—why should his poor wife, with crushed foot and broken spirit, be left at Pekin at home? If we're to have Russian merchants with their beards, why not their wives with their boas? If we've a Cachemire man in a turban, why and wherefore not a Cachemire maid in a shawl? Without the other and superior sex, as I insist on calling them, it will be an Exhibition of all the World by halves, and the worst halves too, as I needn't insist upon.

Besides, if the Exhibition's to be only carried out with men, what it pretends to go for will go for nothing. "The Show," says MOUSER, "will tighten the bonds of peace; will draw people across seas and mountains close to one another." I don't believe a bit of it, if the women of all nations are to be kept at home. Let 'em all come with their fathers, husbands, and sweethearts—let us have a great Petticoat Meeting of all the World, when the Exhibition's done—and then, if we don't bind the world over to keep the peace; if we do not send gunpowder out of fashion; and pluck all the armies of the earth of their feathers like geese at Michaelmas—don't let us ever open our mouths again, that's all; and I can't say more.

Poor women are never more scandalised in one earthly thing than in this—they are snubbed with admiring soldiers. To love the fine clothes—the gold lace—the fluttering feathers—the flags of silk and 'broidery that flap so proud in the wind: they are said to dote upon the colour of red; and, quite the reverse of turkeys, to run after it with pleasure and happiness. *Mr. Punch*, this is only one of the hundreds of unmanly vulgar errors that the other sex invent against us. Give us our meeting of the Ladies of All Nations at the Exhibition that's coming; and, if we don't make all the world embrace in peace and quietness, never again put faith

In yours, most faithfully,

AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.

P. S. The Nepaulese Ambassador reads *Punch*. It is translated for him, MOUSER tells me, with his morning's curry, by the young man who, for the last two or three years, swept the Cheapside crossing. Will you, then, beg of his Excellency, the N. A., not to go about as he does from party to party with those aggravating emeralds—those heart-breaking diamonds? Even Duchesses—as I say to MOUSER, who, upon my word, I don't think quite believes me—Duchesses are but mortal flesh and blood; and it isn't in either one or t'other to see that shower of diamonds on one cap—and that cap a man's; for, after all, except for a ring, or perhaps a shirt stud, men have no business with diamonds, which, in my opinion, were created for women only—it isn't in mortal flesh to see those precious jewels, and always to know what to do with one's fingers. It was only last week that at the — fête, I was crowded very close to JUGGUT JUM, and upon my word—for we're wonderfully made—looking at his diamonds, with the tips of my fingers tingling, I did feel myself, whether I would or not, almost getting—as MOUSER says—very near the Old Bailey.



TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT,

This simple Design for the proposed Building in Hyde Park is humbly submitted by
THE ARCHITECT.

THE TERRORS OF THE THAMES.

It is alarming to contemplate how many inhabitants of London are annually drinking themselves to death by imbibing the water of the Thames. We have given to a certain spirit the name of *aqua vite*, and in distinction we should bestow on the river the title of *aqua mortis*, for not even *aqua fortis* is of a more destructive nature than the stuff which flows through our cisterns into our urns, which might properly be termed funeral urns, from their devotion to deadly purposes. There are many more who find a watery grave than those who come to their end by drowning. We have heard that water will always find its level, but if the Thames water found its proper level it would be banished from all decent society. Let any one who delights in Rambles by Rivers, take a stroll along the banks of the Thames between Limehouse and Battersea. He would, after going a yard or two, find himself up to his knees in slush—the sort of Black Death which we are daily drinking—and though every step would add mud, there would be nothing to admire. Let him watch the juvenile bathers on the banks, and he will fancy himself just arrived on a foreign shore, whose natives are negroes up to their knees, while from the legs upwards they belong to a white population.

If we did not happen to know the source of the Thames, we should imagine it was an arm of the Black Sea, or a leg of the Niger, or a black eye of old father NEPTUNE. It is said that every one, on an average, eats in his lifetime a peck of dirt, but we are convinced that every one who drinks Thames water consumes his peck of dirt in a week or two.

It does not require much knowledge of chemistry to analyse the contents of the river, for a mere glance of the eye will satisfy the casual observer that the Thames holds in solution a considerable quantity of dead canine, as well as feline, and other animal matter, together with a strong infusion of cabbage-leaves and miscellaneous vegetable refuse, with the voluntary contributions of the various sewers of the metropolis. Now that the eyes of the public are opened to the state of the Thames, we wonder that their mouths are not preemptorily shut against it.

FASHION FOR COQUETTES.

In the "Fashions for July," *Le Follet* makes the statement that—

"For a young married lady who only goes out in her carriage, and is proverbial for coquetry, a splendid mantelet of sky-blue taffetas, embroidered in bouquets of roses, of white floss silk, and trimmed with two flounces of point d'Angleterre, with a narrow ruche of blue ribbon, is now being prepared."

A rather simpler costume than this, we should think, would be appropriate to the young married lady who is proverbial for coquetry, as the style of dress to make her public appearances in. The attire that would best suit her would be a plain white sheet; and, instead of a parasol, a large mould candle in her hand would set off the coquettish garment to remarkable advantage.

WHAT MAY, OR MAY NOT, BE EXHIBITED IN MAY, 1851.

THERE are various wholesome "conditions and limitations" proposed for the great Exposition of 1851, and, among others, there is a clause declaring that "all spirits, wines, and fermented liquors, unless derived from unusual sources, are inadmissible." We think there will be some difficulty in acting upon this provision, and that many illicit distillers, who "do their spiriting gently" in a back attic, may claim to exhibit their productions as having been derived from unusual sources. We can scarcely, perhaps, regard the Champagne yielded by the too generous gooseberry as coming from an "unusual source," for, alas! the transition from the gooseberry bush to the Champagne bottle is only too natural. Our Port wine, too, must for the same reason be shut out, inasmuch as, although Oporto, as far as its wine-producing purposes are concerned, may be looked for in the map of London, still this does not constitute an "unusual source," as the fact is that most of our Port is made at home by a sloop, but by no means uncommon process.

CONTRARY TO COMMONS' SENSE.

REALLY LORD JOHN RUSSELL ought to take the sense of the House of Commons respecting the propriety of continuing the present Sunday arrangements in the Post-Offices. We have suffered quite enough by this time from the non-sense of the House in regard to that matter.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

INASMUCH as that meddling body, the Commissioners of Sewers, has instructed MR. SIMON, the Medical Officer of Health of the City of London, (and, as such, considerably overpaid in the estimation of London's wizard, SIR PETER LAURIE), to report upon the smoke of London, with a view to putting down the said smoke; and inasmuch as any successful attempt to such effect must be followed by a decrease of income of certain parties, who rightfully consider smoke a vested interest, it is proposed by *Punch* that compensation be duly made to the under-mentioned individuals:—

To all London painters and gilders, to whom smoke is the means of daily bread: they consuming the same in the shape of wages for house-painting, gilding of weathercocks, the three balls of pawnbrokers, &c.

To all laundresses, to whom London smoke—upon the strictest calculation—is worth two shirts a week per head of the working classes.

To all soap-boilers, smoke being at the present time their most profitable patron.

To all London florists, London smoke being to myrtles, roses, &c., the air they breathe, and having it, droop and die.

And, finally, to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, that edifice, after a time, losing its customary coat of coal soot! A coat so significant and distinguishing; inasmuch as the pile having been originally built upon a tax on London coal, it has up to the present time appeared in Wallsend black. However, with London smoke abolished, the dirtiest spots pertaining to St. Paul's will be the hands of the money-takers.

PUGNACITY OF THE PARTY PRESS.

WHEN we speak of the pugnacity of the Party Press, we do not allude to the parties in politics, but to the parties of the fashionable world, whose chronicles are couched sometimes in language befitting such a circle only as the Prize Ring.

We read the other day the account of a party given by that benevolent and amiable lady, Miss BURDETT COUTTS, who was, we are told by the reporter, "supported right and left by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the American Minister, and faced by the MARCHIONESS OF WESTMINSTER." Now when we read about "right and left," and "facers," we are reminded rather of a passage in *Bell's Life* than of an article in a journal whose ordinary regard to the "proprieties" is inconsistent with this unseemly mixing up of archbishops, ambassadors, and marchionesses, with "facers," "right and left," and other jargon of a decidedly pugilistic colour.

A NEW BIRD FOR THE OPERA.—DONA MARIA LORETO MARTINEZ DE MORENO, a Cuban *prima donna* of colour, is promised us. We have already the Swedish Nightingale, and why not the Havannah Blackbird?

THE BLACK PRINCE.



THE Nepaulese Ambassador and his suite are being dragged round the town, and lionised at every place of entertainment to such an extent that their names are beginning to be looked for as part of the attraction in the bill of every suburban tea-garden. They are to be found enjoying the Bagpipes playing the Hieland *st'omach-cach* at the Scottish Fête, the balloon at Vauxhall, and the terrific ascent of the intrepid MADAME SOMEBODY at Cremorne. They have been advertised as a strong half-price to the Surrey, and we may shortly expect them to be seen sympathising with the recognised victim of every thing unmerited at the Victoria. Such are their ideas of magnificence, that they offer to purchase everything they see, from the services of the crossing sweeper at St. Paul's Church Yard, to those of the dancing Lords and Ladies at a *fête* given in honour of the strangers by a distinguished member of the aristocracy. So delighted were the Nepaulese Princes with the specimen of the fashionable *ballet* of private life which was set before them, that they looked upon the dancing Dukes and Duchesses, Lords and Ladies, as a *troupe of coryphées*, and enquired of the noble host the terms on which the *corps* could be transplanted entire to Nepal, for the amusement of the native Prince in his own palace.

Though the illustrious strangers are easily amused, it is very difficult to provide them with an entertainment in the truly English sense of the term, which includes the celebrated knife and fork exercise, without which we fancy we can never do the civil thing to a foreigner. The Nepaulese Ambassadors will share in our amusements readily enough; they will cry, "Oh, oh!" at our Vauxhall fire-works; they will exclaim "brava" with us at the grace of CARLOTTA GRISI, and the polite offer of a private box would probably bring them to join in the cry of "Bravo, IX," at the Britannia Saloon; but when we come to ask them to dinner, then it is that we discover their uncongeniality with our habits and feelings. If they accept our invitation they walk away directly the meal is served, and the popular notion is that they eat nothing but what they kill at the moment.

The only way we can suggest in which to entertain them after their own hearts—by setting before them something they can kill and eat at the same time—is to place before them a few dozens of nice fresh, live, unopened oysters, and thus they would be able to enjoy the luxury of killing and eating the natives. At all events, in spite of little differences in our habits and customs, it is delightful to see the Nepaulese Princes mixing with all classes of English society, and we have no doubt that, by brushing about, a brilliant polish will be imparted in time to Nature's blacking.

PLATITUDES.

(By our Old Codger).

THE French Republic is always represented with a Phrygian head-dress. The fittest ornament for it, I think, would be a "Mob-cap."

I do abominate all parrots, perroquets, and cockatoos, and the awful noises they make. I am sure they are only tolerated by ladies, because they are such "delicious creatures" (*screechers*).

It is very curious that men never know they have grey hairs. The discovery is always made for them by other people.

We are astonished at the Ostrich for swallowing pennies, and yet I know a young man who has devoured £100,000, and, strange to say, he is thought nothing of.

There is no peace-maker in the world like a good dinner.

There are partners almost in every business, but I never recollect seeing two partners keeping a public-house. Is it because drinking tends to quarrelling?

We do not dislike men so much who are ruining themselves—it is only when they are ruined.

France should be painted, like Fortune, standing on a wheel—for she seems to have quite a turn for revolutions.

If you wish to hear all your faults freely canvassed, have your portrait taken, and invite your friends to come and keep you company.

The best part of a public dinner is that there are no children after dessert.

THE BELGRAVIANS' LAMENT.

(Being a MS. which dropped out of Col.—S—L S—ETH—P's hat during the Debate of Thursday Night.)

THERE is a sound of sorrow through Wilton's Crescent fair;
The Dowagers of Lowndes Street are tearing of their hair;
The muffins stand in Eaton Square uneaten on the plate;
The footmen group in gloomy knots round many an area gate.

And rents and hearts are going down in paltry Albert Row,
A ghastly line of blank "To Lets" the first-floor windows show;
The white cross on the old Park elms the sorry lodger sees,
And straight prepares his trunk to go, like the unhappy trees.

The word is spoke—'tis past a joke—Hyde Park the spot shall be,
Where to the skies shall soon arise the House of Industry—
Pile high the bricks, the mortar mix, knock up the scaffold-poles,
Tread out the green, cut up the turf, with ruts, and hills, and holes.

The Prince commands—in ready hands the trenchant axe is nigh:
Soon maimed and marred, upon the sward, the headless trunks will lie.
Vain CAMPBELL's law, BROUGHAM's power of jaw, and SIDTHORP's
jolly row—

A Prince to please, not only trees, but Woods and Forests bow.

When sudden, hark, into the Park wide Albert Gates are flung,
And lo! a band that suppliant stand, the noble, fair and young;
Right well we know of Rotten Row the glory and the pride,
The Maidens in their habits, the noble Swells beside.

Then up and spake a lady—that round her neck did wear
A halter for a habit-shirt—à la EUSTACE ST. PIERRE:

"Our necks are thine, all in a line to string up, if you please;
And none shall cut us down, if you will not cut down the trees.

"Spare but these trunks, we give our heads; and ladies, as they ride,
In days to come will talk of us for Rotten Row that died;
'Tis no plebeian precinct thus rudely you invade;
The sacred ride for noble swells and high-born ladies made.

"There's Regent's Park is *parvenue*; there's Battersea is low;
What harm to cut up snobbish turf, and 'sparagus also?
Or is there not the Isle of Dogs by Thames' salubrious side?
Oh, thither you might cut your stick, and cut no stick beside.

"But to come down on Rotten Row, to mar 'The Ladies' Mile!'
To spifflicate the railings, where lean the gents and smile!
Oh, pale, I trow, sweet cheeks will grow, that, wan from ball-rooms hot,
Repair the galope's ravages with a gallop or a trot.

"Think, cruel Prince, how much there is that with these trees must fall,
The scandal of the drawing-room, the chitchat of the ball—
ROGERS' last *mot* unspread will go; MACAULAY's last good thing
Like a bad shilling ne'er will pass, because it has no *Ring*!

"Then take our lives, and spare our ride, the only place we know
Where ladies, pent in London, for exercise can go.

'Tis not with us as with our Lords; for they, the Park beside,
Have got the House of Commons, where their hobbies they may ride."

The Prince looked grim—it was his whim—humbugged he would not be;
When lo—a stately Lady is kneeling at his knee.

"I too would ride," she sweetly cried, "so, ALBERT, if you please,
Don't—there's a darling—for my sake—please don't cut down the trees."

He fain had spurned—and restless turned—but—

(Here the MS. becomes illegible.)

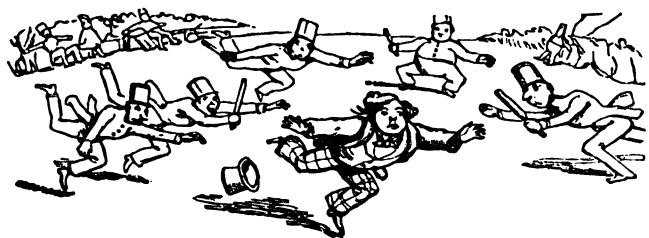
THE MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

THE presentation of the great diamond, the Mountain of Light, to HER MAJESTY, at the recent levee, contributed to make it in every sense of the word a brilliant reception. It is said that this magnificent jewel came from the famous peacock throne of the KING OF PERSIA, and used to adorn the peacock's head, but all we have to say on this head is, that there is no reliance to be placed on the tale. This valuable diamond was given to a Venetian Jew jeweller, to be cut as a rose, but he seems to have had a cabbage rose in his eye, for he resorted to the untradesmanlike act of cabbaging as much as he could of the precious material. It weighed, before the cabbaging, nearly 800 carats. Since then it has been the subject of some half-dozen robberies, and we believe it has never, until it was made a present to HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, come honestly into the hands of anybody.

Such is our brief history of this Mountain of Light, which, to look at, appears less of a mountain than a molehill.

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

THE VISIT TO EPSOM.—PART II.



ROBINSON WILL CROSS THE COURSE



HE IS CAUGHT AND BROUGHT BACK AMID THE JEERS OF THE POPULACE.



B., J., AND R. ARE INVITED INTO A BOOTH TO TAKE A TURN WITH THE "NOBBY ONE."



ON PAYMENT OF ONE SHILLING ROBINSON HEARS HIS FORTUNE.



BROWN SEES THE RACE CAPITALLY.



"FOR THE FUN OF THE THING," THEY LOSE A FEW POUNDS AT ROUGE ET NOIR.



"SOMETHING" MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO ROBINSON.



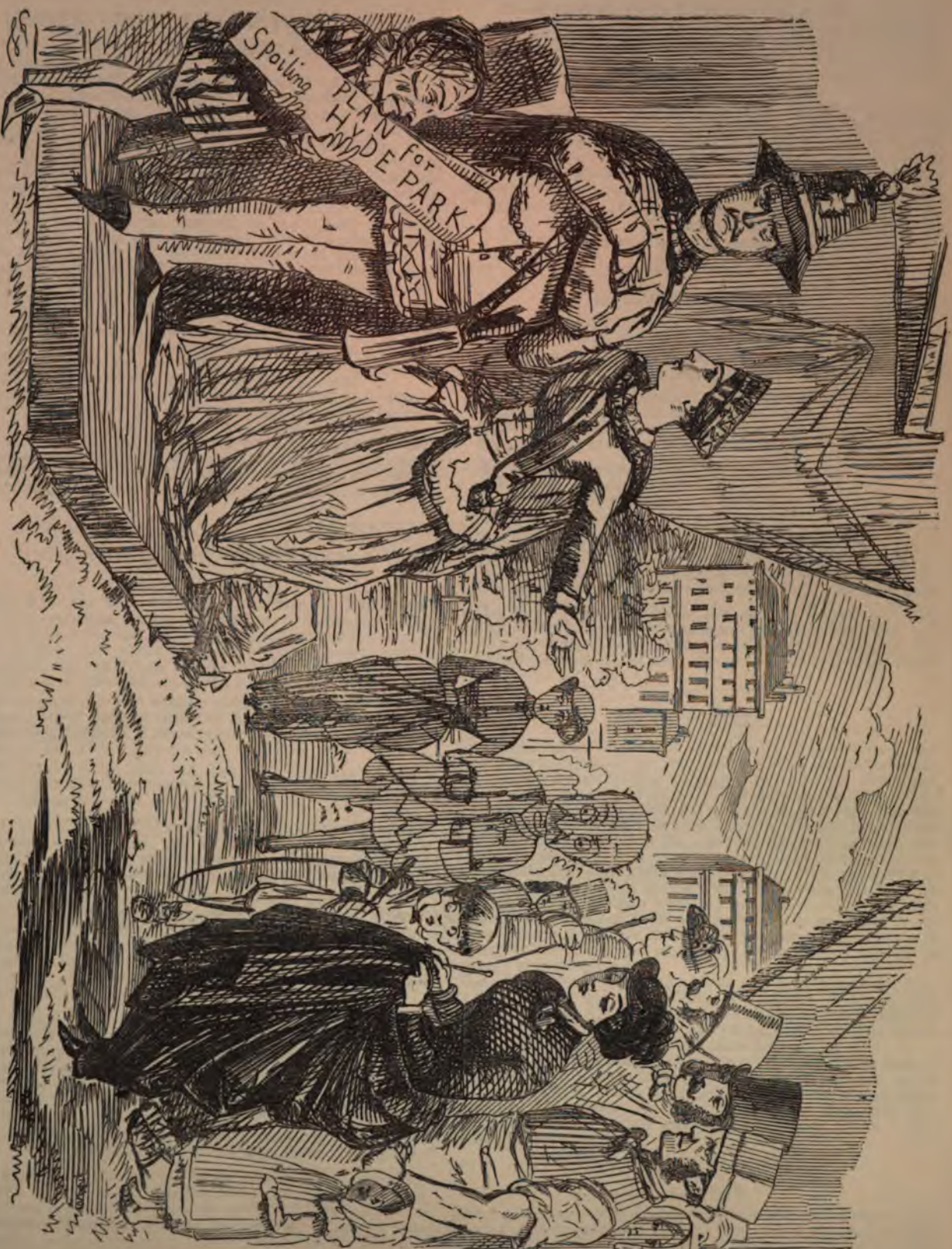
THEY SEE A FLIGHT OF PIGEONS, AND ARE SURPRISED THEREAT.



PERPLEXITY OF BROWN WHEN ASKED WHICH "OF 'EM 'ERE OSSIES IS 'IS."



LAST APPEARANCE OF BROWN THE NIGHT AFTER THE DERBY.



A CERTAIN GOOD QUEEN INTERCEDING WITH A CERTAIN PRINCE FOR THE UNHAPPY
BELGRAVIANS AND OTHER CITIZENS.

LEAVES FROM THE ARTICHOKE.

"Artichoke Hotel, Perriwinks, July 6.

"YOUR PARDON, MR. PUNCH,
 "FOR thus breaking in upon your important minutes. But I am the Landlord of the Artichoke Family Hotel, at this rising Watering-place of Perriwinks—(Sands like a Carpet, and donkies, side-saddle or otherwise, quiet as sucking babies, besides Chairs for Invalids, and Flies for Parties)—which is much patronised by the Nobility and Clergy, with a great promise of Members of Parliament, Two having gone away last season, and anxiously looked for to return. And, Sir, as the Landlord, and knowing it is the delight of your heart to give a lifting hand to struggling worth—not that it becomes me to say so for myself, but being so bold as to speak for an innocent wife, and a family continued every twelvemonth—I beg leave to call your notice to a habit which is disgraceful to people which call themselves Ladies and Gentlemen,—a habit of making remarks in the Book which lies upon the Table of every Respectable Hotel, for the names, and any little compliment they may choose to taper off, for the Good of the House, and the Credit of the Landlord. What I stand upon is this: if people aren't satisfied—and I've been too long in business to attempt to satisfy everybody—as little as they can do is only to put down their names, and say nothing about it. But no, Sir; they won't do this—but will go on taking away the character of everything in a House, from fleas to Bottled Porter.

"To show you, *Mr. Punch*, that I do not complain without a cause, I send you a correct copy of the First Leaf of the Season of the Visitors' Book of the Artichoke, of this Rising Watering-place of Perriwinks;—and will, from time to time, forward you other Leaves, that People, seeing themselves held up to this generation, and held down to the next, will be Cured of a Habit that is Disgraceful to themselves, and Painful to any Landlord, especially with a wife and rising children; and am,

"Yours, humbly,
 "JOHN BUZZWING."

ARTICHOKE TAVERN, PERRIWINKS.

VISITORS' BOOK.

July 1. The REV. MR. SLOWCOACH, MRS. SLOWCOACH, MISS SLOWCOACH, and MISS TERESA SLOWCOACH, of Tithesqueak, Pig-Cum-Poke.—The REV. MR. S. can recommend this Inn. People civil; port good; sherry very nutty; salmon, perhaps, a little ante-diluvian; and where *do* they get their lobsters? House commands a noble prospect of the sea, when it covers the mud.

MRS. S.—as a wife and mother—would suggest to any lady to *assure herself* that the sheets of this house are *aired*. Landlady civil; but MRS. S. *cannot refrain from expressing* a suspicion that *all* the children have not been vaccinated.

MISS TERESA S. has seen and read of a good many moons; but can confidently recommend the moon of this place, as it *edges* the rippling *seae* with a *fringe* of silver.

— JOHN BAGGE, ESQ., Wideawake Lodge, Brixton.—Never was so bitten in all his life. His opinion is, that some East India family has slept here, with their luggage; and crossed the fleas with scorpions. When he gets home, only *hopes* his wife'll know him.

— FELIX DOVE, ESQ., of Nightingale Lane, Highgate. Here all alone, and never *so* happy! Beautiful walks; with an uncommon quiet cob; Madeira, astonishing for such a place. A *little* too much of the British Lion in the brandy—but, altogether, delighted. Should anything—(which Heaven forbid!)—happen to MRS. D., is resolved to spend his next Honeymoon here.

— OLD ASS!! Hasn't got out of one Pound, afore he wants to get into another.

Wonderful place, this, for geography. Only two steps from the Coffee-room to the Havannah where—in the garden—you see your own Cigars in the leaf. Tea shocking: cruelty to animals! Cows kept to lick the chalk scores, and *that's how* the milk comes.

BOB CASINO (and not ashamed of his name), "By the sad Sea Waves," Perriwinkles-and-no-Pin-to-pick-'em-with!

July 2. A lovely spot! The weather divine; the daisied meads and the violet banks delicious. Landlord, civil person; landlady, most maternal creature. The Dove-cot well worthy the attention of visitors. Altogether, not too much to say,—a heaven upon earth. AUGUSTUS DE NOTES.

"And, oh, if there be an Elysium on Earth,
 It is *this*—it is *this*!"

Oh, true! The Dove-cot is beautiful. ARABELLA DE N—S.

— MR. SQUARETOE, Sol., of Size Lane, cannot leave the Artichoke without expressing his disgust, and it is his wish to use

the strongest word—his disgust—at what is called soft sugar, served in the house with the coffee. MR. SQUARETOE is perfectly well acquainted with the elastic properties of the English law of libel; and, therefore, only expresses a hope—a hope, be it understood—that the spittoons of the Artichoke and the soft sugar basins are *not* filled from the same sack.

— MRS. TOMBS, of the Yew Tree, Bury, in quite a Christian spirit, and loving her neighbours as herself, would suggest to the landlady of the house, if it be a necessary evil, consequent upon keeping hotels, to keep chamber-maids,—that it is not, she submits, equally necessary that the said maids should wear such very emphatic caps, trimmed with such cherry-coloured ribands.

— ALFRED TOMBS, JUN. (mother being safe in the coach at the door), has run in to write down in this book, that *he* thinks the caps very spicy, and the cherry ribands quite the bounce.

THE MERRY COMMONERS.

HEY for the Merry Commoners! the jocular M.P.s.
 How very little wit it takes their little minds to please;
 How rampant is their laughter at each attempt at fun;
 And gramercy! what loud guffaws at every little pun!

Hey for the Merry Commoners! who says debates are slow,
 When at each sentence out there drops a beautiful *bon mot*?
 So from the newspaper reports the fact at least appears,
 For after every paragraph there comes "a laugh" or "cheers."

Hey for the merry Commoners! how jovial their life,
 With oceans of facetiousness to season party-strife!
 Two hundred jolly Momuses upon the benches sit,
 The country to illuminate with ever-sparkling wit.

Hey for the merry Commoners! how nobly they adhere
 To what's been handed down to us from distant year to year!
 Attachment to antiquity through all their labours runs;
 The spirit of the past pervades their quips, their jokes, their puns.

Hey for the Merry Commoners! how pleasant 'tis to know
 That all that's novel in their jokes to *Punch* alone they owe!
 From the debates, each morning, we might select a bunch
 Of gems, that prove the Commoners both read and mind their *Punch*.

THE PUFF DIRECT.

We looked through the Official Report on the Smoke Nuisance with intense interest, expecting that the greatest of all smoke nuisances—the cigar—would have been at least incidentally touched upon. We regret to find a total omission of all allusion to the offensive weed, from which our streets require to be weeded, and we have engaged one of our own commissioners to throw into form a few facts with reference to the effects of the cigar smoke nuisance on the health and comfort of the metropolis.

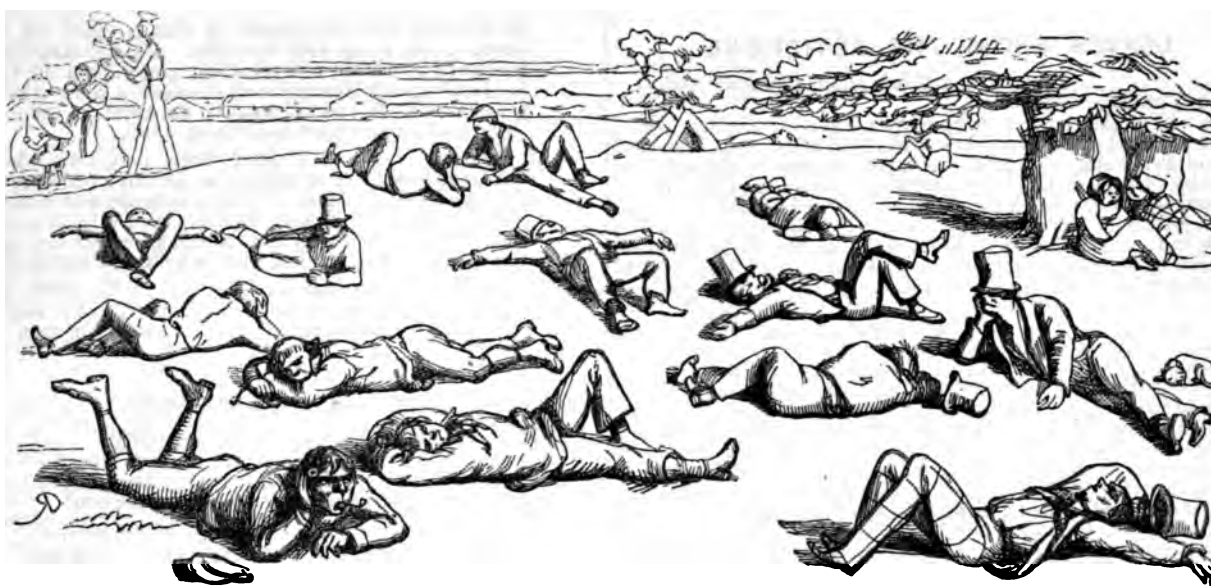
In the first place it is ascertained that cigar smoke, like other smoke, covers surrounding objects with a black crust; for when puffed in the face of anyone, the features assume a black look, indicative of extreme crustiness. It soils the linen of the passers-by to an extent that adds nearly ten thousand a-year to the washing-bills of the metropolis, to say nothing of the wear and tear of the tub which lacerates the bosoms of so many million shirts, and sends home their mangled remains to thousands of grieving families.

There is no doubt also, that cigar smoke acts as an irritant, for however much the love of praise may induce us to delight in a puff, when it meets our eye casually, none of us can be said to desire it when it is administered to our very face in a large volume, and thus cigar smoke becomes an irritant, of a very exciting character.

For these and other reasons we have come to the conclusion that all persons choosing to convert themselves into walking chimneys in the public thoroughfares should be compelled to follow the law laid down for engines, and consume their own smoke, as coming under the description of those "mortal engines" with "rude throats" that SHAKESPEARE has alluded to.

Hyde and Seek.

It is a pity that so much blindness has been exhibited about the site of the intended Exposition of the year 1851; for it was easy to have foreseen that Hyde Park, as one of the lungs of the metropolis, would not have been willingly surrendered by the Londoners, who require all their lungs for their very little breathing-time. It has been objected to Hyde Park also, that it is approachable by neither water nor rail; but surely this deficiency has lately been supplied, for no place could have had so much cold water thrown upon it, or been so generally railed against.



A VIEW IN HYDE PARK, SHOWING THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF A CONDEMNED.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM the gentleman who used to go every night to the Lions and Tigers at Drury Lane, in the hope of seeing Van Amburgh devoured. I am fond of excitement. I went every night but one that MADAME SACQUI ascended the tight-rope, from the stage to the gallery, and never shall forgive myself that the only night I missed was when the rope broke in the middle of the ascent. I love all the national sports and pastimes of England; but, alas! where are they? Every one is gradually leaving us. Cock-shying has shamefully gone out of fashion; bull-baiting has followed the same deplorable, mistaken track; and I cannot sufficiently control my indignation when I mention that Smithfield is also about to be abolished. I was in the habit of attending in Cow Lane every market-day, and many a happy hour of excitement have I passed there! How I have been elevated at the enlivening cry of 'Mad bull!' How my heart has bounded high into the air as I watched the career of that 'mad bull' down the street! and how I have jumped, leaped for joy, when he encountered in his disputed path old women, children, apple-stalls, and charity schools. I often longed to see an Alderman, of the rich, fat, old school,—a sort of double-Moon Alderman,—tossed; but such a treat was never afforded me. Still I should not grumble, and I am most thankful to the City Corporation for the lively moments of innocent amusement I have enjoyed in the purlieus of jolly Smithfield. But, Sir, that last remnant of our Sports and Pastimes—that last faint reminiscence of the glories of bull-baiting—is about to be snatched from us! Parliament, in its baby stupidity, has decreed in a committee its downfall. I boldly announce that, if Smithfield is taken away, I shall exile myself to Spain, and seek in a foreign land some consolation for the delights I have lost in my own country. But I prefer Smithfield to the best bull-fight, and should be sorry to exchange my lamp-post in Cow Lane for a seat in the Queen's box at Seville or Madrid.

"I remain, dear *Punch*,

"Yours, always (twice a week in Cow Lane),

A LOVER OF EXCITEMENT.

Pie-crust Promises.

WE are promised that the new Building for the great Industrial Exhibition is not to cost more than £10,000, and that it is to be completed before the First of May. This is all very well, but we cannot help recollecting that MR. BARRY is one of the great men, if not the great man, on the Building Committee. Looking at the cost of the Houses of Parliament, and that they are not yet completed, and that no one can tell when they will be, much less how many millions they will cost when they are completed, we think we are right in presuming that, if the estimate for the Industrial Building is £10,000, that it will cost at least £2,000,000; and that we are equally justified in fearing after the absurd announcement that the Building is to be ready by the First of May, that, at the most profound calculation, it never will be finished in less than ten years after that date!

SABBATARIAN SLANDER.

MY DEAR LORD BROUGHAM,

I AM very sorry to be informed that your Lordship is a hater of religion, and not only that, but one of the leaders of the band of infidels. If anything can add to the concern which this intelligence gives me, it is the circumstance that I, myself, am said to be your comrade and associate in command of the regiment of unbelievers. We are indebted, my Lord, to a newspaper called the *Christian Times*, for gazetting us two as the captains of that profane corps. Says our charitable contemporary, alluding to the House of Commons' resolution, which stopped the delivery of letters and newspapers on Sunday:—

"No sooner had the fact become known, than a deadly, malicious, and calumnious onslaught was simultaneously made by the non-religious part of the press, and by the motley hordes of religion-haters, under the captaincy of Lord BROUGHAM and Mr. *Punch*."

Having thus promoted us to be Commanders of the Unfaithful—an army which a defamatory journal, calling itself *Christian*, is rather likely to procure recruits for—the Sabbatarian print continues:—

"These worthies have written in every form of vehement vituperation and slander; they have arrogated to themselves all the wisdom of the question, and credited the advocates of the Sabbath rest with every attribute of folly, intolerance, cant, and selfishness."

Now, my dear Lord, don't you think that there are some people who coolly "arrogate to themselves" the exclusive claim to be Christians? I do; and I say that the Sabbatarians are such people; and I totally deny their pretensions, and assert, and insist, that they have no more reason for maintaining their own peculiar and private views to be Christianity than the Ebionites had, or the Quartodecimans, or the Omphalopsychoi, mentioned in Church History, who believed their souls to be in their navels, or, indeed, than the Joanna Southcoteites, or any other subdivision of the great sect of the Lunatics. I contend that their doctrine of the Judaistical observance of Sunday is a mere persuasion, which they have every right to entertain, certainly; but none whatever to enforce their own practice in regard to it on others. Let them show me one word in support of their tenet out of the Book, and I am dumb. If they have nothing else to offer me than their own infallible authority, I am much obliged to them, but there is already a Pope at Rome, if I want proof of that description. Pray enter your protest in the Journal of the House of Lords against being called an Arch-infidel, because you defend religious liberty from the encroachments of Sabbatarian fanaticism, and to your own name adjoin, by proxy, that of the maligned, traduced, injured, innocent,

PUNCH.

Greens to the Green.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph informs us of a somewhat strange feat having been accomplished by an individual who devoured a large quantity of cabbage stumps for a small wager. This man's love of the stumpy must have been intense, or he never would have undertaken the task of eating a heap of cabbage stalks—unless, indeed, he thought to make himself eloquent, in consequence of his having heard something about CARLYLE's friend, the Stump Orator.

Our "In Memoriam."

Not in the splendour of a ruinous glory
Emblazoned, glitters our lost Statesman's name:
The great deeds that have earned him deathless fame
Will cost us merely thanks. Their inventory
Of peaceful heroism will be a story,
Of wise assertion of a rightful claim,
And Commerce freed by sagely daring aim.
Famine averted; Revolution gory
Disarmed; and the exhausted Commonweal
Recruited; these are things that England long
Will couple with the name of ROBERT PEEL,
Of whom the worst his enemies can say
Is, that he left the error of his way
When Conscience told him he was in the wrong.

WHAT A PERSON MAY DO ON A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY, AND WHAT HE MAY NOT DO.

He may post himself and have as many post-horses as he pleases; but he must not send a single letter by the Post.

He may, however, send letters by tying a piece of string round them, and so making parcels of them; but then he must send them by the railway, and not through the medium of the Post.

He may receive messages by the Electric Telegraph; but he may not receive those same messages, if folded up in a penny letter and sent through the Puritanical channel of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

He may travel on a railway with the Mail-Post; but he is a fool, or worse—an infidel, if he expects to receive at the destination of his journey any one of the letters that have been travelling with him every inch of the way in the same train.

He may buy postage-stamps on a Sunday; but he is forbidden to receive a letter that is stamped with one, though it is there before him lying on the counter of the same shop.

He may go to the club, or the public-house, to read the newspaper; but he cannot read it at home unless he chooses to wait till his Sunday newspaper is delivered on the Monday or Tuesday morning.

He may go to hear a political lecture, or attend a Socialist meeting, or join a van party, or rise at five o'clock in the morning for a cheap excursion, or hire a horse or a donkey, or travel in a cart, carriage, cab, omnibus, steam-boat, velocipede, or balloon; he may do all these things, and a quantity more, on a Sunday; but he must be debarred from all letters and newspapers, for none are delivered on that day.

He may send to the hotel for his dinner, to the wine-stores for his wine, to the pastry-cook's for his pastry, to the green-grocer's for his dessert, to the cigar seller's for his tobacco, and they will all be sent home to him; but he may in vain send to the Post-Office for his letters and his newspapers, for they will not be given to him, because it happens to be a Sunday.

THE BEST SITE AFTER ALL FOR THE EXPOSITION OF 1851.

WHILE every body's ingenuity has been tried to suggest a site for the Exposition of 1851, there is a site that has been altogether overlooked in the most unaccountable manner. The place we speak of ranks among the Metropolitan Parks, and its adoption will prevent a necessity for encroaching on the Park of Hyde, the Park of Victoria, or the Park of Battersea. The public will at once perceive the eligibility of the position of that most central of all localities, Whetstone Park, which is in the very heart of the Metropolis, and may be approached by almost every kind of conveyance. There are no aristocratic inhabitants to complain of their neighbourhood being injured; there are no fashionable promenaders to cry out against the invasion of their lounge, and we are quite sure that the residents would most willingly accede to the selection of the spot for the purposes of the Exhibition.

It cannot be said that any lung of the Metropolis would be stopped up, for Whetstone Park can never be considered as a lung, and its temporary filling up would amount to nothing more than a slight obstruction of one of the smallest air vessels. We strongly urge upon the Commissioners the propriety of a survey of the capabilities of this hitherto forgotten Park, and we hope that all animosity may be buried at the corner of Little Turnstile.

THE EXCURSION SEASON.

WE are glad to see the usual summer excursions are at their height, and, though some of the proposed migrations might, from their oddness, lead to the exclamation of O! mi-grations! from the feeble mind, there is an abundance of reasonable plans for seasonable locomotion. We confess we do not feel inclined to go literally all the way with some of those excursionists who are tempted by a promised trip of more than 200 miles to go to Margate or Ramsgate in a single day, by a train that continues getting progressively later and later at every station, until the last traveller finds he has no sooner reached his outward destination than it is time to take his place in the train home again. Nor are we greatly attracted by the offer of a half-crown marine treat, whose projector promises to make for no particular point, but to go wherever wind and tide may bear his gallant vessel. An enterprising tourist, who had set his heart upon the buoy at the Nore, would be rather disappointed at the wind wafting him to Battersea, or his being tied by the tide to a voyage in a direction quite opposite to that in which he had made up his mind to travel. One might almost as well advertise an excursion by 'bus, the route taken to be dependent on the turn the horses might think proper to take, instead of its being a matter of choice with the passengers. However, novelty is everything, and there is something fresh and invigorating in the idea of starting to go we don't know where, from London Bridge and back again.



"THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN THAT BOUND ME TO THEE."

HIP, HIP, HIP, FOR THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

EVERYBODY is still running towards the Regent's Park, for the purpose of passing half an hour with the Hippopotamus. The animal itself repays public curiosity with a yawn of indifference, or throws cold water on the ardour of his visitors, by suddenly plunging into his bath, and splashing every one within five yards of him.

Much disappointment has been expressed at the Hippopotamus, in consequence of its not being exactly up to the general idea of a sea-horse, and many hundreds go away grumbling every day, because the brute is not so equestrian in appearance as could be desired. Many persons thought the Hippopotamus was a regular sea-horse, kept expressly for running in harness in a sea-captain's gig; but as the creature turns out to be very like a hog, there are many who go the entire animal in finding fault with him. The consumption of milk is still something terrific, though the pump has been called in as an assistant wet-nurse.

THE DUELLING SEASON.

THE Duelling Season has set in again at Paris with unusual warmth. Little parties are made in the Bois de Boulogne, where everything goes off with the greatest *éclat*. The festivities are often prolonged to a very late hour in the morning, after which the guests generally adjourn to some *café* on the Boulevards, at which champagne is the "order" of the day. This plan of entertainment is prevalent now amongst men of all parties, and politicians of all colours. If two members are at all distant, a Duel is at once proposed, and they are brought together again in the most conciliatory manner. A pupil of the *Ecole de Médecine* is engaged, and some pistols are borrowed, more for the form of the thing than anything else, and the two angry foes never meet without separating the best of friends. This form of invitation, however, has not been so fashionable lately amongst the Members of the Left, as it was discovered from certain reports, which unfortunately turned out too true, that many of the *Montagnards* were not worth their "powder and shot."

SANDHURST FRENCH EXAMINATION.—We are told that a boy being called upon to translate a "Fast Man," sent in his answer, "*Un homme qui jeûne.*"

THE REAL STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.



THE law says very properly, that no one shall obstruct the public thoroughfare; and it is calculated that no less than five hundred ship-loads of oranges pass through the hands of the police every year, in consequence of contumacious barrow or basket-women blocking up the footway, while the same fate attends upon no less than fifty entire beds of oysters, that have prevented an opening for the general street traffic.

When we wend our weary way along the streets of London, though we confess it is sometimes unpleasant to find ourselves solicited by a long chain of basket-women entreating us to purchase their "sweet Chainey oranges," we must say that the real enemies to progress are the advertising machines, both human and bestial, as well as mechanical. What with Panoramas and Paletôts, Dioramas and Balloons, Registered Shirts, and Monster Concerts, there is no getting along the principal

metropolitan thoroughfares without being reminded by some overwhelming van that all is van-ity.

The other day we were completely blockaded between an enormous invitation to the Cremorne Elysium, and a polite request, in letters six feet long, to go and provide ourselves with six shirts for forty shillings. We had just turned round, in the hope of finding a loophole or a gusset to get out of the shirts when we found ourselves hemmed in, and regularly stitched to the spot by a bold black letter assertion, that the word paletôt, though "assumed by all" is the exclusive property of H., J., W., and D.,—somebody or other who aspire at the West-end to the mantle of Moses. If some of the real obstructions who barricade the streets, with their monster advertising vans, were to be walked off to the Green Yard, the effect would be to give a freer circulation to the air as well as to the passages.

A GROWL FROM THE BOUDOIR.

'R-R-R-R-OW!



"SOMEBODY, Mr. Punch, has been writing lately to the *Morning Post* to complain of 'ferocious dogs.' The grievance of this individual is, that there is no remedy against a dog till a person has been bitten by him. It is rather too late then, I know, especially if the unhappy dog is mad; and I admit that such of us as can't keep our teeth to themselves ought to be muzzled—so, by the way, ought some bipeds that I have heard of. But the writer in the *Post* would lay down the cruel dogma that dogs should be punished before they are guilty. The inhuman dogmatist proposes 'an exterminating tax' on all of us, except those kept for some 'essentially useful purpose, and even then under proper restrictions.' This implacable hostility to our race seems excited by what our enemy calls 'the bare idea of that dreadful thing, hydrophobia.' From this peculiar sort of phraseology, and from its having been so liberally underlined, I conclude that the writer of the letter is a female, and I believe I know

who she is. She says that she and her family go creeping about the house in fear of a 'ferocious beast' kept by a lady in her house. This is evidently the language of some old woman: that old woman, Sir, is my mistress's landlady, and the 'ferocious beast' is no other than poor little I, commonly called 'PLANET,' because

"I am, &c.,

"AN ISLE OF SKYE."

"P.S. Toby, who of course can read as well as I, is, I dare say, indignant at the letter in the *Post*. Give my love to Toby."

Popularity of Lord Ashley.

THE country is not aware of the obligations under which it lies to LORD ASHLEY. "No news," says the proverb, "is good news;" and accordingly all persons residing in the provinces are indebted to his Lordship for the receipt of good news regularly every Sunday morning. It must be particularly gratifying to persons anxious to hear from relatives lying on the bed of sickness to obtain this very satisfactory intelligence: so much so, that we understand that the amount of blessings invoked by them on the head of the noble lord in the fulness of their hearts is quite incredible.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE TWELFTH.

MRS. MOUSER ON THE SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF LADIES AFTER DINNER.
THE ABUSE AND THE REMEDY.

CONTEMPLATING SOCIETY, MR. PUNCH—which, as aunt PEACOCK used to say, she considered to be very like a patchwork quilt made by a needle-woman, without a proper eye for matching of colours, the reds, and the blues, and the yellows, are so mixed up with and kill the quiet patterns,—in contemplating, I say, society, there is nothing that has struck me with a stronger blow than the English habit—(for in France, I'm told, they know how to behave themselves towards women)—than the custom of banishing the ladies to the drawing-room, in a very few minutes after dinner; as if whatever was talked of after they were gone, was of too high and lofty a kind—"too philosophic, and embracing subjects too asthmatic," as MOUSER once said to me,—when, by the way, he could hardly speak ten words—"for the limited range of the female brain." And so, while the Lords of the Creation are talking of the stars, and the tides, geography, Mahometanism—for this is what MOUSER says—natural history, and the like, women are to be sent away with the children, with nothing to do but to talk to themselves in the drawing-room.

Not that they always will talk. It was only last week that MOUSER and I dined with the CRAWFORDS—fine people; amiable people, with the best show of plate of any of our acquaintance. Well, the dinner went off beautifully—I never enjoyed myself more out in my life. The party, too, was so genteel! We had the cousin of the gallant CAPTAIN JUNGLE, who has so distinguished himself in India; the own brother of the new Bishop of Heligoland; and a whole host, as MOUSER calls 'em, of notoriety; besides MR. SPIRT, the traveller—such a clever creature!—who's been all round the globe, with nothing but a tooth-brush, a note-book, and a complete suit of striped cotton. Such a dear, rattling fellow! Did so make us laugh with his account of a suttee, when the widow insisted upon being burnt, and—the stupid creature! it served her quite right to let her have her own way—and when it was all over, how he, MR. SPIRT, said it looked like a GUY FAUX bonfire, *without* the squibs! The brother of the Bishop of Heligoland was, to be sure, very high upon the matter. "That young man"—said the Bishop's brother to myself—"that young man lowers everything; he would trace the source of the Nile to his own ink-bottle, and let down the Garden of Eden to an apple-stall." I couldn't but agree with the Bishop's brother; nevertheless, I thought MR. SPIRT one of the most pleasant creatures that ever lived! Much more funny, indeed, than the Bishop's brother!

But don't let me forget what I began with; which is the savage custom of sending away ladies from the dinner-table. For we were all so pleasant at the CRAWFORDS; the gentlemen delightful, and, I must say it, the ladies bearing their part—some of 'em, perhaps, over-acting it a little—bearing their part delightfully. All as full of smiles and sweetness—as the Bishop's brother whispered to me—as a rose-garden. Well, the horrid minute came; MRS. CRAWFORD swept her eyes round the table, looking us off our chairs; and the Bishop's brother, running to the door to open it, asked "if they *must* lose us so soon?"—and let us out.

We all left running over with smiles, and rustled our way up stairs. Upon my word, *Mr. Punch*, when we got into the drawing-room, and took our seats, I do think that not a soul we'd left would have known us again! Even CRAWFORD might have stared at his own wife; and for myself—I confess it—I felt the change. There wasn't a lady of the party—as for MRS. CRAWFORD she looked on a sudden frost-bit from head to toe—not a woman that didn't seem as she'd been suddenly iced in her muslin and satin. To have seen us smiling and sparkling as we went out of the dining-room; and again to have seen us as we *glumped*—(I don't know whether there is such a word; but if there isn't there ought to be)—as we *glumped* in the drawing-room, nobody would have thought us the same delightful creatures. As I say—as I confess myself—I found the difference. I could have talked for ever

down stairs, and on a sudden, directly I stepped into the drawing-room, I felt in a hard frost.

Well, we all dropped somewhere; all silent and some savage. Some got to Albums, and Books, and so forth. But what's *Books of Beauty* to us women (unless, indeed, one's own picture happens to be in 'em)? I never saw a book of the sort I'd give a pin for. And so, after we'd rustled and rumpled the leaves, and that for the most part in the most horrid silence that I ever knew—except now and then there was such a shout of laughter down-stairs that made one's blood boil again, and I could see MRS. CRAWFORD felt so, though she did try to smile, and said more than once—"The gentlemen seem to do very well without us—it's pleasant to think we're so soon forgot,"—after sitting mum-chance for about an hour, MRS. CRAWFORD, in a desperate moment, as I verily believe, to do something, asked that dreadful Miss PEONY—(and I never meet that girl—girl! she's four-and-thirty at least, anywhere, that I don't seem to smell the paint)—asked her to sing a song, and my blood went colder at the words. In a moment, and before she was well asked, Miss PEONY was down at the piano, with her hands out for mischief. Of course we had that horrid thing—"I'll never own my love! no—no—no!"—with that dreadful jingling of the no—no—no, like the rattling of a bunch of keys.

Now, I put it to you, *Mr. Punch*, as a person knowing human nature, and woman's nature to boot,—what pleasure, what interest is there, what curiosity, I should like to know, can there be in eight or ten ladies being made to listen to one of their own sex—(and four-and-thirty as I said, at least,) screaming to a piano that she won't own a love, that it's very well known she never had, and if she had, that she might advertise it in the *Morning Post*, and nobody care a button about it?

But this is one of the miseries that is brought upon women by their being packed off—banished into exile—as MRS. HARBOTTLE very spiritedly observed, whilst men are "passing the port," as they call it, and talking their own philosophy, and giving their own views of life, as MOUSER says, in the dining-room. Now, it's a very different thing when a lady sings a love-song in a mixed company. "That,"—as MRS. HARBOTTLE said to me—"that is a magnetic relation which communicates with the latent sympathies of people; and everybody—or at least every other body—takes an interest in it upon their own account,"—which I thought very deeply, and very beautifully said. And MRS. HARBOTTLE was going on, when there was another shout in the room below that, upon my word, almost shook us off our chairs again.

Whereupon MRS. CRAWFORD, with a cutting smile observed—"the gentlemen seem enjoying their philosophy." And then she made an angry snatch at the bell, and I couldn't wonder at it—for we'd been waiting an hour—and said to the servant when he came—"ROBERT, give my compliments, mind, my compliments to your master, and ask him if the ladies may hope to see him before they go home." ROBERT left the room; and MRS. CRAWFORD smiled at all of us, and of course we smiled again, supporting her.

"Hush," said MRS. CRAWFORD, and we listened. The man delivered his message; there could be no doubt of *that*; and CRAWFORD—as MOUSER confessed to me—delivered it to the company afterwards; for there was another shout of laughter that, as MRS. HARBOTTLE declared, and as I myself felt, was positively an insult! A defying insult!

It was another hour—another hour by the time-piece—that we, poor women, were left alone to our own resources, and you may judge, *Mr. Punch*, how dull we were, before the gentlemen joined us. Why we were two hours—two hours wrecked, as MRS. HARBOTTLE prettily expressed herself,—wrecked upon the squabs and sofas of MRS. CRAWFORD'S drawing-room.

And now, *Mr. Punch*, let me suggest a remedy for this. A remedy that shall make men in their own defence, either insist upon our remaining at the table till they rise themselves—or that shall make them, like needles to the pole, immediately come after us up stairs. My remedy is this:—

Gentlemen "take ladies down." I propose that ladies should "take gentlemen up," and in this way.

Let it be the business of every lady taken down by a gentleman to make herself acquainted with all his faults; faults of looks; faults of manner; faults of every sort that can be seen in him or made for him. Then, when the ladies are sent away by themselves, let them put together all they've thought of 'gainst the gentlemen who took 'em down—and throwing the collection in a common stock, make the most of it.

I'll be bound, *Mr. Punch*, that if this was done, we women should pass the time in the drawing-room a little more pleasantly than we're doomed to now—sitting, almost saying nothing—with the further aggravation of laughter down stairs.

When the gentlemen felt that all their faults were being talked about, and made more of; when they felt that every lady taken down, had in return, taken a gentleman up,—when, in a word, all the gentlemen felt certain that there was nothing beside going on, but that they were being picked to bits in the drawing-room, wouldn't they,—in a minute, come up stairs; if only to look after the pieces?

Yours, truly,

AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.

THE TALKING ELMS; OR, THE HAMADRYADS OF HYDE PARK.



"Oh, Elms, whose green from summer's glare
The Knightsbridge road relieves,
Punch questions you, and answer fair,
Craves of you, by your leaves.

"Say, Elms, why my LORD SEYMOUR came,
And with official phlegm,
Marked, in the Woods and Forests' name,
The white cross on each stem?

"And tell us all that you have seen
Since great ACHILLES rose,
Who towers so tall above the green,
And is so short of clothes?

"And if you think the Iron Duke,
Who's set up over there,
The ugliest thing that we may look
To see, here or elsewhere?"

"Oh, *Punch*, you know in ancient days,
A Hamadryad came
To life with every tree, always,
And it is still the same.

"And Hamadryads of the Park
We are that talk to you;
And, as we cannot bite, we bark—
'Tis all our barks can do.

"For every cross—Oh, sorry hap!—
A lifeless trunk must roll;
No wonder it congeals the sap
That mantles in each bole.

"With us young Elms, whate'er they please,
The Woods and Forests dare;
But we have old and sturdy trees—
Of whom they'd best beware.

"The Hamadryad of that tough
And gnarled bush of broom,
Will speak his mind out, plain enough,
'Ere he submit to doom.

"And there's the Hamadryad keen,
Of that old kernel tree,
Stripped of his leaves of Lincoln green,
Will ne'er consent to be.

"You ask me what I've seen, since first
ACHILLES dared to show—
I've seen a generation pass
Away through Rotten Row.

"How oft my happy shade has hung
Round dainty waists and trim,
How oft my saucy light been flung
Under the beaver's brim,

"To kiss bright eyes that now are dark,
And light up many a smile
That, in those days, fired every spark
Who paced the Lady's Mile.

"How oft I've watched sweet faces, wan
With midnight rout and ball,
Here gather roses, trotting on,
And looking love to all.

"And serious statesmen I have seen
Upon their cobs sedate,
Here take the air, and muse serene,
Upon the night's debate.

"Workmen with wives and kids have sat
Beneath my kindly shade,
And drank their beer and had their chat,
When holiday they made.

"Such sights no more shall greet my eye;
To make a site, I fall;
To die, is hard; but now to die,
Is hardest fate of all.

"Now, that the world its treasure brings
From North, South, East, and West,
And with a friendly greeting flings
The store in England's breast.

"My sisters live to see the show,
From mine, and forge, and loom,
But o'er my place the turf will grow,
Feet will be on my tomb.

"But tell them, *Punch*—for it is true—
'Ere on their plan they fix—
They might make glass and iron do,
Eschewing lime and bricks.

"So o'er my green and happy grave,
Might sparkle to the sky,
A mausoleum broad and brave,
A glory to the eye!"

LEGAL CHANGES.

THE new arrangements in the higher departments of Westminster Hall, will materially affect the position of several other members of the Bar, whose names have not been mentioned in connection with the more important changes. The very proper elevation of SIR JOHN JERVIS to the Bench, will leave a vacancy for another Queen's Counsel in the first row, and thus an opening will be afforded to MR. BRIEFLESS which will materially alter his views; for, by the gap that will be left, he will be able to see his way to the Bench, which, as long as another learned gentleman sat immediately before him, was quite impossible. The other changes consequent on the alteration with regard to the Great Seal, will place the small wafers at the disposal of MR. DUNUP, for he will now be able to sit nearer the centre of the back row, where the little wafer-box—for the general use of Junior Counsel—will be directly under his fingers.

It is rumoured throughout Westminster Hall that both our learned friends, MR. BRIEFLESS and MR. DUNUP, are looking forward with the sanguine hope of eventually attaining to the high office of "Keeper," and that they are endeavouring to qualify for the post by the most energetic efforts to "keep" themselves.

MR. DUNUP has, it is stated, made some inquiries preliminary to an application for the coif, which cannot be assumed without an expense of several hundred pounds. The learned gentleman, it is believed, will propose to take the coif by instalments of fifty pounds per term; and if his proposition is acceded to, he will give rings with the motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," or, in other words, "What's done, or whoever is done, it can't be undone."

A SAINT FOR THE SABBATARIANS.

SAINT DOMINIC, for it is given in the Life of that arch-ascetic, that, when a babe at the breast, he vigorously, resolutely refused—(as babies will refuse when they are determined)—refused to suck on Sundays!

STANDING FOR A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.



It seems that there are only seats for three hundred members in the New House of Commons, whereas six hundred at least are required. This deficiency of accommodation, however, can easily be overcome. We are always enjoined to rise with every difficulty, so we propose that *Baby Jumpers* be provided for those who have no seats; and if that is not rising with a difficulty, we do not know what is!

Whenever a member (the Member for Ayr, suppose we say) wanted to "occupy the floor" of the House, the Serjeant-at-Arms would take him off the hooks, and hook him up again as soon as he had finished. A new appointment would have to be made

—"The Silver Hook in Waiting." We hardly know how the members sitting underneath would like this new arrangement. For instance, we cannot imagine it would be very pleasant to the feelings of LORD JOHN, when he was making a long speech, to know that DISRAELI was hanging over his head, ready, the moment he had finished, to "drop into him."

But then, again, the plan would be attended with certain conveniences; for how easy it would be for LORD JOHN, if he felt DISRAELI (or UPPER BENJAMIN, as he must be called after his new elevation) had taken the unfair advantage of him, to rise, as soon as he had resumed his seat in his Baby Jumper, and gently "pull him down," so saving himself and the House the fatigue of another long speech.

We hope to hear of an early sitting being appointed to try, in a full house, this experiment of the Baby Jumpers; if three hundred are run up, we should say it would be sufficient.

CANNIBALISM IN THE ARMY.

We have heard occasionally of awful scenes on board ship when provisions ran short, but really we can find no excuse for the state of things dimly shadowed forth in the following advertisement which lately appeared in the *Times* newspaper:—

"Messman wanted for a Cavalry Regiment quartered in England. He must be a person without encumbrance, who COOKS HIMSELF!"

We ask the reader, is there not something frightful in the very idea of a man cooking himself, and does it not suggest the still more awful question—when he has cooked himself who is to eat him? Humanity shudders, the blood turns to curd in the middle of its way, the heart takes a pantomimic leap into the mouth, and the brain commences a reel at the bare supposition of a messman "cooking himself," and the stipulation that he must be without encumbrance adds to the horror of the suggestion, for it shows that an act is contemplated, which might leave a wife and family desolate.

We know that the epicure, or rather the gourmand, will, by excessive indulgence so vitiate his taste and destroy his appetite, that something extraordinary will be required to rouse his deadened powers of enjoying food of the customary kind; but this advertisement for a "messman who cooks himself," is an outrage, not only on the best, but on the second best (and we might even add the every-day suit for common wear), feelings of our nature. We wonder that the advertisement did not add an intimation that "the messman must be in quarters a week before he begins to cook himself."

It is to be hoped that the War-Office will inquire into the circumstances of this case, for the "Cavalry Regiment" has something dreadfully wrong in either its humanity or its grammar. Wherever the fault lies it ought to be corrected.

MARRIAGE.—The Advertiser (a rich bachelor, whose property is quite untold, because the amount has never been mentioned to any one) offers to marry the original of SOYER'S *Housewife*. In the event of the great original being lost, he will be happy to take the very best copy extant. She must prove her competency in every article of knowledge contained in that great store-room of female education, and must be well grounded in all foreign accomplishments, such as French Sauces, Swiss Confectionery, Italian Creams, as well as the various *chefs-d'œuvres* from Bologna, Neufchâtel, Parmesan, Périgord, and Strasbourg. The advertiser must have the opportunity, before he accepts the young lady's hand, of testing its lightness in making pies and puddings. Young Ladies intending to compete, must forward their names, ages, and addresses (marked "Cœsus" in the corner), to the Vestry-Clerk of St. George's, Hanover-square, accompanied by a list of the various *mets* which they wish to tender as specimens of their skill.—N.B. A Boiled Potato indispensable.

THE REPUBLIC POUR RIRE.

If it is true that "nothing kills like ridicule," the French Republic must, by this time, be virtually dead, for although the upsetting of dynasties, thrones, and constitutions must generally be regarded as "no joke," there never was anything more universally laughed at, both at home and abroad, than *La République Française*. It is burlesqued on the stage, squibbed in the press, caricatured in the shops, and quizzed everywhere. For some time there was a show of outward respect for it within the doors of the Assembly, but now the Republic has become one of the standing jokes of those men who are entrusted with making its laws and carrying on its government. A few days ago the Member of Justice termed the whole concern a "catastrophe," amid the applause of all but a few, who, when they attempted to vindicate the dignity of the Republic, were met with shouts of laughter, as if the idea of there being anything respectable or agreeable in the new order of things, was one of the wildest vagaries that an ill-regulated brain could have wandered into.

The Assembly was, in fact, thrown into a state of contemptuous hilarity by every effort at expostulation against the word "catastrophe" having been applied to the revolution, and when an insignificant little knot of avowed Republicans threatened to resign, the guffaws were loud and general. The only wonder now is, how long the French will put up with a system that one and all repudiate. A joke's a joke, but no farce ought to be allowed to last too long, and if, therefore, the French mean to have a form of government intended for other purposes than to be jeered at in every possible manner, the sooner they set about it the better it will be for their interest, as well as for their dignity.

THE CONVICT'S GASTRONOMIC REGENERATOR.



HERE is something quite gratifying to see what advances humanity and civilisation are making in prison-discipline. The *Hampshire Independent* contains the subjoined interesting statements:—

"By the conditions attached to the contracts for supplying provisions, &c., for the use of the convicts on board the hulks at Portsmouth, we perceive that the provisions are required to be of a much superior character to those which two-thirds of the population of these towns are able to procure—they are, indeed, required to be of the very best qualities. It is possible for even a tradesman or a man of affluence to procure for himself. The beef must be 'good ox or heifer, sound, sweet, and fresh (bull, cow, or stag, will not be received), in fore and hind quarters alternately.' . . . The mutton, too, must be 'the best wether mutton, to be supplied in equal proportions of fore and hind quarters;' and the bread be 'the best wheaten.'"

Our Southampton contemporary grumbles a little—not, perhaps, without some show of reason—at rogues and thieves being supplied with better food than honest hard-working men can earn; and remarks how hard the dockyard labourer, in particular, must think it that the convict in the hulks fares better than himself. This is a slight anomaly, no doubt; but the philosophy of criminal reformation obliges us not to mind it. It has been established by scientific research, that all maliciousness, ferocity, dishonesty, scoundrelism, rascality, and the like weaknesses of character, are "vices of the blood," to use a SHAKESPEARIAN term; or arise from "bad blood," as we say commonly. Hence the reformatory process must commence with the purification of that fluid, whose vicious condition is the primary cause of crime. The mind depends on the body; the body is continually undergoing a process of waste and repair; change a rogue's diet for the better for a sufficient length of time, and you renovate the whole man. Indeed, something more *recherche* than plain, wholesome, bread and meat should be the dietary of gaols, to produce a thorough refinement of their inmates.

M. SOYER ought to be employed to invent a system of prison cookery, adapted to the criminal stomach. There ought to be *boeuf à la Pentonville*; *côtelettes à la Milbank*; *soupe au lait à la Parkhurst*. Newgate should have its *hors d'œuvres*; the Compter its *entremets*. The *carte* should include *pâtés de foie gras à la Coldbath Fields*, and *vol-au-vent à la Horsemonger Lane*. The connection between crime and the use of intoxicating liquors being notorious, the beverages of the prisoners should be limited to light French or Rhine wines, with now and then, perhaps, a glass or so of old dry port.

To complete this plan of correction by kindness, the convicts should be employed in light elegant task-work, alternating with amusements. The female culprits should be occupied with crochet instead of oakum-picking; the men employed in copying documents, or making drawings: the intervals of labour being occupied by light reading, or by singing in classes, superintended by competent persons recommended by MR. HULLAH. Walking exercise should be taken every morning on the prison lawn; and about twice a week the day should conclude with an evening party, at which the gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood might be invited to assist; and in order to the due observance of the proprieties of the Polka, a slight addition should be made to the County rate, in order to provide the convicts with white kid gloves.



MANLY SORROW

Swell on Horseback. "WHY, CHARLEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD BOY? YOU SEEM OUT OF SPIRITS."

Swell on Foot. "AH! I'VE HAD A SAD LOSS, FRED! I'VE LOST THE LITTLE GRIDIRON OFF MY CHÂTELAINE!!"

THE GREAT CLOCK CASE AGAIN.

EVERY one will admit that however Heroes or Statesmen may illustrate the age in which they live, we must trust to the clocks to mark the present time. For this reason we must censure the neglect that is shown towards the clocks of our own day,—a class containing some frightful instances of irregularity, and giving evidence of hours untold, of works unprofitable, and of idle hands. We have been in the habit of blaming the clocks themselves for these erratic ways, but we have now too much reason to believe that they have suffered from other bad hands besides their own, and that they have been frequently the victims of a system over which they have had no control. The following extracts from a newspaper of recent date, will at all events vindicate all the barrack clocks in the kingdom from the charge of irregularity, and will explain how it is that there are so many military dials without a civil tongue to tell us the time:—

"GOVERNMENT RETRENCHMENT.—Among other Government 'savings,' an order has been issued to the various barracks to stop all separate allowances for winding up the clocks. In consequence, this duty at the Fulwood Barracks will hereafter be transferred from MR. SIMPSON, clockmaker, to the barrack-master. The saving is about £6 a-year."

When the goings on or stoppings still of a clock are dependent upon new and untried arrangements for somebody or other to wind it up, we cannot be surprised that its proceedings are as uncertain as the wind. As military time is always ten minutes in advance of any other, a barrack-master who has the charge of a clock will naturally be for ever crying, "forwards," but "right face" will never be a direction applicable to a clock whose face is never right but always wrong. We cannot, either, expect the nicety of touch in a barrack-master which we look for in a watchmaker, and when a military hand performs the delicate task of winding, we may often expect to hear of an unfortunate clock being severely wounded by having been over-wound. We shall not be surprised if we find the majority of barrack clocks standing at ease half their time, now that the skill required to regulate them is withdrawn.

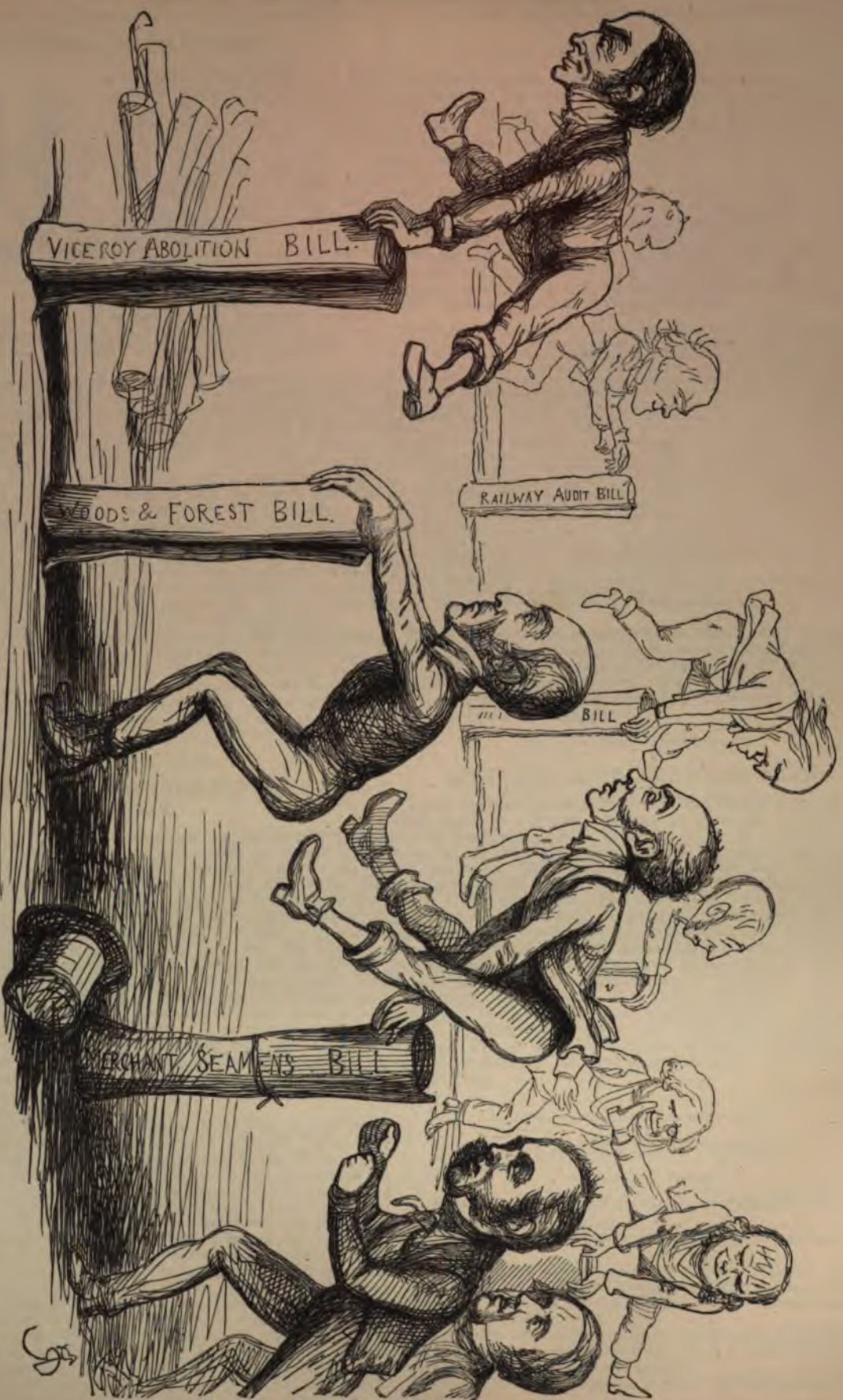
THE WORSHIPFUL MR. JOHN KETCH.

WHEREAS the House of Commons has once more rejected MR. EWART'S motion for the abolition of capital punishment, and has determined on retaining the penalty of death; and whereas the House of Commons can sanction nothing odious, and whereas it is not odious to carry that which is not odious into effect, and whereas, therefore, the office of Executioner is not odious:

Notice is hereby given, that *Mr. Punch* will move, in his place in Parliament, at the earliest opportunity, "That it is the opinion of this House that the dislike with which an Executioner is popularly regarded arises from some perverted feeling in human nature contradictory to the feelings of this House; and that the vocation of a hangman is a useful and honourable calling. And this House is further of opinion that the nick-name of JACK KETCH commonly applied to the Finisher of the Law is injurious and insulting not only to that Officer himself, but to the Wisdom of Parliament. And this House resolves that the said Officer, instead of being called JACK KETCH, ought respectfully to be styled MR. CALCRAFT, or whatever else his proper name may be, and held in all due esteem and consideration accordingly."

The Alarming Sacrifice of Hyde Park.

"Down with your dust!" is the appeal of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations. The entreaty will be echoed by the London public, resorting for air and exercise to Hyde Park, when the multitude with which it will be crowded shall have worn its turf away, and pulverised its soil. By-the-bye, why should the turf of Hyde Park be wasted? As it must inevitably be walked off, why not cut it, and sell it, and let the proceeds go in aid of the Exhibition, which, we fear, is not supported with the liberality a project so laudable in itself deserves,—owing, no doubt, to the obstinate disregard of public opinion shown by its promoters in their determination to inflict this preposterous building on the Park.



MINISTERS GETTING OVER THE BUSINESS OF THE SESSION.

THE DRAMA IN CHANCERY.



AST Friday, there appeared in the papers a report of the proceedings in one of the Equity Courts, which would really have made an admirable scene in a farce or comedy of the old school, where a testy guardian in a Court suit, a coachman's wig, and a gold-headed bludgeon, is refusing the request of a romping young ward in a pink sash, a white muslin frock, and a luxuriant head of corkscrew curls, for which she is indebted somewhat to Nature, and six-and-sixpence to the barber. The Court of Chancery, as everybody knows, has a quantity of wards over whom it does not always exercise immediate personal control. But the scene to which we have alluded would seem to show that Equity is resolved to play the "cross old guardy" to the life, on all future occasions.

An application was made to one of the Vice-Chancellors to allow a young lady—a ward in Chancery—to go to Boulogne during the summer, but the guardian would not accede to the proposal, from the lips of counsel, and decidedly refused the application; saying, rather testily, there were a great many wards wanting to go to Boulogne this season. Perhaps the cautious guardian is afraid that the rush of wards will send up the price of apartments at Boulogne, and thus the refusal may proceed from motives of economy; but, at all events, we dare say there were very good reasons for the determination come to by the Vice-Chancellor.

We are only afraid that if the part of guardian is played so resolutely upon the Bench, we shall be seeing a parcel of skittish young ladies tripping into the Courts of Chancery, and endeavouring to wheedle their "cross old guardy," by chucking one of their Lordships, or their Honours, coaxingly under the chin, and entreating him in the usual farce phraseology, to be "a good kind guardy pardy, and let his little wardy pawdy go in the little boaty poaty, over to Francey pancey."

Though their Lordships and their Honours may be able peremptorily and bluntly to resist the formal applications of Mr. HUMDRUM, Q.C., or MESSRS. BLUNDER, THUNDER, or DUNDER, of the outer bar, we are afraid that, should any of the young ladies themselves appear in *propria persona* to urge their own suits, we may occasionally hear an undignified "Whew! you insinuating little baggage," chuckled from the Bench, accompanied by an intimation, that "the coaxing little hussey must have an order as prayed."

STRANGE LIKENESS BETWEEN THE OLD BAILEY AND THE OPERA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* complains that he was refused admission to the Old Bailey, because he would not pay one shilling at the doors. The figure of Justice is generally represented with a pair of scales in its hand. At the Old Bailey these scales must be for the purpose of weighing the money, to see whether it is light, or of the proper legal weight; or perhaps they may be used to regulate the scale of admission. In fact, a strange likeness may be traced between the Old Bailey and the Opera in more features than one. For instance, when there is some very great attraction, Fashion and the Nobility resort there, with their kid-gloves and Opera-glasses, to watch the performances, and a seat in the gallery rises in value in the same proportion as a stall at Her Majesty's Theatre on a JENNY LIND night. Like the Opera, too, it has no half-price, and no play-bills, and the doorkeepers have the same privilege of turning back any one whose costume they object to. By-the-bye, a series of "Long Thursdays" at the Old Bailey would prove, we think, very attractive, providing the first legal talent was engaged, and the Judges could promise a constant succession of novelties.

A west-end agent, also, should be appointed, as many a gentleman and lady, upon going to MITCHELL'S or SAM'S to inquire "what was going on this evening?" would give the preference to the Old Bailey, if they could be certain of a good seat. Who would care for a crowd at the Royal Italian Opera when they could be sure of a RUSH at the Central Criminal Court,—or admire VIARDOT GARCIA, when they could go into extacies for less money over some crazy PATE, who had been taken up for assaulting the QUEEN? We are confident there is a fine fortune to be made at the Old Bailey, if the scales are only taken out of the custody of Justice, and put into the hands of some "enterprising lessee." At present a shilling is much too low, for really it is putting the first Criminal Court in the Kingdom on a level with the Chamber of Horrors at MADAME TUSSEAUD'S. It should be raised to a guinea at least, and season tickets should also be issued, for which there could be no difficulty in obtaining forty guineas a piece. The taste for the horrible kind of amusement is so strong in the British public, that, with good management and a little puffing, the Old Bailey might take the lead of all the operas, theatres, and Grecian Saloons about town.

IT IS ALL A MATTER OF CONJECTURE.

THE *Observer* writes biographies in a peculiar manner. It is all done on conjecture. For instance, on Sunday, June 30, it pretended to write the life of an unhappy ruffian, and started off with the eccentric intimation that it had nothing to tell. It candidly informed us that "its information was too scanty to base any views upon, excepting those of mere conjecture." You would imagine, after this, that it would have had the discretion to have held its tongue. Not at all: it went on talking for half a column; indulged in a tissue of fanciful facts; told us, in a fine, metaphorical style, a number of incidents that might have happened, but none of which did happen; and wound up by warning us, that "this was necessarily all hypothesis and conjecture." This is doubtlessly very amusing, but we hardly think it fair, or charitable, to the person who is in prison awaiting his sentence.

Supposing we were to write the character of the *Observer*, in a similar style? Supposing we were to say as follows:—

"We know nothing whatever of the *Observer*, but as we are expected to say something about it, we do not mind saying what we have been told, but at the same time must beg our readers to take it only as hearsay, and not as strict matter of fact. The *Observer* then, is a paper full of bad grammar, and worse taste, and still worse circulation, and is the recognised organ of all the fashionable areas. A Lady's maid in May Fair writes its Fashionable Intelligence, and it derives its government information from the servant who has the emptying-out of Lord John's waste-paper-basket, and it pays the box-keepers of the different theatres so much a line for the different articles they send upon the new pieces produced. It is distinguished for its impartial biographies of all celebrated criminals, which are written generally after supper by the united corps of contributors as they are assembled round a table, smoking and enjoying themselves. Each contributor gives, in turn, a fact—either a birth, or an early trait of cruelty, or a marriage, or an unequivocal symptom of insanity, and the whole of it is taken down in writing by the waiter who is in the room. When all the paper is in type, the Proprietor tucks up his shirt-sleeves and proceeds to the engine-room, where, smoking a cigar, he strikes off at his leisure the weekly impression of 50, and, taking it under his arm, drops the copies down the respective areas on his way home. We remind our readers that they must not take these facts as literally true. We tell them we know nothing whatever of the *Observer*, either good or bad. It may be the best paper in the world, for what we know or care, but as it was expected we should say something about the *Observer*, and that that something should be bad, we have compounded the above little curious history respecting its management, which we entreat our readers to read, with implicit faith, but at the same time to recollect that it is 'necessarily all hypothesis and conjecture!'"

We do not think the above would be liberal, manly, charitable, or kind, to our talented contemporary, not even supposing it were in prison, awaiting in the greatest suspense the trial on which the very life and proceeds of the Journal depended. We do hope the *Observer* will try its clever, conjectural pen on some other amusement, less dangerous than that of Criminal Biography.

LOUD CRIES OF "NAME! NAME! NAME!"

A LAW has been passed in the Chamber of Deputies, that all articles which appear in a French newspaper must, for the future, be signed with the names of their respective authors. On the part of the English press, we can only state that we shall be too happy to conform to the same regulation. The British Public would then have an opportunity of being astonished at the tremendous list of our contributors. Not a person of any talent in the United Kingdom, but who has been too proud to have his cleverness immortalised in our pages! The highest dignitaries of every profession, from WIDDICOMBS down to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, have emulated one another in sending their best things to *Punch*, and many a *bon mot* has been repeated from our collection, at the royal table, whilst the illustrious author was present. In proof of our honesty, we append to this present article the name of the writer, and, though it is the most modest of our rich collection, still, it may be taken as a shining sample of the veins of sterling metal that run like so many undiscovered streams of Californian gold, through our columns. The name in question is, we are proud to confess, no other than,

L—D BR—M.

THE ECONOMICS OF SMOKING.

BY JOSEPH FUME.

THE man who smokes half his cigar, and puts the remainder by, knows nothing about smoking.

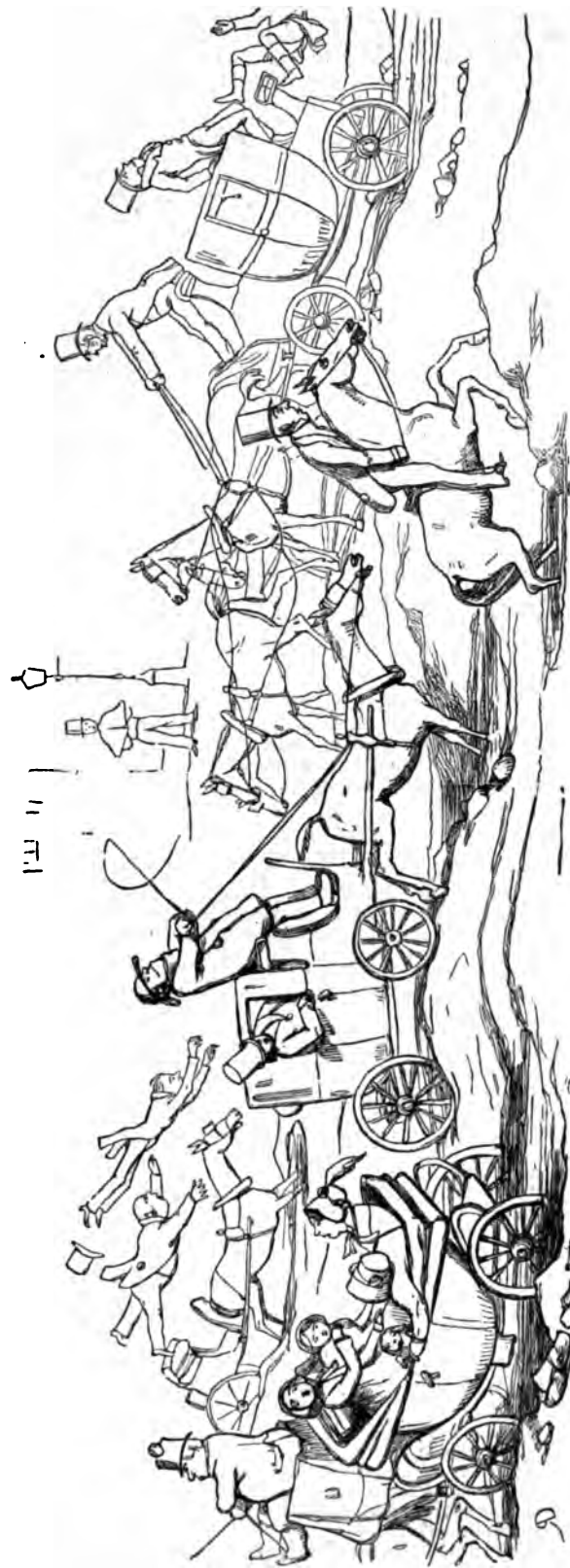
The man who carries no cigar-case has no right to levy contributions on those who do.

Never buy a cigar at a chemist's, they are sure to remind you of their origin. I once knew a chemist, who also sold wine and cigars, and I am sure he could only have had one workshop for his three businesses, and that was his laboratory.

Mistrust the tobacco that is given in half-payment of a bill. Such dealers may be clever in drawing a bill, but it is rarely that their cigars are distinguished for being good "drawers."

The man who smokes with wine is quite capable of taking sugar with oysters.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF KING'S ROAD, EATON SQUARE.



TELESCOPIC observation discovers the surface of the moon to be an alternation of tremendously fact, has come to a most formidable pass, not to be forced without extreme peril to man and lofty eminences with profound chasms. There is, however, a portion of this planet, the mountains beast. It is fearful to see, in this chaotic highway, carriages of all descriptions floundering of which top those of the moon, whilst its abysses beat her cavities hollow. We allude to through pools of slush and over mounds of earth, and horses plunging amid rubbish-heaps or King's Road, Eaton Square, a thoroughfare exhibiting irregularities to which any to be seen on sticking in the mud; while fat coachmen are bumped backwards from their boxes; and gentlemen, the visage of the Queen of Night are mere fleabites and pimples. King's Road, Eaton Square, in shot from gigs with the velocity of cannon-balls, illustrate the laws of projectiles.

PRESENTATION BIT OF PLATE TO LORD ASHLEY.

THERE are people—excellent people, with money in their pockets to boot—who reverence the doings of a man scoffingly called SACKCLOTH-AND-ASHLEYS, but whose name in its simplicity stands, to the confusion of the profane, ASHLEY and nothing beside. Well, these venerating people, chewing the cud of LORD ASHLEY'S Sabbath doings, have resolved to put their admiring piety into a piece of plate, presenting the symbolic bit of silver to his Lordship. This is very proper. When even profane stage-players, railway secretaries, and self-respecting churchwardens, have been known to receive the homage of admirers, with the Hall mark on the testimonial, in the form of candlestick, salver, and tea-pot; it is only a late acknowledgement of the penny-posticide services of the nice and noble Lord, to plate his worthiness with enduring silver. Hence, the Testimonial to LORD ASHLEY.

The Committee of Choice—MESSRS. MINT, ANISEZ and CUMMINS—have, it appears to us, touchingly indicated their claim to the finest taste in their approval of a design for a Letter-Clip, to be executed in standard silver, thickly gilt. The Clip

is a free copy of the celebrated tongs, once the property of Sr. DUNSTAN; tongs, with which, as faithfully recorded in the interesting life of that most respectable churchman, the Saint laid hold of the intruding nose of the Father-of-Wickedness, gripping and ringing the diabolical nasus with a zeal that caused a yelling, and with it sulphurous emanations, better conceived by the piety of an ASHLEY, than described even by the pen of a PUNCH. These tongs are a soothing matter of medieval history; they have, for centuries, afforded the strongest and most sustaining evidence of what a great will may do, with a tight grasp, upon the Nose of Evil.

LORD ASHLEY, having seized the Nose of the Post-Office—the Sunday Post—as the Worker-of-all-Wickedness; His Lordship having, by means of his Parliamentary Tongs, laid hold of and stopped the Diabolic Sunday Letter, this Clip—a florid and improved Copy of Sr. DUNSTAN'S Tongs with which he held SATAN—is presented to the Member of Sulphuric Bath as a fitting memorial of his Sabbatarian energy.

Whilst applauding and thanking MESSRS. MINT, ANISEZ, and CUMMINS for their taste, may we express a hope that the Letter-Clip will be reproduced in metal that will suit the poorest

pockets? Beautiful! to see in every House, the ASHLEY Letter-Clip holding fast the Sabbath-letter (not to go, or not to be replied to.)—fast, inexorably tight; holding it as with his Tongs Sr. DUNSTAN held the Wicked One!

Richmond's Horse and his Rider.

AMONG the horses that ran at the Liverpool July Meeting, we observe "The DUKE or RICHMOND'S Vampyre." A strange race-horse this,—an old hobby long ridden by his Grace; but the waggish reporter has changed the animal's name, which is really "Protection." We are confirmed in this opinion by the fact that the name of "Vampyre's" rider is stated to be FIATMAN.

ST. PAUL'S BEATING ST. PETER'S.

Sr. PAUL's at London is considered a sort of rival to St. Peter's at Rome. On their respective merits it may be difficult to pronounce; but there is no doubt that "PETER'S Pence" will bear no comparison with PAUL'S Twopences.

THE FASHIONABLE ORGANS.



MRS. SMITHIE SMYTHE SMITH'S intended *fête* in her grounds—six yards wide, by twenty-three feet long—at Pimlico.

We shall really be delighted when the season is fairly over, that we may be spared the *nausea* of reading the weekly list of "Fashionable arrangements" and "Further arrangements" in the columns of the namby-pamby newspapers. Who cares to know that "LADY TIMKINSON" threw open her *salons* to about 150 "male and female nobodies, among whom the penny-a-liner has "particularly noticed"—because he has been paid for particularly noticing—a small bundle of fifth-rate outsiders of the world of rank or fashion?

What matters it to us, or to the world, that the BARONESS DE BOMBASEEN has "postponed her *déjeuner*"—or whether she turns her *déjeuner* into a dinner, or whether she ever gets any breakfast at all, or whether she rushes into a late supper of bread and cheese and onions, or, in fact, who cares what the old woman either does or refrains from doing?

In this practical age of common sense, we think it would be much wiser for the idle and useless classes decently to keep their mode of passing their lives out of the notice of the world at large, which is beginning to estimate people by the worth of what they do, and not by the means they possess of doing nothing.

THE GREAT OVERWORKED.

We must positively issue a commission of our own to inquire into the condition of the working classes. Notwithstanding all the recent investigation into this subject, it appears that among the sons of Toil there is a body of white slaves—if we should not rather say white and black slaves—whose existence heretofore has been quite unsuspected. In the late discussion on the Ecclesiastical Commission Bill, MR. GLADSTONE made the following remarkable assertion in reference to an individual of this class:—

"He ventured to say that the BISHOP OF LONDON worked twice as hard as any working clergyman in the diocese."

The perspiration of the mitred brow, then, is a great deal more copious than most people are aware of. An opinion prevails that the principal employment of a bishop is comprised in ordaining, confirming, consecrating churches; making visitations of the nature of angels' visits; preaching when he has nothing else to do; and writing works on divinity during leisure hours. These occupations are spread over so much time, that they cannot be very onerous; and an occasional evening's attendance in the House of Lords during the session, can add no very back-breaking weight to them. How is it then that a prelate is so monstrously overworked? Nay, we must and will send an emissary to Lambeth and Fulham to ferret all this out.

We have a dark suspicion that the spiritual meditations—if not duties—of the right reverend Bench, are rather interfered with by business relative to wills and ecclesiastical property; so that a bishop has to do his own work, and a lawyer's and estate-agent's, too. If this is the case, perhaps LORD ASHLEY will bring in a Ten Hours Bill to abridge episcopal labour; or, as that plan may not be very practicable, peradventure the PREMIER will emancipate the prelates altogether from their secular serfdom. Something must be done to cure the headache, which, if MR. GLADSTONE is right, is enclosed in the mitre. It is strange, however, that a Lord Spiritual can generally find time to marry members of the nobility who are above being united by a "working clergyman." Nevertheless, if the work of the British bishop is proportionate to his pay, it certainly is something enormous.

THE CONSISTENT SABBATARIANS.

A Duet between LORD STIGGINS and MR. MAWWORM.

TUNE—"Pretty Polly Hopkins."

Lord S. Do you shave on Sunday, ever,
Reaping your chin, reaping your chin?

Mr. M. Oh, dear, no! Of course not. Never.
It would be sin; it would be sin.

Lord S. All unshorn I go,
Mr. M. With muzzle hairy!

Lord S. Shaving is, we know,

Mr. M. Not necessary.

Both. Strictly thus we keep our Sunday,
Rigidly so, rigidly so.

Lord S. Take you tea, or any victual,
On Sunday morn, for breakfast, hot?

Mr. M. Cold, of course. What, boil the kettle?
Certainly not, certainly not.

Lord S. Toast we won't have made,
Mr. M. With bread contented.

Lord S. Eggs—we'd not have laid,

Mr. M. Could we prevent it.

Both. Strictly thus we keep our Sunday,
Rigidly so, rigidly so.

Lord S. What have you for Sunday's dinner,
Roast meat, or boiled; stew, or fry?

Mr. M. Do you think I'm such a sinner?
Cookery? Fie! Cookery? Fie!

Lord S. Cold meat will suffice

Mr. M. To keep from starving;

Lord S. Nay, 'tis my advice,

Mr. M. To give up carving.

Both. Strictly thus we keep the Sunday,
Rigidly so, rigidly so.

Lord S. Wherefore all this self-denial?
Some may inquire, some may inquire.

Mr. M. Oh, it is a painful trial,
Bitter and dire, bitter and dire!

Lord S. Sunday letters we

Mr. M. Having arrested,

Lord S. Our consistency

Mr. M. Must be attested.

Both. Strictly thus by keeping Sunday,
Rigidly so, rigidly so.

A FAIR SPORTING OFFER.

"SIR,

"I AVE to arks yer parding for this here letter, wich I wood ave sent it direck to the Guverment if Ide ad the office were to send to, but if you will be good enuff to forard it. Avin red in the *Times* that they wants a British consul in Californy, wich I don't now wot it is but concludes its somebody to take care them there Yankees don't go and nab the gold as the British as been and dug, wich will want a strong man, and one used to giv and take, and a good itter with both ands, and I think I mite sute, carryin on the public bisness at the same time. If you want to see ow I can kepe order among a ruffish set of customers jist you come and take a luke at my bar the nite after a mill, wich you'll see I am the man to go in and do it. No mor at present from yours to command and no chaff ment.

"BENJN. CAUNT (X-Champion)."

PLAYING AT BALLOONS.

THIS game has been not only very popular in England lately, but is quite the rage at present in France. We do not like the game ourselves, for though you begin very low, there is no knowing what it may rise to in the course of the evening, or where you will stop when once you have begun. The game is subject to too many drops to induce us to be carried away with it. We are not fond of playing so high; for let your plans be ever so perfect, the chances are that you will be completely thrown out; and, if you do win the pool, the pleasure is somewhat damped by your being thrown right into the middle of it. A French gentleman has been riding the high horse at Paris with this game, and bent on carrying every thing before him, ascended with a balloon on horseback. All we know is, that we would not "bet a pony," much less a horse upon any such *jeu*, which has too many "ups and downs" for our mundane taste.



"OLD 'ARD BILL! HERE'S ANOTHER HIPPERPO'TAMUS."

LORD BROUGHAM'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

At the last meeting of the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law, held very appropriately in Chancery Lane, LORD BROUGHAM announced his intention of proceeding to America.

"WHITHER HE HAD BEEN INVITED IN ORDER TO CONFER WITH HIS BRETHREN THERE RESPECTING THE AMENDMENT OF THE LAW."

Directly this intelligence met our eyes, we called for a best sheet of elephant paper, nibbed our peacock pen—used only upon rare and eventful occasions—and dipping it in our perfumed ink, recently presented to us by the DUCHESS OF ***** who with a whole bottle of attar of roses had scented the fluid—we immediately indited a Letter of Introduction to GENERAL TAYLOR, the American President, and forthwith sent the epistle to dear LORD BROUGHAM. Well, to our astonishment and somewhat to our annoyance, we find that garbled copies of the epistle are at this moment circulating throughout society—indeed, we know not to what amount of floating letter. Hence, we complain—as, indeed, a distinguished and particularly good-tempered young nobleman of irreproachable Manners had, recently, cause to complain of the publicity of his Poems, before published; and—following that poet's noble example—we are resolved to print the complete Letter for the satisfaction of ourselves, of BROUGHAM, and of TAYLOR. To be sure, we understand that LORD BROUGHAM himself made a point of reading our missive of introduction to every party he visited; but such confidence on the part of the noble, learned, and ingenuous Lord, does in no manner justify its publication by any of its hearers, or eavesdroppers. However, we will not lose our temper; we will not pelt people as penny-a-liners and so forth; but, in our calm sense of injured dignity—print the letter.

"To GENERAL TAYLOR, President of the United States, Favoured by HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, Member of the French Institute.

"DEAR TAYLOR,

"I HAVE much pleasure in making yourself and my friend BROUGHAM—the BROUGHAM, whose fame is *not* European, but world-wide, personally acquainted. With all his little drolleries, he is an excellent fellow; and with all his oddities, he has worked like a Herculean stable-boy at our Augean Courts of Law. He has cheapened costs; he has well-nigh destroyed the race of sharp attorneys—the more Hebrew, by the way, the more sharp, for the Jew is still pastoral, and flourishes on sheep-skin. Indeed, if you would seek BROUGHAM's monument, look around every attorney's office; and you will *not* see BROUGHAM's picture. You will see the Draconian ELLENBOROUGH—you will behold, in ebon frame, the Doubling ELDON,—but you will *not* see the Cost-Controlling BROUGHAM! His picture, like the effigies of old, is the more lustrous as it is *not* shown!

"It appears, dear TAYLOR, that your American lawyers have invited

BROUGHAM to a fraternally legal conference. I am glad of it. Like invitations have been sent him from the lawyers of the Sandwich Islands, and from certain distinguished legalists of the nation of Caribbees. But BROUGHAM, learning that your necessities, as a people, are greater than either Sandwich Islander or Carib, pays you the first visit. He comes, with an amendment of that American law that lays violent hands upon every free black—locking him up in gaol, like a pest-tainted bale of goods, lest the plague of negro liberty should spread all over the Union. He comes to prove to you that your Declaration of Independence, in which you set out that all men are born free, whilst among you negro man is bought and sold like a beast, is no other than a Declaration of Impudence; a blasphemy uttered to the Maker of man, and an affront to the common sense of all mankind (American-kind, perhaps, not included).

"And now, dear TAYLOR, that little burst got rid of—for it *would* break out, I couldn't button it within my waistcoat—let us have a little pleasant gossip.

"You will, I know—for Jonathan is abounding hospitable, with a heart as flowing and free as his Mississippi—you will, I know, give a magnificent welcome to BROUGHAM. But, pray understand this; it may save us a future war—we will not lose our BROUGHAM. I know HENRY's ardent, impulsive temperament. You will be giving him a public banquet; and there and then, after a gorgeous description of the mighty energies of your mighty country—after claiming Saxon brotherhood with all of you,—he will insist—(and I know the force, the subtlety of his eloquence too well, not to be aware that it will cause you a struggle—a very severe struggle to refuse the favour)—he will insist upon being immediately made an American Citizen. But for the extraordinary astuteness (B. has been heard to call it "d—d cross obstinacy") of M. CRÉMIEUX, our BROUGHAM would, at this moment, have been a French Citizen! In danger, it may be, of the next Presidency; and—by the way—should you naturalise him, I wouldn't give yourself much chance of a re-election. You will therefore be on your guard. Our HENRY must return to us: his genius is the property of the Human race—but his citizenship is with England. Take any jewel out of our Crown; take if you will our KOH-I-NOOR, our Mountain of Light, but not our bodily Light of BROUGHAM.

"Of course, you will show your guest Niagara; but I put it to you as a vital favour, do not let HENRY attempt to jump the Falls. Should he insist upon it—which is not at all unlikely—lay the violence of friendly hands upon him, and let him be carried from the spot.

"How you will enjoy BROUGHAM after dinner; whilst the American women in the drawing-room will hang upon him, bright and thick, as the stars of your spangled banner. There is no man tells a story with a greater fatness of humour—no man sings a song like him;—by the way, when he is in full force of spirits, *do—now, pray, don't miss this—* do ask him to sing *The Three Little Pigs!* You will never forget it: from that moment, *The Three Little Pigs* will become dear as your national eagle. Moreover, set some of the women on him—if, which is not at all unlikely, he do not volunteer it—to do the conjuring trick of *The Chestnuts in Chancery*. It has had wonderful success with us during the present season; so much so that the QUEEN and her PRINCE invited BROUGHAM to Windsor Castle to play the trick before themselves and children, although (but you, my dear TAYLOR, in your free and generous country, you can have little idea of the malignity of party interest) although all notice of the visit and its object, was, it is supposed by the influence of L—D J—N R—LL, meanly excluded from the *Court Circular*.

"BROUGHAM will do you much good, and I earnestly hope that the sea voyage and American air will brace him up for the next half-century. Such human gold with all its alloy rarely enriches the generations of men. By the way, I know HENRY's philosophic curiosity—his thirst for knowledge: therefore, do not let him too frequently test your ginsling, your mint-julep, your cobbler, and all that variety of drinks it is a part of the glory of the American genius to offer to the lips of Bacchanal nature.

"BROUGHAM has promised me to present this to you in his cosmopolite travelling-dress. Isn't it significant, nay, epigrammatic? His coat, half the union-jack of England—half the tri-color of France. His waistcoat embroidered with the American eagle, and his trousers the American stripes!

"Cherish, honour, love our HENRY, and for your love to him, accept the increased admiration of yours ever,

"PUNCH, 85, Fleet Street."

Barry v. Reid.

THIS action for slander, which came on the other day in the Court of Common Pleas, has furnished us with a suggestion. Surely the Architect and the Great Ventilator of the New Houses of Parliament ought to have some monument in connexion with those walls which they have reared and aired. Let it be their portraits; and should the question be asked how the gentlemen are to be drawn, the answer obviously is, "at daggers drawn."

JULY THIRTY-ONE, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED
AND FIFTY.

IST! There is something stirring in the air,
A movement that excites the general wonder;
Men, as they meet each other, seem aware
There is an influence that they all are under;
They know not what it is—but soon, like thunder,
The fact on all sides is by rumour hurled;
The secret from its bonds has burst asunder;
A posting bill is on the wall unfurled—

PUNCH GIVES AN EXTRA NUMBER TO THE ADMIRING WORLD.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE THIRTEENTH.

MRS. MOUSER APPLIES FOR A PASSPORT TO JOIN MOUSER IN FRANCE, AND WAS NEVER "SO INSULTED BEFORE."

MR. PUNCH.—As the time is come and past when the Prime Minister in the House of Commons has drowned what MOUSER calls the blind kittens of the Session—by which, I suppose, MOUSER means the Bills that arn't to see the light this present year,—as then, I say, LORD JOHN has put his customary kittens into the pail, and what is called the wisdom of the country is about to separate—crumble to bits—like a plum-pudding that's over-rich,—you will allow me to call the attention of my sisters of England to a scandal and abuse at which LORD PALMERSTON (as I believe is his name) is at the bottom, as he is the Foreign Office head; an abuse that strikes at the root of private families (if I'm not using too strong language)—and violates the dearest secrecy of domestic life,—I mean a lady's age.

Yes, I must ask, what is LORD PALMERSTON—(if that is his name), what is he about, that he should suffer an Englishwoman, that pays taxes through her husband, to be insulted by the rudest, and I will say it, the most unprovoked and unmanly question that can be put to any gentlewoman,—need I say, a question that goes to inquire a lady's age? But, Mr. Punch, you shall hear, and through you all the women of England.

MR. PUNCH is at this moment abroad. A fortnight ago I made up his portmanteau, and let him go alone; for, as I said, how could we both go, and leave the painters in the house? So he went, of course, and left me to be poisoned, as I might, which I shall not go into at present, but come to the affront I've suffered; the worst affront that can be put upon a woman; I mean, of course, the insult put upon her age.

Well, MOUSER, as I say, being gone—and the painters at last being done—I got my things together to follow him. My boxes (and if I pride myself upon anything, it is, that I never travel with more than six trunks, two bonnet-boxes, and one bag, and a moderate basket, even if I leave home for a month)—my boxes being almost ready, I went to get my passport; for MOUSER wrote to me that they wouldn't let me join him on a foreign soil without; though he never so much as breathed the insult which, as his wife, he must have known would have been put upon me, when left by myself.

However, what I write I write as a warning for the wives of England, that, if they do travel, they may take care and go abroad with their husbands, on the same piece of paper. "Two figs on one stalk," as the poet says.

I went to the house of the French Ambassador; and, after what I've suffered, to call the French polite! But I suppose it's all come of the French revolution; all their gallantry shot away in powder and smoke. Well, I went, and after waiting—as I thought, like a menial—I was told to go into a room, and the Ambassador would see me. Out of nat'l respect for Old England, I had of course drest myself with particular care; and though I shall not say how I looked—(not but what even the handsomest people have their well-looking days; and that day was certainly not one of my worst; I must say that)—though I shall not dwell upon appearances, being quite below a sensible woman—I must say, that had I come for a cook's place instead of a lady's passport, the French Ambassador couldn't have treated me more like a bear. "he young man—(mind, I have no prejudice against young men as young

men, by no means—but I think an Ambassador ought to have a little more of the prime of life, which prime, by the way, poor aunt PEACOCK said used to vary, being now at forty, and now at fifty-five; she—poor soul!—declared herself only in her prime when she died at three-score)—the young man, when I swum into the room—as, without conceit, I think I can swim when I like—the young man, when I entered the apartment—which was not at all unlike an attorney's office, without that faint sheep-skin smell that kills decent people—the young man never so much, as MOUSER says, moved a muscle. I'd heard so much of French politeness; and did expect such a sample of it at the French Ambassador's, that I must confess it, I felt for the moment quite staggered; whereupon, for my presence of mind never forsakes me—and presence of mind to a female, as dear aunt PEACOCK used to say, is worth a pistol at full-cock—whereupon, didn't I draw myself up? I should think I did!

There I stood, and the Ambassador never so much as flew for a chair; but if he didn't look at me, and while with one hand he twiddled a pen, and with his other fingers coaxed a ferret-coloured moustachio, and pulled a few hairs at the end of his chin, as if they were a bell-rope, and he could get 'em all the lower by pulling 'em—well, if whilst amusing himself in this manner, and never speaking a word, he didn't actually begin to whistle!

Well, you may believe that my blood rose, and I did begin to wish myself a man. However, as I never forget myself, that is, before strangers, and out of my own house—for with one's own husband, and under one's own roof, it's quite a different thing,—as I'm always cool out, I smiled what I felt to be an icy smile, saying to myself, "This is the French Ambassador; but let's see how it will end."

There I stood; and the Ambassador, going on with his whistling, stared at me from head to foot. Yes, from the ribands of my bonnet, to the very tips of my Adelaide boots. Not that I cared a bit about his staring; I should think not—I've seen a little too much of the world for that—not a bit; for I took his looks as if I'd been a marble statue; looking at him again, and giving him, I should think, a little better than he sent.

However, still staring, he began—for I could feel it, that I could, as if the very pen was in my flesh—he began to write me down. Whereupon, as was nat'l, I looked composed; for I'd seen MOUSER's passport, and though he's not so handsome a man as I might, if I'd only liked, have had for a husband, he's by no means—I should think not—the fright they made him.

The Ambassador smiled a bit, and went on writing. "There go my eyes upon the paper," said I to myself, as he looked at me; and whether or no, I did feel 'em twinkle. "And that's my nose, I'm sure of it," for it suddenly burned so; "and that's my mouth," and I couldn't help smiling at the thought,—and that's my complexion,—for I felt a flush,—and that's my hair; and now I'm finished." And having given my name, of course, I thought it was all over; when the Ambassador—as if he had been asking for the coolest thing in life—said, in a sort of English that even a poodle might be ashamed of—

"What is your age?"
"What!" cried I, and they might have heard me in the street.
"What is your age?" said the Ambassador once more, twisting his ferret moustachio in such an aggravating way that I could have torn it off.
"Well," said I, "what next?" And that's all he got out of me.
"What is Madame's age?" said the Ambassador, beginning to laugh.
"What a question for a polite Frenchman!" said I, laughing too.
"Ask a lady's age! Well, I'm sure!"
"I must know Madame's age," said the Ambassador.
"It's like your impudence," said I, "and you'll know nothing of the sort."

"Then Madame can't go to France," said the Ambassador, throwing down his pen.

"What is it to France how old I am? France is very curious. Perhaps I'm five-and-twenty," said I.

"Five-and-twenty," cried the Ambassador, and where he learnt the words I can't tell, "suppose, Madame, for sport, we go double or quits?" My blood *did* boil, but I contrived to say nothing—only to laugh.

"Really, Madame," said the brute, beginning to be gruff, "I must have your age."

"Well, then," said I, throwing my veil quite back as if daring him to do his worst, "as for my age, there's my face; and take what you like out of that."

The wretch laughed—wrote something—and gave me my passport, which I did not look at, I was in such a passion, till I'd locked myself fairly in my room at home.

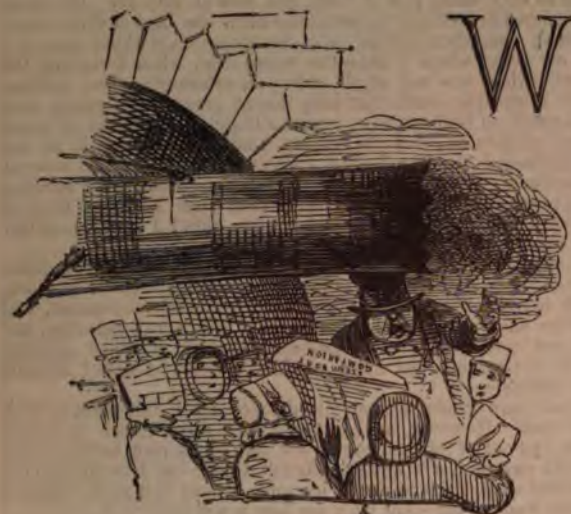
Would you believe it? When I unfolded the passport, I saw within my description:—

"*Agée*"—which is French for "Aged"—
But no, Mr. Punch, not even to you will I reveal the insult that's been put upon me. No; I leave it for my fellow sisters to guess; and with it, this warning: not to have a passport to themselves, but—for then they say nothing about years—but when they do go abroad, to go on the same sheet with their husbands.

The Honeysuckles.

Yours, insulted AMELIA MOUSER.

WE MUST ALL BOW TO CIRCUMSTANCES.



the reception in our face of a tremendous volume of smoke, discharged from the mouth of a steamboat funnel, brought unexpectedly flush with our eyes, nose, and mouth, as we were admiring the architecture of one of the Metropolitan bridges.

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.

THIS grand historical sight may be seen three or four nights a week at the Surrey Zoological Gardens: NAPOLEON crosses the Alps in a manner that is not mentioned, we believe, by THIERS, or BOURRIENNE, or SIR WALTER SCOTT, or "Chambers' Tracts," or any other historian. The manner in which he effects it is by sliding on at a slow pace across a large sheet of water, and, as he is on horseback, the reading, it will be clear, is quite a new one. What like there is up in the Alps we do not know; and whether NAPOLEON crossed it on his celebrated white horse, which seems to have had a wonderful talent for standing on his hind legs, we have looked into every kind of history, including the authentic versions published every year at FRANCONI'S and ASTLEY'S, but cannot find, to our disappointment, the smallest record of the fact. However, as NAPOLEON did everything differently from everybody else, it is very probable that he did as he is represented, or that he would have done so, if there had been a lake. Another curious circumstance is, that NAPOLEON crossed the Alps amidst a brilliant display of fireworks—so brilliant a display, in fact, that if it had taken place at the elevation of Mont St. Bernard, or Mont Blanc, or from any other of the great heights to which NAPOLEON'S ambition delighted to climb, the reflection must have been seen all over Europe; and the result would have been that MR. BRAIDWOOD would have been galloping for days all over England with his engines in search of the fire.

We have always understood that NAPOLEON crossed the Alps in the daytime, for the ascent would have been too perilous at night with a horse like the one DAVID has given him, which must, in one of its extraordinary amphitheatrical jambades, have tumbled, rider and all, over the first precipice that came in its way; and if NAPOLEON did cross in the daytime, it is very clear he never would have done it in the company of a grand display of fireworks, the effect of which would have been perfectly lost. NAPOLEON was not so fond of hiding his candle under a bushel as to burn ten thousand Roman candles in the broad daylight. He was quite clever enough to know that a kind of *jeu* like that certainly *ne valait pas la chandelle*, or at least so many *chandelles*.

Beyond this, we must say the *coup-d'œil* is very good; and if NAPOLEON had to go over the Alps again, there is no doubt that, knowing the love the French have for theatrical display, he would give orders to have it performed in perfectly a similar manner to the one MESSRS. DANSON and SOUTHEY have so cleverly arranged for him; although we doubt if he would ride across a lake on horseback; and we have our misgivings, also, whether he would allow his Grand Maréchal JULLIEN—and a Maréchal JULLIEN certainly is in his way, for has he not his bâton?—to play "God save the Queen" just as the last discharge of Catherine wheels were running about like mad, in the astonished atmosphere.

With these small exceptions, we are positive that NAPOLEON would not wish to cross the Alps in better style than he does three or four times a week at that grand shilling'sworth of beasts, flowers, music, and fireworks—the Surrey Zoological.

THE EXPENSE OF EQUITY.—LORD COTTENHAM is about to retire upon 5000*l.* per annum—deserving it, to be sure, as much as an Ex-Chancellor could do. This is the usual superannuation allowance of Lord Chancellors—or Lord High Chancellors, as they are more properly called, for certainly they do run very high.

THINGS FOR A GERMAN TO CALCULATE.

We always thought that an American was the best person to calculate; but it seems that there is in London an extraordinary "Calculating German." We have not yet had the pleasure of hearing this wonderful Deutscher, who, we are told, throws sums and figures about, and catches them as skilfully as RAMO SAMEE did cannon-balls, but we take the liberty of proposing to him the following simple calculations, to which we shall be too happy to receive the proper answers.

Will he be kind enough to tell us—

When the Great German Empire is likely to be founded, and what city is likely to be the capital of it?

When those facts are ascertained beyond the fraction of a doubt, if he would endeavour to calculate the longest period the said German Empire is likely to last, and, supposing it lasts six months, how far distant that great fact will be from the Millennium of the world?

How often has Austria committed bankruptcy, and what is the sum total of its several bankruptcies, and whether it is capable of paying a kreutzer in the pound?

What is the number of political prisoners in Austria, Prussia, and the little despotic principalities of Germany?

Calculate what good the long-denounced, long-delayed Constitution has done Prussia, and whether it was worth while waiting so very long for so very little?

Calculate the revenue Nassau and Baden-Baden derive from their own resources, and tell us how many times greater or lesser they are than the revenues they draw from those German "sinks of iniquity," the gaming-tables?

Ascertain, if you can, and tell us the name of the German who does not smoke?

Also ascertain, and pray tell us once for all, "*Was ist das Vaterland?*"—for we have heard it many hundred times, but we never could make out.

THE MONSTER STRAWBERRY.



STRAWBERRIES have now-a-days such "greatness thrust upon them" by the application of the forcing process at the hands of the gardener, that it is quite alarming. So tremendous has been the size of some of these specimens of enormity which we have witnessed, that we are quite sure there would not have been room for more than one in a bed of these gigantic Strawberries. If the system of forcing is applied generally to all other fruits, as it has been to the Strawberry, we shall be having the common cherry weighing a stone, and the bigaroon growing bigger and bigger, until "two bites at a cherry" will no longer be regarded as an absurdity.

Exhibition of Industry.

THE Exhibition of Industry, as far as it has gone, shows the following results:—

The Industry of complaining, and the Industry of finding fault, and the Industry of making mistakes, but with very little Industry to repair them.

There has also been a wonderful Industry in collecting money, but a shameful lack of Industry on the part of those who have the means to pay, and ought to pay, but somehow will not pay.

THE FOLLY OF A NIGHT.

THIS Sunday-letter-stoppage business has become so absurd, that it is almost wanting in good sense to treat it seriously; so we recommend that some great elocutionist, MR. JONES, MR. JOHN COOPER, or MR. FREDERICK WEBSTER, be deputed to wait upon the Post-Office, and try to cure it of the ridiculous "impediment in its delivery."

A LEGACY TO FLUNKIES.

To MR. RUFUS RUFFY, Patriot.



INCERELY, dear RUFUS, you will rejoice to hear that the system of artificial aristocracy, which you abhor so vehemently, has received a very damaging blow.

"You, RUFUS, if you had the ordering of affairs, would cause the coronet to be torn from the brow of the decorated lordling, and trampled beneath the feet of an indignant people. Not so I. I would as soon think of bereaving an Ojibbeway of his top-knot, or an inmate of St. Luke's of his diadem of straw; nay, of depriving you, my RUFUS, of your honest brown-paper cap. But if you could anyhow persuade my Lord quietly to unbonnet himself, and dispose of his pericrania embellishment to MR. NATHAN, the masquerade warehouseman,—I think that would be advisable.

"Flunkeyism, dear RUFUS, is not extirpated by the destruction of its outward shoulder-knots, plush, and gold lace. Witness the French, and others. If you would annihilate it, attack it in its spirit and principle—its inward vanity and baseness. The stroke which I congratulate you on its having had, was thus aimed at its vitals. I allude to the hit inflicted on flunkeyism, posthumously, by SIR ROBERT PEEL, in the request that none of his family should accept of any distinction for services which he may be considered to have rendered to the State.

"SIR ROBERT PEEL was a wise man, RUFUS; a great statesman. To find one as great, we shall have to go back very far in English history, and I wish you could tell me where to stop before we come to KING-LAWGIVER ALFRED. I don't mean to compare the two. I only mean to say that PEEL was better than a WALPOLE or a CECIL; and has he not been a greater benefactor, at least, to us, than PITT?

"Now, this wise man declares by solemn testament, that he will not have his family ennobled on his account. This is either a protest against the principle of hereditary rank, or it is an expression of contempt for title altogether; and very probably it is both. We know, RUFUS, that PEEL might have been made a Peer over and over again; but he preferred to remain plain ROBERT PEEL, with no other handle to his name than a Sir, which, as the world went, he could not have thrown away without turning Quaker.

"A man is ennobled by his deeds. A great name, simple of itself, is a sufficient inheritance of dignity for any family. Men are born unequal—not equal, as you say, RUFUS—unequal in the scale of humanity, from the zero of fatuity upwards. Let us be content with the honour and glory that come naturally to us, and consider them as derogated from by investiture with ribbons and trinkets. We won't be bedizened, and lackered, and silvered, and gilt, and embroidered, to be admired and envied—envied, mind, my RUFUS, as well as admired—by the ignoble herd.

"Thus I paraphrase the departed statesman's injunction to his family, and I reverently say ditto to ROBERT PEEL. Real, genuine, cool contempt, RUFUS, is the only influence that will wither Flunkeyism. Indignation rather tends to encourage it, being generally a testimony to the importance of its honours borne by an unhappy flunkey out of place.

"Yours, dear RUFUS,

"ALGERNON HAMPTON MILTON SIDNEY."

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE ON THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

(Between DR. JOHNSON and BOSWELL.)

Boswell. WHAT do you think, Sir, of the Exhibition of 1851?

Johnson. Sir, I think it would be a very good thing in its proper place. It will promote international sociality, and augment the trade of London. But, Sir, I am sorry it is to be held in Hyde Park; though the disfigurement of the Park will happily be obviated by the substitution of MR. PAXTON's magnificent glass fabric for an unsightly edifice of brick and mortar.

Boswell. Don't you think, Sir, that a public Park ought to be used for a public purpose?

Johnson. Sir, you might as well ask whether a public building ought not to be used as a public-house. Sir, the Park is used for a public purpose. It is used for the purpose of taking air and exercise.

Boswell. But, Sir, are not they who use Hyde Park for that purpose

a limited class of persons, consisting principally of gentlefolks and people of quality?

Johnson. No, Sir. The great people ride in the Ring and Rotten Row, and the common people go to look at them. The fine folks are a pretty show. The diversified liveries of their servants are pleasing, their complacent countenances impart cheerfulness, and their gay apparel and handsome equipages exhilarate the spectators. Sir, did you never observe how the populace shouts for joy to see a splendid carriage going to the races?

Boswell. But how, Sir, will the Exhibition interfere with the diversion of walking or riding in the Park?

Johnson. Sir, by creating a miscellaneous concourse of persons who will be noisy, and whose trampling will wear away the turf. They will thus destroy the quiet and verdure, which afford refreshment to the eye and tranquillity to the mind. And, Sir, they will overrun Kensington Gardens, and probably injure and deface them, besides committing depredations in the vicinity.

Boswell. But has it not been proved, Sir, that the notion that the people will do mischief, if admitted to such places, is erroneous?

Johnson. Yes, Sir. But a promiscuous rabble, such as collects at a fair, and such as will be attracted by this Exhibition, is not the people. Sir, large numbers of the people will be incapable of attending the Exhibition at all. The agricultural labourers, and the poorer mechanics throughout the country, will neither be able to afford the time nor the money requisite for a journey to London. Besides, Sir, if the Exhibition were ever so much the people's concern, it ought, nevertheless, to be assigned a suitable place. Sir, the people do not want their Park to be turned into a fair-ground any more than a nobleman would like his own to be served so. Sir, if you had a conservatory, and I were to tell you that you ought to convert it into a kennel, simply because you had a right to do what you pleased with it, you would think that either I insulted your understanding, or was a fool.

Boswell. But where would you have the Exhibition, Sir?

Johnson. Sir, in some place where the neighbours would be glad to have it, and not in one where they will consider it a nuisance.

Boswell. But you would not recommend a shabby site for it, Sir?

Johnson. Sir, I do not mean to pun; but the Exhibition, wherever it is, will include a sufficient sight in itself. The site of Covent Garden is shabby; and yet people of fashion will go there to hear Italian Operas. No, Sir. Let the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations be established in a situation, where, while it is admired as a stupendous spectacle, it shall not also be execrated as a monstrous bore.

LOOK AT HOME, GENTLEMEN.

A LARGE deputation of Provosts from Glasgow have waited, it seems, upon LORD JOHN RUSSELL to entreat of him to enforce the new postal regulations on the Sabbath. Might we recommend to these too zealous Provosts to busy themselves a little more with the purification of their own city? Surely there is plenty to occupy them at home, without rushing all the way to London to seek for moral employment? If we have been rightly informed, Glasgow is the most immoral town in the whole United Kingdom, and that many worse things than receiving or sending a letter occur there every Sunday. Drunkenness, we are told, runs about the streets in the most debauched state. If this be true, and we are afraid there is no doubt of it, it is very evident that these worthy magistrates may be acting up rigidly to the Letter of the Sabbath, but at the same time they sadly overlook the Spirit.

A New Way to Pave Old Ones.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE is in a very bad state, and so is King's Road, Eaton Square. At present they are almost useless, and all but impassable. We propose, therefore, that Westminster Bridge be pulled down to repair the King's Road, and that a new rate be levied on the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, or LORD GROSVENOR, or the parish, or whoever the shabby delinquent is, for the erection of a new bridge. At all events, the metropolis would have gained one good way instead of two bad ones, which we call a very good way of getting over two difficulties.

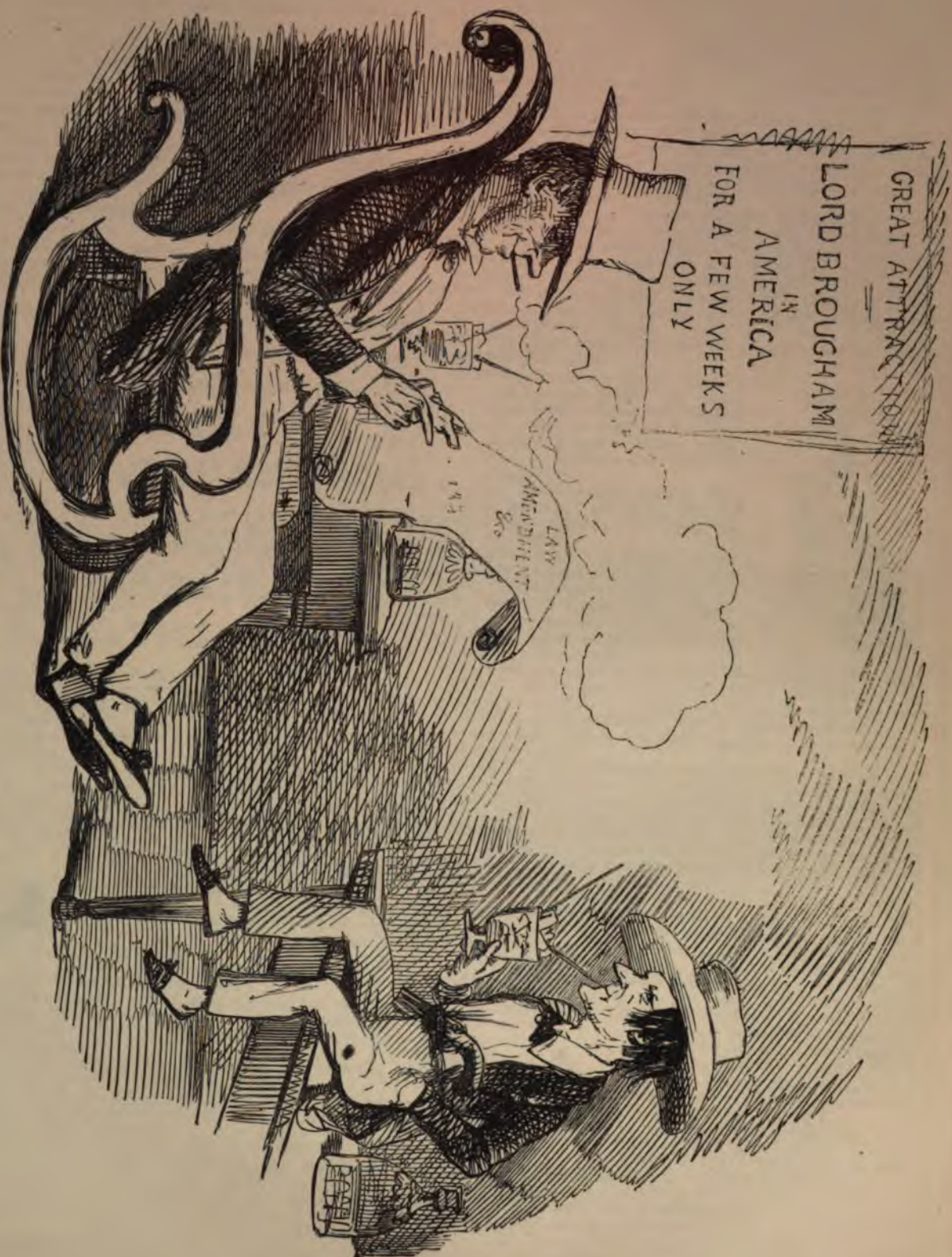
Charity made Easy.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL would not accede to MR. HUME's amendment of £8000 a-year to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,—the Duke must have £12,000, because he was expected to be charitable. Mr. Punch—upon his own responsibility—offers to find any number of individuals who will be twice as charitable as the present Duke upon exactly half the grant. How droll charity may be! You give a Duke a heap of money that he may be benevolent, and then laud him to the skies for this philanthropy!

Manners and Customs of the Anglos (New Series) No. 9.



VAV X HALL.



THE SCHOOLMASTER IN AMERICA.

"The noble and learned Lord then took occasion to express the great respect which he entertained for the eminent lawyers which America produced, and he repeated that it was his intention to visit that country in the Spring."—*House of Lords, Monday, July 15.*

BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. JONES AND THE POST.

Being Last Scenes from the Life of a (Late) UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Time.—Monday, the 22nd of July. A quarter to 9 o'clock, P.M.

SCENE.—The parlour of Mr. SMITHERS, at Brixton, with Mr. and Mrs. SMITHERS, and the LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE enjoying themselves at the tea-table. The LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE occupies the place of honour.

Mrs. SMITHERS. Another cup, my dear—you really must.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh! no indeed—I couldn't really. It's getting so late. I've had a most delightful day! I really must be going.

Mr. SMITHERS. Then I'll ring for the—

(Rings without concluding his sentence.)

Enter Maid with tray and tumblers. Mr. SMITHERS goes to the cellaret, and brings out an elaborate liqueur case.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—no, I really couldn't—I never do. No, really—now.

Mr. SMITHERS (cordially). Pooh—pooh—come, I know if JONES were here, he'd insist.

Mrs. SMITHERS (coaxingly). Just a leetle, very sweet and weak. Remember you've an hour's ride before you.

Late Unprotected Female. Well, you're so kind—but I declare I had rather not.

Mr. SMITHERS mixes a small tumbler remarkably sweet and tolerably stiff. Mrs. JONES discusses it with unconscious relish. Clock strikes nine.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, dear, there's nine o'clock! And how ever I'm to venture home alone, in that omnibus? I'm sure Mr. JONES won't like it.

Mr. SMITHERS. Well, if he will go and leave his wife (he smiles), he must take the consequences. Catch me leaving Mrs. SMITHERS.

Mrs. SMITHERS. Nonsense, Mr. SMITHERS. How can you? He's such a man, Mrs. JONES!

Late Unprotected Female (proudly). Oh—so is Mr. J., I assure you.

Mr. SMITHERS. But I'll tell you what, Mrs. JONES, I'll drive you home in my pony-chaise. There!

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—but are you sure it's very quiet?

Mr. SMITHERS. Quiet as a lamb. I'll trundle you to Coram Street in half an hour.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—thank you—I'm sure.

(Exit Mr. SMITHERS, to order the chaise, and see the pony put to.)

(Exit Mrs. SMITHERS, with LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, to put on "her things.")

(SCENE changes to the road, with Mr. SMITHERS and Mrs. JONES in the pony-chaise. The LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE is harassed with vague terrors, in no way justified by the conduct of the pony.)

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—there's an omnibus! Oh—he'll be running away. Do hold him tight.

(Tries to grasp the reins, for the purpose of assisting Mr. SMITHERS in holding him tight.)



Mr. SMITHERS (testily). Don't—Marin—confound it—don't, or you'll upset us. I tell you he's steady as a rock—chick—chick—

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—I know—but they will shy so. I declare when J. drove me down to Kew, last Sunday fortnight, I was quite ill. He would go so close to the omnibuses and things!

Mr. SMITHERS. When do you expect JONES home?

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—I should have expected him to-day—but he hasn't written. He always writes when on his journeys—I begged him to, and I must say he has been very thoughtful. Oh—what is that white thing by the roadside?

Mr. SMITHERS (gallantly). Well, I'm glad JONES didn't come back to-day, or we shouldn't have had the pleasure of your company.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, you're very kind, I'm sure. I should have had a very lonely day at home, so I sent the maid out, and thought I'd run down and see Mrs. SMITHERS.

Mr. SMITHERS (humorously). And me, too, Mrs. JONES, eh?

Late Unprotected Female (playfully). Be quiet, do—you foolish creature! Oh—there's something with lamps! *(During these and other such passages of mingled alarm and badinage, they have reached Coram Street, opposite Mrs. JONES's door.)* Oh, gracious goodness! Oh, dear!

(Mrs. JONES is taken very uncomfortable.)

Mr. SMITHERS (pulling up short). What's the matter now?

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, look—there's a light in the parlour. Oh, look—it's going upstairs! Oh—see—it's on the first floor! Oh, there must be thieves in the house—I'm certain there are thieves! Oh, dear me!

Mr. SMITHERS. Pooh, pooh—thieves wouldn't go about with lights, that way. It's the servant come back.



Late Unprotected Female. No, she couldn't get at the candles. They're locked up. She's so wasteful. It's thieves. Oh—hadn't we better go for a policeman. Oh, there's one! Here! *(About to summon A 22.)*

Mr. SMITHERS. Stop—stop! Don't make a fool of yourself. Here, policeman. *(A 22 approaches.)* Just stand at the pony's head, will you, a minute—and keep an eye on the door—there. *(Pointing to JONES's.)*

A 22 (anticipating beer). All right.

(He takes up his position.)

Mr. SMITHERS. Now, Mrs. JONES.

(Offers to hand her out.)

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—I daren't—I never can go in.

Mr. SMITHERS. Come along. Ain't there me, and the Policeman?

Late Unprotected Female *(is with difficulty got out of the chaise; they pause at the door)*. Oh—I've the key somewhere. *(Institutes a rigorous but agitated search.)* Oh—no—eh? Oh—I must have forgotten it.

Mr. SMITHERS. The door's on the latch!

(Opens it, and enters, leading in Mrs. JONES.)

Late Unprotected Female *(in agony at the discovery)*. Oh—I said it was thieves! *(A noise heard within.)* There! They're breaking things open. *(Prepares to faint on the passage-mat.)* I never can go in—no, never!

Mr. SMITHERS (somewhat blank). What nonsense! Where are the lucifers? But if you insist on it, I can ask the policeman to go in first.

(Is going towards the door for the purpose. A light suddenly appears on the first floor landing.)

Late Unprotected Female. Oh—they're coming—they're coming. Oh—dear—Police—Police!

(AWFUL APPEARANCE OF MR. JONES, ON THE LANDING-PLACE! His countenance expresses hunger and irritation.)

(His clothes are dusty and disordered.)

(In his right hand he holds a candle-stick, in his left a silver fork much twisted.)

Mr. JONES. Don't be a fool, woman! Hold your row, will you? *(To A 22, who has entered at Mrs. JONES's call.)* What the devil do you want?

Mr. SMITHERS. Why, it's JONES! Halloa—JONES, how are you? *(To Policeman.)* It's all right. It's the master of the house.

Late Unprotected Female *(makes arrangements for a fit of hysterics on the stairs)*. Oh—oh—oh—oh! How could you?—oh—oh—why didn't you?—oh—oh—

JONES (fiercely and brutally). Why didn't I?—but I did! Why didn't you, Ma'am? Here's pretty behaviour! But I won't stand it. By Jove, I won't stand it.

Mr. SMITHERS. Is the man mad? What's the meaning of it all?

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, dear—oh, dear! Oh—JONES, dear. Oh—what have I done?

JONES. Here's a state of things! I come home after a week's journey—dusty and dirty, and tired. I find no wife—no servant—and no dinner ready—and the keys gone—and I can't find so much as a bit of cold meat! and I've pricked my fingers, and broken two of these infernal albatra forks, trying to open the sideboard. And then, my wife comes back late at night—with a friend *(sarcastically, and with a fierce look at Mr. SMITHERS)*—and calls the police to take me into custody in my own passage! Oh, by Jove, I'll not stand it!

(He repeats his assault on the dining-room door, firing up under the attack.) Well, to be sure!

and whose fault is it, I should like to know? Why didn't you write, and say you were coming, and not sneak home in this way, like a bad character?

Mr. JONES (indignantly). I did write. I wrote on Saturday from Birmingham. I posted the letter myself. So, it's no use for you to deny it.

Late Unprotected Female. Oh, you base man! Oh—how can you say so? there's been no letter delivered—I believe you're deceiving me—you want to quarrel with your poor wife—you know you do. *(Sobs vehemently.)*

Mr. SMITHERS *(with a sudden illumination)*. I know—I know—it's that precious new Post-Office arrangement. It's the Sunday stoppage!

Mr. JONES. So it is—my letter won't be delivered till to-morrow! Oh—my dear MARTHA! *(takes her in his arms)*

I'm very sorry I forgot myself—but I've been so uncomfortable!

Late Unprotected Female *(with a great gush of emotion)*. Oh—JONES! That explains everything! Oh—I wonder *(a pause)* if LORD ASHLEY's a married man, and ever goes journeys? I only hope it mayn't come back upon LADY ASHLEY, as it has upon me—that's all!

Mr. JONES. I say, SMITHERS, you'll stop and take a glass of something comfortable? My dear, is there anything to eat in the house? For I came home at five—and it's ten now—and I've had nothing since breakfast, and you can't think how miserable I've been. Now, do see what you can do for us, there's a dear.

(Exit the LATE UNPROTECTED FEMALE, on household cares intent.)

SCENE closes.

(Illustration of a man and a woman, possibly Mr. and Mrs. Jones, standing together.)

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ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR THIS CLOSE WEATHER.

A SIGN-Y QUA NON.

THE proposition of the French Government that every article in every newspaper should be signed with the writer's name, would, if it were applied to this country, cause some extraordinary revelations relating to the Mysteries of the Press. It would have an odd and rather startling effect to find a beautifully eulogistic criticism on JONES's last new novel signed "JOHN JONES;" and it would be rather amusing, at the termination of a long article in praise of MR. GAGGER's acting, to arrive at the words JACOB GAGGER, appended to the end of it. The world would be a little astonished now and then by the disclosure of the magnates of the diurnal press; and would marvel to know that the great We's are sometimes very Wee people after all.

IT IS VERY CURIOUS.

"It's very curious," says a young lady whom we know, "that the tortoise, from whom we get all our tortoise-shell combs, has no hair!"

A SIMPLE QUESTION OF COLOUR!

WHETHER, instead of calling the new singer "The Black MALIBRAN," it would not have been better to have called her "THE BLACK DIAMOND?"

THE "RIDICULUS MUS" OF THE MOUNTAIN.—MONSIEUR ÉMILE GIRARDIN.

SUNDAY MAILS FOR MINISTERS.

AHA! You see now why LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his colleagues have resisted so gently the Sabbatarian invasion of the liberty of the subject. St. Martin-le-Grand has let the cat out of the bag in the following notice:—

"BY COMMAND OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—To all postmasters, sub-postmasters, and letter receivers.—General Post-Office, July, 1850.—With reference to instruction No. 21, 1850, relative to the discontinuance of the collection and delivery of the letters on a Sunday, it must be clearly understood that the regulations therein laid down do not apply to the letters addressed to Cabinet Ministers, or to the officers of Government mentioned in Section 18, Part 16, of the Book of General Instructions to Postmasters. These letters must still be forwarded on Sunday by the ordinary despatch."

It is not surprising that Ministers should put up contentedly with a public inconvenience which does not affect themselves. As one man may steal a horse whilst another may not look over a hedge, so may the Premier be allowed to have a letter of this sort forwarded to him on Sunday:—

"DEAR JOHNNY, "Woburn, July 21.
"Déjeuner à la fourchette here early. If you have nothing better to do, come. "BEDFORD."

Whereas, such an epistle as the following may be kept lying a whole day in the Post-Office.

"DEAR FATHER, "Manchester, Sunday Morning."
"A sad change has come over poor Mother suddenly. Return directly, if you wish to see her alive. "Your affectionate Son,
"W. WEFT."

Sunday is a *dies non* to the public at large, but the Ministerial *non* of the day is non-observance. Such is Sabbatomaniacal legislation.

A THOUGHT FOR MR. HORSMAN.

CHEMISTRY teaches that every particle of matter which disappears in combustion or evaporation may be obtained in a liquid or gaseous form. How interesting it would be, if we could, by any means, collect and exhibit the spiritual products of the expenditure of episcopal incomes!

THE PARLIAMENTARY JOE MILLER.

MEMBERS of Parliament are becoming such professed jokers, that we really tremble for our livelihood. It is too bad of Hon. M.P.'s to interfere with our bread and cheese, as we do not attempt to interfere with theirs. We can conscientiously assert, we never resorted to bribery or corruption; we can proudly confess that we never, to the best of our recollection, barked like a dog, nor crowed like a cock, nor whistled like a steam-engine. It must not be supposed that we are jealous of "Honourable Members." Their jokes are so bad, that, without any affectation, or pulling up of our shirt-collars, we could not make them, if we were to try ever so much. Their facetiousness has all the compilation and weight of a Blue-book about it—so much so, that if we were reduced to the verge of jocular destitution, we could not stoop to pick up anything so cumbrous and heavy. It would be like putting a policeman's boot on the legs of a butterfly. It is not jealousy, but mere prudence, that makes us speak out. It is the infection of bad joking that we dread; for whereas one bad orange will spoil an entire cargo, so a number of bad jokes being thrown into the market, will spoil the pure commodity, and lessen the demand for it.

The debates are quite heavy enough, without the addition of any extra heaviness, and it is really growing a pain from which no chloroform can relieve us, to wade through the *faciæ* of the large corps of Parliamentary *farceurs*. It is like reading one of the early editions of *Joe Miller*. The jokes of the *Cloten* in the Ring are positively new compared to those which are followed in the reports by "Laughter," "Great Laughter," "More Laughter." We imagine that, as Hon. Members are indebted to MR. BARRY for their House, so they argue that they should be equally indebted to his namesake, MR. BARRY, of Astley's Amphitheatre, for their speeches. If this taste for punning is not checked in its early stage of punyhood, St. Stephens will become very little better than a Circus, and the sooner WIDDICOMB is installed as Whipper-in the better it will be for the dignity and general appearance of the House. We have put ourselves to the trouble of collecting a choice number of these legislative pleasantries, and in a week or so we hope, if our courage holds good, to astonish the poor reader with a specimen or two—selecting, in charity, those which shall be the least aged—of our Parliamentary *Joe Miller*.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE.

AFROPUS of certain contemplated reductions in the Civil List, LORD BROUGHAM is reported to have said in the House of Lords that—

"The English aristocracy would be lowered if such things were allowed to pass as he knew were now passing, namely, that a lady of the highest rank, connected with the families of dukes and marquesses by the nearest ties, was reduced to the humiliating necessity of advertising for the necessary employment."

Whose fault is this, HENRY, but that of the dukes and marquesses themselves? The "nearest ties" whereby this poor lady is connected with her noble relations seem to be purse-strings, which she has a pull upon that draws them uncommonly tight. The meanness of persons of quality in allowing members of their order to advertise for employment would look less vulgar if a paper were started under the name of the *Aristocratic Advertiser*, in which the thing might be done in proper style. The column of advertisements for situations should be headed "WANT PLACES UNDER GOVERNMENT OR ABOUT THE COURT. —All Letters to be sealed with a Crest." Subjoined are imaginary examples of the "Wants."

AS MAID OF HONOUR. A young Lady, who can be confidently recommended as niece to a Duke, sister-in-law to a Peer, and first cousin to several Barons. Address to Lady A. B., 854, Park Lane.

AS GROOM OF THE STOLE. A noble middle-aged Lord, the proprietor of half a county, accustomed to attend to his stable. Direct to the Earl of X., care of Mr. SMITH, House of Lords.

AS REGISTRAR TO A BISHOP, or something of that sort.—The younger son of a family of rank, who enjoys a high degree in fashionable estimation, but had the misfortune to be plucked at Oxford. As the young gentleman's abilities are moderate, and his habits expensive, lightness of employment would be an object, combined with largeness of salary; indeed, a regular sinecure would be preferred. Direct to S. S., Esq., Albany, Letter Z.

AS DIPLOMATIC EMPLOYEE.—A Baronet, aged 24, who finds it necessary to dispose of his estate. Has no encumbrance except his debts, and no objection to travel. Can have a three years' character from his place in the country. Address to PARCIMENT AND VELLUM, Solicitors, Chancery Lane.

In other parts of the paper, Gold Sticks, Black Rods, Stars, Garters, Ribbons, and other valuables of that nature might be advertised for, to the great mutual convenience of noblemen and gentlemen commanding votes on the one hand, and of the Ministry for the time being on the other.

But to return to LORD BROUGHAM's distressed noblewoman. Her case may be dealt with easily enough by certain individual members of the House of Lords, whom it concerns. Would that their collective Lordships could as easily dispose of that of the millions who can obtain no employment, although they advertise for it, and pay a most monstrous tax for so doing!

CLAIMS OF THE BRITISH CHORUS.

To Mr. Punch.



foreign rivals, Tra La Lira La. We submit that they have no advantage of us whatever, either in respect of sound or sense, and are

Sir, your obedient humble Servants,
TOL DE ROL LOL.

THE HARDEST WORKED MAN IN THE CITY.

A FOREIGNER, writing of London, with the usual ignorance of foreigners, says, "The duties of the City Remembrancer are to remind the Aldermen and Common Councilmen when they forget themselves." We can only say that, if these were his duties, no one man could do it.

LOST TO ALL SENSE OF TOUCH, SIGHT, AND FEELING.

THE Keepers of the Records know so little of the Records entrusted to their charge, that, when asked for any particular document, their answer invariably is, "*Non mi Ricordo.*"

SUNDAY AT THE MINT.

JOHN THOMAS, full private of the 190th Greens, and a Sabbath man to the back bone, thinks his a particularly hard case.

LORD ASHLEY—(and may he never be a Cabinet-made Minister, because as I read t'other day at the Warrior's Gate tap, all Cabinet-made Ministers are to have their letters delivered to 'em on Sundays whether they will or no)—LORD ASHLEY has stopped Sunday labour at the Post-Office, though they do say the labour's to begin agin, but that's not it.

LORD ASHLEY is asked to look at the Sunday labour in the army; and most particularly at the beknighted state of the loyal 190th Greens, at present doing duty at the QUEEN'S MINT.

For the last three Sundays, have I, JOHN THOMAS, full-private, and cetera, been upon guard as sentry during the very hours of forenoon church. Here have I been walking up and down, hugging Brown Bess—(which, if it come to fighting, they'd make me load with ball, and fire away upon the Sabbath, thick as pepper.)—here have I, on Sunday, been guarding the Mint, and therefore, in a manner in which there can be no mistake about it, serving MAMMON, while all the Post-Offices is shut, and LORD ASHLEY in his Sunday pew blessing himself for the Post-Offices being at church.

Now, I put it to LORD ASHLEY, whether the souls of the loyal 190th Greens are not to be cared for by Parliament House as well as the souls of Post-masters and missuses? And why should the army do duty on Sundays (specially at the Mint, where is the root of all evil), when, as LORD ASHLEY can prove as well as he's proved the wickedness of Sunday letters, that on Sunday even the Army of Martyrs was made and intended to do nothing but stand-at-ease?

Postscript.—The loyal 190th Greens cannot help thanking Mr. STUMPTREE, MR. DE NEWGATE, and the other friends of LORD ASHLEY, for having put down the Popish florin. Only them as has had to do it, can judge of the feelings of the 190th, called upon to do duty at a Mint, with a Paymist Master at the head, and no DEAF FIDD upon the silver that came out of it, which fully accounted for the blight in the 'tatos. God save the QUEEN.—JOHN THOMAS.

THE NEPAULESE HUNT.

THIS famous hunt still continues. No sooner is a sight caught of the Nepaulese Princes, than the whole company raise the hue and cry, and run in full pursuit of them. The Chiswick Fête was a grand day of this description. There could not have been less than ten thousand persons in the field, including a goodly muster of the fair sex, who enjoyed the sport rarely. The Nepaulese Ambassador was hunted under a scorching sun, for full two hours, in the most determined manner. How he managed to keep up so long was astonishing, and we think he would have been run down at the first burst, only from the vast extent of the gardens, when once he was fairly started, he could not well escape. He got in the Duke of Devonshire's kitchen-garden amongst the cabbages, and could not get out again. As it was, he kept dodging in and out, from tree to tree, running from one tent to another, in the hopes of eluding his pursuers, but all in vain; they never left him for a minute, and, wherever he went, there were always some hundreds close upon his heels.

It is a question whether, for our own pleasure, we have any right to inflict so much pain and positive torture upon a living creature, and the poor persecuted Prince must have suffered tremendously. As it was, many ladies were severely punished, and we noticed on the ground the mangled remains of two or three valuable parasols, which must have been literally torn to pieces in the intensity of the rush. Ultimately the poor, panting, Nepaulese Ambassador was caught, and carried off in a carriage, to be uncared again at some future festive occasion for the amusement of HER MAJESTY's respectable subjects. We hope to give the earliest intelligence of the day appointed for the meet.

The End of Repeal.

THOUGH Repeal has not succeeded, it may be said to have gained its end, or at all events its own end, for it came to a termination last Monday week, and a short funeral oration was spoken by Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL. The poor thing has died in the most distressed circumstances, with all its rent in terrible arrear, and with scarcely a roof over its head; for it was intimated that the existence of Repeal had become a landlord's question, and that the landlord of the Hall would no longer tolerate such a miserable tenant. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL intimated that the cause of the death of Repeal was the neglect of the country to "speak out," but it is perfectly well understood that the neglect of the country "to fork out" was the real cause of the catastrophe. An old woman and an elderly man in a bad hat and bankrupt circumstances were the last to adhere to the "dear departed;" and when the Hall-keeper came to "clear out," they reluctantly retired.

THE SEA-SIDE SEASON.



DELICATE STATE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. IT IS ORDERED CHANGE OF AIR, AND A LITTLE SEA-BATHING.

THE fashionable lions will be soon "running down" to the sea-side, and if such refreshment is required for the "fashionable lions," why not for that greatest of all the lions of the season, the Hippopotamus? We think it is high time that the poor animal obtained the benefit of the invigorating sea breeze after the labours of the past few months, during which he has been the "observed of all observers," and the centre of attraction to the whole metropolis. There is also another reason why the animal should quit town, at least for a time, in the fact of the arrival of a rival in the shape of the largest Tortoise in the world, who threatens to dislocate the nose of the Hippopotamus. This Tortoise

is said to be a hundred and eighty years old, though we are not aware whether the certificate of his birth is in existence.

It is said that four sailors can dance, and have danced, a hornpipe on the animal's back, which proves that the poor creature has been very much put upon. There will, no doubt, be a sharp competition between the Tortoise and the Hippopotamus in the ensuing season, and as slow and steady frequently wins the race of public favour, we would scarcely mind betting that in the long run—which in this instance must be a walk—the Hippopotamus may be left in the rear of his more deliberate antagonist.

GOVERNMENT'S BROKEN SLUMBERS.

SCENE.—Downing Street. A Cabinet Council. MINISTERS *reposing*.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (half asleep). Yaw—aw—aw! (Yawns and stretches.) What a bore!

The Premier (waking up). Eh! What's the—yaw—aw—matter?

Chancellor of the Exchequer. O-----h! Why the House has voted for the repeal of the Attorneys' certificate duty—ya—a—oh! There goes £100,000 from the revenue. Heigho!

Premier. Now, I suppose,—yaw—aw! the public will insist on our taking off the window-tax. They'll say that the tax on lawyers is—yaw!—nothing to the tax on light.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then we shall be dunned for the paper—yaw—aw! and stamp-duties.

Premier. And the m—aw—aw—aw—the malt-tax.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. How—yaw—aw—the deuce do they expect us to—yaw!—make up the revenue?

Premier. Well, I'm afraid there's only one way—yaw—by revising our old systems of taxation and expenditure.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. That will be a terrible deal of—Oh! dear me, I'm—yaw—so sleepy—trouble.

Premier. Yaw—aw—aw—aw! I'm afraid it's what we shall have to come to at last.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. What say?

Premier. Hm!

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mp!

(They go to sleep again.)

THE FRUITS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

THERE is a certain tunnel on the North Kent Line, which may be considered as a sort of rendezvous for luggage trains, imbecile engines, and runaway locomotives, which occasionally effect a somewhat inconvenient *réunion* within the dark recess alluded to. A few days since, a cargo of fruit got fastened in the tunnel, after several fruitless efforts to get out, when a passenger-train came running merrily along, and was converted into a sort of jam among the currants and gooseberries. It was fortunate for the travellers that the material with which they were brought into collision was comparatively soft, for though it is disagreeable to fall on a pile of stones—even though they should be only cherry-stones,—and though a smash in any shape, even among strawberries and raspberries, is disagreeable enough, still it might have been worse, which cannot be said of every railway accident.

Making Jokes by Steam.

THERE is not much general resemblance between a steam-engine and a stage-coach, and yet there is a small point of similarity between them *in the end*. As the reader will only tire his head in guessing that which never could be guessed, even supposing he was in the habit of "guessing" as frequently as a thorough-bred genuine Yankee, we don't mind telling him that a steam-engine is like a stage-coach, because, at the end of the journey, it always discharges its team (*its steam*).



Small Boy. "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN UP AGIN A MIMBER O' PARLIMENT—JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE FOURTEENTH.

MR. MOUSER WRITES A CRUEL LETTER FROM PARIS; AND MRS. MOUSER RATHER BELIEVES SHE ANSWERS IT.

WHEN printing was found out, of course, *Mr. Punch*, it wasn't to be thought of that women were to take the liberty of the press. Oh, no! printing types, like razors, are only to be considered as belonging to the masculine gender. A woman may carry a mountain of wrongs about with her, and not so much as put one before the public. She is expected to die, and never so much as squeak. This is the old story; and MOUSER—as I intend to let all the earth know—is only like the rest of the world, which I little expected when I married him.

The little letter you printed for me last week; a little letter—I will say it—big with the wrongs of woman as regards her age which is, perhaps, the most serious thing in life; that letter has drawn upon my devoted, and I will say it, affectionate head, the most heart-breaking reply. If I was a stock or stone—which MOUSER knows I'm not; quite the reverse—I could not have been treated with colder indifference, not to say contempt. And all for what? But you shall hear. I send you MR. MOUSER's letter; I don't say that I mayn't be sorry for it, when I see it in print, and my passion's over; but I'll risk that—and here it is, copied off.

"MR. MOUSER, Paris,—to MRS. MOUSER, London.

"Paris, July, 25.

[Only just observe the art—the insult of this, MR. PUNCH, 'Paris,' short; just as if he slept upon the pavement, and couldn't write from a lodging, so that I mightn't find him.]

"My dearest AMELIA,

[But that's always his way; in England it's only 'dear'; but, as I say, just like his art; the further he gets off the tenderer he is.]

"My dearest AMELIA,—Happening in the most casual manner to enter the *Café des Maris Inconsolables*,* I took up, to distract the weariness of absence, this week's *Punch*; for since the liberal reign of the President, that revolutionary journal—wisely stopt at all ports and frontiers by LOUIS-PHILIPPE—is permitted to disseminate its venom in the bosoms of a happy and contented people.

* I'm not ashamed to own I don't know French, I know so many better things. But MRS. HORSBLOWER, who was brought up at Dunkirk, says this is French for "The Public-house of call for Inconsolable Husbands," and she adds that Paris swarms with such places. The more shame for Paris!

"AMELIA, I was hurt—I was shocked—I was affected—[Nonsense! MR. PUNCH, I've seen the hippopotamus, and all I say is, try and shock that—that's all.]—affected beyond the power of expression, especially with the thermometer ranging at continual cold-brand-and-water heat—shocked, I say, to find that my own wife, the treasure of my affections, and certainly the lightest hand at a custard—[MR. MOUSER—I know him—thinks this a joke; which I don't.]—should have so forgotten her position at her own fireside, and the honoured place in her husband's heart—[All I say's this; I have known a husband's heart like a carpet-bag, and 'specially like a carpet-bag on a journey; that is, with always room to take something new in it.]—in her husband's heart, without the advice, the affectionate counsel, even without his knowledge, to exhibit herself in print—in print, too, accompanied with the lowest cuts at the highest life, and hob-and-nob—[What does he mean by hob-and-nob?—with waggings and wittings.]

"AMELIA, placed as we are by Destiny—[Destiny! But he never takes anything in his head for his own pleasure but it isn't Destiny that makes him do it—I've known Destiny carry him to the London Tavern to dinner, and Destiny bring him home at two in the morning, I won't say how, in a cab, and with no money to pay it.]—placed by Destiny in two different capitals, with the briny and billowy sea rolling between us, I would not wait to you a syllable that, like a summer gnat (and I feel what that is) should carry a bite with it. Nevertheless, my AMELIA, my duty as a husband—[And now, you'll see, he's going to be disagreeable; for I know him—whenever he talks of his duty, he flies into a fury directly.]—my duty as a husband compels me to rebuke you. Why call the attention of a sarcastic and uncharitable world to that unfortunate subject, your age? Why even hint at it? I know how old you are—[Indeed! Are you quite sure of that?—and I feel that to be quite enough—I may say, even more than enough.—[Another trial at a joke; which I don't, and won't understand.]

"But, not to be painful, I will cease to dwell upon your age. For a really good wife, AMELIA, like good wine, improves with keeping—under lock and key. [Oh, yes! He can't begin a civil pretty thing, without dipping it in vinegar at the end.] Yes, AMELIA; deliciously sweet is it to have in conjugal love, that wine-of-life—the bees-wing in the eye, and more particularly when there is no bee-sting in the tongue. [A pack of nonsense! And I'm sure, there's nobody can ever get a word in, for MOUSER.]

"My beloved AMELIA, separated as we are—[and he never says a word when he expects me.]—I cannot if I would be harsh—for the heart, the heart expands with absence. [Especially, no doubt, at the Inconsolable Husbands.] I might tell you with what particular interest I looked at our native land from Boulogne. How I then felt that—so far distant—you were never dearer to me. [I dare say. If he was only in the Indies, and I where I am, of course, there'd be no bearing his fondness.]—How, for the first time, I experienced the great household truth, that the soul swells through a telescope!

"Therefore, my AMELIA, I will chide you gently. With a dove's feather—a ring-dove's—[No doubt; a wedding-ring-dove's!—feather, will I chastise my beloved. Why, my AMELIA, why did you print? [As if he only knew it now!] I cannot bear a wife in print; no—I wish to be calm, tender, and affectionate, because we are divided—but I would as soon see a wife in the pillory. AMELIA, your complexion was never made for black; and you never looked worse, that is, in my eyes—[Which I know he means is saying a good deal.]—never worse than in printer's ink. [I shall wear it from week to week for all that.]

"The Romans, AMELIA, were a great people—[A set of brutes!—and they divorced their wives [The man's head is always running on that subject; and on what account, gracious goodness knows!—divorced them for using without authority, their husbands' keys. [What next?] Had the Romans possessed a public press—I wish, as I observed, to say nothing harsh, for the weather is appallingly sultry, and by no means fit for a passion; besides, being separated, I feel it particularly my duty, as it is my delight, to be kind and forgiving—had the Romans enjoyed a press, they would, no doubt, judging from the genius of their conjugal laws, have instantly separated themselves, once and for ever from their wives, had they—without decided and direct permission of their marital lords—[Fiddlesticks!—dipped their wedded fingers in printers' ink. You will, therefore, dearest AMELIA, draw your own conclusions, and that as mildly as you may from what I have said, and always believe me—[Oh, yes, especially abroad.]—

"Your affectionate—[very affectionate; and, still not a word about meeting!]

"And devoted—[no doubt; to the Inconsolables!]

"Husband till death—[and just now he talked of a divorce!]

"JOHN MOUSER.—[and he ought to be ashamed of himself to write it!]

"P.S. I have been all day long trying to pitch upon a scarf for my beloved.—[I can't help my mind misgiving; but does he mean ME?]

"P.S. No. 2. I would buy you some beautiful shoes; but I can't get any small enough.—[I know that; but, when I go to Paris, surely, I can choose for myself!]

"P.S. No. 3. Direct, dearest, to the Post-Office. For I am told that, since I began this letter, another revolution is expected; and, therefore,

as in revolutions people are often compelled to leave their lodgings, I don't know when your dear, dear, dearest letter arrives—[No, not a word about MY arrival.]—where your own MOUSE may be."

And that, Mr. Punch, is what I have received from an absent husband; that is the reward of an affectionate wife, and

Your constant writer,
AMELIA MOUSER.

The Honeysuckles.

THE ROYAL PROVIDENT FUND.



PUNCH is anxious to give publicity to an institution which, under the above title, or some other equally expressive, must positively be established for the purpose of securing a provision for the destitute widows and orphans of Royalty. The necessity of its formation is manifested by a case, which a sense of decorum did not prevent the Premier from bringing before Parliament, and, therefore, will not forbid Mr. Punch to mention. The late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, having long been in the receipt of £27,000 a-year, leaves his children in such a state of such extreme indigence, that Government, being obliged to provide for them, prevails upon the Legislature to give the eldest son an annual pension of £12,000. Mr. Punch must say that, if any one of the distinguished writers with whom he is acquainted had held, for a lengthened series of years, an engagement of upwards of £500 a-week, and had died without making a provision for his family, he, Mr. Punch, would have been highly scandalised; and a sense of duty to his Order compels him to remark that the dereliction in question is a gross instance of the improvidence of non-literary men.

It is said that the £27,000 was chiefly spent in charity; a plea which suggests the obvious reflection that charity should begin at home. That such will be the commencement of that admirable virtue in the practice of Royal Dukes and Princes, is the result to be hoped from the foundation of the Royal Provident Fund, which of course is to be self-supporting, and will be mainly dependent on the class whom it more especially concerns. Like any other benevolent institution, however, it will be open to subscriptions from everybody; and there can be no doubt that it will receive an amount of encouragement commensurate with the public's appreciation of the importance of maintaining all the connexions of the Crown in splendour. Were a Prince of the Blood to get his allowance from a Fund like this, he might ride his two hundred guinea charger independently, without exposing himself to such invidious remarks, as "There goes £12,000 a-year, and nothing to show for it but the clothes;" or, "There goes the equivalent to two dozen superannuated men of science or letters, comfortably provided for with £500 a-year each."

The Royal Provident Fund will anticipate an objection which some future Parliament may entertain to enabling Royal Highnesses to be charitable at the expense of MR. JOHN BULL. That gentleman does not much like penniless families to be devised to him, even when the parents' claims are considerable. NELSON bequeathed HORATIA to his country, but the legatee has not yet administered to the will. LIEUTENANT WAGHORN'S widow enjoys a pension some degrees short of £12,000 a year. It is to be feared that if MR. BULL'S wishes were consulted, the Royal Provident Fund is all that Royalty's poor relations would have to look to.

It may be a recommendation of the Royal Provident Fund, to state one rather important element in its arrangements. The pensions derived from it will, in every case but that of absolute imbecility, be annexed to situations and employments; and the duties of the latter will be proportioned as nearly as possible to the amount of the former. It may occur to the reader that LORD JOHN RUSSELL might as well have had this principle in view when he gave away £12,000 per annum of the public money the other day.

PUNCH FAIRLY PUZZLED.

WE are not very easily baffled in an attempt to solve a conundrum; we have seen through a deal board when it has been riddled all over with shots; we have never had a difficulty about a charade, and as to a rebus we have gone to it so boldly that our *fortiter in rebus* never could be for an instant questioned; but we admit ourselves to be fairly puzzled by an advertisement, appearing almost daily, in the papers, headed, "The oldest Juvenile Depôt in London." We cannot understand the compatibility between old age and juvenility, which that announcement implies. Perhaps, however, there is a jolly-buckism or old-boyishness about the concern which justifies the title given to it in the advertisements; but at all events, in the absence of any authorised explanation, we admit ourselves unable to say with confidence what the "Oldest Juvenile Depôt in London" can possibly mean.

SUMMER NOVELTIES IN BALLOONS.

THERE seems to be nothing stirring much, excepting balloons—and they are "up and stirring" in every direction. The householders who live in the neighbourhoods of Vauxhall and the Cremorne Gardens, must have a nice time of it. What with the shouting, and the crowds, and the noise, and the fireworks, they must detest the cry of "Balloon! Balloon!" almost as much as a lady abhors the announcement of "Please, ma'am, the kitchen chimney's on fire." These detestations, too, must be rather heightened by the probability of a parachute, with a live tiger in it, dropping in the back garden, or of a number of sky-rockets falling through the skylight, and astonishing the master and missus, as they are marching solemnly with their candlesticks up to bed.

The rage for experimental balloons must be stopped, or else all sorts of extravagancies, animal and pyrotechnical, will be committed in the name of science, and every little tea-garden, or suburban saloon that commands six square yards of open space, in front, or in rear, of the house, will be advertising a "Wonderful Ascent," either with or without fireworks, or else with a pony, or a horse, or a donkey, or something of that sort. The mania of imitation exists as strongly between capitals as between individuals, and, as it extends, is sure to increase in absurdity. Now, as Paris has lately witnessed the ascent of a Balloon with a pony, all "alive and kicking," London is certain to be favoured before long with the exhibition of some intrepid acrobat, who will richly deserve the laurels, as well as the appellation of GREEN, by ascending with a bull, or a giraffe, or, it may be, an elephant. Who knows, if this public appetite for Balloons grows more ravenous, that we may not be astonished some fine morning at breakfast, with the announcement in the papers of a piece of insanity, like the following:—

UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION.

WONDERFUL ASCENT THIS EVENING OF MR. GREEN

In his celebrated Fulham Balloon with the

HIPPOTAMUS

(Of the Zoological Gardens)

Who has kindly lent his valuable services for this occasion only.

At the altitude of 200 feet above the level of Chelsea, MR. GREEN will descend from the car on to the back of the Hippopotamus, and discharge a

BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.

N.B. For Seats on the back of the Hippopotamus, apply at the Box Office of the Gardens.

The only question is, if the above absurdity is attempted to be perpetrated, who is there to stop it? We are afraid that, from their very nature, Balloons are out of the reach of the Law, and if a policeman were sent to "take up" a balloon, the chances are that he would only be taken up himself. As there is a class of policemen expressly for the river, there may probably be instituted a new class of aerial policemen purposely to navigate the "silent highway" of the clouds. It will be rather awkward, though, to approach a balloon whilst it is discharging a brilliant display of fireworks, and difficult, as well as unpleasant, to take it into custody whilst committing the act.

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

BROTHER is said to suffer materially from a superfluity of cooks; and if the rule applies equally to an over-abundance of domestic servants in every other department, we wonder how the Chiltern Hundreds can exist under the plurality of Stewards that are constantly tendering their services. If these hundreds were thousands, there might still be a Steward for every particular unit; so numerous are the acceptances of the office, in which there appears, nevertheless, to be a perpetual vacancy. The new Chief Justice of the Common Pleas has, we learn from the *London Gazette*, just taken upon himself the Stewardship of these Hundreds, as a sort of relief, no doubt, to his severer duties; for the Chiltern Hundreds appear to impose upon their stewards no occupation that may not be combined with any other employment, however arduous or dignified.

We wish LORD CAMPBELL would employ his leisure in giving to the world the Lives of the Stewards of the Chiltern Hundreds, an account of whose stewardships would form a series sufficiently long to furnish ample materials for even his untiring industry. We should be glad to know whether the Chiltern Hundreds employ in addition to a Steward, the usual establishment of butler, footman, page, cook, and housekeeper. We should recommend the hundreds who "want places," to write down to Chiltern at once, and ascertain whether the Hundreds, which have always a vacancy for a steward, may not find room for other classes of domestics.

MR. MALONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news,
Bedad I cannot pass it o'er:
I'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fete all balls does bate
At which I worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse, dispoised expinse,
To fete these black ACHILLESES.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
With roses and with lilies up.

And JULLIEN's band, it tuck its stand,
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was,
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten before the ball-room door,
His moighty Excellency was,
He smoled and bowed to all the crowd,
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the door-way followed him;
And O the noise, of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair,* stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
The welcome of his Company.
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys, you saw there, was;
And, fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On GENERAL JUNG BAHAWTHER, was!

This General great, then tuck his sate,
With all the other ginerals,
(Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals.)
And as he there, with princely air,
Reclouin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair,
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O PAT, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
Such fashion and nobiltee!
Just think of TIM, and fancy him,
Amidst the hoigh gentility!
There was Lord DE L'HUYS, and the Portygeese
Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonised, with much surprise,
Our messmate, BOB O'GRADY, there;

There was BARON'SS BRUNOW, that looked like JUNO,
And BARONESS REHAUSEN there,
And COUNTESS ROULLIER, that looked peculiar
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was LORD CROWHURST (I knew him first,
When only MR. PIPS he was),
And MICK O'TOOLE, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was LORD FINGALL, and his ladies all,
And LORDS KILLEEN and DUFFERIN,
And PADDY FIFE, with his fat wife;
I wondther how he could stuff her in.

There was LORD BELFAST, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should I go there?
And the WIDOW MACRAE, and LORD A. HAY,
And the MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
Behind the windies, coorting there.
O, there's one I know, bedad would show
As beautiful as any there,
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with FANNY there!

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.



UST now there are all the usual symptoms of the close of the Session being at hand; and measures that would otherwise have proceeded by the slowest and easiest stages, are being jerked through both Houses in the most sudden and precipitate manner.

The Bills of Parliament, like some bills of the play we have met with, seem to bear upon the face of them the information that "an interval of some time is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts" or first and second readings—though, in fact there is no interval at all: but conclusions are jumped to by the legislature with the same amount of recklessness that is displayed by the dramatist when the denouement is desired. Many of the members have already left their seats

in the House for their seats in the country; and so as a sufficient number of "reading men" can be kept together to read the remaining bills of the Session, that is all that appears to be required.

Legislation, which at the commencement of the Session drags its slow length along, is, at this more advanced period, carried forward at railway speed; and measures instead of being deliberately forwarded, and gradually carried, are shoved from stage to stage, pitched from house to house, and ultimately made law in batches of a dozen or so at a time; while the Government, like a threepenny 'bus, is allowed to carry just as large a number as it pleases, without the smallest regard to safety or convenience.

The legislative conductor and driver, feeling their labours to be near their close, are only in a hurry to get to their journey's end, and will carry whatever happens to be ready; but will leave behind anything, however important, that is not exactly prepared to jump up, or tumble on to the roof, or cling to the step, or hold on somehow or anyhow to the State vehicle. Some passengers, like the County Court Extension, for instance, may be suddenly deprived of a parcel of the most wholesome provisions; but with a shout of "Dropp'd a parcel! very valuable is it? it can't be helped! we can't stop now for anybody or anything," the poor victim is hurried off, and, in fact, "carried," with the loss, perhaps, of the greater part of that for which the expense and trouble of being conveyed through all the previous stages had been gone to.

The Smithfield Life Pill.

SMITHFIELD has been so much extolled lately for its salubrity, and city medical men have been so loud in their praises of the purity of its atmosphere, and the general healthiness of its neighbourhood, that we wonder that no Life Pill has yet seized upon its valuable name as a guarantee to cure everything. We think, if largely advertised, and backed with a few strong testimonials from well-known Aldermen and Common Councilmen, that the SMITHFIELD LIFE PILL would be a sure fortune to any one who does not mind imposing upon the credulity of the British Public. We should like to do it ourselves, for there is a difficulty now a-days to make your fortune, unless you happen to be a quack, only we have a few foolish doubts as to the honesty of the transaction.

WELCOME ARRIVAL.—The "Great Bull from Nineveh" will arrive in September, just in time to put an end to the GORHAM controversy.

* JAMES MATHERSON, ESQUIRE, to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, THEOPHILUS MALONY, late stoker on board the Iberia, the Lady Mary Wood, the Tegus, and the Oriental steam ships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful muse.



RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

Sentimental Young Lady. "WILL YOU BE SO OBLIGING, MR. TONGS, AS TO CUT OFF A LONG PIECE OF HAIR WHERE IT WILL NOT BE MISSED."

THE CAMBRIDGE JOB OF £12,000! PER ANNUM.

THE matter is settled—the bargain is struck—between the Ministry and Parliament, with little further preface, little more time, than a lady who markets for herself takes to cheapen a pair of ducks or a solitary sucking-pig, and the bran-new DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—like a crown jewel in cotton—is wrapt for life in £12,000 per annum. We may not object to Dukes; nevertheless, we may have them with a little too much gilding. Besides, whatever may be our loving weakness towards a Duke in the abstract, there are times when we would rather consider the object as a necessary than a luxury. Human nature is apt to get sulky with an article it pays too dearly for. A Duke at a fair and moderate price, as Dukes might go, would be assured of a more continuing respect than a Duke paid for at a ruinous sacrifice. We did not expect the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to offer himself as a decided bargain; nevertheless, when he asks £12,000, we must—though we be charged with a higgling spirit ungracious towards the splendid article proffered us—we must inquire, "is £12,000 the very lowest?"

Twelve thousand pounds a-year for the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE! And at the present time circulars lie in all Government offices; circulars calling upon all clerks to set down their several amount of salaries, with duties performed, extra-official profits, and so forth, that the smaller functionaries may, in Minorities phrase, be sweated somewhat of their incomes. An interesting sum this for certain of the arithmetical clerks to work; viz.: "How many of us make one DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE? How many common goose-quills are worth the plumage of a golden goose royal?"

When, however, it is determined in the resolute breast of a Minister to obtain a thumping grant for anybody whom the Crown delights to honour (out of the pockets of the people), it would be pleasant, were the result not so very costly, to enjoy the ministerial ingenuity and courage, ever so fertile in strong, yea, in seductive reasons for the extravagance. When the House voted the late DUKE OF YORK £10,000 a-year to pay certain visits to his old blind father at Windsor, we think it was the tragic price of oats that—pathetically illustrated by the Minister—carried the grant. If, however, it was not oats, perhaps it was the then price of horse-flesh; if not horse-flesh, why, then, it was the market-rate of filial love! Sure we are, however, that the

Minister had one of these reasons, all equally potent, wherewith to bend the ductile Commons.

And LORD JOHN RUSSELL has been no less fertile, no less successful in his argument for the yearly £12,000 for our novel CAMBRIDGE. His Royal Highness is expected to be charitable! MR. HUME's proposed £8000 would afford no fund of benevolence to the Duke. Now, give him the £12,000, and we set him up at once a dinner excellence—a mahogany philanthropist. Very well. Only, be it understood that when the Secretaries of the Welsh Flannel Infirmary, the Royal Dimity Asylum, and the Coal-and-Blanket Institution, read over the subscriptions after annual dinners, commencing, as with a flourish of the human trumpet

"H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, £50 "

"H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, £40 "

"H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, £20 "

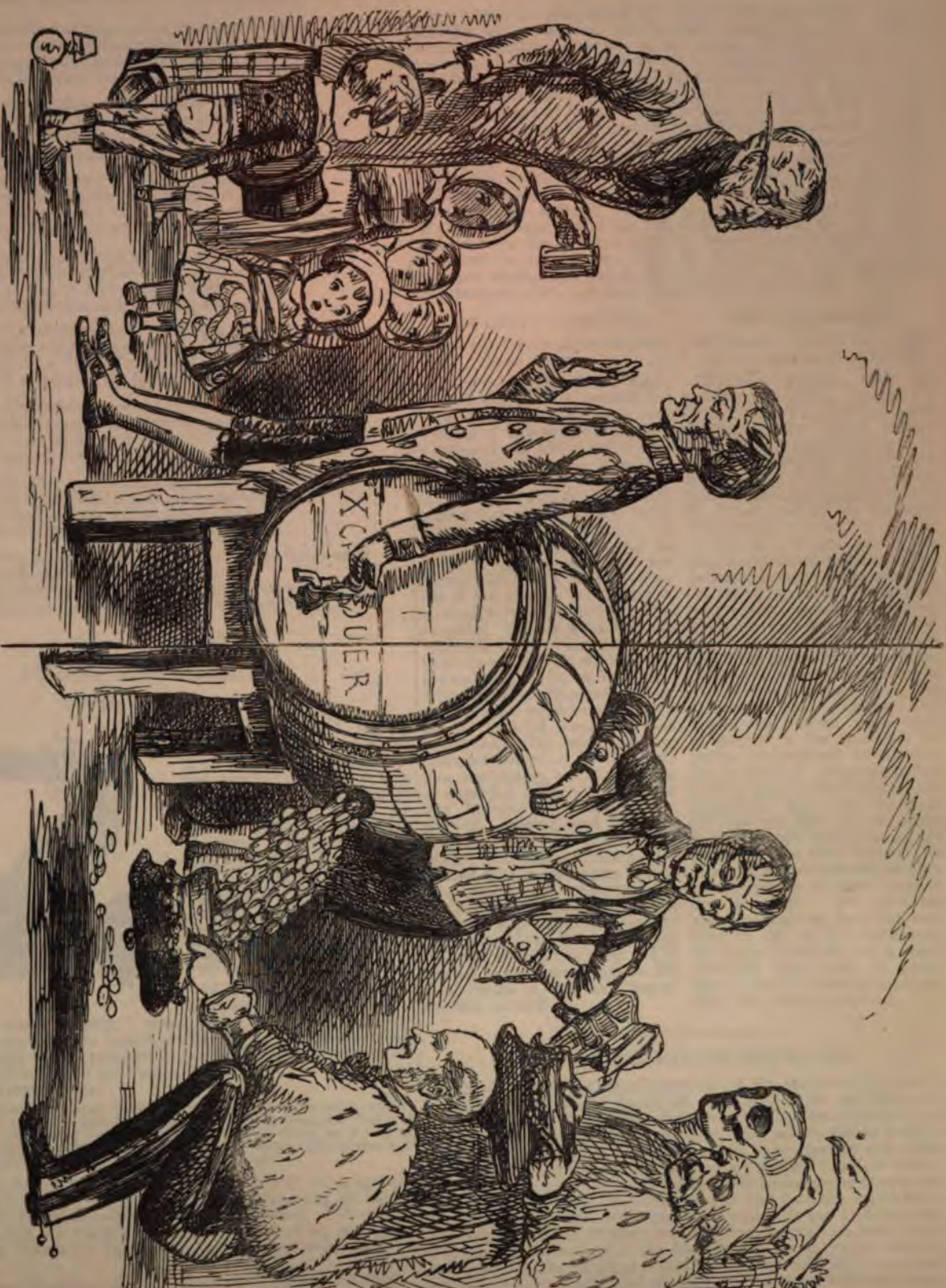
—when these glad tidings are rung forth, we do protest against any applause. Men shall not be duped into smiting the table with knife-handles—they shall not rattle glasses—they shall not "hear, hear," in perspiring admiration, fired and glowing with a sudden sense of the Royal Chairman's charitable beneficence. No: LORD JOHN has put the looked-for-expenditure in a business light; has made a trusteeship of the £4,000, and H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, when he puts down his name for £50, and when he pays it—as of course he will, for when did bird of royal cyrie ever play the part of shabby decoy-duck?—let the money be taken quietly, decorously: received as a public grant from the people who, by rigour of the Commons, have made the Duke their almoner. Surely his Royal Highness fulfils the easiest conditions of philanthropy; seeing that he is only expected to give what, for such purpose has been assuredly entrusted to him.

Nevertheless, the new Duke has been lucky in his year: he has obtained from easy 1850 what he might have failed to win from ugly, threatening, 1851—for that is the year financial; the year when *L. S. D.*—unrelenting fates!—will really open Parliament, though HER MAJESTY may nominally perform that ceremony. Again, the Duke has been fortunate, inasmuch as he has preceded certain claims—the claimants as yet in the nursery—upon the public exchequer. He, of course, has been at a high figure, that certain little people, bearing precedence of him, may range at a yet higher numeral. Question: if a DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has £12,000 a year, how much above the Duke is the right of a PRINCE ARTHUR—a PRINCE ALFRED?

LORD BROUGHAM—who has lately elected himself the special protector, the Chancellor off the woollack and without a salary, for royalty and aristocracy—LORD BROUGHAM voted for the Duke's £12,000, and would vote for all such grants so long as the Royal Marriage Act was in force, and royal dukes "were not allowed to intermarry with subjects of this country endowed with wealth." Truly this is another argument for the repeal of "the unchristian law." If, for instance, H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE were permitted to take his coronet into the home marriage-market—whether at the West-end or in the City—he would, no doubt, obtain for a spousal share of its glory a most sufficing sum. Were he permitted to marry the rich heiress of a dry-salter, or a grocer's widow girl with a million, we as a people should save in money, though of course we should lose in blood. As it is, the Duke—like his father—may marry a German Princess in German poverty; and like his father come to us for a further grant for conjugal housekeeping. Now we expressly hint that LORD BROUGHAM on his return from America will bring in a bill for a home trade in royal coronets! Why take to Germany at a certain loss, what may be disposed of at a ready profit at home.

Sunday at Sea.

ADMIRAL BOWLES, on the Mercantile Bill, moved a clause to prevent Sunday labour at sea. And very right: because it is now a well-known fact—at least to LORD ASHLEY and all the Sackclothites—that on Sundays at sea there is never any wind, but a fair and gentle one—that billows never break—and rocks, at least on Sundays, never threaten. Perhaps, the perfection of a Sunday cruise—a cruise which we earnestly recommend to the Sabbatarians—is a cruise upon the Dead Sea!



THE GOVERNMENT CLERK.

THE ROYAL DUKE.

WHIG ECONOMY; OR, SCREWING AT THE TAP, AND LETTING OUT OF THE BUNG.

THE BURIAL OF THE BILLS.

Not a joke was heard, not a troublesome vote,
As the bills into limbo they hurried;
Not e'en INGLIS discharged a farewell shot,
O'er the grave where the Jew Bill was buried.

They buried them darkly at dead of night,
For bed all the members yearning;
With the aid of the Speaker to keep them right,
And GREEN's parliamentary learning.

No vain discussion their life suppress,
Nor did truth nor talk confound them;
They passed a few, and as for the rest,
They buried them just as they found them.

For most of the Session's task was done,
The supplies marked the hour for retiring;
And as August drew nigh, each son of a gun,
At the grouse, in his dreams, was a-firing.

Few and short were the words they said,
And the Speaker looked on, without sorrow,
To the time when he might get his rest in his bed,
Nor a snooze in his chair have to borrow.

MR. BROTHERTON seemed to be dying for bed,
And DISRAELI was dreadfully yellow;
And there sat LORD JOHNNY with harass half dead,
Unpitied, the poor little fellow.

Lightly they reck through what troubles he's gone,
And for his slow-coaching upbraid him;
But little he cares, so but tight to stick on
To the Treasury Bench they will aid him.

So they settled the Bills—other folks' and their own—
Never destined to figure in story;
They shed not a tear, and they heaved not a groan,
But they buried them alike, Whig and Tory!

PHYSIC AND FARMING.

"To MEASTER PUNCH."



UN.—Loremassy! I wonder
what the world's comin' to.
Took up a peaper 'tother day,
and read the 'count of the farm
of MR. MECHI—that ere chap as
makes the razor-strops and 'ele-
gances.' Talk of new-fangled
manœuvres, I zays them as he
uses beats everything. What
dost think they be accordin' to
the peaper? Why,

"Epsom and glauber salts were
amongst the materials employed for
improving the growth of the potatoes,
and super-phosphate was described as an
unfailing agency in cropping turnips."

"Epsom and glauber salts!
Why, we shall get next to geein

tatur a black dose. Bymeby, I spose, instead of gooin to stable and
varm-yard for manœurer, we shall be zending vor't to Potticarries' Hall.
We shall be told to put paregoric to our clover, hikerypickery to our
turmutts, and pillicosher to our wutts.

"The paper zays besides:

"Mr. MECHI possesses the rare art of teaching without giving himself the airs of a
pedagogue. He meets his unscientific neighbours with no pragmatic display of
superior and contemptuous skill; but taking each man by the button, he, so to speak,
shakes an acknowledgment of slovenly farming out of him, and jokingly and pleasantly
points out the features and results of his own far better system."

"If ever I comes across un, I can only zay, dwoon't let un go tryun
no sitch jokes wi me. I wun't take it on un. Take me by the button,
indeed, and think to shake slovenly varmun out o' me! I should just
like to zee un do't. If I didn't tak un by the collar of his quoot agen,
and sheak his roobub, his Epsom salts, and stuff out o' his head, my
neam baint

"Fallowedown, Hampshire, July 26, 1850.

"JOLTER JOGTROT.

"P.S. What countryman is this ere MR. MECHI? A vorener, I
spose, by the neam on un. Yah!—let un keep to his strops and
vorreneerun nicknacks, and not purtend to teach his grandmother to
zuck eggs."

RAILWAY ROMANCE AND REALITY

SOMETIMES the chief beauty of a story is that there are two ways of
telling it, and an incident may be made pleasing by a little romance
which has nothing attractive in the reality. Large firms have been
known to keep a poet, whose office it is to lard an ounce of fact with a
pound or so of fiction, but the Railway Companies would appear to have
in their employ a genius whose duty it is to exercise an opposite func-
tion, and instead of exaggerating the truth, to diminish it to the very
minimum, and pare it so completely down, that there is scarcely anything
left of it. We are frequently very much struck by the wonderful faculty
displayed by the Railway Historian, whose duty it is to prepare the official
report of an accident, and who manages invariably to make the danger
and inconvenience to the public "beautifully less" than, according to the
accounts of the sufferers themselves, they seem to have experienced.
We subjoin a specimen of the two styles of reports, the one official,
and the other non-official, of a railway casualty, and we must leave the
public to the task of reconciling the discrepancy between the two
accounts, which might perhaps fairly meet each other half way, as the
two trains did when they came into collision in the tunnel:

NON-OFFICIAL REPORT.

FRIGHTFUL COLLISION ON THE SLAP-
DASH RAILWAY.

Yesterday evening at ten o'clock,
just as the up-train entered the
Great Hearse Tunnel, being three
quarters of an hour after its time,
a luggage train, which was an hour
and a half before its time, was
vainly trying to make its way out
of the Tunnel, with an old worn-out
engine, that was on its way to the
terminus, to be broken up in the
foundry. The result was, that the
tender of the passenger train was
driven with fearful force on to the
last of the luggage trucks, several
of which were immediately smashed
to pieces. The hot water from the
boiler was scattered in all directions,
fearfully scalding the engine driver
and stoker, while the carriages were
driven together with a fearful crash,
the horrors of which were increased
by the frightful screams of the
passengers. The most alarming
confusion prevailed, for the dark-
ness was intense, and after a delay
of about five hours, a fresh engine
was brought to extricate the
alarmed, agitated, and wounded
sufferers from their horrible po-
sition. The amount of injury expe-
rienced by the passengers cannot
be as yet correctly ascertained, but
there is too much reason to believe,
from the appearance of many who
were brought bleeding and mangled
into the station, that there will be
several most serious, and a few
fatal results to this most unwar-
rantable accident.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

TEMPORARY STOPPAGE OF A TRAIN
ON THE SLAP-DASH RAILWAY.

Yesterday evening, while the
up-train was going through the
Great Hearse Tunnel with its usual
punctuality, the regular luggage
train, which was proceeding at its
customary moderate speed, met
with a slight check, which some-
what retarded its progress through
the Tunnel, and slightly interfered
with the admirable routine of traffic
on this well-managed line of rail-
way. In consequence of this trifling
deviation from the ordinary course,
the tip of the tender touched the
outer edge of the last luggage van,
which led to a slight vibration that
caused a partial spilling of the
liquid, and the engineer and stoker
sat for an instant with their feet in
warm water, while their hands were
also washed in it. As is usual with
women and children, when taken
by surprise, a few female or in-
fantine exclamations were imme-
diately uttered. Everything that
could be done by the Company was
immediately done, and we must
add that we could see no reason
for alarm; and after a pause, the
assistance of a fresh engine was
procured, to continue the progress
of the train on its merry jaunt to
the Metropolis. We have not
heard whether any harm has been
done to any of the passengers,
but a few scratches, and a bruise
here and there, will, no doubt,
be the extent of the injury arising
from this trifling *contretemps*.

THE FORTIFICATION OF SMITHFIELD.

We understand that the Corporation of London has it seriously in
contemplation to fortify Smithfield. The artillery for the defence of
that odoriferously strong hold will be formed of the most stubborn brass,
and several thousand pounders, of aldermanic calibre, will be ready to
open the fire on invaders. The gabions will be constructed with gabies
of the densest description. A moat (which will afford ingress to animals
and drovers by means of a drawbridge,) will be dug round the encamp-
ment; and into it will be turned all the filth from the neighbouring
slaughter-houses, which will render it an impassable gulf to the sanitary
invaders, the boldest of whom will be afraid to poke his nose into it.
The Commander-in-Chief of the Garrison will be ALDERMAN SIDNEY,
and his staff will be composed of DEPUTY URBARD and MR. TAYLOR, with
several of the most influential slaughtermen connected with the Livery.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAKE AND CONSTRUCT.

OMNIBUSES are generally constructed to hold 15, but somehow they
are made to hold 18, and on a wet night frequently more than that.

A HEAVY BLOW AND SORE DISCOURAGEMENT.



NEXT to last week's heart-breaking announcement of LORD BROUGHAM's—of "the gentlewoman, nearly connected with noble families, reduced to seek some necessary means of support by labour"—there is nothing that has inflicted such a stab on the glorious institutions dear to every Briton, as the recent intelligence of the ministerial intention to cut down the expenses of our diplomatic establishment.

We are deluged with letters on the subject. Indeed it is fortunate that this is a time of general mourning. Black-edged envelopes are the proper dress for the touching remonstrances which we continue to receive from ambassadors, envoys, plenipotentiary and otherwise, *chargés d'affaires*, secretaries of legation,

attachés, paid and unpaid, QUEEN's messengers, couriers, dragomen, embassy-touters, *commissionaires*, cooks, opera-dancers, hell-keepers, and others intimately connected with the upholding of the Constitution in its representative branches abroad.

The small German embassies are particularly pathetic in their representations. We have hardly yet got over the HOHEN-STRUMPFEN-KATZEN-ELLENBOGEN manifesto, which we append:—

From SIR JASPER JORDISON, C.B., Knight of the Guelphic Order; Knight of the Order of St. Ahasuerus; Grand Cross of St. Donnerwulblitzen, Companion of the Order of the Holy Cucumber of Cologne; F.R.S., and Honorary Member of several learned Societies; Envoy to the Court of his MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF HOHEN-STRUMPFEN-KATZEN-ELLENBOGEN, in the Principality of that name.

The Undersigned presents the assurances of his high and distinguished consideration to Mr. Punch, and begs to submit to him, for communication to the British Public, the subjoined notes of the Undersigned, against any reduction of the allowances for the diplomatic establishment, with which the Undersigned has the honour of being connected.

The Undersigned Protests,

Article 1.—Because the Undersigned, as the representative of the British Sovereign and the upholder of the dignity of the British Empire, at the Court of Hohen-Strümpfen-Katzen-Ellenbogen, considers it his duty to spend twice as much as the Envoys of France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the other Great Powers; and is convinced that the credit of Great Britain in the eyes of Europe, is much determined by the success of the Undersigned in counteracting the intrigues of the representatives of the above-named powers, which counteraction cannot be effectively carried out without the aid of dinners.

Article 2.—Because the Undersigned has always hitherto spent his allowance, and has not found anything left at the end of the year.

Article 3.—Because the Undersigned fears it will be impossible to keep up the present amicable relations between the Court of Hohen-Strümpfen-Katzen-Ellenbogen, and the Court and Cabinet of Great Britain, unless the Undersigned is enabled to pay his bills regularly in the City of Kalbsbratenheim, the capital of the above-named Principality.

Article 4.—Because the Undersigned is convinced that nothing below a salary of £2000 a-year ought to be offered to a gentleman.

Article 5.—Because the Undersigned has two sons in the diplomatic service, and would certainly not have devoted them to that service, had he anticipated that any reduction of diplomatic salaries would be made.

Article 6.—Because, on a reduced salary, the Undersigned would find it perfectly out of the question to keep up such a table for the *Chancellerie* of the Legation as the gentlemen attached to the same have been accustomed to.

Article 7.—Because the Undersigned has to pay large sums for secret information rendered necessary by the intrigues of the representatives of the Great Powers in all the German Residences, and more especially by the extremely delicate state of the relations subsisting between the Court of this Principality and that of the neighbouring Grand Duchy of Poppenheimer-Pumpnickel, which is notorious, under the influence of Russia.

(There are twelve more Articles, which we have not room for, but from which we gather that a European war is extremely likely to break out, if the salary of the Envoy to the Principality of Hohen-Strümpfen-Katzen-Ellenbogen is in any way meddled with.)

THE PALACE PERIODICAL.

CIRCULARS in general are regarded as things not to be read, and perhaps the *Court Circular* may be included under the same head, for there is certainly little in it to repay perusal. The number of that silly little periodical for the 24th of July was especially meagre, and we looked in vain along its columns for something that might be regarded for an instant as an "amusing article." The "leader" simply stated that the QUEEN and PRINCE had taken an early walk in the Park; but beyond this the writer gave us nothing in the shape of fact, while he wholly abstained from comment.

The next article was a short paper upon the PRINCE OF WALES, and the younger members of the Royal Family, who were stated to have "walked and rode as usual." It is gratifying to know that the children of HER MAJESTY walk and ride, like other people's children, and that there is nothing unusual in their mode of doing so. The next contribution is devoted to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, "who," says the writer, "had the honour of joining the Royal dinner-party." On the whole, we can scarcely look upon the *Court Circular* for July 24th as an average number; for though the incident of LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the dinner-party is well—or at least concisely—told, there is a feebleness, a languor, a want of *verve*, and an absence of pith in the article on the walking and riding of the younger members of the Royal Family.

We are quite sure that the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT are not desirous of being made, every day, the staple subjects of a very dull periodical. It is most gratifying to the nation to know they are well, and enjoying their domestic happiness, but surely "No news" might in this case be regarded as "Good news," in order that their privacy might not be perpetually invaded by the authors of the foolish little work alluded to. We should be glad to have a return of the number of subscribers to the *Court Circular*—for we doubt if it circulates at all—the amount paid to the Editor, the salaries of the contributors, and the cost of printing and publishing.

A WORD OR TWO ON WATER.

We are afraid that writing upon water is as useless as writing upon sand, and indeed so much has been lately written on water, and so little impression made, that whoever goes into the subject, however deeply, for the good of the public, can only expect to have cold water thrown upon him for his pains. A book has been lately published by a DR. HASSELL, who favours the world not only with his own views, but the views of an artist, on the water we drink; and these views, painted literally in water colours, show us in all their disgusting variety of tint and form, the specimens of animal and vegetable matter we take in with every drop of aqueous fluid we imbibe. Since we have seen these alarming pictures, they have haunted us, and we have been troubled by a perpetual attack of Thames water on the brain. Every drop is a sort of menagerie in itself when subjected to the powers of the microscope, by whose aid we may perceive the water devils, the testacea, the infusoria, the crustacea, and other abominations, flitting and floundering about to an extent the contemplation of which makes our blood run almost as thick as Thames water in our veins. In the book we have mentioned, there is a specimen of the water of every Company supplying London, and there is not one of them but may be described as a species of Grand Junction of everything that is unwholesome and revolting to look upon.

The old song of "Drink to me only with thine eyes" could never have been adapted to the water-drinkers of the present day, for to drink with the eyes shut is the only resource of the modern votary of our metropolitan river-gods.

COUNTER-IRRITATION.—"Is there any other little article we can show you to-day, Sir?"

THE PROSER.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES BY DR. SOLOMON PACIFICO.

VII.—ON THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC.



Y rising young friend HITCHINGS, the author of "*Randolph the Robber*," "*The Murderers of May Fair*," and other romances, and one of the chief writers in the *Lictor* newspaper—a highly liberal, nay, seven-leagued boots progressional journal, was discoursing with the writer of the present lines upon the queer decision to which the French Assembly has come, and which enforces a signature henceforth to all the leading articles in the French papers. As an act of Government, HITCHINGS said he thought the measure most absurd and tyrannous, but he was not sorry for it, as it would infallibly increase

the importance of the profession of letters, to which we both belonged. The man of letters will no longer be the anonymous slave of the newspaper-press proprietor, HITCHINGS said; the man of letters will no longer be used and flung aside in his old days; he will be rewarded according to his merits, and have the chance of making himself a name. And then HITCHINGS spoke with great fervour regarding the depressed condition of literary men, and said the time was coming when their merits would get them their own.

On this latter subject, which is a favourite one with many gentlemen of our profession, I, for one, am confessedly incredulous. I am resolved not to consider myself a martyr. I never knew a man who had written a good book (unless, indeed, it were a Barrister with Attorneys), hurt his position in society by having done so. On the contrary, a clever writer, with decent manners and conduct, makes more friends than any other man. And I do not believe (parenthetically) that it will make much difference to my friend HITCHINGS whether his name is affixed to one, twenty, or two thousand articles of his composition. But what would happen in England if such a regulation as that just passed in France were to become law; and the House of Commons omnipotent, which can shut up our parks for us, which can shut up our Post-Office for us, which can do anything it will, should take a fancy to have the signature of every writer of a newspaper article?

Have they got any secret ledger at the *Times* in which the names of the writers of all the articles in that journal are written down? That would be a curious book to see. Articles in that paper have been attributed to every great man of the day: at one time it was said BROUGHAM wrote regularly, at another CANNING was a known contributor, at some other time it was SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORD ABERDEEN. It would be curious to see the real names. The Chancellor's or the Foreign Secretary's articles would most likely turn out to be written by JONES or SMITH. I mean no disrespect to the latter, but the contrary—to be a writer for a newspaper requires more knowledge, genius, readiness, scholarship, than you want in Saint Stephen's. Compare a good leading article and a speech in the House of Commons: compare a House of Commons orator with a writer, psha!

Would JONES or SMITH, however, much profit by the publication of their names to their articles? That is doubtful. When the *Chronicle* or the *Times* speaks now, it is "we" who are speaking, we the Liberal Conservatives, we the Conservative Sceptics; when JONES signs the article, it is we no more, but JONES. It goes to the public with no authority. The public does not care very much what JONES's opinions are. They don't purchase the JONES organ any more—the paper droops; and, in fact, I can conceive nothing more wearisome than to see the names of SMITH, BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON, and so forth, written in capitals every day, day after day, under the various articles of the paper. The public would begin to cry out at the poverty of the literary dramatis personæ. We have had BROWN twelve times this month it would say. That ROBINSON's name is always coming up—as soon as there is a finance question, or a foreign question, or what not, it is SMITH who signs the article. Give us somebody else.

Thus BROWN and ROBINSON would get a doubtful and precarious bread instead of the comfortable and regular engagement which they now have. The paper would not be what it is. It would be impossible to employ men on trial, and see what their talents were worth. Occasion is half a public writer's battle. To sit down in his study and compose an article that *might* be suitable, is a hard work for him: twice as hard as the real work; and yet not the real work; which is to fight the battle at two hours' notice, at the given place and time. The debate is over at twelve o'clock at night, let us say. Mr. Editor looks round, and fixes on his man. "Now's your time, CAPTAIN SMITH," says he, "charge the enemy, and rout them,"—or "advance, COLONEL JONES, with your column and charge."

Now there may be men who are JONES's or ROBINSON's superiors in intellect,

and who—give them a week or ten days to prepare—would turn out such an article as neither of the two men named could ever have produced—that is very likely. I have often, for my part, said the most brilliant thing in the world, and one that would utterly upset that impudent JENKINS, whose confounded jokes and puns spare nobody—but then it has been three hours after JENKINS's pun, when I was walking home very likely—and so it is with writers; some of them possess the amazing gift of the inpromptu, and can always be counted upon in a moment of necessity—whilst others, slower coaches or leaders, require to get all their heavy guns into position, and laboriously to fortify their camp, before they begin to fire.

Now, saying that ROBINSON is the fellow chiefly to be intrusted with the quick work of the paper, it would be a most unkind and unfair piece of tyranny on the newspaper proprietor to force him to publish ROBINSON's name as the author of all the articles *d'occasion*. You have no more right to call for this publicity from the newspaper owner, who sells you three yards of his printed fabric, than to demand from the linen draper, from what wholesale house he got his calico; who spun it; who owned the cotton, and who cropped it in America. It is the article, and not the name and pedigree of the artificer, which a newspaper or any other dealer has a right to sell to the public. If I get a letter (which Heaven forbid!) from MR. TAPES my attorney, I know it is not in TAPES's own hand-writing; I know it is a clerk writes it—so, a newspaper is a composite work got up by many hiring hands, of whom it is necessary to know no other name than the printer's or proprietor's.

It is not to be denied that men of signal ability will write for years in papers and perish unknown—and in so far their lot is a hard one: and the chances of life are against them. It is hard upon a man, with whose work the whole town is ringing, that not a soul should know or care who is the author who so delights the public.

But, on the other hand, if your article is excellent, would you have had any great renown from it, supposing the paper had not published it? Would you have had a chance at all but for that paper? Suppose you had brought out that article on a broad sheet, who would have bought it? Did you ever hear of an unknown man making a fortune by a pamphlet?

Again, it may so happen to a literary man that the stipend which he receives from one publication is not sufficient to boil his family pot, and that he must write in some other quarter. If BROWN writes articles in the daily papers, and articles in the weekly and monthly periodicals too, and signs the same, he surely weakens his force by extending his line. It would be better for him to write incognito, than to placard his name in so many quarters—as actors understand, who do not perform in too many pieces on the same night; and painters, who know that it is not worth their while to exhibit more than a certain number of pictures.

Besides, if to some men the want of publicity is an evil: to many others the privacy is most welcome. Many a young barrister is a public writer, for instance, to whose future prospects his fame as a literary man would give no possible aid, and whose intention it is to put away the pen, when the attorneys begin to find out his juridical merits. To such a man it would only be a misfortune to be known as a writer of leading articles. His battle for fame and fortune is to be made with other weapons than the pen. Then again, a man without ambition—and there are very many such sensible persons, or whose ambition does not go beyond his *pot au feu*, is happy to have the opportunity of quietly and honourably adding to his income: of occupying himself: of improving himself: of paying for Tom at college, or for Mamma's carriage—and what not. Take away this modest mask—force every man upon the public stage to appear with his name placarded, and we lose some of the best books, some of the best articles, some of the pleasantest wit that we have ever had.

On the whole, then, in this controversy I am against HITCHINGS; and although he insists upon it that he is a persecuted being, I do not believe it; and although he declares that I ought to consider myself trampled on by the world, I decline to admit that I am persecuted, and protest that it treats me and my brethren kindly in the main.

MECHI'S MAGIC CROPS.—Our own Reporter, who paid a visit to MR. MECI's Tiptree Farm, makes the following return:—"The barley is so strong in the beard, that not even MECI himself can shave it."

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES. AND ROBINSON.



BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON
THINK THEY WOULD LIKE TO
GO AND SEE THE REVIEW.



THEY GO TO SEE THE REVIEW.



THEY TRY A "GOOD STRONG STAND."



ROBINSON SUGGESTS A TREE,
"AS BEING MORE SECURE."



THE TROOPS MARCH PAST THE "DOCK" IN SLOW TIME.



A CHARGE OF CAVALRY TAKES PLACE.



POSITION OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON AFTER THE CHARGE



HOW THE TROOPS LOOKED WHEN THE FIRING BEGAN.



BROWN, "BY SOME MISTAKE," FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF
A HOLLOW SQUARE.



FINAL CATASTROPHE: REMOVAL OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON
BY THE MILITARY.



THE NEPAULESE PRINCE HAS COME A MILE AND A HALF IN A CAB, AND THE CONSCIENTIOUS DRIVER HOPES FOUR SUV'RINS WON'T BE OUT OF THE WAY!

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE FIFTEENTH.

MRS. MOUSER RECEIVES ANOTHER LETTER FROM PARIS, WHICH, THIS TIME, SHE DOES NOT ANSWER.

MR. PUNCH.—Having been dragged into print by MOUSER's letter—which I thought, yes, I had my misgivings, I should be sorry for; but which, on the contrary, as MRS. HORNBLLOWER and other kind friends inform me, has only shown my proper spirit,—having been compelled to answer my own lawful husband through your universal columns—for if I'm not to know MOUSER's private address, I'm not going to direct to the Post-Office, I can assure him—I shall continue the correspondence. Left in widowhood, as I may say, at home—it will be some satisfaction to feel that the world knows how I'm treated, and how—of course—I'm pitied accordingly.

Mr. Punch, your last number could hardly have got to Paris, could scarcely have been laid upon the Café table—I mean the Café of the Inconsolable Husbands—when MOUSER, I know him well! scared by the red-hot shot—as MRS. HORNBLLOWER pays me the compliment to call it, meaning my letter—the red-hot shot that was in it, wrote me an answer; which, at a blow, and without a moment's hesitation, I PRINT!

“Paris. [And that's all!]”

“MY DEAREST AND EVER DEAR AMELIA,

“[That the ink in his pen didn't turn scarlet with blushing, is—I will say it—what surprises me!] Having despatched my business—[This is the first time I've heard of it. But it isn't business that takes him from me; no; it can be nothing but pleasure!]—I shall now, like the wearied dove, begin to think of my rest. You can have no idea, AMELIA, of the weariness of Paris. [No; and with his will I'm not likely to have.] Attached as you are—it is my pride to know it—to the calm retirement of our own hearth—(with what delight shall I again fit my feet into my slippers, and drop once more into my own chair!)—how glad I am that I did not carry out my first impulse, and gently insist upon bringing you with me. [And went and sent in the painters, and that on purpose to keep me suffering in the house!]

“A part of the time that I could snatch from business, I devoted to what are called the gaieties of Paris. All hollow—all unreal. The Boulevards are by no means equal to Oxford Street; the Elysian Fields as they are called—but the French would find Elysium in a sentry-box—are not to be spoken of with our own Trafalgar Square; whilst for the Louvre, where they hang their pictures and set up their statues, never dream of it, AMELIA, whilst—as an Englishwoman—you have the blessing, gratis, of our own—own National Gallery. Indeed, altogether—especially to a woman of your simple tastes—Paris is a mistake. No sooner would you have been here, than you would have sighed for London. [Any way, he might have let me sigh for myself!]

“I have seen Versailles, but only for your satisfaction. My love, it is not to be spoken of with Buckingham Palace. And then for the water-works, why—with our own fountains in Trafalgar Square, for with the pride of an Englishman I must again return to it—they sink to nothing. Indeed, with almost everything I have beheld I have been disappointed. Twenty times I have caught myself saying, or about to say, ‘Dear AMELIA! How she would have been disenchanted! How happy I am for her sake—[I dare say!]—for her sake, I did not bring her here!’ For compared with London everything is incomplete and small. Then there is a Statue of NAPOLEON on the Place Vendôme. My love! think of the York Column of our own London, and you'll despise it. [Which?] Again, to dissipate a lowness of spirits that has unaccountably crept over me since we separated, I went to the Jardin des Plantes, which is French for Bear-garden. You, who delight so much in our own Zoologicals—you, who are, I may say, so much at home among the monkeys of your own country, would despise 'em here. [I am not so sure of that.] Whilst I paced the Garden, glancing here and there at wretched specimens, how I envied you the hippopotamus!

“My greatest disappointment, however, was reserved for the theatres. I have seen some dozen pieces—but only on a point of principle—of curiosity, I should rather say. And it happened in this manner. The first play I saw was taken from the Adelphi—our own Adelphi. The next from the Lyceum; the next, again from the Lyceum! And so on. As an Englishman, going from theatre to theatre, you, AMELIA, who know my impulsive temperament under a sense of wrong—you will best judge the excitement of my feelings when I tell you that, out of no less than one dozen plays, eleven of them had been shamefully stolen from the English boards by our unprincipled neighbours! When I felt assured of this, you who know me [Too well!] will know, that I felt it impossible to remain another hour—that is, another hour comfortably among such a people!

“Having, then, my dearest AMELIA, transacted all my business—I may say, scrambled through much of it—that I might the sooner shake the dust of this city from my shoes to wipe them on my own hearth-rug—I shall, in one fond word, be with you on Wednesday.

“Yes, AMELIA; on Wednesday! I shall return from Dover by rail, of course; and consoling myself with the delightful thought that

“I shall be at the Bricklayer's Arms precisely at ten,

“And in your's at eleven,

“I remain, your affectionate husband,

“JOHN MOUSER.

“P.S. I had almost forgotten to tell my AMELIA, that I have run all over Paris to buy her some pretty little presents—but, I am deeply grieved to add, without success. [Why?] I tried to purchase a lace veil—[The very thing I want!]—when the thought came over me, as I looked at it, that the article might be bought better and cheaper in London. [Of course.] My next endeavour was at a jeweller's. There I pitched upon what seemed to be a very beautiful chain, when a friend who was with me—one of my old bachelor friends whom I haven't met since I was married—one of the steadiest fellows, by the way, in the world—when he compelled me to remark, that French jewellery, however fine, was nothing so good—so solid as our own. I assented to the observation, though not without a pang; and—must buy my AMELIA, what I do buy, at home.

“Again, I had this consolation. I am the worst smuggler in the world. With my foolishly innocent face, the articles would have been detected upon me, and— isn't it, my love, better as it is?”

Now, Mr. Punch, I have scarcely made a remark upon all this. I have—I may say, at a ruinous sacrifice to my feelings—said almost nothing. No. I resolved to remain quiet until I'd got MOUSER safely at home. I was calculating upon it, when—you might have knocked me down with a straw!—there came this letter!

“MY DARLING AMELIA,

“Paris. [Only Paris again!]

“Most pressing business compels me to diverge a little from my route homeward. My darling, direct, Post-Office, Brussels!

“Ever, doatingly,

“Your MOUSER.”

Indeed! But, Mr. Punch, at this moment, I will not tell you my intentions. I will not put upon paper the scorpions that—but it's no matter. All I wish to say is this: if you receive a letter with a foreign post-mark, don't be surprised if it's from

Yours (packing up),

The Honeyuckles.

AMELIA MOUSER.

“TERMS—CASH ONLY.”

THE Debates last week contained a discussion upon “turnpike trusts.” This sounds rather like a misnomer; for we always thought that a turnpike was one of those things that insisted upon ready money, and never gave any trust.

GENEROSITY TO POOR SOLDIERS.



A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, in the subjoined passage, has invited public attention to a pretty graceful act on the part of the House of Commons, and to a judicious, considerate, feeling, remark on that of the Secretary-at-War:—

"The House of Commons on Friday, with but one dissentient, agreed that the private soldier who had earned a good-conduct medal should be mulcted of one week's pay or more out of his scanty wages as the condition of his obtaining the certificate of honour. The Secretary-at-War, with that nonchalance so usual in a rich man when he treats of the out-goings of the poorer, says, 'It is no great exaction.'"

It would be "no great exaction" to deprive poor soldiers of their week's pay, eh, Mr. Fox MAULE? No great exaction; no, only a little one. Well then, perhaps it would be no great generosity, Right Ho-

nourable Sir, if you were to subscribe a week's salary towards finding them medals *gratis*. In that case, the men may be willing to keep the baubles; otherwise, it is probable they will be inclined to sell them for what they will fetch. And it would, no doubt, pay any enterprising speculator to buy them up, and send them over to some country ill-disposed towards us, to be hawked about as curiosities—sold as extraordinary illustrations of British meanness.

RAPID ACT OF ASSMANSHIP.

THERE is at present such a glut of the balloon-market, that the aeronauts are jostling each other in the air, and the veteran GREEN's car is stopping the way of the car of the veteran GRAHAM. A mere act of simple straightforward ballooning has, however, lost its effect on the public mind, which refuses to be aroused by anything less exciting than an aeronaut on horseback, who runs a fearful risk of being sent on the same journey that a beggar is said to be likely to take, when he turns equestrian.

Last week the veteran GREEN was announced to ascend in a balloon on horseback; and when the evening came, a poor little pony was brought forward, with his legs stuck into sockets—like a couple of pairs of candlesticks—and the veteran, supporting his feet upon a pile of ballast-bags, ascended in the balloon with the animal between his legs; but resting none of his weight on the diminutive quadruped. The whole affair was a piece of child's play, which would have been much more complete, and far less disagreeable, if the sensible advice of MR. NORTON, the Lambeth Magistrate, had been taken, and a wooden horse had been used, instead of a real pony.

If the veteran GREEN must have his hobby, let it be a hobby in the strict sense of the word, and he will then spare the feelings of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Dumb Species. The air is not the proper element for equestrian performances, nor ought an attempt to be made to get up a rivalry to ASTLEY'S in the skies above the suburbs.

BONNYCASTLE AND BROADCLOTH.

THERE is doubtless an affinity between weights and measures, but the substitution of tailors' weights for tailors' measures—a state of things to which we are approaching—will have in it something rather peculiar. The advertisements now continually inform us that we may purchase paletôts weighing only so many ounces, and we shall soon be expected to buy our clothes by the pound, as we do our tea and sugar. We shall be sending to our tailors shortly for such and such a quantity of mixed garments, including so many ounces of strong boys' black, and a quarter-of-a-pound or so of green, or any other servicable colour. The cheap tailoring, like the cheap tea-dealing, leads, of course, to the introduction of a quantity of spurious trash, and we recommend the public not to try more than an ounce at a time of those articles which they see announced in the puffing advertisements.

HEAR! HEAR!—We don't wonder at the delay in getting through the Appeal business in the House of Lords, notwithstanding the activity of LORD BROUGHAM, for in that house everything is very hard of hearing.

THE MINISTER TO HIS MAJORITY.

AIR—"Haul away, yoho, Boys!" Nautical Melody.

THE House of Commons has a knack,
Vote away, yoho, boys!
Of piling loads on JOHN BULL's back,
To any height, you know, boys.
Come, put your motion; sure am I,
If we can't get it, still we'll try
To make Old England's money fly;
Vote away, yoho, boys!

With twelve thousand, yearly paid,
Vote away, yoho, boys!
CAMBRIDGE is a happy blade;
And you have made him so, boys,
Now stables for the PRINCE OF WALES
To build, another grant entails;
We want the cash—ne'er mind who rails—
Vote away, yoho, boys!

The other Royal infants too,
Vote away, yoho, boys!
Must be provided for by you,
As they increase and grow, boys,
Strip needy clerks—skin any flint—
But never Prince or Princess stint.
Vote—though their pensions break the mint—
Vote away, yoho, boys!

For odious acts of every kind,
Vote away, yoho, boys!
And public feeling, never mind,
Nor outcries of "Oh, oh!" boys.
Pass any Sabbatarian bill,
Inflict whatever bore you will;
And—till the cup you over-fill—
Vote away, yoho, boys!

BALLOON SCIENTIFIC PREPARATIONS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. The veteran GREEN will ascend on the veteran tortoise (aged 197 years), lately arrived at the Zoological Gardens.

Tuesday. MR. BARRY, the *Clown*, will mount on a donkey, and sing "Hot Codlins" at the altitude of 600 feet.

Wednesday. The veteran GREEN will, in the character of an old witch, mount on a broom, and dance the witches' dance in the air.

Thursday. LIEUTENANT GALE will disguise himself as the *Courier of St. Petersburg*, and ascend on the backs of six blind horses.

Friday. MRS. GRAHAM, or MADAME WHARTON, will make her ascent on horseback as *Lady Godiva*.

Saturday. Grand race between six balloons with six horses, and six balloons with six donkeys. N.B.—None but English donkeys allowed to compete.

Peel and Wordsworth.

STATUES and monuments of many kinds are to be erected to the memory of PEEL. We rejoice thereat; and, rejoicing, wish the number doubled. But how about WORDSWORTH? No monument to him—or only one at most? SHELLEY has called poets "the unacknowledged legislators of mankind." WORDSWORTH has been a most potent legislator; something more than M. P. for Rydal Mount. Nevertheless, as only being a legislator in print, and not in Parliament, he is a legislator unacknowledged. LORD JOHN proposes no statue for him.

THE STATESMAN'S DREAM.

ALDERMAN HUMPHERY, in the course of a debate on the new House of Commons, said, that, in consequence of its limited accommodation, Members would often go out to take a nap in the Library. We are quite sure that no Member anxious for a nap will take the trouble to go out into the Library. He will merely keep his seat during a debate, and exhausted nature will soon find repose.

PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK.—Latter end of July, "Pairing" time begins.

HOW WE DO BUSINESS IN THE HOUSE.



ART I.—*A night in February.—Hour half-past 10 p.m. Order of the day; Bill for regulating the pavement of Belgravia. House already in Committee; MR. KERNEL in the Chair. About five hundred Members present, and all awake.*

MR. DE NEWGATE moved that the Chairman do report progress. (*Tremendous cheering from all parts of the House.*) They had been sitting two hours, and the measure was far too important to be pressed further to-night. (*Hear!*)

In his opinion they had gone too far already, and, considering the lateness of the hour, he hoped there would be no opposition to his motion. (*Cheers.*)

COLONEL SIBTHORP cordially concurred. He would stand by his excellent friend to the last; ay, to the death. (*Oh! Oh! from MR. JOHN O'CONNELL.*) It was very well for the Honourable Member to cry "Oh!" Would he do the same? No, he would not! He knew better. He talked once of "dying on the floor of the House," but it was all moonshine, Sir—humbug—disgusting rubbish—and so was everything that came from that side of the House.

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL complained of being misrepresented by the gallant Colonel. He had not cried "Oh!" He had cheered the Hon. and gallant Member. He too, like the gallant Colonel, would stand to the death in resisting this indecent attempt to force an important—he would add, an Algerine—measure upon a reluctant and overpowered House—and he begged to tell the Hon. Member that, notwithstanding the sneers at his proposal "to die on the floor, if necessary," in now repeating that proposal, he was now as much in earnest as ever he was. (*Loud cheers from the Irish Members.*)

COLONEL SIBTHORP accepted with satisfaction the apology of the Hon. Member—might he say, Hon. friend—

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL acknowledged the compliment in the usual manner.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought that the discussion on a bill like this, of comparatively small importance, (*No! No! and terrific uproar from all parts of the House.*) might be allowed, at this early hour, (*renewed and boisterous expressions of dissent.*)—why, it was only half-past 10 o'clock, (*general disapprobation.*)—to go on to the end of the first clause. If at 11 o'clock they had not got so far, he would then willingly consent to the postponement of the measure for another evening.

[*Cries of "Report progress," "BROTHERTON," "Time! Time!" &c., &c., amidst which LORD JOHN RUSSELL resumes his seat. Many other Members having in vain essayed, amidst the storm which ensued, to obtain a hearing, the question to report progress is put by MR. KERNEL, and carried without a division. The further consideration of the measure is put off for three weeks.*]

PART II.—*A morning in August, hour 2 o'clock a.m. Order of the day; Bill for putting the Army, Navy, Constabulary, Judicial and other Establishments, upon a new footing, and for vesting the management thereof in H. R. Highness the Prince Consort. Ten Members present, of whom four fast asleep, and other five nodding and winking.*

MR. SPEAKER (*far gone in somnolency, but trying very hard to look solemn and wide-awake.*) That the House go into Committee on this Bill.

AN HON. MEMBER (*of Opposition, half in and half out of sleep.*) Oh, oh!

MR. MOLYNEUX (*of the same, jogging him severely, and whispering.*) It's all right. We agree.

MR. SPEAKER. That I do leave the Chair.

[*Put and carried nem. con. The SPEAKER leaves the Chair, and MR. KERNEL, Chairman of Committees, takes it.*]

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Is there any opposition to this Bill?

AN HON. MEMBER (*of Opposition, very pointedly.*) None.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES. Is there any opposition to the amendments?

AN HON. MEMBER (*of the Treasury Bench.*) None.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES (*with preternatural rapidity.*) That this Bill be read a first time. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That it be read a second time. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That the Preamble be postponed. Clause I. and the other clauses—any objection to them?

HON. MEMBERS (*on both sides, with convulsive eagerness.*) None.

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES (*at a killing pace.*) That the blanks in the clauses be filled up with sums, and so on; that words be omitted, and words put in, and so on; and that the clauses as so amended stand part of the Bill. Opinion say Aye! the contrary No! The Ayes have it. Any new clauses?

MR. MOLYNEUX. I move the addition of these fourteen new clauses.

[*Hands in a large bundle of Papers.*]

MR. JOHN GAYTER (*nodding encouragingly and deprecatingly.*) All right. CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES (*with great rapidity.*) New clauses. "Be it enacted," and so on. That they be added to the Bill. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That this be the Preamble. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That I do report this Bill with the amendments to the House. Opinion say Aye! contrary No! The Ayes have it. That I do now leave the Chair. Opinion say Aye! the contrary No! The Ayes have it.

[*The House resumes, and the SPEAKER, who has been enjoying a concentrated nap, awakes, and takes the Chair.*]

MR. KERNEL (*to SPEAKER.*) Sir, the Committee have gone through this Bill, clause by clause, and have made some amendments therein.

THE SPEAKER (*very drowsily, but with a tone of great thankfulness.*) That this House do now adjourn.

[*The House adjourns, at one minute-and-a-half after 2 o'clock.*]

LORD DOUBLEJOHN.

THERE dies a great philosopher or bard,
Leaving his wife and children to the Nation;
A meagre pittance is the State's award,
Barely enough to save them from starvation.
To all complaint replies the Premier smug,
"True, 'twas a hard case—deeply he deplored it;
More Government would give, but"—with a shrug
He adds—"the fact was, they could not afford it."

A public maintenance a Duke demands
Of Royal stem—herein his sole pretension—
The liberal Minister, with open hands,
Gives him twelve thousand pounds a year for pension.
"Come, come," pleads HUME, "you know you're in distress;
Eight thousand were an ample patrimony."
"Twelve!" insists JOHN—"we couldn't think of less."
Oh, Humbug! Humbug! sure thy name is JOHNNY.

FLEETING POPULARITY.

THERE is a gentleman named HAMET who is enjoying just now a large amount of popularity as the bed-fellow of the Hippopotamus. Unfortunately, the career of this individual hangs on a slender thread—the thread in question being the life of the animal from whom he derives all the *éclat* that at present belongs to him. Should anything happen to the Hippopotamus, it is too clear that poor HAMET will be no longer a subject of interest. Hippopotami are so rare that it is very unlikely another would be found to attach himself to HAMET, who would at once fall into the ranks of wretched insignificance. There have been many instances of this sort of reflected fame, and there have been known one or two cases of renown having been shed on humbler persons by the companionship of LORD BROUGHAM, whom we may describe as the moral, social, intellectual, and political Hippopotamus of the present day, for his Lordship is certainly in all respects a prodigy.

Places not Wanted.

By an act lately passed, there are certain appointments to be made of persons who are to be styled "Directors" of various prisons. The salary is good, but there is such a horror of the very name of "Director," with the odium and liabilities attached to the office since the bursting of the railway bubble, that it is feared no one will be found willing to accept the office of Director of any thing.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PAIRING SEASON.

EVERY day the paper contains a short list of what may be termed "happy pairs," consisting of a number of "blessed couples" of Members of Parliament, who have "paired" for the remainder of the session. In every instance the parties paired are by no means well matched, and, looking at the difference of opinion on both sides, we should say there never could be more decided cases of ill-assorted unions.

Sabbatarian Fraternity.

THE *Morning Post* of Monday last week stated that some persons of authority in the neighbourhood of Mecklenburgh Square, Doughty Street, Foundling Hospital, had on the previous Sunday caused the pump in that vicinity to be actually locked up—secured with a strong iron chain and padlock. This tyrannical behaviour towards a pump shows how very little the Sabbatarians are actuated by brotherly love.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON GO TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



THEY INSPECT THE BEARS.



ROBINSON FEEDS THE WATER-FOWL.



BROWN HAVING RASHLY STRAYED INTO A ROOM FULL OF MACAWS, WE SEE THE CONSEQUENCE.



JONES VOLUNTEERS TO RIDE THE CAMEL, AND, TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, HE DOES IT.



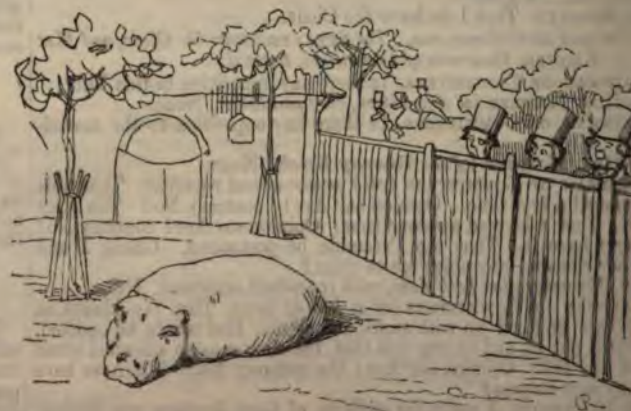
IN A LONELY PATHWAY THEY SEE SOMETHING COMING.



THEY ARE PERSUADED TO MOUNT THE ELEPHANT.



THEY GO IN QUEST OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



THEY SEE THE HIPPOPOTAMUS!



THE ROYAL RISING GENERATION.

British Lion. "YOU WANT MAR'BORO' HOUSE, AND SOME STABLES!!—WHY, YOU 'LL BE WANTING A LATCH KEY NEXT, I SUPPOSE!!"

FOUR EQUERRIES AND THREE CHAPLAINS.

THE first acts of the reign of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF OXBURGH will have been read with edification by the British public. By the first decree Royal Highness appoints four equerries to wait upon him, by the second decree Royal Highness appoints three chaplains for his Royal Establishment.

The equerries are privy councillors in jack-boots, and secretaries-at-arms, to Royal Highness.

When Royal Highness is inclined to take a drive, CAPTAIN THE HONOURABLE LANCELOT PRANCE will ride on his right hand, MAJOR THE HONOURABLE TRISTRAM TROTTER on his left. COLONEL THE HONOURABLE ARTHUR WHIPPINGHAM will ride in advance, while the fourth equerry, BARON SPURZINSTEIN, will bring up the rear.

The equerries will take it by turns, two and two, to attend at his Royal Highness's meals; the muffins and newspapers for breakfast, and the two first entrées for dinner, being brought in on horseback by the officers in attendance.

His Royal Highness will examine his letters mounted: transact his business at a canter: look over his accounts at a hand-gallop: and receive petitioners and grant interviews at a full trot. Business generally will be transacted at the rate of eight miles an hour.

As Religion has ever been the accompaniment of Chivalry, his Royal Highness's three chaplains will be in constant attendance upon the PRINCE and his Royal Suite. The REV. MR. BENEDICK will say grace before dinner, the REV. MR. CHANTRY after dinner, and the REV. MR. LAUD ask a blessing on the second course.

The equerries will say their Catechisms every morning on horseback, in the front yard of Oxbridge House. The household will be instructed in learning generally, and the Royal Footmen and Maid-servants will be put through a course of "Watts's Hymns."

A chaplain will always sit on the box when Royal Highness drives out, and will improve the time by delivering a lecture: the footmen behind will officiate as clerks, and the equerries in waiting will be examined as to the text and the discourse.

The reverend gentlemen will each take two days in the week on which they will deliver sermons to the Royal Household: on Sundays all three will preach of course, when the whole establishment will be expected to attend.

For of what use are three chaplains to a Prince of the nineteenth century, if he does not intend to make use of them? What is the meaning of a reverend gentleman being chaplain to a Royal Highness, if the duties of the chaplain are merely nominal? What can a Prince want with three chaplains, or three chaplains want with a Prince?

What can a quiet, kind, manly, and simple gentleman, Prince though he be of the British Blood Royal, want at this present period of time with four equerries and three parsons in the Gazette? Are these ceremonies now-a-days useful and decorous, or absurd and pitiable; and likely to cause the scorn and laughter of men of sense? When the greatest and wisest Statesman in England dying declares he will have no titles for his sons, and, as it were, repudiates the Peerage as a part of the Protective system which must fall one day, as other Protective institutions have fallen—can't sensible folks read the signs of the times, and be quiet? When LORD JOHN comes down to the House (with that pluck which his lordship always shows when he has to meet an unpopular measure), and asks for an allowance, which the nation grudgingly grants to its pensioners,—when the allowance is flung at his Royal Highness with a grumble, is it wise to come out the next day with a tail of four equerries and three clergymen?

Ah, noble Prince! reflect that, besides your Royal Highness, there is a family of great-grandchildren of GEORGE THE THIRD, who look to a loyal British nation for maintenance and house-room; that, as Marlborough House is wanted for one Royal Highness, and granted, not without grumbling, so others will naturally want board and lodging, and Red Lion House, or Bloomsbury House, or Baker House, may be required for the Royal brothers of the PRINCE OF WALES; that these Princes may increase and multiply, and that their sons will want establishments and Parliamentary grants, as your Royal Highness does at this day. Say that there are four Princes, and that each has three sons: put six equerries and four parsons apiece for the elder Princes, and your own allowance of four and three for the younger potentates; we have then (of the elder branch of your illustrious House) sixteen Princes attended by seventy-two equerries, and fifty-two chaplains. What a calculation! If our noble Minister, LORD JOHN, is Premier forty years hence, there is no doubt he will have the courage to propose allowances for them all; and as the cost of their maintenances will be most unpopular with the country, my Lord will with only the more ardour advocate their rights. But what a public ferment there will be meanwhile, of which, according to his nature, my Lord will take no heed! What a general scorn, and laughter, and indignation! These Court trains, people will say, are monstrous and unseemly. Princes might wear pig-tails as well, or touch for the king's evil. Among the men of sense, the working and thinking people of the empire, the men of this day, eighteen-hundred-and-fifty, do you suppose it is sufferance or respect with which these

old-world ceremonies and superannuated Court antics are held? The day for such draws to a close, and the time is here when it is best to shut up the old pig-tails, and trains, and gold sticks, and frippery—at which the working world now looks with scarcely more respect than at PRINCE WINDICOMB'S procession, when he enters the ring with his gentlemen, and his grooms, and his jester.

A NEW CRY.

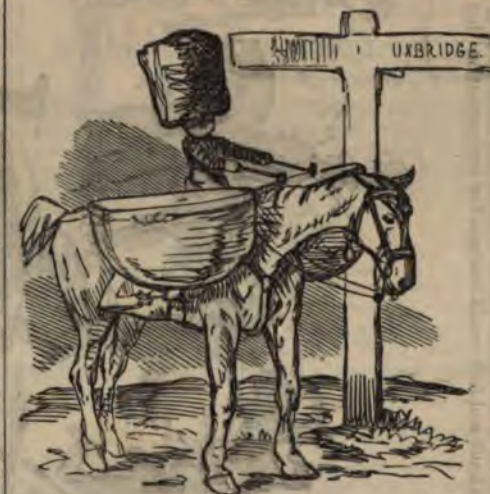
If any of the Members of the House of Commons should wish to "go to the country with a cry" during the recess, we beg leave to call the attention of Honourable Gentlemen to a cry, which appeared for the first time on Friday last, in the report of the debates in Parliament.

The cry alluded to is one that we may often expect to meet with again; for of all the cries in which Honourable Members are apt to indulge, there is none more likely to be appropriately called into use than the cry in question. It appears that MR. REYNOLDS was making a facetious speech—we beg leave to say that we use the term "facetious" in its Parliamentary sense—when, among other venerable matters, he introduced the old story of Paddy doing nothing, and TOM helping Paddy. Now, although the House of Commons may be used to this sort of thing; and though in all the jokes of Honourable Members the venerable is the prominent feature, the story to which we have referred smacked too much of the antique for even a legislative audience; and the walls of Parliament rang, for the first time we believe, with the cry of "JOE MILLER."

The difficulty of getting anything like novelty in the shape of a cry must be acknowledged by all who are familiar with the attempts of Honourable Members to imitate the early village, and other varieties of the cock tribe, as well as the more congenial bray of the donkey, and numerous other sounds which nothing short of collective wisdom has been able to originate. The cry of JOE MILLER is something quite new; but since the House of Commons has taken to joking in right-down serious earnest—and there is nothing half so serious as a legislative joke—we may expect the words JOE MILLER to be heard continually in the course of the debates, during the ensuing session.

YEOMANRY CAVALRY REVIEWED.

Private and Confidential Report on the Condition of the Cowbridge Volunteers, by Colonel Inspector PUNCH to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



O HIS GRACE F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c. &c.

I HAVE the honour to transmit for your Grace's perusal, by the command of your Grace, a confidential report of the state in regard to discipline, and generally, of the Cowbridge Yeomanry Cavalry, inspected by me, pursuant to orders.

Your Grace is aware that the Cowbridge Yeomanry Cavalry are irregular horse, that is to say, mounted on animals of all sorts and sizes, which, with the exception of a few shooting ponies amongst the number, do not stand fire with quite so much steadiness as could be desired.

Of the behaviour of the men themselves under fire I cannot, of course, speak, as they have as yet seen no actual service in any field, except the ordinary operations of husbandry. Nor can I form any conjecture on this subject; for the probability of their ever being called upon to act—except in the sense of playing the part of soldiers—is, in my opinion, as remote as your Grace can wish.

I have great pleasure, however, in testifying to their intrepid conduct under water, on one occasion when the regiment proceeded through Cowbridge, covered by their umbrellas, beneath a smart shower of rain.

They were at the same time exposed to a galling discharge of gibes from the populace and spectators, which they bore without flinching; and, indeed, I have often had the satisfaction of admiring their constancy in sustaining banter.

The Cowbridge Yeomanry Cavalry are a most formidable force in respect of weight of man and metal. Some of them are fifteen stone and upwards; and their pockets are full of money.

Your Grace will have inferred, from what has been above mentioned, that the men are in excellent condition, owing to the liberal allowance of beef and beer with which they provide themselves. I believe I am justified in stating that better trenchermen never stood in trenches. Their efficiency in the use of the knife and fork would warrant the commendation that they are

masters of their weapons, if, on parade, their swords were less apt to hang in their scabbards. The Band of the Cowbridge Yeomanry Cavalry must not be dismissed without a word of comment, the singular variety of the instruments which it includes being remarkable. I would take the liberty of suggesting that it might be improved by the addition of a violin.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed)
Colonel-in-Command of the Light Moleys,
Inspector-General of the Militia and Yeomanry.

Head-Quarters, 85, Fleet Street,
August 3, 1850.



THE COWBRIDGE YEOMANRY RE-FORMING.

AS REGULAR AS CLOCK-WORK.

THE expression of "as regular as clock-work" will never apply to the clock-works of London, for it is a question whether there are any clocks in the world that do their work so irregularly as the clocks of London. First of all, one half of them never do their work at all, and the other half get through their work in such a slovenly manner, that we wonder their faces do not turn crimson with blushes every time a person looks at them. It is impossible to tell the hour of the day from them, and we would recommend that the whole company of London clocks be thrown into Chancery, in order that they may be stopped, or broken up altogether, or else be made aneunable, like railways that are in a similar state of suspension, to the stirring clauses of "*The Winding-up Act*,"—for we must say that "A clock that can work, and will not work, ought

to be made to work;" unless, perchance, the public clocks have been stopped by order of the Sabbatarians, who openly object to anything working on the Sunday.

A Judge Knocking at the Door.

THE papers last week contained an account of some unseemly opposition to the opening of a door for the Judge at Newcastle, when his Lordship was desirous of getting to his colleague, to consult him on a point of law pending a question of life or death to a prisoner then under trial. The blocking party consisted of a number of County Magistrates, who had a most appropriate leader and spokesman in an individual named Moxe, for the whole affair, as reported, reads very like a remnant of truly monkish ignorance.

STATE OF THE RAILWAY-MARKET.

WE begin to wonder that there is any railway market at all, after the protracted fits of languor and countless instances of relapse to which it has been subjected. There must be a sort of cat-like vitality in the market to enable it to survive so many severe shocks, for every bulletin announces either some fresh "relapse," or the continued absence of "all signs of recovery." It is a pity that somebody does not go and put the railway market out of its misery at once by killing it off-hand, for, in its present weak state, it must be wretched to itself, as well as a nuisance to others. We are beginning to be quite tired of hearing that the railway market is "no better," and we shall be really glad when there is an end to an invalid who has long ceased to be productive of even the most moderate interest.



CRUEL CASE OF JEW-DROPPING.

Guildhall, July 30.

WHEREAS some hard-hearted and cruelly-disposed person has dropt between the Statues of Gog and MAGOG, Guildhall, a Full-Grown Male Infant of the Jewish Persuasion, swathed in bank-notes, and in a basket, bearing a direction worded—"To the Care of the Electors of London, to be kept close until next Session,"—any Reward commensurate with the Cruelty of the Deed will be given for the Apprehension of the Offender, who is suspected to be a little, wiry man, frequenting Downing Street and the House of Commons.

FARNCOMBE, Mayor.

A DONKEY ON BALLOONS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a public jackass; in a word, I am the very donkey that, from the days of my foalhood, has been put 'up' for the 'other twopence.' I know what it is to be elevated above the world; and therefore beg to be heard—in reply to Mr. NORTON, the worthy magistrate of Lambeth—on his unguarded opinions expressed a few days ago upon the meditated ascent from Vauxhall of a horse, belly-banded to a balloon, with Mr. GREEN upon the horse's back.

"MR. NORTON said, 'a wooden or hobby-horse would serve just as well.' By no means; for the whole fun of the thing—the whole interest of the matter—is in the chance whether the horse shall not come tumbling from the sky (with the balloon-man upon or off his back) so much dog's-meat.

"Why, Mr. Punch, did the people drop their mouths and open their eyes with wonder and exultation, when they saw me—for of late, the police have forbidden my professional exertions; and I am now, for the benefit of my health and the exercise of young ladies, on the donkey-stand at Gravesend)—when they saw me, I say, tied helpless to a ladder; and that ladder balanced upon the chin of the man-monster who thus supported me? Why, the whole pleasure was in the thought that I *might* come down with a smash upon the stones—that I might break my legs, or my neck; or haply tumbling upon my persecutor, break *his* neck into the bargain.

"Without this pleasant stimulus, do you think that even an enlightened English public would have clubbed the 'other twopence' to send me 'up'? Why, no. But the money was subscribed (too often, I shudder at the thoughts of it, too quickly subscribed) in the fiendish hope that I should no sooner be up than down.

"It is upon the same principle that a humane and thoughtful people put down their shilling to see a horse carried into the clouds. It is the danger to the poor brute that is the intellectual sauce to the refined, the money-giving Christian!

"Mr. Punch, I have often thought of writing my Recollections under the title of *The Ladder of Life*. If next winter I can keep out of the hands of a sandman, or any other such low dealer, I shall have time enough, and will certainly attempt it. Then I'll let the world know with what pity, with what contempt, an elevated jackass may look down upon the mob! Then will I describe the emotions of disgust and scorn, sublimed by an asinine sense of superiority that possessed me; whilst from the Ladder, with meekly-seeming face, but with an outraged and burning heart, I, the four-legged ass, looked down upon the biped donkeys beneath me.

"I don't know at the time I write whether Mr. GREEN will go into the clouds upon horseback; but if he does, I know what I'd do, if I only had the power; I'd make him for his pains take his next trip into the sky not on the back of a horse, but on the back of a porcupine.

"Your obedient servant,

"TWO PENCE MORE AND UP WENT THE DONKEY.

"P.S. As I write this on a Saturday, I have sent it under cover to LORD RUSSELL, that—he being a Minister—you may get it early through him on Monday morning. Perhaps you'll be a little surprised at the elegance of my literary style. I feel it myself. But the fact is, all the Midsummer holidays I've every day carried Miss INDIGO—a lady who's drinking our milk here for weak health, and who has at this minute a book of promising poems somewhere in the press."

THE CITY COMMITTEE'S REPORT OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.

THAT Smithfield Market is the healthiest spot not only in England, but perhaps in the whole world. It is a well-known sanitary fact that slaughterhouses are highly conducive to health, and so well convinced are medical men of their beneficial effect upon invalids, that they always send their most delicate patients to take lodgings in the neighbourhood of the market, and so rapid is the change that takes place in their constitution, that they rarely ever see them again.

That Smithfield Market, far from being the noisy spot it is maliciously described to be, is distinguished for its extreme quiet. There is a legal, learned stillness in the air, that many students prefer it to the Temple Gardens, or any of the Inns of Court. It has the further advantage, too, of being as still during the night as during the day—so much so, that the repose of the above-mentioned invalids is rarely disturbed after the first week.

That the cry of "Mad Bull" is always an occasion of great sport to the street in which it is raised, more especially to the little boys who always join in it with the greatest glee and harmlessness.

That the shopkeepers rather like the bulls walking into their shops than otherwise, and declare that if it were not for the difficulty of getting them out again, they decidedly should be very fond of it.

That the sensation of tossing is far from disagreeable; and that the Committee have been told of the instance of an old man who lives at a public-house in Cow Lane, and is so fond of tossing, that he is always ready to do it for a pint of beer, or even less.

That very few accidents occur about the market, and when they do, it is invariably the fault of the parties who are injured by the accidents, and not of the poor animals who commit them.

That these accidents, however, are rarely fatal, from the simple reason that those who escape with their lives from the first accident, rarely put themselves in the way of receiving a second.

That those bigoted persons who persist in asserting, contrary to all evidence, that Smithfield is a nuisance, evidently know nothing about it, and if the Market were to be held to-morrow in the Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick, they would still maintain that the place was not good enough for them.

That, to conclude, Smithfield Market is, if anything, too good for the purposes required, and the Committee are unanimously of opinion that the animals ought to feel themselves proud to be sold in such a locality; and the residents in the neighbourhood should be too thankful to the City for having brought such advantages, not only to their doors, but actually within their shops, and occasionally carrying them into the very heart of their back-parlours.

THE JEWISH OATH QUESTION A CENTURY HENCE.

(From POSTERITY'S History of England.)

THE singular inconsistency which marked the conduct of our ancestors during a period which has deservedly been styled the Age of Humbug was strikingly exemplified, just a century ago, in the course of the struggle of BARON ROTHSCHILD to obtain possession of his seat in the House of Commons. The opponents to the Jewish claim to participate in the Legislature first resisted the demand of the Baron to be sworn on the Old Testament. Defeated on this point, they next objected to his omission, from the prescribed adjuration, of the words "On the true faith of a Christian." They thus refused to recognise the validity of an oath unaccompanied by the profession of a creed which, if plain gospel is its exponent, forbids all oaths whatever; they disallowed a request to be sworn on the book which alone contained their own justification of swearing; and required as essential to the juratory act that it should be performed on that very volume which seems expressly to prohibit it.

Conversations of Lord Brougham.

A LITTLE book with the above taking title will shortly be published. It will consist of the conversations held by LORD BROUGHAM in the House of Lords, either on presenting petitions, or whilst the debates are going on. It is expected not to exceed 18 volumes, uniform in size with the "Conversations of LORD BYRON." The announcement has caused an unusual excitement amongst the butter-trade.

"RIDDLE FOR LORD ASHLEY.

Q. WHY is the condition of a medical man without patients like that of a Sabbatarian eating a hot dinner on a Sunday?
A. Because it is Profession without Practice.

"PRINTS OF A FAST COLOUR, WARRANTED TO WASH."—Some wag at the Vauxhall Masquerade pinned the above label on the back of the Nepaulese Prince.



Proctor (to UNDERGRADUATE). "PRAY, SIR, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO TELL ME WHETHER YOU ARE A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY, OR A SCOTCH TERRIER!"

HUDSON TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

THE *Grace-Digger* in *Hamlet* was wont to wear some dozen legendary coats; in fact, he was all coats, like an onion. He used to take them off, shout increasing upon shout at every removal. However, the business of the scene never permitted him to put the garments on again: he made his exit peeled and slim. It is otherwise with the uncrowned HUDSON. His coats, one by one, have been plucked from him; he has been shown pretty well bare; but, it appears, there is a chance that he may be again coated—whitewash coated. The *Yorkshire Gazette* declares that MR. HUDSON has released himself—head and hands—very gracefully from the pillory in which, on a late trial, SERJEANT WILKINS fixed him.

"In his evidence in the trial alluded to we believe he has made a good step forward. We have ourselves seen and heard read nearly or quite a half dozen letters from as many men of good position in society, present in York at the trial, to different individuals, all speaking of the great and favourable change made in their minds in MR. HUDSON'S favour by his evidence."

We are almost prepared for the time when MR. HUDSON'S reputation will be made so very "pleasant," that a remorseful and conscience-stricken generation will appear by deputy at Albert Gate, to present to MR. HUDSON the keys of the Bank of England (of course, upon an assured understanding that he will then and there return them), and bearing with them a bunch of silver lilies, typical of his odorous whiteness. Then will the actions of HUDSON—

"—the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust"—

even in the gold-dust of the railway unfortunate. For MR. HUDSON has made one "good step forward"—not the step of St. Denis, certainly, for that was without his head, which MR. HUDSON, in his arithmetic, never lost; whatever other organ was deficient in his cash-book cookery. We have, upon the whole, little doubt that in the year —, MR. HUDSON will turn up like the shield of SCRIBLERUS, polished from every speck of vulgar debt. The Iron Crown will duly glisten again. If Time defiles and rusts, Time has also scouring paper, if the adroit will use it.

"The Decline of England."

LORD BROUGHAM tells us that "an absolute prostration of the understanding takes place, in this country, even amongst the bravest men, whenever the word 'prince' is mentioned." We were not aware of this debasing fact, but if the English understanding does become "prostrate" on such occasions, we can safely answer it can be only amongst "the flats."

THE SIBTHORP CABINET.

THE puzzling question "Who is there to succeed the Whigs?" was partially answered a few nights ago in the House of Commons by a little episode, or farce, or whatever else it may be called, in which the Lord Mayor of Dublin and our own gallant Colonel sustained the two principal characters. MR. REYNOLDS, the Irish Lord Mayor, expressed himself ready to give his support to "any Government formed by COLONEL SIBTHORP, if the Colonel, on his part, would only promise certain things with reference to Irish affairs, in return for the support thus offered him." Without a moment's hesitation, the gallant Premier *in posse* rushed across the floor of the House, and was engaged for a few minutes in earnest conversation with MR. REYNOLDS, amid the cheers and laughter of all parties. We have no doubt that the feasibility of the formation of a SIBTHORPIAN Cabinet was the subject of the brief consultation between the Colonel and his volunteer supporter on the occasion of the mirth and cheering of the House having been so vehemently displayed. We can imagine the style of measure that would be brought in by such a Government as that of which COLONEL SIBTHORP would form the head, and we are sure that among the earliest bills would be one for denouncing, annihilating, and utterly putting an end to what the gallant Premier would call that "monstrous piece of humbug, the Exhibition of 1851." How far the well-known opinions of the new Premier may affect the amount of confidence HER MAJESTY is likely to repose in him, it is not for us to conjecture. We suspect, however, the kissing hands on the occasion of his taking office will not be a very pleasant operation to the Sovereign.

PARLIAMENTARY DOVES.—August is the month when Members begin to "pair," and fly off to their nests in the country. There is also more "biling" done in the month of August than any other.

PANORAMA OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

PANORAMAS are the fashion—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with the wisdom of a Whig, proposes to avail himself of the mode; and during the recess to superintend a very moving display of his one pet subject—his subject produced on the floor of the House, on all occasions, namely, the British Constitution, with the very best Whig designs. The history will begin with the Death of CHARLES THE FIRST at St. James's, with a solemn view of the Death-bed of the King; when he hands over the sceptre and ball to CHARLES THE SECOND, who thereupon, amidst the acclamations of a doating people, ascends the Throne. The old superstition as to the existence of CROMWELL will be treated as a myth; as—see the *no Arms* of the Commonwealth in the New Houses of Parliament—it undoubtedly is: a myth, in which a brief popular effervescence has been ignorantly personified by superstitious historians as a Brewer, who brought rebellion to a head. The Panorama will give the flight of JAMES THE SECOND, the Battle of the Boyne, the accession of WILLIAM and MARY, and so on; the whole to conclude with the advent to office of LORD JOHN RUSSELL amid a shower of fireworks; with a brilliant display of coloured lamps in the word—"FINALITY."

"England Expects Every Bishop to do his Duty."

THIS is the improved signal recently flung out by the improved LORD NELSON at the Church conference, that ended in a strong and stern resolution, unanimously carried, to do nothing. LORD NELSON declared that the bishops must expect to meet persecution, and more; "to return to the early poverty of the Church!" After this, his Lordship, in the profound innocence of his soul, regretted and wondered to see "so few bishops present."

MONSTRUM HORRENDUM.

It is reported in the Paris papers that the Mountain intends coming to visit the French refugees in England, for the very opposite reason that influenced the proceedings of MAHOMET, who went to the mountain because it couldn't come to him; but it is preparing to start for England, because the refugees cannot go to the Mountain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. P.—Write.

A BIT OF MY MIND.

BIT THE SIXTEENTH.

MRS. MOUSER "COOKS" HER PASSPORT IN ORDER TO JOIN MOUSER.
AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL DELAYS HER DEPARTURE.



Y my last letter, Mr. Punch, you will perceive that I flung down my pen, and was going to run to my wardrobe and my drawers, determined to pack up, and go to Paris, or Brussels—for I was, as every wife would be, in such a state of almost frenzy at Mr. MOUSER's letter,—I hadn't for the minute presence of mind to determine which.

As I say, there I was with my wardrobe open, and all my drawers pulled out—and my eye upon my bonnets—not knowing how

many gowns to take, and uncertain in my mind whether to go in full dress, or only to travel quite a fright, the more to punish MOUSER.

here, as I observe, I stood, quite bewildered, with MOUSER's letter, and with all my gowns going through my head, and not being able to fix—though I rather inclined to take 'em all, so that when I chose I might go out like a rainbow—for, after all, as sitting down for a minute, I said to myself—after all, it's poor spite to make one's-self suffer for the cruel neglect of a husband.

There I was, rummaging about, when what should turn up among my things, but that scandalous passport, of the wickedness of which you already know all concerning! In a minute—would you believe it? I was as cold as a stone. If it had been a viper, or a rattle-snake, among my things, I do believe I couldn't have shuddered more! Go to Paris with that insult about me, I wouldn't; and then—screwing myself up, and with a wrench to my feelings which is better felt than described, and locking my bed-room door at the same time—for you, Sir, who know everything, know how much safer one is with one's emotions with a door locked—I looked once more at the passport.

It was a great thought! It flashed upon me like a July sunbeam! I may say, I felt inspired with the notion. And it was this.

The French Ambassador—and like his impudence!—had, after "Agée" put the figure of 5—and they call themselves a gallant nation)—with another figure following, which I don't and needn't mention. Yes, Sir; and now I've got over the brutal affront, and can look down upon it, I don't mind repeating the first figure. It was 5, Sir—5!

It's done in a minute, I thought to myself: so, taking a penknife and pen-and-ink, with the least little scratch in life, and with the smallest twist of the pen, the 5 stood 3.

If put upon his oath, the Ambassador himself couldn't have sworn that it wasn't his own 3!

Not that for myself, I cared a straw about it. The Ambassador might have written a 6, or 7, as well as 5, (and, by the way, one would have been quite as likely as the other—quite) only it was the laugh—I can fancy it as well as if it were ringing in my ears this very minute—the unfeeling laugh that MOUSER would have had of me. Now with the 3, I felt more as I ought to do: altogether more comfortable and sure.

Well, Mr. Punch, a little more myself I'd run the gowns through my head, and had determined upon my boxes—(how, like a pigeon, thought I to myself, I shall drop down upon MOUSER when he's never expecting me!)—when, a knock-knock-knock came at the door that went through every artery of my body.

I can't say how it is with other people, but with me there's a something in the street-door knocker that never deceives me. Sometimes I feel it, as if it was a bit of myself.

Well, I looked out of the window, and there were two cabs at the door, with luggage on the roof. With the eye of a hawk I looked for MOUSER's carpet-bag; but there was nothing that belonged to MOUSER. Then, remembering the cap I'd on, I drew my head in.

"Marm, Marm," cried SUSAN in a minute, rattling at the door, "here's a lot of French officers with their wives, and I don't know

what; and one Frenchman—as well as I can make him out—with a lot of silver on his shoulders, says he must see you!"

"It can't be the Ambassador," I thought to myself, "come to apologise."

"They're bringing in all their luggage, Marm," said SUSAN.—

"Then SUSAN," said I, feeling myself roused, and using a saying of dear aunt PEACOCK'S—"then I'm down like a thunderbolt."

Before a Bird of Paradise could put its feathers straight, I was in my plum-coloured silk, and rustling my way into the parlour. When I got there—

Would you think it? Five Frenchmen, with their three wives, and four children. They all bowed, and curtsied, and begged to embrace me. At last, putting the dining-table between us—I'd sent, hurried as I was, sent for Mrs. HORNBLLOWER, as she speaks French better than I—I begged to ask, putting the question somehow with my fingers, what they did me the honour to want. Whereupon, one of the Frenchmen, a private National Guard, as I now know, with his hand upon his heart, and his eyes upon the ceiling, gave me a letter. The hand-writing shot right through me; for at a glance I knew it was MOUSER'S. And this it was:—

"My dearest AMELIA,

"Paris, Café des Maris Inconsolables.

"The cab is at the door that is to take me to the train to Brussels. However, I must snatch a few minutes to send you this letter by the hand of MONS. MIGNONETTE, who, with his wife, a dear little woman"—

(She was dressed in red and amber like a balloon, and had already dropt in my chair, as if the house belonged to her! However, to go on.)

A little woman, who has been very, very civil indeed to me, a stranger and a foreigner in this wearisome city. MONS. MIGNONETTE is a soldier, and, with some thousand of his countrymen, proposes to visit London—to make a fraternal visit. You, my love, as a true daughter of JOHN BULL, as it is my boast to know you, will I am sure, hold forth the right hand of fellowship, and throw open your doors in the true spirit of English hospitality. I need say no more. MADAME MIGNONETTE will tell you how I have longed to return; and I daresay will make you smile at the expense of your foolish home-sick husband. She is such a timid creature—too full of sensibility to smuggle—or I would have troubled her to bring a veil for you. But, my love, this pleasure I reserve for myself; and waiting that delight, I am,

"As ever, your own Affectionate Husband,

"JOHN MOUSER."

P.S. I shall be very unhappy and very angry if I don't find a letter from my AMELIA, at the Post-Office, Brussels.

Well, by the time I had read this, MADAME MIGNONETTE had thrown off her shawl and bonnet, had taken off her three children's things; whilst all the other Frenchmen and their two wives had done the same, and more than that, in a minute, MADAME MIGNONETTE jumped up and clapping her hands, and frisking upon her toes, declared that MOUSER—for though I don't speak French, I can understand every word that's said—that MOUSER was a "charming man," and "an angel," and I don't know what besides—quite enough to make a wife's blood boil; however I only smiled, as I can smile when I choose, and with a curtsy left the room, for I heard Mrs. HORNBLLOWER.

My first determination, as I told her, was to make an apology to the MIGNONETTES, and to tell 'em I was going to France; but Mrs. HORNBLLOWER—(poor thing! she has her own troubles!)—a little over-ruled me; and went to the parlour.

"I suppose, Marm," said SUSAN, looking at me like a ghost, "I suppose, Marm, they won't want any dinner?"

Dinner! And no doubt MOUSER thinks that out of my weekly money, I am to lodge and board all the National Guards, besides all the national wives and national children of Paris. "Dinner," said I, "why it's impossible! How can so many people think of dinner?"

And after a little while Mrs. HORNBLLOWER came back, and—(after all, she's a clever creature!)—and said that as MOUSER was taking his pleasure in Brussels, why shouldn't I enjoy myself in London? She said that, when you know her, MADAME MIGNONETTE was really a delightful woman; and that her brother, MONS. LA NOSE (the handsome fair man—an officer with silver epaulets) quite a specimen of the gentleman.

To be short, after a struggle, I thought it best to get an early dinner, and then—as MOUSER was enjoying himself, and as it was only right I should show myself a hospitable Englishwoman—go and take the French to see the hippopotamus. Which determining,

I am your's, in better spirits, AMELIA MOUSER.

P.S. Mrs. HORNBLLOWER has desired me—for something HORNBLLOWER has said, must be annoying her—to ask you, Mr. Punch, if a marriage can be a lawful binding marriage for life, if the ceremony's gone through by only one clergyman? Mrs. H. (she is so nervous!) says she has her doubts; or why should we now see so often that folks are married "by the Rev. Mr. MATTHEW," assisted by the "Rev. Mr. LUKE?" What, in the holy state, is meant by assistance? Are people harder to be brought together in high life than common folks, that it is necessary to have two clergymen to bind 'em. For my part—as I tell Mrs. HORNBLLOWER—with regard to the marriage claim, she needn't have any doubts; for I'm sure of it, one clergyman will strike the rivets quite as firm as fifty.

HE SAT LIKE PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.



"IF THERE BE ANY IMPATIENCE IN THE COURTS OF CHANCERY, WE WILL SET THOSE COURTS THE WISE AND JUST EXAMPLE OF 'PATIENCE.'
* * * WE SET AN EXAMPLE OF PATIENCE."—House of Lords, August 3.

BARON ROTHSCHILD ON A WHEELBARROW.

MARTIN LUTHER says of the Jews—"They sit as on a wheelbarrow, without a country, a people, or government." This was said three hundred and fifty years ago; and the Jew is on the wheelbarrow still. At this moment he sits at the steps of the House of Commons. True is it, he has been promised rest; has been wheeled hither and thither; but as yet he has not been shot into a fixed seat. He is still—unhappy moveable!—squat and expectant on his barrow; still may he not stretch his legs and, taking his ease, sit down.

Since February has the wheelbarrow of ROTHSCHILD—with ROTHSCHILD on it—stopt the way. And ROTHSCHILD, meek as one of HEROD's babies, looked for his friend and compeer, the Christian LORD JOHN, to wheel him into the House of Commons, and hand him into his seat. Months and months passed on; and ROTHSCHILD, still upon his barrow—like a Chaldean Shepherd, enquiringly, yet patiently, tried to read his fortune in the stars. And still ROTHSCHILD sat upon the barrow; and still no RUSSELL came.

But patience—even Hebrew patience—waxed warm; and ROTHSCHILD cried out with a loud voice from his barrow—"Hoy! Halloo! Here, ye knowing ones of the City! See that, as LORD JOHN fails to take me up—see that I am straightway wheeled into the Parliament House, that I may get off this accursed barrow, and, like a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, sit down."

Whereupon, ROTHSCHILD, on his barrow, was straightway wheeled into the House of Commons, and straightway—wheeled out again!

And then Christian gentlemen delivered themselves of thoughts, pro-

found and various, of the qualities of a House of Commons oath. What was the breadth of a vow—the depth of a vow? And there was vast learning, curious subtlety, manifested as regarded vows. There were intellectual Magi, who would weigh you the precise weight of a vow, even to a scruple. Moral geometricians who would give you the superficial inches of a vow, even refining to a line.

And ROTHSCHILD, seated upon his barrow, said to himself—"Of a verity, here are Christian gentlemen dealing with an oath, even as certain of the fallen of my race in the Minorities, in Houndsditch, or in Field-Lane, have dealt with pewter shillings and brass sovereigns; silvering and gilding with an outside show, to make the counterfeit pass for the true thing. On the faith of a Hebrew,"—said ROTHSCHILD on the barrow—"this is a melancholy matter."

Nevertheless, it must have been a balsamic comfort to ROTHSCHILD, still on his barrow, to know that LORD JOHN RUSSELL talked so sweetly of the British Constitution; proving it to be good and sufficient for all men in all cases. "Fling a man into the Thames," said LORD JOHN, with his eye upon his red box, "and if he devoutly believes in the British Constitution, he will not sink! If your house is in flames, only read Magna Charta, with a believing faith, and there will be no need of a fire-engine—for of itself the conflagration will go out. I boldly avow, Sir,"—said LORD JOHN—"that the Act of Settlement, properly applied, is a specific for the tooth-ache—and, with respect to the case of BARON ROTHSCHILD, that an operative faith in the necessity of the Whigs will fully meet every condition of the question. I shall not shrink from my duty at the proper time; and most certainly not because odium may be attached to it; for I am not backward to confess, that I rather admire odium. Like a pickle, a little odium gives zest and flavour to ministerial life. Odium, Sir, I consider as the pungent onion to the official loaves—the soy, anchovy, and cayenne to the Cabinet fishes."

Meanwhile BARON ROTHSCHILD still sat upon his barrow; and friends gathered about him, and told him that as there was no help for him from LORD JOHN,—there he must still sit. Which ROTHSCHILD mightily lamented; because in him were the hopes, the amended prospects of Young Israel! For whereas, hard-bosomed man had flung it in the teeth of the Hebrew that, as with a foul instinct he had sought to fill the dirtiest offices of life—that he had rejoiced in the most noisome callings—and at the great Rag-Fair of Trick, and Usury, and Chicane,—had ever pitched his Marine Store Booth to turn the nasty penny—whereas, such reproaches had been made, and the Baron lamenting them, hoped that with his removal from the barrow, the people would find a resting-place, and thereupon eschew foul employments, and pul'd down the Booth of Dirty Pennies,—whereas the Baron hungered for this goodly day, and the day by LORD JOHN was deferred, the Baron was rightfully wrath with his Guildhall companion, and cried, "Woe is me! that I must still sit upon the barrow!"

And INGLIS and NEWDEGATE, and also SPOONER, laid their heads together; and swore that, with their consent, BARON ROTHSCHILD should never leave the wheelbarrow. "A wheelbarrow was the destiny of him and his people; and the Baron should never come down from it."

Thereupon, some one said, it would be a good thing if the wheelbarrow could be straightway wheeled to Jerusalem, and then and there emptied. And another clapped his hands, and took his hat, and said he would instantly go to Exeter Hall, and therefrom issue a Proclamation, calling upon all men to gather together, and not to remove the Jew from the wheelbarrow, but to remove the wheelbarrow itself with the Jew upon it!

But this may not be. No. ROTHSCHILD must come off the wheelbarrow. ROTHSCHILD must take his seat in the House of Commons. The Marine Store Booth shall be struck; and Young Israel, freed from his civil disabilities, will also be freed from his unseemly yearnings. Yes: with Young Israel represented in Parliament, will not Young Israel be a gentle, urbane, and most conscientious presence in the City?

For the present, however, the BARON DE ROTHSCHILD—(let him thank the Prime Minister for it,) must remain where he is; and, perhaps, in 1851, LORD JOHN RUSSELL will then stretch forth his statesman hand to help the Jew off the wheelbarrow.

A Poet's Idea of the Submarine Telegraph.

ONE of our poets, who has been rather slack of work lately, and whose eye has been rolling in a fine frenzy to very little purpose for the last fortnight, has furnished us with an idea on the subject of the submarine telegraph. He says "it is like using the lightning conductor for a steel pen, and the ocean for an ink-stand." He might have added, that the cliffs furnish the blotting pad, the shore supplies the sand, and the whole world the sheet of paper to write upon.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

A SABBATARIAN being requested a day or two since to do what he could to get the Post-Office re-opened for Sunday delivery of letters, made the following reply:—"I have questioned my conscience, and I really find I *can't*."

ELECTIVE AND COLLECTIVE WISDOM.



WE can scarcely be surprised at the somewhat inferior quality of the collective wisdom, when we find the elective wisdom to consist of such materials as the Lambeth constituency has just given us a sample of. In looking over the report of the proceedings at the nomination that has lately taken place, we scarcely know which to hold in greater contempt—the speeches addressed to the electors, or the remarks they elicited: we are really unable to decide which is the greater trash, the poorer stuff, the more downright rubbish—the text or the comment.

The first step in the way of appeal to the understanding of the constituency, was the hoisting of a great flaunting Union Jack, and the first argument on the side of the electors was a volley of abuse, under which the Union Jack was hurried out of sight again. We pass over the speech proposing the successful candidate, for nothing was, in fact, said, and nothing becomes positive wisdom in comparison with what was really uttered. The plea on which MR. PALMER was put forward, was the fact of his being the son of his father, which was met by the ordinary election argument of "Oh!"; and though an O means nothing, we can scarcely find fault so far with the reply of the constituents to what had been addressed to them.

The proposal of SIR CHARLES NAPIER, however, it was that elicited all the strength of reasoning on one side, and all the power of refutation on the other. The mere mention of the candidate's name was the signal for a truly electoral clincher, in the shape of "Groans, and cries of 'We won't have him!'" which was certainly conclusive, if not altogether so logical as a schoolman might have desired.

We now come to the speeches of the candidates themselves, and MR. WILLIAMS being the favourite, we shall find it unnecessary to allude much to his remarks, which were of the customary common-place kind, and were responded to by the usual sagacious shouts of "So we will," "Brave WILLIAMS," "Give it to Old CHARLEY," "Stick to him," "Do you hear that old chap?" "Sack him altogether," and other similar specimens of the intellectuality and liberality of a large metropolitan constituency. MR. PALMER next came forward with the wise suggestion that as he had done nothing, no fault could be found with him; but he urged his claims by virtue of an alleged "connection with the borough," which might have been just as well urged by any other gentleman happening to occupy a lodging in Lambeth. This candidate, on the strength of a probable first or second floor, was met by what the enlightened electors themselves would have appropriately termed a floorer, in the shape of a flat assertion of "We won't have you." Poor MR. PALMER then ventured to hint his claims as a working man, earning his bread by his profession; but a vigorous shout of "Gammon, MR. PALMER," convinced him at once, that however he might get his bread, the Lambeth voters would supply no butter. The remainder of the candidate's speech elicited a roaring accompaniment of "That won't do," "Oh, hold your tongue," cries of "Stuff," "That'll do," and a variety of very intelligible, but not particularly intelligent comments.

The coming forth of SIR C. NAPIER was the signal for the putting forth of all the powers of the constituency, and as he was the candidate they most wished to defeat, we have a right to take their observations on his speech, as containing the very concentration of all the argumentative force of which the voters could avail themselves. His very appearance was greeted by a sort of preliminary objection to any thing he might have to urge, and an enormous cat-o'-nine-tails was shaken about as an embodiment, no doubt, of at least nine points of the argument to be urged against his election. As soon as the gallant Admiral was permitted to open his mouth, he commenced by addressing to his audience a piece of reasoning quite worthy of their capacity, for he told them that though a sailor ought to represent a sea-port, yet as the Thames washed one side of Lambeth, Lambeth might be regarded as *pro tanto*, a sea-port, and therefore an Admiral was a fit person to be entrusted with its interests.

If we were in the House of Commons, and were allowed to make venerable attempts at effete wit, we should compare this to the old case of Goodwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple, but as our readers are not used to such treatment, we beg leave to withdraw the offensive paragraph. The rest of the speech was interlarded with "Groans," cries of "Go home," and the brandishing of a great cat in the candidate's face, by an agent of the most liberal of the liberal candidates. A slight allusion to financial matters extracted from the crowd the off-hand shout of "Oh! hang the national debt;" and after a few more specimens of the trenchant style of disposing of great questions, the Admiral retired amid a shower of "We don't want you's," "We won't have you's," and a miscellaneous collection of liberal epithets.

We really cannot help feeling rather humiliated at such disgraceful stuff as this forming, as it almost always does, the staple of the report

of any election proceedings, where the suffrages of a large and liberal constituency are solicited. We do not quarrel with the result in a political sense, but the empty, senseless, and almost brutal character of the preliminaries may fairly furnish a handle to the opponents of an extension of the suffrage, while superior men, who would otherwise be proud of representing large constituencies, naturally shrink from such a contemptible ordeal as it seems every one must go through before he can obtain a seat for any numerically important town or borough. In everything but their barbarous violence, the old Covent Garden days of dead dogs and cabbage stalks seem to survive at our metropolitan elections, and the brutal brandishing of cats in the face of one of the candidates, would seem to show that if the scene was prolonged as it used to be, there would be found quite as much ruffianism, and quite as little intelligence, as ever disgraced the mobs, when SIR MURRAY MAXWELL had his eye knocked out, and Orator HENRY HUNT, having been proposed by a chimney-sweep, and seconded by a costermonger, gloried in the existence of "two honest men" in Westminster.

THE WHITEBAIT'S INVITATION TO THE MINISTERS.

"Come away, come away, ye merry men all,"
Sang voices from under old Thames's flood;
And it was the song of the Whitebait small,
As soft and as clear as their native mud:
"Come away LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
A truce to bother and bustle;
Come my lads, take your pleasure,
Give up motion and measure,
Cut contest and struggle and tussle.
"Bring your barren toil to a close at last,
For swiftly the hours of the season fly;
If you wait till another bill you've past,
We are sure that we shall not be fit to fry:
Try no further to budge on;
We're nearly as big as gudgeon;
We are getting irate,
And if longer you wait,
We shall stick in your weasands, in dudgeon.
"In the goblet of punch all memory drown
Of blunder, disaster, defeat, disgrace;
And wash it with us in a bumper down,
Rejoicing to feel you are still in place:
Eat your whitebait in utter
Content, with brown bread and butter;
On which side of your bread
"Tother substance is spread
You're aware—so at least some folks mutter."

SALE OF ENCUMBERED ESTATES.

SINCE we read so much about the Sale of Encumbered Estates, we wonder that a particularly encumbered estate in the centre of London has never been put up to auction. We allude to Leicester Square, which has the strongest claims upon the Commission in question; for we are sure that, in all our miserable experience, which includes Ireland, of course, we have never witnessed an estate that was more painfully encumbered than the one situate in Leicester Square. The encumbrances consist of numerous mounds of deceased dogs and cats, small hills of oyster shells, and large mountains of animal matter. We would recommend the Sanitary Commission to take a stroll, on some sultry afternoon, through that little hotbed of corruption: for really, in these days of Reform, it is like retaining a rotten borough in the very heart of the Metropolis. It is an evil which is most offensive to the common sense—or scents, rather—of the public; and the sooner it is sold, swept, and carted away, the better.

Abolition of Offices.

AMONG the offices recommended for abolition by the Committee on Official Salaries, is that of Lord Privy Seal. This mode of dealing with the Seal, proves that the Committee have been upon the watch for economy. We have not heard whether the Seal will at once surrender the key of office, or whether it is to be simply understood that the die of the Seal is cast as to any future vacancy.

A BAD ARTICLE.—There are two Houses of Commons at present, but the new House is called, *par excellence*, "The House," from the simple fact of every one being "deaf-in-it."

PROVERBIALY TRUE.—*Litera Scripta Manet*. (The written letter remains) all day on Sunday in the Post Office.



GRAND SCRAMBLE OF DIAMONDS PREVIOUS TO THE DEPARTURE OF THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR.

"LADY ROUGELION presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*.

"LADY R. having heard that it is the intention of the dear Nepaulese Ambassador at the last party of the season (ere he leaves for his native mountains, the home of the bulbul and the gazelle) to make a delicious demonstration, begs that *Mr. Punch*, as knowing all things, will favour LADY R. with the earliest notice of the coming event.

"The Nepaulese Ambassador having, it is said, determined on his last night, to strip his cap of state of *all the jewels* that have delighted the beau-monde, in order to throw the precious gems as a scramble to the ladies present, by way of a souvenir—

"*Mr. Punch* will pardon LADY R. for expressing a very natural anxiety to be present on so interesting and *unique* an occasion."

MASTER JOHNNY'S HOLIDAY LETTER.

"*Downing Street Classical and Commercial Academy, August 13th, 1851.*

"MY DEAR GUARDIAN, MR. PUNCH,

"Now the holidays are approaching, I take up my pen to write you an account of the way in which I have been pursuing my studies, and have been going on and conducting myself generally this half year.

"I am very sorry indeed to be compelled to inform you that I have made very little improvement, and I am afraid that you and all my friends will be extremely dissatisfied with my progress.

"In my Algebra I have remained quite stationary, owing to my want of zeal and diligence, which has prevented me from using the application requisite to enable me to understand the Representation of Numbers. Accordingly, I have made no attempt, I am ashamed to say, to solve that problem, which you are so anxious to have settled, of the enlargement of the Suffrage.

"With regard to my Classics, all I have to mention is, that in common with the rest of the Class, I have had much difficulty with my Greek; but we flatter ourselves that we got out of that nicely.

"My Arithmetic has given me some trouble, and would have given me more if I had attended to it much, instead of neglecting it greatly. With the kind assistance of my schoolfellow WOOD, however, I have got over one little sum in subtraction, having taken the duty on bricks from the amount of taxation. I had also the Window-Tax, and the taxes on Paper and News, set me to subtract; but I couldn't do either of these sums; I fear you will say, because I did not try. On the other hand, I have done a very heavy sum in compound addition, which came to £12,000. This was not a regular task; but I cannot say that I did it of my own accord; and, to confess the truth, it was an imposition.

"I have been very frequently punished—although not so often as I know I deserved. I have had several floggings, both in this House and the other; and I hope the correction I have received, will do me good, and cause me to be a better boy, and to mind what is said to me.

"I have not behaved at all well to the new boy that you recommended some time ago, NATHAN. I have neglected to introduce him to the other boys; and when he tried to mix with them of himself, I stopped him, and have put him off for another half year.

"With a deep sense of my remissness, I acknowledge that when a small number of meddlesome Puritanical boys shut up the Post Office on Sunday, I stood by, and did not exert myself to prevent them, as I might have done.

"To make amends for my deficiencies in other respects, I have endeavoured to distinguish myself in Elocution; but as I am aware that you think nothing of mere talking, I shall say no more about that.

"Begging you to accept my duty and respect, and to present the same to my indulgent friend and patron, MR. BULL, and hoping next half year to turn over a new leaf, and behave in a way more deserving your approbation, believe me, my dear guardian,

"Your dutiful Ward, JOHN RUSSELL."

"P.S. My holiday task is a question in Cyphering. 'To adjust the Income Tax according to the Rule of Proportion.' It is very hard, and will keep me in and make my head ache; and I hope you will intercede, and get me excused from doing it."

SHAMEFUL ROBBERY COMMITTED ON MR. WASHINGTON IRVING.

The infringement of a copyright was always characterised as a question of piracy and robbery, but now it is called "a mere matter of BORN-ing."



A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

Lord John. "IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR OUR HOUSE TO LET YOU HAVE THAT LITTLE MATTER NOW. BUT YOU CAN HAVE A BILL PAYABLE NEXT SESSION, IF YOU LIKE."

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

THERE are fashions for the Sea-side just in the same way as there are fashions for the Opera, or for a wedding, or for a morning concert, or for an evening party. These fashions are so broadly marked, that they would produce the greatest consternation if worn anywhere else but at the sea-side. A gentleman in sea-side costume, if seen walking down Fleet Street, would be followed by a ragged regiment of little boys, and saluted by the cads and conductors of every passing omnibus.

These fashions are distinguished by a kind of easy *laissez aller* maritime freedom and elegance. The trousers are ample, and flap about like the sails of a ship. Straps are discarded. The *chaussure* is of a slipper kind, so slippery that not unfrequently a shoe is left behind the owner, imbedded in the sand. The fashionable colour is a buff, a colour which causes the owner to be facetiously hailed by his acquaintance by the name of buffer.

Chapeaux are rarely seen in the *matinée*. A straw hat of a nautical shape and height, is the general ornament for the head. It is set off by a black-band and under-lining, and, in windy weather, is fastened to the right button-hole by a piece of green string.

The ties are also as free and as open as the sea. The throat is à moitié *d-couvert*, after the fashion of *William*, in *Black-eyed Susan*. They are fastened in a loose knot, and the ends are allowed to coquet (*French style*) with the idle breeze.

The shirts are very much after the counting-house ledger style. If not ruled in red lines, they are in blue. The collars are large, and hang down on the side à la poodle.

Waistcoats are not generally worn. The same remark applies to braces; or, if these latter are indulged in, they should be of a highly floral decorative pattern, such as are exhibited for sale in the Burlington Arcade, but of course they must have been worked by the hand of Love.

Coats are cut after the celebrated military shell-jacket pattern; that is to say, without tails. They are like the coats worn by the *garçons* in the French *cafés*, but of course, without the accompanying napkin. We have seen some of a light, grey, Portland stone *couleur*, but they are too much à la mode of the footman in undress livery, and do not look well, excepting on the back of a bold ferocious foreigner.

Walking sticks are vulgar. The prevailing substitute is a 14 telescope, sometimes fancifully slung round the neck by a black ribbon, sometimes playfully dangled in the *main droite*.

No gloves.

The walk must be of that quick, independent, springy step, the peculiar gift of a captain walking his deck. The whole demeanour seasoned with a dash of the salt which is found in the ocean.

The evening dress for the parade or the library is a frock-coat, of a colour not too gay, not too sombre, but a soft medium between the two, like an autumnal twilight. Trousers of a summer complexion, and a well-assorted waistcoat, to keep them in a contented countenance. Hat à la Kensington Gardens; and a pair of polished boots, not too young, not too aged. We have known a pleasing sensation created by the tasteful addition of a pair of yellow kid gloves; but gloves of some sort (excepting always Berlin) must be worn. Light Regent Street cane, with just a few drops of jewellery. General demeanour, gentle and vacant, that of the Hyde Park *flaneur*. A Gibus under the arm, combined with the sleepy *insouciance* of the Opera crush-room, and freshly-curled hair, produces so prodigious an effect, that perhaps it would be wise not to repeat it in the same place more than twice.

FREE DISCUSSION IN FRANCE.

THE other day, during one of the debates in the French assembly, the members had been amusing themselves and abusing each other in the usual form, when the President, after vainly trying to obtain order, expressed his "wish that he had the Tower of London at his disposal," for if he had, "he would freely use it." This little fact is one of a series of every day occurrence, all tending to illustrate the sort of freedom of discussion that prevails in France, where even the members of the Legislature are threatened with a state prison if they don't know how to behave themselves. Everything may be very free just now among our neighbours the French, but it is certainly much more free than welcome to the great majority amongst them.

We are certainly without the boasted liberty of a republic in this country, and we trust we may long continue so, when we find the fruits of republican liberty to consist in laws against the press, restrictions on the expression of opinion in any and every form, amounting to no less than a menace of imprisonment to such members of the Legislature as do not exactly conform to the notions of the President. We presume that under a republic we should be having the Speaker of the House of Commons regretting he had not a Bastille at hand as a safe depository for some of the members, but intimating that Brixton is not far off, and that they had better behave themselves.

OH WHERE, AND OH WHERE, IS THE AGED TORTOISE GONE?

WE have as yet seen no announcement of the appearance in public of the venerable tortoise who, it was expected, was about to make his first appearance these hundred and ninety years in the Gardens of the Zoological Society.

We cannot understand why the *début* of this distinguished animal has been delayed, unless it has been for the purpose of preventing any interference with the "run" of the hippopotamus. We suspect that the friends of the tortoise may have had something to do with the postponement; for the new candidate for public favour would in all probability be voted rather "slow" in a race with the sea-horse for the prize of public favour. Perhaps the tortoise may have not been able to come to terms about a sufficiently permanent engagement to suit its very longevital merit; for when we recollect that it is at present comparatively but "a young thing," though 190 years old, we cannot be surprised at its being anxious to make hay while the sun shines, and to secure in the days of its youth, the means of retreat for an old age that promises to be rather durable.

We have not yet heard whether the day is fixed for the tortoise to come out; but as two attractions can scarcely ever command success at the same time, we should recommend either that the hippopotamus should accept some provincial engagement, or that the tortoise should go through a round of his performances in the country, previous to his *début* before a London audience. We have heard there will be some difficulty in getting the hippopotamus, who is a good deal puffed up with popular applause—to divide the "business" with the new comer, who, on his part refuses flatly to appear as a sort of walking gentleman, while the hippopotamus is doing all the light eccentric comedy of the Regent's Park establishment.

THE FRENCH INVASION.

THE words "French Invasion," used to be a bugbear, or rather a flea in English ears, but we may now fairly say that the Invasion of England by the French, has taken place under circumstances which the most blustering of British bosoms would not rebel against. The invasion may, in fact, be considered to be going on from week to week, though one of the most dreaded instances happened a few days ago, when the coast was invaded by no less than fourteen hundred French, who poured into the Folkestone Railway Station, overrun the whole of the carriages, and placed under contribution to their service the whole resources of the South Eastern Company. On the arrival of the invading party at the London Bridge Terminus, they deluged the platform, inundated the cab stand, overflowed the omnibuses, and pressed into their service everything in the shape of a vehicle that was available. "The porters fled," not "for safety and for succour," but for a fresh supply of cabs, flies, and busses.

The invaders penetrated into the western portion of the city, and taking up their quarters in the vicinity of Leicester Square, soon exhausted all the provisions of the frugally supplied inhabitants. Famine was rapidly setting in, when the timely aid of neighbouring butchers and a friendly understanding with some outlying bakers, supplied the gap that had been caused by the demands of the French incursionists. It must be said to the credit of the invading party, that they honourably paid for everything they took from the inhabitants.

Over Speculation.

THERE is some talk of erecting a building over Waterloo Bridge, but we fear if the proprietors should succeed in covering their bridge, they will never cover their expenses. The projectors talk largely of profit, but the scheme savours strongly of building castles in the air, which the proposed pile will much resemble if it is ever thrown across the river. The object is to furnish a very large room for the sale of fancy articles, and we presume for the payment of fancy or imaginary dividends. We wish success to any scheme the unfortunate proprietors may carry out for the recovery of their lost funds, and we only hope they may find their room more profitable than their company.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

HITHERTO, Members of Parliament have been accustomed to take the oaths and their seats:—the former before the latter. But now that the space allotted to each Member is so tight a fit, being from 16 to 20 inches each Member, you will have hon. gentlemen—if moderately stout—taking their seats first and swearing afterwards.

IT IS THE CAUSE. IT IS THE CAUSE.

MANY persons are continually asking the cause why there is absolutely nothing doing in railways. Our answer is that it is impossible there can be anything doing when everybody has been done.



OUR FRIEND BRIGGS CONTEMPLATES A DAY'S FISHING.

HE IS HERE SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING HIS TACKLE IN ORDER, AND TRYING THE MANAGEMENT OF HIS RUNNING LINE.

DOWN GO THE BRIDGES, OH!

WE begin to feel that epidemics affect not only the animal and vegetable world, but that inanimate objects are liable to diseases of a catching character. The London clocks have had their period of derangement, and it has been a shocking time, or no time at all, with a great many of them; but just now it seems to be the turn of the Metropolitan Bridges to suffer from an incurable malady. Poor old Westminster has been the first to give way, and it is now said that its neighbour Blackfriars is in a feeble and sinking condition. Waterloo, being younger and stronger in constitution, has apparently escaped, and Hungerford, though in a state of much suspense, has not yet been visited; but Blackfriars is said to be in such a state, that it will not be able to keep up without the aid of doctoring. We hope that the disease will be met by professional skill at once, and not by mere quackery, which prescribes a sort of homœopathic treatment in the shape of an infinity of small and extravagant, because ineffectual, repairs, when vigorous measures applied at once would restore strength to the patient at a moderate outlay. Poor Westminster has been so patched and plastered, and has had so many operations performed, that it is now scarcely able to hold together; and there has been such a general break up, that people are beginning to think it had better be left in peace for the remainder of its days, until it sinks exhausted into the bed that old Father Thames always keeps at its disposal.

Parliamentary Agitation.

LEGISLATION has often been impeded by the unseemly heat of debate, and the consequent loss of temper of the different and indifferent Members of Parliament. We regret to say that things are not likely to be mended when the sittings are regularly held in the new palace at Westminster; for as the Lower Assembly is only calculated to hold something over four hundred persons, while the number of members exceeds five hundred, we have reluctantly brought ourselves to the melancholy conclusion that the House of Commons will never be able to contain itself.

THE CAMBRIDGE MONUMENT.

SURELY we have voted a most magnificent monument to the glory of the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. Do we not give his son (whose latent pomp has already broken out into an eruption of equerries and chaplains) the trifling amount of £12,000 per annum? A pretty golden monument! Say that the present gorgeous young Duke shall live fifty years to bless the Exchequer. Fifty times twelve thousand pounds.

12,000
50
£600,000

Imagine six hundred thousand piled sovereigns; and say, is it not a most portentous pile of gold—a column of monumental significance, when it is considered to whom it is raised, and from whose pockets it is obtained? To be sure this is not a voluntary tribute. This is a monument erected by the House of Commons—and *not* by the people. They are only compelled to find the material that shall make it.

The late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is, however, to have another monument, raised by voluntary means. So be it. LORD GROSVENOR moves a resolution, which avows of the late Duke that "his *whole life and fortune* were devoted to the protection and affectionate cure of the sick and afflicted." Is it really so? A whole life and fortune? This is a deep, a touching claim upon the gratitude of mankind. Why was not the Noble Lord armed with something like a balance-sheet in pleasing corroboration of his large avowal? As another meeting is to be held, we may yet hope to hear of such a document. Any way, we would suggest a cheap and ready mode of doing monumental honour to the memory of CAMBRIDGE. It is simply this. Let his statue take the post at present held by his brother YORK in Waterloo Place. It would be a fine double touch of justice to remove from the pillar the bronze of a Duke who never paid his debts, in order to place in his stead the statue of his brother Duke, who upon the sick and suffering lavished, says LORD GROSVENOR, "his whole life and fortune!"

We may yet read in some future *Gazette*—"Promoted, the Statue of his late Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to the top of the pillar, Waterloo Place; *vice* the Statue of the late DUKE OF YORK, gone to the melting-pot."

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE SCIENCE OF THINGS FAMILIAR.

THE REV. DR. BREWER—who evidently does nothing by half-and-half—has lately published a very useful little work, asking in a familiar way some thousands of very familiar questions, and answering them in a very pleasant, though rather roundabout manner. Among other things he asks, "Why do you black-lead a flue?" and though we should have thought it was in order to give the flue a polish, DR. BREWER tells us we do so "in order that the heat of the flue may be more readily diffused about the room; because black lead radiates heat more freely than any other substance." We are then asked, "Why does a saucepan that has been used, boil in a shorter time than a new one?" Our answer would have been, "Because the old un's used to it;" but the doctor tells us in much finer phraseology, though perhaps coming to the same thing, that it is "because the bottom and back are covered with soot, and the black soot rapidly absorbs the heat of the glowing coals." It is as well to know this, no doubt; and it is at all events consoling to those who have got an old saucepan, and can't afford a new one, to be assured by a man of science that they are better off than the possessor of a more expensive article. There are a few of the Doctor's Why's, which we should look at as rather otherwise, and there are many propositions he seems to take for granted, upon which we should be compelled to join the dissenting party. For instance, he asks, "Why do we feel a desire for activity in cold weather," and he then explains the alleged fact by saying something about "fanning combustion in the blood," when the truth is, we feel no desire for activity, but rather a desire to sit cosily over the fire in cold weather; and as to fanning our blood, we emphatically declare we might be blown if we should like it.

There are a few questions on things familiar, which we have been in the habit of answering for ourselves in a style with which the worthy Doctor would not at all sympathise. We, however, take leave to add a few specimens, which will show that if our guide to the scientific knowledge of things familiar is not always strictly correct in a philosophical point of view, it is never disagreeable.

Q. Why does lightning turn milk and beer sour?

A. Because the electric fluid does not know how to conduct itself, or, perhaps, because on the principle of two of a trade never agreeing, the electric fluid and the milky or beery fluid cannot come into contact without the two latter getting soured by the former.

Q. Why is mortar adhesive?

A. Because it is of a confiding nature, and imagining that every object is a brick, it will attach itself to anything.

Q. Why ought potatoes to be boiled in their skins?

A. Because no potato can be said to be properly dressed unless it appears in a jacket.

Q. Why does a kettle sing?

A. For the same reason that a ploughboy whistles—for want of thought.

Q. Why does a cat run after a mouse?

A. Because the mouse runs away from the cat.

Q. Why is it necessary to cut the grass?

A. Because the grass, though composed of nothing but blades, has not one sharp enough to cut away itself, and prevent the necessity of the scythe being applied to it.

We might go on multiplying these questions on any fine day, ad in-fine-night-um, but we have no doubt the reader may suggest them for himself, and exert his scientific powers in finding the best solution he can of such difficulties, as his own inventive faculties may present to him. We all delight in home-made articles, and we, therefore, leave the reader to enjoy the cracking of a few nuts of his own growing.

CAN ANYTHING BE MORE INTOLERABLE?

AN American author (DR. HOWARD) tells us most seriously in his book, which rejoices in being *Revelations of Egyptian Mysteries*, that earthquakes in cities are owing to the exertions made by the overloaded earth to get rid of the "intolerable weight of buildings." We doubt this Yankee theory very much, because, if it were true, Trafalgar Square would be in a constant state of earthquakism. More than this, not a night would pass during the Session, without an earthquake bringing forward a motion for an adjournment, which would have the effect of making the House instantly break up; and we must say, considering the Sunday Postage question, the Jewish Oath discussion, the Cambridge Pension, and other jobs, combined with the little business done this year, that no building with the tremendous weight which we all know exists in the House of Commons, has lately proved itself more "intolerable," and consequently more deserving of the honour of an earthquake. We almost regret that DR. HOWARD's theory is not based upon better grounds, but perhaps the English people may take the earthquake into its own hands, and, by a strong "pressure from without," send this most intolerable building to the right about.

THE EXPERIMENTAL HOUSE.



that the people may see how they like it. It was "only an experiment"—and, though the experiment has not answered, LORD JOHN does not trouble himself very particularly to have it rescinded. We are tired of this experimentalising.

ERTAINLY the House of Commons is always making experiments. One day it is assembled to try whether a building, only constructed to hold three hundred members, can be made, like an omnibus, to hold twice the number it is constructed for. Soon after, another meeting is announced for the trial of a new roof, and so the roof keeps going up and down, like MR. GREEN's balloon, till at last the House will be reduced to such a strait that we doubt if it will have a roof to put over its head. The legislation is mostly of the same nature,—it is all experiments—and not good experiments either. Marlborough House is voted to a young prince, who is not even a hobbedehoy yet, upon the chance of his wanting it nine years hence. The Sunday Postage question is passed, in order

GETTING THE WRONG ANIMAL BY THE EAR.

In the subjoined epistle, we suspect that our letter-trap has caught a communication intended for a sporting contemporary:—

"SER,

"6 bob 2 joes is too hi a Tutch for me i Therefoare rite to ax Your advice on a pint of lor witch a Reglar subscriber to yure Gurnel ope you wil Aford tis of a case as I red about in a plect rippot won day lass weak of one THOS. CHANNING bein pulled up afore the Beke by the Siaty for Perwenshen o' crulety To hannimals. THOS. CHANNING wur won o' the Licins'd shepderds in the victorier park and As sitch vos a gittin of some ship into a shloterus wereby as he druv each jimmy in he took and snick'd a bit off is ear for to mark im wereby the Secretairy to the Cruelty Coves as im Hup at washup street and MISTR. HAMMILZ gives im £3 & costis or 3 Weeks.

"the Paper sed CHANNING was quite took abak at bein Acused of crulety for sitch a thing as snickn a Sheap's Ear and didn't make no Seacret of arvin did it he only done he sed as the Bucher told im and he wos a Custom'd to it hall is Life and ad No ideer but wot it wos all rite wen lo and beold you he found his Self in for thre pound or 3 weeks!!

"ser the kivistshun i Beg to ax yer is as follers. i am in the Canine line as peraps you Nose and as fine a studd both toy and sportin i've gott as yude Wish to sea. Ow about cropin a dogg's ears if doin of it to a ship is agin the lor? Is a cove obleg'd to let his Dogg be spiled for Fitin as well as in Buty and Gro up a Muf and fit for Nothink for want of Cropin is Eers wen a Pupy or if so be he Cropps 'em dooin wot he likes with is own his he to be ad up for crulety and Fin'd or Kivodded? an answer wil obleeg your umbal servint

"nu Rode Orgust 9 1850

JIM GREAVES

"P.S. A prime badjer kepp and Ratts allys on And to try Doggs."

* * MR. GREAVES will perhaps be amazed to hear that the law, so far from regarding the end proposed in cropping a dog's ears, namely, "Fitin," as justifying the means, considers it decidedly in the light of an "aggravation"—as he would say—of the offence.

"Make your Game, Princes."

WHEN, in these days, a cousin DUKE of CAMBRIDGE appoints to his own service four red-coated equeuries, and three black-coated clergymen, it may be called, on the part of his Royal Highness, rather a bold game of *Rouge-et-Noir*.

COOK'S DISCOVERIES.

A PROCESS has lately been invented and carried into operation for cooking by gas. This may indeed be called the triumph of gas-tronomy.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—AND HOW THEY WENT TO A BALL.

(PART I.)



BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, HAVING RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO A BALL, AND NOT BEING "UP" IN THE POLKA, TAKE A FEW LESSONS FROM A PROFESSOR.



WISHING TO LOOK KILLING ON THE OCCASION, THEY GET THEIR HAIR DRESSED.



SENSATION AMONG THE PUBLIC ON THEIR ARRIVAL.



THE "LIBRARY" AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF THE BALL.



"MR. ROBINSON!"



MR. ROBINSON MAKES HIMSELF AGREEABLE TO THE LADIES.



UNFORTUNATE EVENT! BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON ARE ALL STRUCK WITH THE YOUNG LADY.

GLASS HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH to JOSEPH PAXTON, Esq.

DEAR MR. PAXTON,

You can, at a word, relieve the country from all further suspense in the important matter of lodging the collective wisdom of England, known by a flattering, legendary fiction, to mean the members of both Houses of Parliament. It is now clear that MR. BARRY will never finish *his* structure. Two millions of money are already doomed to stone, bricks, and mortar; two millions upon an uncertain, unsatisfactory pile. And as it is now high tragic time that we should really think of housing Lords and Commons, quickly, cheaply, and commodiously—we ask of you, at once and forthwith, to erect for them—two Glass Houses of Parliament.

Sir, you can do it in a morning. You have only to don your working coat; to clap on your considering cap—that pretty, tasteful thing, bent from a leaf of the *Victoria Regia*, and the matter is done. *There*; drawn, made manifest, plain to even the lowest capacity of even the Houses of Lords or Commons, is a perfect plan of the structure; a crystal senate-house, fit council-place for human senatorial chrysolites. While we write, the guns proclaim the progress of HER MAJESTY, on her way to prorogue the Parliament. Say the word, MR. PAXTON, shall the QUEEN, next February, open the new Houses of Glass? All we want is your promise. For, as the princely DEVONSHIRE bears honourable and honouring testimony—"MR. PAXTON has never attempted anything, which he has not succeeded in fully carrying out." Sir, with your promise given, MR. BARRY may be required to adapt his structure to the future wants of the PRINCE OF WALES. This will give the architect another nine years to accomplish his work; with due allowance of time to accommodate the structure to the domestic convenience of His Royal Highness. Any number of stables may be added; and as for Marlborough House, let it remain the Vernon Picture Gallery, even as it is.

The more we consider the plan, the more we are convinced of its various conditions of facility, utility, and economy. With the Glass Houses of Parliament determined upon, it is clear MR. BARRY can ask for no more money. As it is, he proposes to himself (we know this by our so potent art) to come down to Parliament for a grant of some £20,000 more to be laid out in musk and attar of roses. MR. BARRY has read in the oriental book of the sage EBLIA EFFENDI (he is quoted by SOUTHEY), that "in Kara Amed, the capital of Diarbekr, there is a mosque called Iparie, built by a merchant, and so called because the builders mixed with the chalk seventy *Juk* of musk, so as always to perfume the building." Moreover, "the mortar of the Mihrab mosque, having been mixed with musk, exhales the sweetest perfume." Now, it being notorious that the New Houses of Parliament, in so far as finished, reek horribly of that dreadful odour, the odour of *job*; an odour that exhales from nearly all our public buildings—MR. BARRY may feel the further outlay of £20,000 to be invested in perfumes for the mortar still to be trowelled, as absolutely necessary to render the Houses sweet and decent; to make them, as Parliament Houses, even habitable. Now, there is not an atom, a touch, a taint of *job* to be nosed in the grant of a house to the PRINCE OF WALES—an anticipated grant of nine years forward. But to our Parliament Houses of Glass.

We all know the hubbub that you, MR. PAXTON, have so magically hushed. Our Park was to be desecrated—torn from us. The turf—every root of grass intertwined with the very strings of the high-beating cockney heart—was to be destroyed for ever and for ever. The number of bricks had been calculated—the tons of mortar—even the million tinklings of the future trowels had been nicely numbered—in a word, the Great Lung of London was to be choked with a hideous, huge, mountainous heap of burnt clay—and men, so great was their madness, looked wildly forward to Chancery for a remedy.

And then—JOSEPH PAXTON came! With all the quietude of an assured power, with the serenity of practical genius, PAXTON unrolled his plan before the Commission. There should be no brick—no mortar. As for the projected dome, let the abomination pass away, the fading fragment of an architectural nightmare. No: the structure that should cover the samples of the world's industry should have the lightness of crystal, with the abiding strength of iron. And, as the projector told over his plan, the Commission, with much-relieved heads and sparkling eyes—beheld a fairy Palace of Glass, the whole structure fitted, with the fitness of geometry upon paper, and calculated with the minute conviction of arithmetic. And the Prince clapt his hands and said—"PAXTON, go forth into Hyde Park; take glass and iron, and—beauty wedding strength—produce the Industrial Hall of Nations!"

And is there an ardent Londoner who—contemptuous of his late dread of brick-and-mortar innovation, of builder's nuisance—looks not to the coming spring for something brilliant and beautiful? Something that, towering and glittering in Hyde Park, shall look like a huge glass globe blown by the concentrated breath of the hundred-headed

BRIAREUS, every mouth blowing for the like purpose, and with the same accord?

This done—for we consider it accomplished—we entreat you, MR. PAXTON, forthwith to send in your plan for Glass Houses of Parliament. Consider the fitness, the significance, of the material—glass. If interesting and beautiful to watch bees at work in a glass hive, how much more delightful and instructive to see M. P.'s at work in a glass-house! Honey-bee and M. P.! How aptly, too, they assimilate in their labours and their objects. How like, too, virgin honey, and virgin Bills and Acts! How alike composed of the essences of remote things, sweet, and foodful, and enduring! And, as the cell of the honey-comb is a triumph of the limits of space, no such space containing so much with so little lost, so is an Act of Parliament, a constant wonder of intellectual condensation; no such amount of brain, and nothing else, being discoverable upon the same superficial inches of papyrus.

Glass Houses of Parliament! Do not all of us—all the represented—see all our members hard at work?—whilst it cannot be objected to permit the unrepresented, the unfortunate creatures without members, to look on too. How delightful to watch the senatorial hive! To mark DISRAELI, entering with his gathered honey.

"Behold each wing! A tiny van,
The structure of its laden thigh;
How fragile! yet of ancestry,
Mysteriously remote and high!"

To see all his collected wisdom end in a deep cell! How fine to mark PALMERSTON, with foreign wax, gathered from Hymettus! And even should his Lordship be impeached, as he may yet be, for throwing open the Thames to a Russian fleet, beautiful, under a glass hive, to mark the ceremony that shall doom his head; and haply, in the devotion of his adherents, to behold the renewed incident of Xenophon—"and when the head was suspended, and became hollow, a swarm of bees (all members of the Reform Club) entered it, and filled it—with honey-combs."

And as a crowning spectacle for the Out of Parliament world, how delightful to see the Queen Bee Victoria enter the Glass House of Parliament, and for a season send away—as she is now doing while we write—all the bees (and drones) to English stubble and Highland heather.

MR. PAXTON,—you *must* achieve the Glass Houses of Parliament. Here and there, as you please, you can insert a pane of magnifying power, to make any favourite minister look a greater man than he is; you may further have all the arms of the reigns blown in the glass, of course blowing *out* the arms of OLIVER CROMWELL—indeed, we are so confident in your genius that you may do what you please, if you will only promise to build.

Glass Houses of Parliament will, with a triple diadem of crystal, crown your reputation. Namely:—

Your Glass Garden of Eden at Chatsworth; where flourish palms without rattle-snakes; and sugar-canes with no yellow fever.

Your Glass Palace for the industrial congress of all nations; where all the world will come to school (leaving their swords and bayonets at the door), and all the world learn of one another.

Your Glass Houses of Parliament (that *must* be) in which statutes shall be made with so much light in them that, like glow-worms, they will be at once known and studied by their own radiance.

Pray do this, dear MR. PAXTON, and accept the assurance of my highest consideration.

PUNCH,

JOSEPH PAXTON, Esq.

August 15, 1850.

THE SEA-SIDE LODGING-HOUSE MARKET.



OOD front parlours, with a view of the sea from the garret windows, are brisk at thirty shillings a-week, and a "bed out" is considered a capital turn-up at half-a-crown a-night. Boots on the same footing, viz., 2d. per pair. Plate is still quoted as an extra, though it has given rise to as many disputes as the river of the same name, —for the tenants and the lodging-house keepers have a great difficulty in agreeing as to the real boundary of the Plate. The latter have a notion that the greatest extent it ought to run to is half-a-dozen tea-spoons and a couple of forks; whereas the former demand very properly an extension, and threaten to leave if the lodging-house keepers attempt to show them any of their Britannia metal. Linen is still used in spreading out the bill, though many persons object to the dearness of the spread, and cry out against a dinner in which the plate and linen cost them almost as much as the dinner itself. Drawing-rooms range from three to five guineas a-week, but the price rises with a balcony that faces the "briny ocean."

There is a demand for small houses, though the demand ~~ceases~~

instantly the price wanted is known. Mutton is tenpence a pound, but as one half is always lost in the cooking—for the sea air always has that effect upon meat—it may rather be said to be twenty-pence. Beef is exceedingly dear, for, owing to the heat of the weather, it is found impossible to keep it longer than one day. Fowls are comparatively cheap at four shillings a pair, but it is not considered advisable to buy too many, unless the lady of the house goes herself to market, for the breed of marine fowls are generally discovered, when brought to table, to have but one leg. Mustard, sixpence a day. Fruit, very small, and very dear. A pound of plums goes no way towards making a tart—for so much is wasted in the cooking, that when the crust is opened there is found to be nothing inside but a tea-cup full of juice.

SCIENCE HEAD OVER HEELS.

A NEWSPAPER report tells us that an enthusiast attending the meeting of the British Association, desirous of testing the merits of a newly invented article, called a "Safety Stocking," plunged headlong from the Newhaven Pier, relying only upon the virtue of the stockings in question. His life was thus allowed to hang—not perhaps on a single thread—but on a small quantity of cotton. We do not see how safety stockings can be of any use in water, unless to an enthusiastic *savant*, to whom it may be immaterial whether he is standing upon his head or his heels—and it is pretty clear that, with a pair of hose not calculated to sink, the heels of the wearer, when in the water, must have been uppermost.

It is to be regretted that there was no *Pons Asinorum* at Newhaven from which the leap could have been made, for this was all that could have been required to complete the character of the experiment.

A GOOD TURN FOR TOURISTS.



ALWAYS in starting for a tour there is something to be done besides packing one's luggage; you must not only make up your portmanteau, or your carpet-bag, as the case—we mean the packing-case—may be, but you must make up your mind where to take it to. The pleasure-seeker is now torn by so many various attractions, that the difficulty of deciding between them all is almost insurmountable. He has made up his mind to go humbly to Herne Bay, or modestly to Margate, when he suddenly finds a set of boardmen performing a sort of *pas de fascination* before him, and brandishing before his eyes huge placards, inviting him to make one of several hundreds in an "Excursion to Paris and back, for Thirty Shillings." He has just allowed him-

self to be allured by this promise of Continental travel at a startlingly low figure, when a sort of demon of discord comes forward, in the shape of an emissary of a rival line, unfurling before the distended eyeball of the puzzled holiday-seeker a gigantic poster, bidding him "trip it merrily" to "Southampton and back, for three shillings." Turning away bewildered from the sight, he is about to weigh the merits of the two tours presented to his notice, when there comes upon him like a thunder-clap with a terrific bang—"Bangor and back, for a Guinea." He is about to rush, in the enthusiasm of the moment, across the road for a prospectus, when his way is suddenly impeded by a monster van, suggestive of a trip to the Rhine, in the course of which almost everything is to be seen for almost nothing, and all kinds of advantages, including little less than a personal introduction to all the sovereigns of all the States the excursionists pass through, are to be had at the very lowest figure.

If relief from so much perplexity is sought in a consultation of the columns of the newspapers, the would-be tourist is immediately whirled

about from Homburg to Hamburg, from Broadstairs to Baden-Baden, from Ramsgate to the Rhine, from Heidelberg to Herne Bay, and he rises from the perusal of the advertisements with his head in the state of a map that has been cut to pieces, and had all its parts shaken together in a cab-horse's nose-bag. "Oh, where? and oh, where?" is the universal cry of every one who has a few days to spare for going somewhere or other, but who get the old incoherent or rather echo-herent answer, "Where," which is the established circular sent by way of reply to all enquiries that are not easily responded to.

We have, however, hit upon a plan which we think will save a great deal of trouble to many a vacillating holiday-maker, who may in future select his trip by shutting his eyes and pricking with a pin the circle of which a plan is attached to this article. To many it matters literally not



a pin where they go, and it is quite proper, therefore, that, where there is scarcely a pin to choose, the choice should be left to the pin in the mode we have suggested. Of course, if the place indicated should be further off than the tourist can afford to go, he will feel his conscience prick as well as the pin, and he will thus be deterred from what would be otherwise an act of culpable extravagance. At the railway termini, from which a variety of places may be reached, it might be as well to keep a board with a kind of needle or arrow appended to it, which the passengers might be invited to twirl for the purpose of fixing their destination. The scheme has been found to answer with ginger-bread nuts, and why should it not be equally popular when applied to railway travelling?

Wanted a Professor.

AN undergraduate at one of the universities—we won't say which, for we only make caps, but do not undertake to fit them on—has written to request our aid in finding for him the "Professor of Law," whose services our correspondent much desires, being naturally anxious to "learn something for his money." We know no better method than our would-be studious correspondent can adopt for attaining his object, than by inserting in the papers an advertisement, expressing a hope that the Law Professor will soon return to his disconsolate pupils, and intimating that all will be forgiven, as all has been already forgotten, by those who happened to know anything.

Policemen in the East.

It seems to be the destiny of the Police force to keep perpetually "Moving on." They are themselves the pioneers in obeying the directions they are always giving to others. Recent advices inform us of Policemen having been established at Constantinople, where the British Bull's-eye will henceforth throw a light on the mysteries of crime, and the British truncheon smash the turban of Turkish turbulence. The "drunk and incapable" mufti will now find himself compelled to "move on," and the hard, uncomfortable stretcher will be the fate of the luxurious Ottoman who has been living, "not wisely, but too well."

THE TOURNAMENTS OF SMITHFIELD.

A. D. 1360.



HE monks look sour and sulky in the cells of good RAHERE :
Is 't that yesterday they fasted, on lentils and small beer?
Is 't that the father cellarer's last malting hath gone wrong?—
That so yellow are their phizogs, and so glum their matin song?

Sound is the beer, their usual cheer the beechen trenchers hold;

They haven't been and fasted more strictly than of old;
The salt ling isn't harder than most salt ling you'll see;
The eggs have been as fresh as London eggs can hope to be;

A roaring trade in masses St. Bartholomew's has driven;
The buxom City madams have, as usual, sinned and shriven;
Where the image of St. Alphage's winked three times, theirs winked four—
Then what is it, ye worthy monks, your pious souls doth bore?

'Tis that, all through yesternight, they could neither sleep nor pray,
For the noise in neighbouring Smithfield of the hammers' busy play;
All night perpetual pot-boys were serving out strong beer;
There was swearing, and much language which monks ought not to hear.

Against the dawn they've fenced the lawn with palisades tall;
By the east gate the Royal state, of purple and of pall;
And the challengers' pavilions, with streamers blazoned gay—
KING EDWARD holdeth tourney for ALICE PIERS to-day.

Gay squires to breathe great horses are pricking all about;
And armourers from Aldgate and Chepe are hurrying out;
And heralds in their tabards points of blazon are discussing;
And early burghers shaking hands, and burghers' wives a-bussing.

Holiday troops are flocking in, through the squares of garden-ground,
From the City, and from Westminster, and the villages around;
From the May-flowered lanes of Islington, the fields of fair St. Giles,
They group about the greensward, and gossip at the stiles,

And cluster round the measured lists, as thick as bees in swarm,
And hear well pleased the armourers' clink as the good knights they arm;
And note the lords that stately ride, retainers at their back:
With bent bows and bright badges, in morion and jack.

A rain-bow sea of satin-hoods, a foam of snowy necks;
Smiles and sheep's-eyes, and greetings, and laughs, and nods, and becks;
Gay gallants, steady citizens, with pouch and sober gown;
And guards employed in pulling small boys from barriers down.

A shattering blast of trumpets—a murmur and a rush—
And then a sudden holding of the breath in solemn hush,
And then a burst of welcome that makes the welkin ring,
To the cry of twenty thousand English throats, "God save the King!"

Sixty esquires of honour first on barded horses riding;
Then sixty ladies daintily their milk-white palfreys guiding;
Each leading by a silver chain an armed and helméd knight,
And a noise of many minstrels, and heralds tabard-dight;

Then, under state of cramoisy, doth stout KING EDWARD ride,
Fair ALICE PIERS, the lady of the Tourney, at his side;
Bold-faced and bluff his greeting to the crowd that shout acclaim,
And sweet, though somewhat sad withal, the smiling of his dame.

They seat them in the Royal seat, and the challenge it sounds forth,
From the four trumpets, to the east, and west, and south, and north;
The Knights-adventurers ride in,—each strikes the opponent's shield;
The tilt's begun—a course is run—a knight rolls on the field.

The gazers shout—the trumps ring out—another, and another;
The lances fly, the dust rides high, the lists are in a smother;
The summer day they joust away, and the poor monks at prayers
Scarce keep their thoughts from wandering, their eyes from sinful stares;

Until the dewy night comes down upon the trampled plain,
When with torch and flaming cresset rides back the Royal train;
And the chroniclers may nib their pens to tell to after years
How in Smithfield bluff KING EDWARD held a joust for ALICE PIERS.

A. D. 1850.

NOBODY has had any sleep the length of Goswell Road;
All are awake in John Street, though no early cock hath crowed;
Through the broad street of Farringdon the burghers are alert;
Upon Snow Hill no shopkeeper but is pallid as his shirt.

To-night it is a Sunday night, but the sounds that strike the ear
Are anything but proper sounds for Sunday night, I fear;
Not thy old note, fair Priory, of Aves and of Paters,
But the noise of brutes in hooves and horns, and brutes in leathern gaiters.

Smithfield hath still her tournaments whereof to tell in rhyme;
But now-a-days, men are not fierce as in the elder time;
And gentler manners we can boast, since the rude age is gone
When knights could skewer each other, and ladies could look on.

Our gallant knights are pricking still—but it is oxen's flanks;
The lusty squires they still bear staves—to welt the kyloes' shanks;
One drover 'gainst a hundred calves they battle on the plain;
With fearless breast and goad in rest the sheep they charge again.

The stalwart knacker's man moves on, his grim face set in frown;
Pole axe in fist that, with a twist, can fetch a "wet 'un" down:
In azure vest, with shiny crest, the carcass-butcher's there,
His apron red with gore new shed, his chopper bright and bare.

Now range ye, knights-adventurers—the challengers are nigh—
The droves of panting oxen, foot-sore and red of eye;
With angry low, half-blind they go—now, gallants, who demurs
To show a squeamish world how Smithfield drovers win their spurs?

Dig in their flanks, smash at their shanks, hit hard upon their horns—
Show how the cry of "Cruelty" the Smithfield gallant scorns—
With lusty knocks teach each dull ox the road, and if he fail
While on the stones make ye no bones to twist his stubborn tail.

A pleasant sight for Sunday night is this—a glorious thing;
See them coerce, with goad and curse, the oxen in a ring;
With battering blows upon the nose, and hands that push behind
And tongues that swear, and links that glare, and throttling ropes that bind.

Stout and serene upon the scene the aldermen look down;
The manly game with pleased acclaim and mild applause they crown;
And talk with sneers of by-gone years, around their City feasts,
When men tilted at each other, and not at hornéd beasts!

A TURKISH BISHOP.

UNDER the head of "Oxford Intelligence," it was stated the other day, in the *Times*, that—

"The BISHOP OF EXETER, it is said, is taking steps to bring MR. GORHAM before the Archbishops' Court, for heresy, as held and taught in his book."

Really, the right reverend prelate might be content with the high ground which he has taken in order to pull down MR. GORHAM, without straining to reach him by taking steps to boot. Should he prosecute that gentleman for publishing an heretical work, he will give occasion to the saying, that since he had failed in the endeavour to bring MR. GORHAM to book, he had resolved to bring the book to MR. GORHAM. This remark, of course, will be made in comparative allusion to the story of MAHOMET and the mountain; and people will add, that they did not know that HENRY EXETER was such a Turk before.

A Novelty in Travelling.

THE Edinburgh newspapers contain advertisements of "Cheap Excursions to London, and back again." We do not think the latter part of the advertisement will be any great temptation to Scotchmen to join the excursion, however cheap. Now if the advertisement had said "Cheap Excursions to London, and not to come back again," it would have been much more to the tastes and habits of travelling Scotchmen; and we doubt if the Railway company would have been able to provide sufficient carriages for the extraordinary number of applicants.

PUNCH'S LABOUR LOST.

WE have been requested by a Cantab, who is discontented with the carriages on the Eastern Counties Railway, to "smash" the said carriages forthwith. We should be sorry to interfere with an occupation which used to be understood was always left to the servants of the company.

THE EFFECTS OF FREE TRADE.—Pauperism is diminishing; the hungry are fed, the naked clad, and—the Whigs have a SURPLUS.

"LETTERED EASE."—The Catalogue of the British Museum.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—AND HOW THEY WENT TO A BALL. (PART II.)



THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS MR. JONES AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE WAS UNDECIDED AS TO WHICH OF THAT ROW HE WOULD ASK TO DANCE.



ROBINSON IS HERE SEEN NOT ONLY AMUSING HIMSELF, BUT CAUSING AMUSEMENT TO OTHERS.



"MISS SMITH—MR. BROWN."



ROBINSON BEHOLDS BROWN POLKING, AND OH! HOW HE WISHES HE HAD THE COURAGE TO DO IT.



BROWN SITS WITH HER UPON THE STAIRS, BECAUSE "THE COOLNESS THERE IS SO DELICIOUS."



FRANTIC BEHAVIOUR OF ROBINSON, THIRSTING FOR ICE, AFTER EIGHT QUADRILLES.



THE PARTNER OF JONES'S AFFECTIONS BEING CARRIED OFF BY A HEAVY DRAGOON, HE (JONES) HATES THE WORLD FROM THAT MOMENT.



WE NEXT SEE HIM AT SUPPER.



WHAT THE HEAVY DRAGOON DID TO JONES IN HIS WRATH; JONES, GROWN RECKLESS WITH HATRED, JEALOUSY, AND CHAMPAGNE, HAVING INTIMATED THAT HE WAS A "PERSON."



LORD JOHN SHUTTING UP SHOP.

HEY! FOR SCOTLAND'S LAW.



ONSCIENTIOUSLY we always used to look upon the law of England as the very acme of the unintelligible, and we were accustomed to think that mystification could no further go, when it had taken the shape of a decree in Equity. Our attention has, however, been called to a recent Scotch judgment—or interlocation, as it is termed—pronounced by one of the

learned Judges who preside in the superior Courts at Edinburgh. It sets out with the following intricate labyrinth of words, from which, after scratching ourselves nearly to pieces among the brambles of obscurity, we emerge in as blessed a state of ignorance as we were in when we made our first rush into the maze, which we now invite the venturesome reader to dash at.

"The Lord Ordinary having heard parties' procurators on the conjoined processes of suspension and interdict, and declarator, and thereafter made avizandum, and considered the closed record productions and proceedings."

We here leave off for a moment to allow the taking of breath; and we beg leave to ask in the joint names of LINDLEY MURRAY, DOCTOR JOHNSON, poor old DILWORTH, the two MAYORS, father and son, MRS. BARBAULD—her of the hymns, we mean—and MRS. TRIMMER, what it all means. As a "process of suspension" is spoken of, we presume of course that the judgment relates to a hanging matter; but farther than this, we are not prepared to go. The "interlocation" then proceeds thus:—

"In the suspension and interdict repels the reasons of suspension (the culprit, it seems, is not to be hanged) and discerns; and in the declarator sustains the defences, assolis the defender from the whole conclusions of the libel, and discerns."

Here we must pause again, lest against the extreme hardness of the words, we "dash out our desperate brains." What does the learned judge mean by "assolisying a defender?" Is it a genteel way of saying, "gets him out of the soil," or "picks him out of the mire," or "helps him when stuck in the mud?" We will not "pause for a reply," because we might just as well keep our pause off; but we proceed to what the Lord Ordinary, in his great discernment, says that he "discerns." Well then, he

"Finds the suspenders and pursuers liable to expenses [What! both sides pay in Scotland, do they?] of the conjoined action, allowing an account thereof to be given in and remits the same [Oh, ho! Then the judge himself pays the costs, does he? Oh yes, certainly, for he 'remits the same'] to the auditor to tax and report."

We have a great mind to have this Scotch judgment hung up in the window of our office in Fleet Street, like the patent lock in BRAMAH'S window, with an intimation that whoever can produce a key to it shall receive a reward of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS—of Wall's End coals. We have seen in our day a large assortment of Chancery decisions, which would have justified any non-professional parties in resorting to a half-crown or a halfpenny to toss up, for the purpose of determining which side had gained the advantage, but this Scotch "interlocation" makes our English equity a simple sort of matter, in comparison to the intricacies in which we have found ourselves entangled just now. We can only exclaim, "Well, we never, LORD BROUGHAM, did you ever?" We are sure LORD BROUGHAM will admit that "No, he never," and we hope his Lordship never may have to sit upon such a case in the way of appeal.

The Sunday Post Delivery.

A PEAN.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
The Sabbatarian crew,
Our letters that stopp'd,
At last have been whopp'd;
For which thank—you know who!

TOO HORRIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE!—If a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it then be for a lady who stammers or stutters!

A MONUMENT TO LORD ASHLEY.

YESTERDAY will long be remembered in the annals of the *libro d'oro* of the Beadle of Exeter Hall. There never has been such a meeting in the memory of the oldest Sabbatarian; and it was confidently prophesied that Time may stand upon tiptoe to watch the advent of such another and never behold it.

It is the peculiar felicity of a grand idea to beget a number of smaller notions, bearing some resemblance to the original thought. Alike, but very different. Thus, it was no sooner determined to erect a monument to the benevolent genius of a great statesman: of a man who, whilst he patronised the cheap loaf, did not loftily eschew the patronage of art and letters,—than a monument was determined for his late Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; a monument, as it now appears, put off until next season, in consideration of the calls upon Parliament, by grouse and the German spas. In the meantime, the architects of England have, until February next, to mature their designs for a monument to departed royalty, whose peculiar goodness it was—boldly avouched LORD GROSVENOR—to have subscribed every minute of time, and every farthing of money, towards the necessities of human nature. To eternise such a fame (when duly proved, as no doubt it will be when the shooting season ends), will tax to the highest the creative genius of England's sculptural worthies. In a while, and progressing at the rate we have travelled for the past month, monuments will start into stony existence, rapidly as mushrooms.

LORD ASHLEY is to have a monument; and his Lordship deserves one. It was this deep conviction of his merits—a conviction throbbing at the hearts of his admirers—that yesterday filled Exeter Hall with the elect of the wicked City of London, gathered together to pay homage to the bold and subtle genius of that "pious and excellent nobleman," as the *Times* fleeringly called him, who "stole a march upon Parliament" on the day of the Derby, to shut up the Sunday post-office; and, with the dexterity of a professor of the persecuted art of pea-and-thimble, worked a work of zealous holiness.

The chair was taken by MR. DE NEWGATE, who called upon every really pious man with a heart in his breast and a shilling in his pocket to come forward with his sixpence. They would build such a monument to the good intentions of the noble and pious lord, that an admiring posterity should go down upon its knees to it. Their opponents had flung it in their teeth that a certain place, to which at that meeting it was not necessary for him more particularly to allude, was paved with good intentions; he, however, came not there to dwell upon the enlargement of that pavement, but to propose a monument to good intentions. LORD ASHLEY had been defeated (*groans*), wickedly defeated by a mammon-loving Government; but his Lordship's intentions remained the same: he would not only have gone the whole hog, but have compelled every man, woman, and child, to wear a Sunday inner garment of its bristles. (*Cheers*.)

MR. SLEEKLOCKS rose to move a resolution. For his own part, he wished to express to the noble, the heroic, but defeated lord, the pious admiration of his disciples in the most significant and touching material—of course he meant gold. The iniquitous Sunday letter-delivery had been stopped. A sinner under sentence of death had been reprieved; but—the mail-bag remaining at the Post-Office—the evil-doer was, for the day, kept in ignorance of the mercy; and thereupon had his thoughts directed as they ought to be; whereas, had the sinful post run upon that day, the malefactor would have been rejoicing. MR. SLEEKLOCKS thought that a handsome gold ink-stand in the shape of a death's-head should be presented to LORD ASHLEY in commemoration of his triumph—a triumph to be renewed next session—(*Cheers*)—over the carnal authorities of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

MR. PHOSPHOR thought a lucifer-box, delicately chased with the armorial bearings of his Lordship, would—to use the express words of the speaker—"find an echo in the heart of every genuine Sabbatarian."

Here ensued a long and desultory conversation, which it is needless to report. We shall therefore omit all details, coming at once to the determination of the meeting, which was, namely—

To erect, immediately opposite to the Post-Office, an obelisk to the memory of LORD ASHLEY'S fleeting triumph, made of the very best and most enduring black sealing-wax.

From a Very Old Friend.

"DEAR PUNCH,—I say! old fellow,—you don't appear to have any regular Poet's Corner on your territories. However, I suppose you know the original one somewhere in Westminster; and, for your information, there is another just begun at the corner of Queen Square, Bloomsbury, not to commemorate dead poets, but to show the talents of real live 'uns. The following has been perpetrated within a few yards of me—on a black board and white letters:—

"There is no thoroughfare
At the north end of this Square."

"Pray, stop this."

"I am, dear Punch, THE QUEEN SQUARE PUNCH."

EXHIBITION OF 1851.



THOSE petty nuisances, "the boys," are always in advance of their age, and though it is not exactly in the sense of precocity that this term can be applied to them, we have no hesitation in saying that they almost invariably manage to take time by the forelock, and anticipate the future—in *urbe* as well as in *rus*. The state of Hyde Park affords a specimen of the yearning of youth to overleap the boundaries of existing things, for they are constantly trying to climb over the wooden enclosure now standing on the spot where the Exhibition is to be held. The boys are anticipating 1851, by making a sight and show of what is passing in 1850, and the exposition of juvenile industry, by the urchins who try their hardest to get a peep at the proceedings, is now in full

play. As to the privilege of private views, the whole thing is a farce when compared with the privilege of private viewing claimed, or at all events exercised, by our young friends "the boys." We have seen half-a-hundred of a morning clinging to the boards of the enclosure, or the hoarding as it is termed, and, by the way, this specimen of hoarding is so truly primitive, that the hoarding looks like saving indeed. We cannot give an opinion as to how the workmen get on with their labours, while so many juvenile overseers are trying to see over the wooden wall, but we presume the newspapers will, each of them, secure one of these inquisitive brats in the character of "Our Reporter," for no one else seems to have an opportunity of knowing what is going on.

DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

SPECIAL Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,
And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause;
Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sides, this day week as ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief,
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the Baron Chief.)
Comes a British man and husband—asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him—he'd have vengeance on the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound.
And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth renowned,
To award him for his damage, twenty hundred sterling pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady dear:
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too clear,
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff rather queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage: early times for piping eye.
Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed her to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more;
As she would not go, why *he* went: thrice he left his lady dear,
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of a year.

MRS. FRANCES DUNCAN knew the parties very well indeed,
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home not a single word he said;
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's head.

SARAH GREEN, another witness, clear did to the Jury note
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed the wall and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton MR. OWERS, a butcher, dwelt;
MRS. OWERS's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt;
(Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed in her)
But being left without a penny, MRS. OWERS supplied her dinner—
God be merciful to MRS. OWERS, who was merciful to this sinner!

CAROLINE NAYLOR was their servant, said they led a wretched life,
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his wife;
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in ten months' space,
Sate with his wife, or spoke her kindly. This was the defendant's case.

POLLOCK, C. B., charged the Jury; said the woman's guilt was clear;
That was not the point, however, which the Jury came to hear,
But the damage to determine which, as it should true appear,
This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady dear,

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starving, year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck, and boxed her ear,
What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim,
By the loss of the affections of this guilty graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,
Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most profound:
And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise and sound;
"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff damages two hundred pound."

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English ground,
And the happy land of England, where true justice does abound!
British Jurymen and husbands; let us hail this verdict proper;
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you've a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her: to the devil you may send her:
You may strike her, curse, abuse her; so declares our law renowned;
And if after this you lose her,—why you're paid two hundred pound.

THE BULL-FIGHTS IN PARIS.

It is said that Spanish Bull-fights are about to be introduced into Paris from Spain, and the journals are talking of the project as one likely to be very attractive from its novelty. Bull-fights may be novel enough on the other side of the water, but they are no novelty here, which may account for their being so unattractive, for Smithfield and its avenues, where our London Bull-fights take place twice a-week, are avoided by nearly all who are not compelled to resort to them. If the Parisians really want to have a specimen of Bull-fighting, let some of the French excursionists—whom we rejoice to see among us—take a walk some Monday morning to Smithfield market, and there they will witness quite enough to initiate them in the sport, which it is said Paris is prepared to patronise. We have occasionally found ourselves obliged to take suddenly the part of a *picadore* with the point of our umbrella, and once or twice we have thought it prudent to resort to the *banderillos*, by brandishing our pocket-handkerchief in a mischievous-looking animal's eyes, in order to divert his attention from some more precious object. If Bull-fighting is to be turned into a public amusement, let it be done in the regular way by the conversion of Smithfield into an arena, but a state of things which compels a quiet passenger to become every now and then a *matadore malgré lui* is rather disagreeable.

Why are the "Parliamentary Trains" so called?
From the extreme slowness with which everything moves upon them.

FLUNKEYISM IN EBONY.



ERTAINLY it must be gratifying to the Savages' Friend Society—if there is one—and to all the Philanthropophagi and Negro-Fanciers of Exeter Hall, to learn that European taste and refinement are beginning to be emulated on the coast of Africa. The *United Service Journal* thus describes an exhibition of the splendour of sable Royalty as displayed on board one of HER MAJESTY'S ships cruising in the river Cammaroon—

"KING BELL was the first to come on board, accompanied by his favourite wife and twelve of his chiefs; he was dressed in the full dress of a mail-coach-guard, with a petticoat instead of trousers; next was the eldest son of old AQUA, wearing an English General's full-dress coat and epaulettes, no breeches, nor any substitute for them; last came TIM AQUA, the younger brother; he wore the full dress of a general officer, and was decently clad in a pair of white duck trousers and ankle boots, also a white beaver hat, and on it, in letters of gold, 'KING AQUA.'"

"My Stars and Garters!" must be the exclamation of BRITANNIA on contemplating the above picture of the pomps and vanities of the African portion of this world. The Ethiopian Monarch had "KING AQUA" emblazoned in letters of gold upon his hatband—very well—*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* Those who smile at KING BELL's combination of mail-coach-guard's habiliments with female finery, should remember the androgynous GEORGE THE FOURTH at MADAME TUSSAUX'S, in his coronation robes, designed by himself, quite in the taste of BELL. In bedizening his person in the full-dress coat of a British General, the elder of the brothers AQUA evidently made a stride in civilisation; and although he might have stridden in a costume more befitting the movement, his resemblance to BRIAN O'LINN as to the lower extremities was probably involuntary. It may seem strange that notions of ornament so similar to those exhibited at an English Levee or Drawing-room should co-exist with the puerility—not to say idiocy—betrayed in the following incident. Divers presents, inclusive of a general officer's uniform, having been made to the Royal brothers:—

"The PRINCE ROYAL proposed to divide the coat by cutting it down from the centre of the back, and the King to have one epaulette, and himself the other."

The intelligence of his ROYAL HIGHNESS might be thought proportionate to his taste, if our own courtly wigs, and cocked hats, and gold lace, and shoulder-knots, did not indicate a feeling for decoration pretty much on a par with that evinced by these blackamoors. Are they not flunkies and brothers?

ENGLISH GRATITUDE.

MR. G. WALKER was the first to attract public attention to the evils arising from Intramural Internment. He spent several years in the investigation of the question, and large sums of money in the accumulation of evidence. Mostly owing to his exertions, the new Internment Bill has been passed. Appointments have been given away under that measure; but not one to poor MR. WALKER. His existence is ignored by Government. Services like his, deserving of some high acknowledgment, are passed over in the coldest contempt.

We often think that England is a most ungrateful nation. France, and other nations, are not so tardy in rewarding their benefactors. MR. ROWLAND HILL received nothing but the "cold shoulder" from ministers, for several years. MR. WAGBORN was allowed to die almost in want; and numerous other examples could be cited, in proof of the little encouragement given in this country to men of science and enterprise. And yet we prove our gratitude in the most liberal manner, whenever a prince of the royal blood is to be the happy recipient of it. We do not begrudge £12,000 a-year to a young Duke of Cambridge, whose only public claim is, that he is the son of his father; but we have not a farthing to give to a man whose claims are based upon the strong ground of an universal good. It is a pity MR. WALKER had not been a member of the Royal Family; for then, instead of receiving nothing for doing something, he would have come in for something like £10,000 for doing nothing. For the future, when we are told of Government patronage of men of talent and energy, we shall very politely exclaim, "Walker!"

"NOW, BY ST. PAUL'S, THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON."

THE naves of St. Paul's are happily exempted henceforth from the truly "knaveish trick" of extracting two-pence from the pocket of the visitor; and we only hope that the Deans and Chapters of other cathedrals will take a chapter out of the Dean of St. Paul's Book. Westminster Abbey is still one of the show-shops of the Metropolis, and there are several cathedrals throughout the country which might place over their portals the words—"Pay here."

At Canterbury, in particular, the old extortionate principle prevails of "making no charge, but leaving it to your generosity;" and if your generosity is not quite up to the notion of her own value entertained by the *Abigail* in attendance, you are treated with a description of yourselves, in rather more forcible language than is employed in the very brief allusions to the objects of interest in the cathedral. This mode of converting those visitors who have not come down handsomely with a gratuity into a portion of the exhibition is very ingenious, if not altogether agreeable; and we think the authorities of the cathedral would do well either to abolish all fees or fix the amount, so that the visitors would not run the chance of being apostrophised as a "beggarly set," if they chanced to err on the side of economy.

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA.

—Being LADY NIMROD'S Journal of the past Season.

WHEN my husband's father, SIR JOHN NIMROD, died, after sixteen years' ill-health which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise I am sure I would never have married NIMROD, or gone through eighteen years of dullness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses, at home and abroad), and at length *monted my maison* in London. I married NIMROD an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance; and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita*, as DANTE says: having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry NIMROD: I gave up for him CAPTAIN (now GENERAL) FLATHER, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me; MR. PYX, then tutor to the EARL OF NOODLEBURY, but now LORD BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom I dare say have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise? Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly), would ever rise to their present eminent positions? And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly principled girl will, and became MRS. NIMROD—remaining MRS. NIMROD—plain MRS. NIMROD as MR. GRIMSTONE said—for eighteen years. What I suffered no one can tell. NIMROD has no powers of conversation and I am all soul and genius. NIMROD cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science, and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage, but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements*? Had I any idea that the old SIR JOHN NIMROD would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant of the Palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor Mrs. PYX, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent, and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor SIR CHARLES NIMROD generally lives shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller*. My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it, alone. I pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We receive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. SIR C.—N.—does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde*. He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether DR. BUCKLAND was a poet, and whether SIR SIDNEY SMITH was not an Admiral: he generally overrears and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both SNOOKER'S and TOODLE'S, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *braver* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure GEORGE THE FOURTH at six years of age.* What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear SIR C.—N.—? There are

* It was not before GEORGE THE FOURTH, but before the PRINCE OF WALES, that LADY NIMROD, then MISS BELLAIRS, performed at the Pavilion.

some of us, gifted but unfortunate beings, whose lot is the world. We are like the *Wanderer* in my dear friend EUGENE SUE's elegant novel, to whom Fate says, "*Marche, Marche*:" for us pilgrims of society there is no rest. The BELLAIRES have been a fated race: dearest Mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almack's and was carried home paralysed: I have heard that Papa (before our misfortunes, and when he lived at Castle Bellairs, and in Rutland Square) never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him.



I am a creature of the world then, I cannot help my nature. The Eagle (the crest of the BELLAIRES) flies to the dazzling sun, while the "moping owl" prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

They call me the Lion Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all, I adore. I have opened my *Salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received,—the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear, dear sculptures, I adore them!), the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great countries; the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great Generals, the great *every bodies* have honoured the *réunions* of CLEMENTINA NIMROD. I have had at the same dinner, the wise and famous MONSIEUR DOCTRINAIRE (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris, but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour and eighteen orders), SIGNOR BOMBARDI, the Roman tribune, GENERAL PRINCE RUBADUBSTI, the Russian General, and dear TARBOOSH PASHA, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had MONSIEUR SANSGENE, the eminent socialist refugee; RABBI JEHONAPHAT, from Jerusalem; the ARCHBISHOP OF MEALYPOTATOP, in *partibus infidelium*, and in purple stockings; BROTHER HIGGS, the Mormon Prophet; and my own dear BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest hands in England, seated round my *lovely board*. I have had that darling COLONEL MILSTONE REID, the decypherer of the Babylonish inscriptions; the eminent PROFESSOR HÖDWINCK, of Halle, author of those extraordinary "*Höræ Antediluviane*," and "*The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period*;" and PROFESSOR BLENKINHORN (who reads your hand-writing in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps) round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of GREENACRE at the same *soirée*,—and I am not ashamed to own, that when during his trial the late atrocious MR. RAWHEAD, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the barefaced wretch's protestations of innocence, that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of MRS. TRIPES, was hanged, and of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things? Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the Agapemone for a game at hockey; when I hope that my dear BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY will come.

Indeed, what is there in life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity? Of the mere *monde*, you know, one person is just like another. LADY A. and LADY B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. LORD C.'s whiskers are exactly like MR. D.'s, and their coats are the same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and

they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table; the very same soup, *entrées*, sweets and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an under tone. If one goes to I. House or K. House, there is the same music—the same MARIO and LABLACHE, the same LABLACHE and MARIO. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are, stupid frumps and family connexions, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true, or half-true, or untrue; I make a point, for my part, to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of, that I should miss them, were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life: one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only; because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year it is the Nepaulese Princes, and MILE VANDERMEER, and the Hippopotamus, one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the POPE, or the DUKE OF BORDEAUX, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the *Memoriam* (and a most pleasing poet), or MR. CUMMING, the Lion Hunter of South Africa, or that dear PRELUDE; next year, of course, there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in; and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season, surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has been, and I look over the lists of my lions with pleasure. Poor SIR C—, in the same way, keeps a game-book I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions, and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, MR. CUMMING (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday-list and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more), if MR. CUMMING, I say, keeps *his* journal of spring-boks, and elephants, and sea-cows, and lions and monsters, why should not CLEMENTINA NIMROD be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA.

Being LADY NIMROD's Journal of the past Season.

CONTINUALLY have I been asked, What is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties—I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world, and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people, and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish, absurd, creatures!) and I have no

doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions, just as we do. I heard MR. GRIMSTONE the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining, a kind who are not in society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours, that they lived in a very comfortably furnished house: that they had *entrées* from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing; and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of us. Some of these people have a great respect for the Peerage, and GRIMSTONE says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor LORD MUDDLEHEAD to take the lady of the house to dinner. LORD MUDDLEHEAD never speaks; but drinks unceasingly during dinner time, and is there, GRIMSTONE says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice and the hearing of his twenty guests, "LORD MUDDLEHEAD, may I have the honour of taking wine with your Lordship?"

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were, in this sad way; and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in these inferior houses.

Well then?—what must we acknowledge?—that persons not in society imitate us; and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is NELSON come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is TOM SMITH who has gained the silver skulls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be MASTER THOMAS who has just come from Cambridge, or MR. and MRS. JONES who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society—and yet, I dare say, mean very well. I have found in steam-boats on the Rhine, and at *tables d'hôte* on the Continent, very well informed persons, really very agreeable and well mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable information and assistance—and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognise on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world, as occasionally they do); but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very MR. GRIMSTONE—LADY TOLLINGTON took him up, and, of course, if LADY TOLLINGTON takes up a man he goes every where—four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden; he gave me up his bed-room, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard-table, I think, and was very good-natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not then *du monde* and I lost sight of him: for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received—difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

"O MR. GRIMSTONE!" I said, "how charmed I am to see you among us. How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you were at LADY TOLLINGTON's and LADY TRUMPINGTON's; and of course you will go everywhere: and will you come to my Wednesdays?"

"It is a great comfort, LADY NIMROD," GRIMSTONE said, "to be in society at last—and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde*, I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or a lady before?"

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his h's very decently; and I watched him all through dinner-time, and he behaved quite well. LADY BLINKER says he is satirical: but he seems to me simple and quiet.

MR. GRIMSTONE is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about, one is a lion. He is a radical; and his principles are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to LADY TOLLINGTON's.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman because he has three or four wives? With an officer of Austrian hussars, because, in the course of his painful duties, he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys? Does anybody cut DR. HAWTREY, at Eton, for correcting the boys?—my sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide-de-camp, COUNT KNOUTOFF, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very first circles? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party when one has a lion in it, who has hanged twenty-five Polish colonels, like COUNT KNOUTOFF; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like GENERAL GARBANZOS, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organisation, that he would shrink from giving pain—he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's; and, besides, in those countries an officer must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's own country to do: but consider the difference of the education of foreigners!—and also, it must be remembered, that if poor dear GENERAL GARBANZOS *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot him.

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us—their standard of propriety, it must be remembered, is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful MADAME ANDRIA came amongst us (whom GRIMSTONE calls POLYANDRIA, though her name is ALPHONSINE), who ever thought of refusing to receive her? COUNT ANDRIA and her first husband, the BARON DE FRUMP, are the best friends imaginable; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the wedding. It is well known that the PRINCE GREGORY RAGAMOFFSKI, who comes out of Prussian Poland—(where I hope MISS HULKER, of Lombard Street, leads a happy life, and finds a *couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad, odious husband, an uncomfortable, hide-and-seek barn of a palace as it is called, and a hideous part of the country)—I say it is well known that RAGAMOFFSKI was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'amiable*; and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things? RAGAMOFFSKI was everywhere in London; and there were Dukes at St. George's to sign the register; and at the breakfast, in Hyde Park Gardens, which old HULKER gave, without inviting me, by the way. Thence, I say, it ought to be clear to us that foreigners are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours—and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practices ought to be put down! Cry out against them, indeed! MR. GRIMSTONE says, that if the EMPEROR NERO, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle—and that if QUEEN CATHERINE OF MEDICIS, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to QUEEN ELIZABETH, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

A GROAN FROM THE COUNTER.

A TRADESMAN writes us a letter, in which he expresses the wish that all gentlemen and noblemen leaving town, would follow the noble example set by the Royal Italian Opera management, at the end of the season. He says he should like uncommonly to have seen from many of his customers, and he sends us their names, an advertisement set forth in a style somewhat similar to the one published by the above establishment, and he forwards us the sort of thing he means:—

PREVIOUS TO GOING ABROAD.—All Tradesmen having Claims on LORD LEVANT, 302, Belgrave Square, for long out-standing accounts, are requested to send in their accounts immediately, and to call on Saturday next, at 2 o'clock for payment; as it is his Lordship's intention to leave town on the following Monday, and it is quite uncertain when his Lordship will return.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN A NEW CHARACTER.



ca fat friend" at the Zoological Gardens, is certainly not beautiful. He may be odd. He is grotesque. He is certainly rare. He is as certainly, stout. He appears good-humoured. He swims with singular facility. He has an excellent appetite.

But he certainly is *not* beautiful.

We are, therefore, the more surprised to see him figure as a work of art, in silver, in a shop in the Strand.

What his effigy is meant for—whether as an or-

nament for the dinner-table, or a toy for the boudoir—we have no conception. We are aware he has already figured as the head of a breast-pin. A young friend (in the Guards) came to us the other day, with his coat mysteriously buttoned.

"What do you think I have got?" he asked, in a voice tremulous with pleasure. We avowed our ignorance. "Look here!" he exclaimed, opening his coat, and displaying the novel bijou. "A hippopotamus breast-pin! Isn't it stunning?" And he had! The infatuated young man (who has £200 a-year besides his pay, and spends £500 to our knowledge), had gone to a great expense to have modelled for him a correct likeness in little of this singularly ugly animal, and was wearing it, with the pride of a discoverer, in his cravat.

Of all characters in the world that can be assumed by the india-rubber-coloured mammal, which is now attracting the public to the Zoological Gardens, we can conceive none that he has less pretensions to figure in than as a work of art. If ladies wear him in their hearts, infatuated guardsmen may carry him in their bosoms. But as an independent statuette we must protest against him. No doubt the modeller may plead the horse on which the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is mounted on Grosvenor Gate. We admit that is ugly; perhaps as ugly as the Hippopotamus; but one error in taste cannot be pleaded as an excuse for another; and the abundance of ugly statuettes of horses in the Metropolis is no justification of a novel ugliness in sculpture in the shape of the Hippopotamus. Much as we respect that animal in his pen, or in his bath, we cannot admit him as an inmate of the *atelier*, or an intruder into the *salon*.

"Knocking up done here at 2d. a-week"

We are told by our agreeable friend "*Household Words*," that a new kind of business exists at Manchester, called "knocking up." This consists in "knocking up" factory people at an early hour in the morning, in order that they may be in time for their work. One woman earns as much as four-and-twenty shillings a-week by "knocking up" persons,—which since a lady is concerned, is much better than knocking them down. Couldn't this "knocking up" business be applied to Parliament? It would be quite a relief to MR. BROTHERTON. Instead of his rising always to adjourn the House, and getting laughed at for his pains, some old woman, "for 2d. a-week," might, punctually as the clock struck twelve, knock at the door of the House of Commons, and cry out, "Come, get up;" and the House accordingly would rise, and go about its business. At all events, the plan would be so far good, that it would have the effect of waking up the members, for it must be confessed that occasionally—as, for instance, this last session—the House is excessively sleepy, and sadly wants stirring up. One thing is very certain,—that if the House is ever "knocked up," it will never be from the quantity of work it has done.

THE QUEEN AT OSTEND.

THE reception of the QUEEN at Ostend is described as dull. We might have expected the people of Ostend to have been a little more *Ostend-tations* in their demonstrations.

THE PUFFING SYSTEM AT ST. PAUL'S.

It would seem, from a letter in the *Times*, that the taking off of the twopenny post-tax in St. Paul's Cathedral is a piece of news "too good to be true," and that the old principle of "Walk up, you are now in time, only twopenny!" is still practically in force at the door of the sacred edifice. The correspondent of the *Times* asserts, that having been attracted by the report of the abolition of the charge, he went to St. Paul's, and found the doors beset by persons claiming free ingress, and being met by the old demand of twopenny from the doorkeepers. If this is really the case, it is positively disgraceful that a false rumour should be put into circulation, which would naturally have the effect of causing an unusual attraction, and securing an additional influx of the "shilly-burre" from those who have come all the way to St. Paul's, would rather pay the twopenny than go all the way home again for nothing. If the twopenny charge is still in force, let it be well understood, so that the untidy harvest may not be augmented by an unworthy artifice.

THE POST-OFFICE PET.

THE MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE is one of the best-natured of men. To be sure, it is difficult to withstand the instrumentality of a bishop; and the more especially, so cleaginous a pastor as the Bishop of Oxford. Great, indeed, is his secretion of the oil of gladness; an oil with which he has softened the already soft heart of the Postmaster-General. One Z. W. DAVIS, illuminating 25, Princes Street, Mile End, writes thus joyfully to the rejoicing *Morning Herald* :—

"Sir.—You will be glad to hear, that through the kind instrumentality of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, R. G. HOWLETT, the letter-carrier, who was dismissed from the General Post-Office in November last for distributing handbills against Sunday labour therein, has been re-appointed to a situation in that branch of the public service by the Postmaster-General, the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE."

Very kind, very forgiving, this, of the Marquess; the more so, inasmuch as the discontent and conspiracy of the tribe of HOWLETTs were mainly instrumental to the manufacture of the petitions with which LORD ASHLEY, armed in the innocence of sheep parchment, attacked the Sabbath-breakers in the House of Commons. It is notorious, that the treasonous practices of the country Post-Office servants were of fatal influence against the idleness and indifference of the mass of the people; idle and indifferent, because the Sunday closing of the country Post was considered no other than an unmeaning rant of a party, who "think they're pious when they're only bilious." Every ten years at most, some phosphoric prophet foretells the end of the world, giving the day and the hour; nevertheless, folks do not go into sackcloth, and powder their heads with ashes: and tradesmen are no whit less indifferent to the tender of a bad shilling. And thus it was with the bray of the Sabbatarians. The world received it as only an evidence of length of ears, taking no heed of its menaced heels. And the Derby-day came, and—in the House of Commons—the bray became a note of triumph.

But all is to be forgiven and forgotten. The hundreds of people who have suffered the palsy of LORD ASHLEY; the sick, with the survivors of the dead; the anxious and the harassed, all pardon his Lordship the tyranny of his saintly goodness; for which no doubt his Lordship, in the bigness of his heart, is very properly penitent, and abundantly grateful. ASHLEY shall be forgiven, and HOWLETT restored.

Nevertheless, the MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE, by his re-appointment of the treasonous HOWLETT, has taken a large trump card from the hands of the Sabbatarians. It was the misfortune of *Punch* to censure HOWLETT into the receipt of £50, indignantly laid down for him by some well-meaning soul, shocked and outraged by the harmless lenity that *Punch*—according to his wont—poured upon the head of the discharged postman. HOWLETT, blistered by *Punch's* ink, was salved and comforted by a sanative bit of bank paper. But *Punch* required further and better treatment of HOWLETT; when, lo! the merciful, kind-hearted Marquess steps in—or is rather pulled into the rescue by a Bishop—and HOWLETT, the martyr, is restored to his original condition. Is there no abiding reward in this world for the lowly champion of truth? We had hoped to see HOWLETT maintained in Sabbatarian clover, the pet example of Post-Office piety.

"For he on honey-dew has fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise."

This should have been the amended condition of the victim ex-postman, had the Postmaster-General been less yielding to a bishop. HOWLETT would have been the stall-fed martyr of Exeter Hall. And, as in Catholic countries, certain relics are on certain days exhibited to the populace; so, on certain gatherings, would our HOWLETT, with a ruddier tint upon his cheek, a sleeker texture of skin, and a growing dignity of abdomen, been presented to the elect of the Hall, as a lovely and flourishing example of well-rewarded piety, carefully taken in and abundantly done for by LORD ASHLEY and his cinder-loving followers. Vauxhall has its Flower-Show; why not Exeter Hall its Martyr-Show?

Even with HOWLETT restored to the Post-Office, he is a daily, hourly example to his fellow-labourers of the impunity that may attend official treason and revolt: but with HOWLETT, kept at Sabbatarian expense—HOWLETT, grown sleek as a bishop's beaver—he would have been a twofold example of the prosperity of the conscientious lowly, and the generosity of the Sabbatarian rich. HOWLETT, fat, and thriving, would have afforded a delightful gloss to the pious text of our ASHLEY preaching.

Again, the Bishop of Oxford, in his all unworldly way, has missed a chance. Why did not he comfort and harbour HOWLETT? Could he not have clothed him in episcopal purple, and suspended him at the back of his coach, showing a stiff-necked generation what glory was vouchsafed a Post-Office martyr, whom a bishop delighted to honour. This Oxford might have done; and this, with his characteristic meekness, he has foregone and missed.

We must, therefore, be content to leave HOWLETT at the Post-Office. We trust, however, that he will have an extra bit of gold lace to mark his worth and past suffering. Possibly the MARQUESS OF CLANKICARDE has already provided for this, saying with *Bassanio* when he engages *Lancelot Gobbo*,

"— Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows: see it done."

[Exit HOWLETT, into Post-Office.]



TO SEA-SIDE LODGERS.—IMPORTANT.

MR. PUNCH,

MINE is a hard case. I am a sofa—a mahogany and horse-hair sofa—at a watering-place, on the coast of Kent, for I won't be too particular. As a sofa, I expect to be put upon; but even sofas may have more than they can or ought to bear. I come of honest mahogany, and the first horse-hair. My mahogany, in its green state, grew in Honduras, where (as I heard a party sing one of your songs last Christmas, four of 'em sitting on me at the same time)—where, *Mr. Punch*—

"Oft in my boughs birds of rare plume
Sang in my bloom;"

and for my horse-hair, that is from the manes and tails of more than one racer, who, although long since gone to the dogs himself, has still left silver-cups to posterity. And this much, *Mr. Punch*, for my respectability. Now comes my grievance, which I make known to you as a warning to every body—specially unprotected females—coming to the sea-side.

MRS. FINGERCADDY, of Seagull Cottage, lets, what she calls, furnished lodgings. Last week our parlours were to go out on Wednesday morning; and two elderly maiden ladies to come with their trunks at night. No sooner had the first lodgers left than I—the mahogany and horse-hair—was bundled out of the parlour into the kitchen; where at about seven at night I heard the following talk between the new lodgers just come and my mistress above.

"Gracious goodness, MRS. FINGERCADDY, where's the sofa?"

"What sofa, ma'am?" says MRS. F., soft and innocent as milk.

"Why, that mahogany and horse-hair sofa," says the other lady, her voice rising, "that stood there—yes, in that place, there."

"Oh, that sofa," said MRS. F., and I trembled with shame when I heard her, "That sofa, ladies, was only hired."

"Hired!" screeched the two ladies.

"Hired and gone home; but for only half-a-crown a week, you can have it here and welcome. Half-a-crown a week."

But, I'm glad to say it, the ladies saw the cheat; and wouldn't pay—and not paying, I remain still in the kitchen.

Mr. Punch, let me be broken up and ripped to pieces; take out my horse-hair, and spin it into tackle to catch fishes—turn it into springes to catch woodcocks; but, so far as you can help me, don't let me be made a trap and a line to catch the unsuspecting lodgers at Seagull Cottage.

Yours, A SOFA.

The Kitchen.

"NO SUCH LUCK."

(As Sung with great Applause at the St. Paul's Dean and Chapter Concerts.)

SOME one wrote we'd our twopence abolished—

And, Lord, what a crowd o' folks came,

As thinking our north door demolished,

With its showman and twopenny claim—

But, bless you, they found out their blunder;

That day we'd a capital haul,

Twenty pounds, Sir, and not a rap under,

We took at the Church of St. Paul—

Tol—de—rol!

They'd a notion we'd had some misgivings,

That at last we'd agreed it was low,

With our thousands and lots of rich livings

To be keeping a twopenny show;

But, bless you—it's very well talking,

But a brown is a brown the world over—

Vergers' pay why should we out be forking,

When the twopences keep 'em in clover?

Tol—de—rol!

So, ladies and gentlemen, walk up—

As usual, pay at the door—

Let objectors at once give their talk up,

We'll astonish the browns as before;

We'll still take our stand on our copper—

First-rate is our show, as you'll see—

And like other first-rates it's quite proper,

That it copper-bottomed should be.

Tol—de—rol!

MY STARS AND GARTERS!

THE Star and Garter, at Richmond, has lately given rise to a scene of a very singular character. The waiters have grown sentimental over their chief, and have been giving a piece of plate to him at the Dysart Arms, Petersham. Several speeches were made, in which "old associations" were feelingly alluded to, and the head waiter's health having been drunk, the air of "*Those Evening Bells*" was played, as being appropriate to the immense number of bells which may be heard, all ringing at once, in the hall of the Star and Garter on a summer Sunday's evening. The head waiter, in returning thanks, so affected his fellow-waiters, that they were compelled to absorb their tears in their napkins.

The piece of plate was a salver with an inscription, in which the head waiter was salved over with compliments to an immense extent, and there was inscribed in the centre, as a motto, the words "Coming, coming," in allusion to which the recipient was frequently spoken of as "the Coming Man."

We regret it is not in our power to give any of the speeches that were spoken on the occasion, but in the course of the evening a great deal was said on the subject of the virtues of the head waiter, who, it was stated, had been known to hand five hundred breads in forty minutes, wipe three hundred glasses in half an hour, pour out eighty glasses of champagne, and exclaim, "Coming directly, Sir," to eighty applicants at once, without going near one, or giving offence to any.

THE MOST DESIRABLE SETTLEMENT FOR EMIGRANTS.—The Pecuniary Settlement.

MR. BRIGGS STARTS ON HIS FISHING EXCURSION.



THE QUEEN AT SEA.

WE could not have a more appropriate Sovereign for the British Isles than her present MAJESTY, who is perfectly at home at sea, and who furnishes an excellent representative of BRITANNIA, of wave-ruling celebrity. Among the luggage put on board the royal yacht for the contemplated cruise to Ostend, were a cow and a piano; a couple of articles showing that the QUEEN apprehended nothing from the roughness of the weather, to disturb her ordinary arrangements, but that she would be able to enjoy her tea and music as usual. The wind being somewhat boisterous, it might have been feared that the piano would have been raised a good deal higher than concert pitch by the pitching of the vessel. As to the cow, its notions of a toss up would have been a little extended by the freaks of NEPTUNE, but there would be no immediate danger to the animal, unless any unskilful hand on board should have got to the piano, and struck up the tune the cow died of, in an unguarded moment.



MR. B. WON'T HAVE A MAN WITH HIM, AS HE THINKS HE CAN MANAGE A PUNT BY HIMSELF; AND THE CONSEQUENCE IS, HE IS OBLIGED TO GO TO BED WHILE HIS THINGS ARE DRIED, HAVING UPSET HIMSELF, AS A MATTER OF COURSE.

THE IMPERIAL BAGMAN.

It strikes us that the "President's Tour" is very much in the style of a commercial traveller, travelling about the country, visiting the different towns, for imperial orders. Whether LOUIS NAPOLEON will return with the crown and sceptre, which he has started (according to that popular informant, Rumour, who is the Editor of the poor man's *Moniteur*), with the object of bringing back with him, appears very doubtful. The returns which the *Maison Napoléon et Cie* have received at Paris from Besançon, and the different parts of Alsatia, are: "Very flat—nothing doing."

LORD TORRINGTON'S ARMS.

THE Whigs are about to grant new honours to the governor of Ceylon. In memory of his administration of that island he is henceforth to quarter a Shot Buddhist Priest, and a Taxed Dog Proper. Motto—"CEYLON les règles."

Railway Intelligence.

Mr. Punch is authorised to contradict, in his strongest manner, a malicious report that LORD BROUGHAM had been engaged to work all the trains, up and down, on the Eastern Railway, *vice* all the late hands, discharged.

A Return in Kind.

WE have often chronicled the visits of KING LEOPOLD to QUEEN VICTORIA. At last QUEEN VICTORIA has paid her return visit to KING LEOPOLD. Let us hope that Flemish hospitality, unlike Flemish book-publishing, may produce something better than a *contrefaçon Belge*.



"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

CONSTANTINOPLE REMOVED TO REGENT STREET.



Y at least two miles less of water in it, Constantinople differs from all other Panoramas. We have been overrun with so many rivers lately, that it is quite a relief, after having had nothing but cataracts in our eye, to see the land again. The cockney, who has been eight hours on board a steamer, could not behold Margate jetty with greater delight, than we hailed the minarets of Constantinople, after being tossed about for months and months on the broad waters of the Nile and the Mississippi. We have been in the water so long—swimming and floating over half the globe—that a little walking has done us an immensity of good.

It must be confessed that the walking is very different to a stroll up Regent Street, or a lounge in the Park. The walk is invested with all the interest which the first walk in a new city always affords a stranger. Two eyes are scarcely sufficient to notice all the strange sights that meet you at the corner of every street; and one mouth is at a loss to find exclamations—much less words—to express the wonder upon wonder that fills you at the discovery of each new beauty. There is nothing so delightful as this kind of walking. You choose some dark corner of the room, and there unseen by everyone, and seeing no one, you leave England, and all thoughts of duns and debtors and household cares, far behind you. The next minute you open your eyes, and find yourself wandering about in the streets of some foreign capital. You have no necessity to leave your seat; only give yourself up to the pictorial influence of the scene, and let your eyes walk instead of your legs. It is more amusing, less fatiguing, and does not wear out shoe-leather.

You are in the Polytechnic Institution—at least you were a minute ago—for now you are in the Cemetery of Eyoub—unlike the cemeteries in London, for it is outside the town; but then you must not be surprised, for you should recollect that we, English, are the most civilised nation in the world, and that Turkey is only as yet in a half barbarous state. This leads you into the Street of Tombs. Make haste, bend yourself double, for that fine gentleman on the white horse like *Timour the Tartar* is the Sultan, and, if you fail to give the passing salaam, a gentleman may come behind you and whisk your head off as cleanly as if he were playing at knock-'em-downs, and your head was the wooden pin cushion. The Sultan is followed by a long escort of dogs, who are fighting away, "like regular Turks." These animals lead a perfect cat-and-dog-life, for they are always quarrelling, and if an unhappy dog becomes a pauper and is thrown on the parish, it is unfortunate for him if it does not happen to be his own parish, for all the other dogs set upon him and hunt him to death. In this way is he passed from parish to parish, so that he is a very lucky dog, if he reaches his own parish with a whole skin. The traveller should not snarl, like a cynic, over these misguided creatures, for he should recollect that but a short time ago paupers in England were treated very little better than dogs.

That building opposite, which reminds you of the Clifton Baths at Gravesend, is a mosque. You need not wait to look at it, for you will see plenty more in your day's ramble—Constantinople is full of such mosques. They are somewhat like the Pavilion at Brighton, only highly gilt. They have beautiful domes, to which the domes we see in Park Terrace, Regent's Park, are mere thimbles. No stranger is admitted into them, not even upon payment of money, which is rather astonishing, for considering the late Sultan introduced into Turkey many European usages, we wonder that he overlooked the admirable two-penny-halfpenny systems of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, which rank, with justice, amongst the highest proofs of our superior civilisation.

The next object, you are told, is the Golden Horn, only it is as much like a horn as Battersea is like a Sea of Batter. Fountains, which, we are reluctantly compelled to confess, surpass in elegance our pumps, invite you to drink in every direction, and from the fountain we are led by a natural spring to the Bath.

These Baths are very different to our Baths and Washhouses, and seem to be much funnier. The figures are very amusing, and we regret there are no Turkish baths in London, for we have long disbelieved in the Mahommedan origin of MAHOMMED, ever since he last answered us in an unmistakable Irish accent. The regulations of these baths seem to be on the dinner principle, of three courses and a dessert, the latter consisting of a cup of coffee and a pipe. In appearance, the establishments look like immense Dyers' and Calenderers', and we noticed a big fat Alderman of a Turk, who, in the first course, was of a dark chocolate colour, come out at last an elegant rosy-pink complexion, not unlike a prawn. These dyeing baths would be of great value to many of our young men, who, from a long curriculum of study at the Ca. ino and Vauxhall, have lost all their colour.

A visit to Constantinople without going to a Bazaar would be like

visiting London and not going to see the Exeter Change Arcade. The idea that there is any similarity between the two will be dispelled after one moment's stay, for in a Turkish bazaar there is activity, and life, and business, and shops not only with goods but with customers, and no Beadle to parade quickly up and down, as a make-believe that the place is an immense thoroughfare.

A Turkish Bazaar, again, is different to the Soho Bazaar, or the Pantheon, for the stalls are served by huge men, who look so big that you cannot help believing they have been stall-fed. There are no pretty girls, with pretty caps, in them, to tempt you to buy useless things you do not want. It is also different to the Lowther Bazaar, and the Marine Bazaars you meet at watering-places, for it has no raffles, or comic songs sung in character, nor even a wheel of fortune. It struck us as being more like the Lowther Arcade than anything else—for all the goods are thrown out of window, and run all over the pavement, giving you the notion that they had been shot out of a cart, like coals, preparatory to being stowed away in a cellar. There is this difference, however, that the shopkeepers of the Lowther Arcade do not sit, like tailors on their boards, in the midst of their goods; for as most of the Lowther works of art consist of tea-cups, and tumblers, and Bohemian glasses from Birmingham, this Turkish method of keeping a shop would be attended with no little danger.

The time is wearing on, and we have not half finished our walk. There is the Grand Mosque of St. Sophia, which reminds us once more most painfully of the barbarism of the Turks, for it has not a single pew, and, greater blessing still! not a single pew opener. We have not yet visited the Slave-market, where, we are told, the slaves are so fond of being sold, that they actually pray, and cry, and go down upon their knees, to be bought, which reminds us of the equally probable story of the eels not at all disliking the process they undergo previous to being cooked—nor have we been into a coffee-house, and smoked a chibouk,—nor penetrated into the interior of any of the mosques,—but, as you are not allowed to enter without taking off your boots, it may be as well to remain outside, for, upon our asking for a boot-jack, we were told there was not one upon the premises. There are also the Burnt Column, which has been the hero that has stood a hundred fires, and never flinched once,—and the Hippodrome—and the Sublime Porte, which is more the colour of Sherry, or Bucellas, than the sublime liquid it has drawn its name from—and the beautiful view of Constantinople from the Bosphorus, with its thousand minarets, which look like a forest of MORDAN'S ever-pointed pencils, or more like many silver cases of caustic,—the black points exactly resembling the protruding bits of that very lunar compound. We have all these to see, besides the Seraglio—the veil of which is lifted, and its mysteries shown to the inquisitive eye of every harem-scarem youth. Our time is precious—so must we bring our promenade to an abrupt termination—and take leave of MR. ALLOM, after thanking him for having guided us so agreeably through the parlours, and shops, and palaces, and cellars, and secret cupboards of Constantinople. He has shown us what no other Panorama has done before him—he has thrown open the doors of a whole city, and allowed us to peep inside. The Panorama of Constantinople has one great advantage—you not only visit Turkey, but you also see the Turks at home.

ALBERT SMITH, in his "*Two Months at Constantinople*," gives us the list of all his expenses, down to a lucifer match, which are not only very useful, but highly amusing. Suppose that we, in our "*Two Hours at Constantinople*," follow the same useful plan, for the benefit of future travellers to the Polyorama.

	s.	d.
Expenses to Constantinople	1	0
Cab there and back (say two miles)	2	0
Bath Bun at adjoining pastry-cook's	0	2
Letter to apprise family of our safe return, and that we should be home to dinner	0	1
Catalogue	0	6
Total of Journey to Constantinople	3	9

Leaving, over the sum which ALBERT SMITH spent in the same journey, a balance in our favour of £59 16s. 8d.

In Medio (Non) Tutissimus.

THE Correspondent of a morning paper, describing the street preparations prepared for the QUEEN'S reception at Ostend, speaks of "the Prussian Eagle that seems trying to fly both ways at once;" a happy emblem, surely, for a kingdom that dare not be despotic, and can't be liberal; that halts in a half-and-half flight from the absolutism of a Prussian Court, to the anarchy of a Frankfort Assembly.

THE GENTLEMEN OF LYONS.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, on his recent visit to Lyons, recalled the words of the Emperor, and requested the City of Lyons to love him. He did his best to clothe himself in the second-hand habits of his illustrious uncle, and LOUIS NAPOLEON in Lyons must have reminded many of the fable of the ignobler animal in the Lion's skin.

MONEY NO OBJECT.



with inward satisfaction, when we find that matrimony is still an affection of the heart and not of the pocket; and that after all, woman herself is the great object, and not her fortune.

REALLY we never recollect reading a matrimonial advertisement—(and we always read matrimonial advertisements in the same way that we always read the second column of the first page of the *Times*, and LORD BROUGHAM'S and SIBTHORP'S speeches, and F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S letters, because they are sure to contain something to amuse us)—without some such line as the following:—

"PROPERTY IS NOT SO MUCH LOOKED FOR AS AN AGREEABLE COMPANION."

What volumes the above line says for the disinterestedness of the present day! and what a proud refutation it is to that grumbling herd of sceptics who are always railing against the cupidity of man, and the universal influence of Mammon! Besides we always smile

BEGINNING AT THE PROPER END.

As all the business of Parliament seems to be transacted in the last month of its sittings; as all the previous part of the Session is taken up in talking, and party-fighting; as it is very clear that five months out of its time are wasted, in no kind of benefit to the nation; would it not be better for Parliament to dispense, for the future, with those five months, and to assemble in that month during which the business is really transacted? We are sure if the Houses of Parliament were to be opened on the 1st of July, or the 1st of August, instead of in February, that a great deal of time and worry would be spared to all parties, and that the affairs of the nation, instead of being retarded, would be materially advanced by this wise alteration. It would look like beginning at the wrong end, but we are confident that the wrong end, in this instance, would prove the right one; so much so, that even LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with his interminable notions of Finality, could not possibly object to it.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

THEY presented JENNY LIND with a teakettle at Liverpool,—probably from the well-known proficiency of that utensil in singing.

VULGAR AMENDMENT OF AN OLD PROVERB.

"IN VINO VERITABLE-ASS"—Because, when a man is drunk, he is sure to make an ass of himself.

THE PIMLICO 'BUSSES.

WHEN we were at school, we used in our themes to select FABIVS as our great standing example of delay, but if we now required a standing example of delay, we should select a Pimlico 'Bus as our staple commodity. The manner in which these vehicles "drag their slow length along" is something quite *unique* in its way, and we frequently make the mental observation, that as speech is often used to conceal thought, so a Pimlico 'bus is resorted to in order to retard a journey. We have heard arithmeticians talk of a fixed quantity, but we never saw the idea so thoroughly carried out as we did the other day, when we noticed a quantity of passengers fixed at Hyde Park Corner in a Pimlico omnibus.

SHAKESPEARE talks about somebody having been "fixed as great Atlas' self," but we must say for the Atlas omnibuses, that we never saw one of them "fixed" for any considerable time; and if the Bard of Avon had said, "fixed as great Royal Blue's self," he would have approached much nearer to our modern notions of a fixture.

It is true that the public has its remedy—as well as its threepences—in its own hand, and it would do well to discourage the stagnant omnibuses by declining to ride in them. We can only say, that

If we saw an omnibus what wouldn't go,
Do you think we'd enter it? No, no, no,
We'd take out a summons, and cry, "So, so,
You're pulled up, Jarvey!"

It seems that the officers of the Blues—that is to say, the conductors—are not remarkable for knowing how to conduct themselves, however expert they may be in conducting their vehicles. It is a pity there is no academy for a cad in want of a stock of good manners. It is true we cannot expect much civility to be thrown into the bargain, when the fare is only threepence, but we had rather ride a shorter distance for our money than go further and fare worse at the hands, or rather at the tongue, of the conductor.

Fairy Land.

MANY persons have a curious notion of Fairy Land. For instance, the bills of the Terrace Gardens at Gravesend tell us that "the magnificent hall is illuminated by 10,000 brilliant lamps, presenting such a magnificent *coup d'œil*, as to remind one instinctively of Fairy Land." We are sorry to contradict a play-bill, but on the faith of the above announcement we were allured to the Terrace Gardens, and must say that we were anything but reminded of the beautiful country alluded to, for the very first person we met was MR. TOM MATTHEWS, the celebrated clown, who is, we believe, a very deserving personage, but scarcely the kind of ethereal creature you would expect to meet in Fairy Land!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?



LITERARY JONATHAN made a piratical war on Literary JOHN BULL. An English book was an American book—in all but the profit it brought in to its author. New York and Boston boasted of their civilisation, as measured by the enormous sale of popular English books in the United States. From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, the Union was a blaze with the British new-lights of literature, only JONATHAN never paid for his candles.

International copy-right was occasionally talked of; but JONATHAN knew better. Like the man who stole the wood for his besom handles and the broom for the besoms, he carried on a roaring trade and undersold the Britisher who had to pay for his materials. Meanwhile, an American copy-right was respected in Great Britain. WASHINGTON IRVING received his well-earned £10,000 from MR. MURRAY. MR. MELVILLE pocketed the (equally well-earned) price of his *Typee* and *Omoo* and *White Jacket*. So MR. COOPER made his honest market with MR. BENTLEY, and touched the proceeds, but *nous avons changé tout cela!*

The recent decision of the Chief Baron has decided, that a foreigner can have no copyright in England; and as Americans are foreigners, English copyrights in American works are good for nothing,—and MESSRS. MURRAY, BENTLEY, and others, who have published American works, are open to the pirates of this side the water.

How will the WASHINGTON IRVINGS, the PRESCOTTS, the COOPERS, the MELVILLES of America like this? Will they agitate for an International Copyright, now that their brains are exposed to the same gratis picking, as our poor English ones have been so long subjected to?

The French Republican Caws.

A SHORT time ago an enormous number of crows alighted on the trees of the Tuileries and on the roof of the Palace, when it was found necessary to call out some of the chasseurs of Vincennes, who killed about five hundred of the feathered visitors. We do not exactly see what harm these birds could have done, but perhaps the inhabitants of the Tuileries objected to being crowed over.

THE CAMBRIDGE MONUMENT.



Homburg or the heather. A great and abiding comfort, to be assured of this.

It would seem, however, that a certain faintness of heart came over the committee self-interested with the duty of raising a cairn to the memory of CAMBRIDGE. The money has not poured in: indeed it has hardly drizzled. Whereupon, some great moral genius, some Magician of the Heart in Connexion with the Pocket, has caused it to be blown at all ends of the kingdom, that it will be proposed at the next meeting, to be held on the 5th of November:

"THAT THE NAMES OF ALL SUCH CHAIRMEN AND SECRETARIES, AS WELL AS THE INSTITUTION WITH WHICH THEY ARE CONNECTED, SHALL BE INSCRIBED ON THE PEDESTAL OF THE MONUMENT."

This is deep and admirable as profound. MUGGINS is a chairman and BUGGINS is a secretary. MUGGINS's heart now melts and overflows in admiration of the dead Duke, and he sees himself going down the tide of posterity—(how the apples swim! the golden pippin CAMBRIDGE and the crab MUGGINS!)—on the same wave with a royal philanthropist! From this moment, MUGGINS gives all the energies of his soul to the pedestal of the monument; the Monument to the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and the Pedestal to the Active Chairman MUGGINS.

And now, considering the case in its natural expansion, must we not feel for the friends and acquaintance, and deeply compassionate the dependents of MUGGINS? Is there friend or workman to be spared by MUGGINS? By turns he begs, smiles, and bullies. "Your money for the good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE" whilst his soul runs a whispering accompaniment, "and the excellent Chairman, MUGGINS." The key varying, the words are the same—"Money for CAMBRIDGE AND MUGGINS." From this time forth, MUGGINS will haunt the sleep of many a victim. He will be the nightmare MUGGINS, squat upon the breast of his dreaming acquaintance, with a plate in his hands, with shining eyes changed into ghastly five-shilling pieces, with under jaw mowing and inarticulately mumping—"Good CAMBRIDGE—excellent MUGGINS!"

We honour, we reverence in a fashion, the Committeeman who has so adroitly forced the goodness of a CAMBRIDGE into common cause with the conceit of a Chairman, the vanity of a Secretary. It was a beautiful touch of brain that has thus set loose upon hundreds of unprotected pockets a band of marauders, who, with masks of royal purple, will present a plate and roar "CAMBRIDGE!" with the sweet, recurring under note of "MUGGINS!"

And yet, large and beautiful as is the original idea, its magnitude may be increased, its beauty deepened. Wherefore should the Chairman and the Secretaries have alone a nominal record? Why should not MUGGINS, Chairman, and BUGGINS, Sec., be further companioned with WIGGINS, contributor? Why should it not be in the power of WIGGINS to purchase, price one guinea, a square one-eighth of an inch for his descendant of the Fortieth century to glow and swell at, and to point out to his children—"That was your ancestor; that was the WIGGINS of 1850?" Why, we repeat it, should not WIGGINS, contributor, have his guinea's worth of posterity, alike with MUGGINS, Chairman—with BUGGINS, Sec.? It will not satisfy us to assert that no pedestal tablet can be of sufficient magnitude to admit all names. For it is only to reduce the names to the dimensions of the man who originated the thought of the inscription, and so wondrously small must they become, that a common card will hold any number of thousands. So many animalculæ in a cheese would require far wider space.

Again, as we would do rightful honour to all subscribers without distinction, so would we correspondingly punish the lukewarm and the backsliding. We would have a tablet of infamy, an ignominious black slab upon which, for the abhorrence of posterity, we would brand all the names of those Englishmen proved capable of the Income Tax, who should be found unwilling to make subscription to the Monument of Cambridge. Upon that black slab of shame we would offer up, or down, to posterity the name of every defaulter of £150 per annum. For whilst it is made open to a man to buy the approving smile of posterity, let him also, failing in his duty, be punished with its frown.

And finally, we have to make another suggestion rewardful of all Chairmen and Secretaries. It is this. That they should have upon the Cambridge Monument not only their names, but—in *alto rilievo*—their busts. The expense, as we consider it, would be trifling, and the material common and easy.

Has not the reader beheld, stamped with wooden stamp upon a pat of butter, the figure of a bird, intended for a swan, but looking more of the goose? In this fashion, and on this material, would we have the medallions of the Chairmen and Secretaries. Their faces cut in wood, and stamped on butter—yes, Cambridge butter.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED LONDONER.

(By a Foreign-Office Clerk, who had his holiday early.)

My eyes are tired of street and square,
My constitution lacks sea air:
My ear is sick of Opera squalls,
My legs are quite knocked up with balls;
I would that I were once again
Boxed in a first-class Dover train,
Bound somewhere 'tother side the sea—
That were the time of day for me!

As to Whitehall I sadly hie,
The Railway cabs they rattle by;
I mark the luggage piled outside,
The happy looks of those that ride;
I know they're going far away,
To scenes of no work and all play,
And sigh to think, while they are free,
'Tis all work and no play with me!

No more at eight they'll have to rise,
Though hot and heavy be their eyes;
Of office work to face the bore,
Although they polked last night till four.
No more *précis* they'll have to write,
No more draft letters to indite;
As idle as they like they'll be—
And that's the life that pleaseth me!

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OURSELVES.

It is not often we speak about ourselves. Though, perhaps, forming, as we do, one of the chief subjects of the day, we might be excused for talking occasionally of that which is in the mouth of every one. Perhaps the most common thing that is said about us is, the every day observation, that "it is really marvellous how, week after week, such a magnificent collection of wit and wisdom as our publication comprises, can be continually got together." We are ourselves often thrown into fits of surprise and admiration at our own splendid achievements.

It is indeed marvellous that, now for a space of more than nine years, *Punch* has come forth with punctuality and brilliancy, as regular—we were going to say as clock-work—but clock-work is fickleness itself in comparison to the certainty and precision with which we have come before an appreciating world every Saturday. How *Punch* is got together, may, indeed, form a puzzle to ingenious curiosity, or curious ingenuity. With the brilliant corps of contributors and artists, sometimes scattered in all corners of the earth, the prodigy still appears, rendered only more prodigious by the apparent difficulties with which the production of a number of *Punch*, every week, is surrounded. Yes; the *vox populi* is, in this instance, quite right. We are a miracle. We know it; and we are glad to find the public sensible of the fact, of which we thus offer an acknowledgment.

A Dispensary Indispensable.

THE Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear has been holding its anniversary meeting. We wonder if the new House of Commons is amongst its patients,—for its hearing is extremely bad—infinite worse even than the old House—in which the people universally complained that they could never get the members to hear a single thing that they wanted. If the New House is no better, we can tell the Commons that they will have the House brought about their ears in a way that they would not like.

IF TOM BROWN, WHO WENT UP IN A BALLOON ABOUT SEVEN years ago, and has not since been heard of, does not return within ten days to his disconsolate wife, she will consider herself to all intents and purposes a widow, and perfectly at liberty to sell off the business TOM BROWN left behind him, and marry whom she pleases.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Mistress. "WELL I'M SURE; AND PRAY WHO IS THAT?"

Cook. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE 'M. IT'S ONLY MY COUSIN WHO HAS CALLED JUST TO SHOW ME HOW TO BOIL A POTATO."

LIGHTS, LIGHTS, I SAY!

COMPLAINTS have been made, through the papers, of its being customary at the Bank of England for one clerk to pay sovereigns which another clerk rejects as light, and when remonstrances are made, they are answered in words as they have been in gold—with levity. It is rather too bad, when the sovereigns of recent date are required in payment at the Bank, the old half-worn-out coin—"the light of other days"—should be thrown on the hands of the public, who may well begin to declare that the Bank will lose weight with the country, if such a practice should become general. These deficient sovereigns, when they have once had a light thrown upon them by the imputation of lightness being alleged against them, should no longer be palmed off as of full value,—a proceeding which partakes of a light-fingered character.

Rods in Pickle.

AMONG the principal members of the University Commission are DR. TAIT, late Master of Rugby School; DR. LINDELL, Master of Westminster School; and DR. JEUNE, Master of Birmingham School. We trust that these schoolmasters will not forget the scholastic maxim, that "he who spares the rod spoileth the child;" and that in dealing with the University they will not forget that there are strong *a priori* reasons for the same *a posteriori* treatment of Oxford Dons, which they are called on to administer to Westminster, Rugby, and Birmingham boys respectively.

CATCHES IN THE NEW WORLD.

(Important to Illustrious Persons about to Marry.)



PUNCH, MY OLD FELLER.—So it seems you Britishers are riled acase that are little great man o' yourn, the Fust Minister to the Crown, QUEEN VICTORIA'S Upper Help, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, like an onthrifty loafer, have bin and palavered Parliament into votin' away £12,000 starlin' a year o' the public money to PRINCE GEORGE O' CAMBRIDGE, to pay his Royal Highness for to do nothin', and to keep the bear away from his clearins, and set him up in a small way with four equeries and three parsons, besides other helps, in livery and out.

"I've got a feller feelin' for you; I have. I shouldn't like my dollars voted away

on them tarms, I shouldn't, nohow. But don't you see, you gonies, that you ain't got no right to cry out agin this here kinder extravagance so long—as that 'cute old 'coon HENRY BROUGHAM AND VAUX pintoed out to you—so long as you wun't chuse to 'low your Princes and Dukes Ryal, and their gals, to go and marry accordin' to their likins, and speckilate in High Menials like the rest on you, for to better themselves?

"Secin' your Princes and Princesses can't marry none but foreigners, and them Protestants; instead of havin' the run of Europe for a match, they are staked off from all the families of the Continent a'most,

exceptin' a few in Jarmany; and your Monarchs as is to be, hes or shes, is forced for to send out to Saxy Cobug and Gotly or some one or t'other o' their Saxies for this or that Serene Highness, with all their fortins on their backs, to come and take pity on 'em, poor critturs!

"Now what a tarnation set of blind old owls you must be. You don't see no furdur afore your noses than a benighted nigger—that's a fact. How was it, in looking out for husbands and wives for your Ryal Family, you never thought of castin' a look at our glorious Republic, a-blazin' and a-glarin', in tarnal beauty and brightness, only t'other side o' the Atlantic, right slick in your blinkin' old eyes? There's stores of our free and enlightened citizens as has realised dollars enough to keep any Princess as ever wore feathers; and I may say the same of our gals, *viceroy carsey*. If you've got any Ryalty to swop, I dessay there's lots on 'em as would be willin' to deal with you, jist to please their fancy. We could play at sojers to divart you, no ways slow, and spend as much time in gunnin' and huntin' as you thought our wages was wuth. And I estimate, the name of an American citizen flogs all the Highnesses in creation, and stumps Saxy Cobug or Saxy Highlow aither into fits.

"I am rayther thinkin' of lookin' out for a wife myself, I don't mind tellin' on you; and if so be as you've got any Princess on hand, I am open to take her off, without a cent, provided she's a good gal, and ain't got no objection to turn to and make herself useful. We've rayther a kinder respect for the sooperstitions o' the old country arter all; and I calculate that bein' know'd for nervy-in-law to VICTORIA would bring custom enough to my store to make the notion pay, partickler if I writ my name as sitch up over the door, and got the Lion and Unicorn painted on my trucks; as to my pretensions, if they ain't good enough, that's a pity. In pint of Highness, I am six foot three; and, 'cept when my dander is riz, give me only my bit o' weed. I guess I'm as serene as Lake Ontario in a dead calm. Maybe you will forrad this here letter to Buckin'ham Pallis, and any answer tu it will be attended to as airy as convenes, by

"Yours, considerably,

"GOAHEAD SFAY."

"New York, Aug. 7, 1850.

THE HEIGHT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.—MR. GORDON CUMMING paying a shilling to see the Hippopotamus.

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

A WORD FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.



CERTAIN of our friends in print take it in dudgeon that JENNY LIND should have so gathered about her all the hearts of Liverpool; should have been so attended to her ship by the "aves vehement" of affectionate thousands; for there was real heart in the shoutings that were sent to her across the Mersey. Good friends, think again; reconsider your discontent. When there is so much lip-homage—so much eager voluntary self-debasement—so much licking of the shoe-leather of absurd pomp, that has no more in it or upon it, to justify the idolatry, than may be found in the barren letters that spell a title—in the imagined heap that piles a banker's account,—when there is so much nauseous worship of the Capitoline geese, that only cackle, and do not protect—of the golden calves, that, save to themselves, are not of the worth of shambles' veal—when, in this age, so precipitant in adulation of prosperity, so that it be prosperity, when no questions shall be asked—at a time when the devoted breeches-pocket loyalty to a railway king has foamed itself into virtuous wrath, the said king's toppled crown being sent to the old iron shop—at a time so full of sad, humiliating examples of the human tendency to crawl to the mere images of position and success; at such a time we take comfort and rejoice in the manifestation of esteem, even though deemed extravagant and in superfluous, when paid to a genius—to a genius so often shown the handmaiden of good.

We have the hardihood to confess the preference. Yes, we mightily prefer the applausive shout sent from the throats of a Liverpool crowd, a shout of happy wishes to a JENNY LIND, to the stupid, thundering bluster of a Portsmouth salute, stunning, in the name of senseless ceremony, a quiet elderly gentlewoman. The cannon, with their "adamantine lips," bellow—"You're a duchess;" and not a word, a syllable more. Human thousands shout to the somewhat more than Duchess of song; and in that shout, so brief and sudden, there is acknowledgment, thankfulness for sweet, ennobling emotions; as for enduring good. How many of the sick, with the thought, the knowledge of that shout, might add their prayers, and grateful blessings to sanctify the acclaim!

Good friends in print, anxious for the stiff sobriety of the English mind—friends and guardians of propriety, fearful of unprofitable and unseemly enthusiasm when lavished only upon genius and virtue—take heart, be confident. There are still wooden idols enough, and more than enough, to keep alive and rank the old religion. Goose-worship and calf-worship will not so soon pass away. There is yet enough of the national heart left untouched to pulsate at the ring of current coin—there are yet thousands and tens of thousands of ham-strings, to work, obediently as the threads of painted, paper toys, at the look, the word of those earthly gods, for whose Pantheon see DEBBETT's "Peerage."

Is there any lack of idols? Any backsliding in idol-worship? A young Duke has successfully made off from the House of Commons—(composed of hustings lynxes, that, after the election, are prone to sleep like hearth-rug spaniels)—made off with a booty of £12,000 per annum; the yielding Whigs all guiltless of a blush. HUME's arithmetic might off-hand calculate the number of household chattels, at a given price, that, sold by the tax-gatherer's warrant, would make a monetary year of that self-same Duke; a monstrous young Duke so considered, with more legs and arms about him than a Hindoo God; with this difference—they are the legs and arms of tables and chairs confiscated to the Exchequer. It is pregnant of thoughts salutary, if not blitheful, to consider how every unjust shilling, voted by way of pension or expense, may become a visible, working tyrant at the hearths of the poor, seized upon for taxes. If we may trace the dust of CÆSAR to a bung-hole, so may we follow the last blanket of the shivering poor into the pocket of the pensioner.

Is it not monstrous, a crying wrong, that this new DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE should sit so heavily upon the backs of the people; and yet, let his Royal Pursiness appear as visitor in any town, or city, and fair ladies would flutter their handkerchiefs, and the crowd shout hurrahs at the Illustrious Pensioner. Now, when we are so ready to huzzah human packages, because labelled with a high figure, why should we stint our breath at leave-taking of human genius exercised for human happiness, and made so often nobly ministrant to human suffering? Will all the "Contents" and "Non-Contents" that a Cambridge may utter value one trill of JENNY LIND? Or rather, may they not cost the country a hundred times the amount that JENNY, in her goodness, has thrown about her.

We rejoice in the enthusiasm of Liverpool. And our contemporaries, reconsidering the matter, may rejoice too. It is surely no ill sign when

a vast commercial community acknowledges something beyond the ledger. Who knows, some day, the painter may personally have more honour for his pictures, than the mere noble for his heraldic bearings—the sculptor for his statues, than the commercial owner of vast granite quarries—the writer of one immortal little book, more even than the possessor of a paper-mill who turns his weekly thousands? And if this should come to pass—(and the homage to JENNY is only a homage to art and goodness, not an indirect reverence to her banker)—why should our friends of the press sneer and repine? Ought they not rather to applaud the feeling—to foster it, and rejoice in its fullness? Shall it be said that the porcupine, with all its upright, independent quills, has, in its present condition, somewhat too much of the toad-eater?

To return to JENNY. It seems she is to give a concert on board the ship for the benefit of the sailors. Very good. As, in the course of the voyage, it is certain she would be called upon for music—it is well she should sing for the profit of poor Jack. And she will sing:

"Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grows civil with her song."

The worst, however, awaits JENNY upon her landing in New York. There, showman BARNUM lies in wait for her, it is said, with a procession! We are truly sorry that JENNY should have fallen into such mercantile hands. BARNUM's commodities should still be dwarfs and manufactured mermaids. He should have had no dealings with JENNY LIND. Poor soul! We wish her safe back again; even though, to the amazement of our friends, Liverpool should give her welcome worthy of their farewell. For Liverpool applauded the woman as well as the singer. It is not every Nightingale that makes to herself wings of hospitals.

A LITTLE BIRD.

PUNCH'S HAND-BOOKS FOR TRAVELLERS.

MR. PUNCH, envious of the reputation of MR. MURRAY and his celebrated Handbooks, announces his intention of publishing a new series of Handbooks, which he is sure will soon be met with in every railway, auberge, *bierbrauerei*, *gasthof*, hotel, palazzo, and mountain top throughout the travelling world. The following are the titles of a few to which he has already affixed the passport of his name.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PALACE IN FLEET STREET, with a lock of his hair which he had cut there.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE INSOLVENT DRESTOR'S COURT.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK TO THE CHEAP RESTAURATEURS OF PARIS, where (see the office in the window) "Ode spikes English here."

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE DIFFERENT COINS OF SWITZERLAND, with rules how not to lose more than twopence out of every shilling in every Canton you pass through.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF BOULOGNE, with prices of lodgings, provisions, and brandy, for the use of English residents.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE CROP HOUSES OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE BEER HOUSES OF BAVARIA.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE GERMAN CONSTITUTION (with a view of the celebrated Baze).

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE LOAN SOCIETIES OF LONDON, with complete directions how to receive £10 out of a Loan for £50.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN, with a Panorama of the Bird-cage Walk from the Summit.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF RAILWAY TRAVEL-TALK, with conversations for second and third Class, and rules how to hold your tongue with becoming dignity in the first Class.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF CONTINENTAL REVOLUTIONS, including those of France, Italy, Prussia, Austria, and Rome, with a map of the splendid prospects which each country has derived from them.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE INTERIOR OF VESUVIUS, with a profound inquiry into its "Crater Comforts."

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE NORTH POLE.

Also, in a few days,

PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON,

with elevations taken in a new point of sight, to which the finger of science has never been directed before; and geological specimens and large cuts of the green cheese which is supposed to grow there.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE reporter of the *Times*, in giving an account of the Peace Congress at Frankfurt, says that he heard one of the door-keepers pointing out to a visitor the person of CORDEN, with the words, "*Das ist COBY.*" This is not worse than our English janitors, who invariably make a fearful hash of the names of foreigners. The Nepalese Ambassador (who has just left us for Paris, which is so crowded that RUM JUGGUR could hardly find a bed, and SHERE MUTTY—*ce chère* MUTTY, as the French call him—was compelled to sleep in a cockloft)—the Nepalese, we were about to say, was always known by the humbler class of Londoners as the New Police Ambassador, there being a vague notion about town that his mission was in some way connected with the establishment of a police force in the East, for the detection of the light-fingered portion of the dark-faced population. The "*Das ist COBY,*" of the Frankfurt doorkeeper is no worse than the "*there goes ABRAHAM PARKER!*" with which IBRAHIM PACHA used to be saluted by the *gaminerie* of London.



MR. BRIGGS TRIES (FOR MANY HOURS) A LIKELY PLACE FOR A PERCH; BUT, UPON THIS OCCASION, THE WIND IS NOT IN A FAVOURABLE QUARTER.

A very Simple Inquiry Made "in the Name of Conscience."

"The Secretary of the South-Eastern Railway acknowledges the receipt of Conscience Money," &c.

THE above was the commencement of an advertisement in the *Times* last week. We put it on the file of immortality, as being the first instance on record of Conscience having anything to do with a railway. But at present the conscience is all upon one side. We wonder if any of our railways will be attacked with similar fits of conscience? If shareholders return conscience money to railways they may have defrauded, why should not railways also make the same conscientious offerings to the innumerable shareholders they have helped to defraud all over the kingdom?

But this proposed system, however just, would be attended, unfortunately, with one great difficulty—the want of means; for if our railways were once to begin returning "conscience monies," how many solvent lines would there be to-morrow in England?

INSCRIPTION FOR THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO THE "GOOD DUKE."

"Gracious Goodness!"



MINNOW CAUGHT BY MR. BRIGGS, AUGUST 23RD, 1850.—EXACT SIZE OF LIFE.

CALIFORNIAN COSTUMES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* gives us particulars of the Californian costume at the mines. They are very interesting, but we doubt if they are as accurate as the following:—

MORNING DRESS.—Nothing very new in morning dresses. Blouse with slashed sides, and a black belt, trimmed with *couteaux de chasse*, and revolvers à l'Américaine. Shoes, the strongest Bluchers, with iron heels and hobnails as big as fists. The only ornament, a powder-flask, or a butcher's steel; the only walking-stick a light carbine. No gloves.

It is generally the fashion, for a party exceeding six, to travel about the country with a small eight-pounder, which affords capital amusement in the evening amongst the natives.

EVENING DRESS, FOR THE BALL-ROOM OR THE GAMBLING-HOUSE.—Waistcoats of shot silk. Handkerchiefs a light Robespierre red. Coats a pale moonlight colour, padded with horsehair, and made of a thick, galvanised substance, almost impenetrable. Under-waistcoat an elegant bull's hide. Pistols *de rigueur*. Court sword. Light cane, with a spring-blade; or a life-preserver, filled with lead, and gold tassels. Opera-hat of light sheet-iron.

LITERARY DISCOVERY.—Many books have been written to prove the identity of the *Man in the Iron Mask*! That man is now fully believed—at least by the railway world—to be no other than GEORGE HUDSON.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.—Has been called Self-preservation which clearly means that the first law of nature is to take care of Number One.

A RACE FOR AN EMPIRE.



For instance, who can read the report of the scene enacted by the COUNT DE CHAMBORD, when he called the *ouevriers* round him and insisted on their drawing close enough to him to enable him to hear their hearts beat? Who, we ask, can read this without seeing the figure of GOMERSAL, with the foot-lights before it, and feeling that the situation was just the kind of thing for him to have done justice to? Amateurs are always awkward, and the COUNT DE CHAMBORD cannot have been as much at home in this part of the performance as a man like GOMERSAL would have been, who has been accustomed all his life to beat his own bosom, rush into all sorts of arms, cling round all kinds of necks, and turn back the hair from all sorts of foreheads, with every species of shriek, from the high *soprano* of joy to the double-bass of the deepest misery.

Where then, we again ask, is GOMERSAL? There seems to be an empire awaiting him, if he will only pack up his carpet-bag, pay his fare by the boat, and take with him, as an old adherent to the Empire (at ASTLEY'S), the evergreen WIDDICOMB. The latter will only be required to place his hand on his heart, and illustrate *les doux souvenirs*, while GOMERSAL has only to run his eye over the prompt-book of the Amphitheatre; refresh his recollection about the different cues; look at his dictionary of dates with reference to Austerlitz, and all that sort of thing; get his nose into good snuff-taking order; borrow a pair of imperial eagles from ASTLEY'S property-man; take a few lessons in French pronunciation; stuff his pockets with a few of the old crosses of the Legion of Honour which he used to distribute among the supernumeraries; and, thus prepared, we will back him against anyone for creating a favourable impression among Frenchmen at the present moment.

WIDDICOMB must, of course, equip himself as a French Field-Marshal; but as there is, no doubt, a pair of NEY'S breeches, a coat of KELLERMAN'S, and a cocked-hat of MORTIER'S, in the wardrobe of the Theatre, there will be no difficulty in rigging out the veteran according to the traditions *si touchantes* of *la grande armée*. If WIDDICOMB'S cocked-hat and feather should not go directly home to every Frenchman's heart, and if GOMERSAL'S *redingote* does not appear *rampante* in every Frenchman's eye, we are no judges of the Gallic character.

THE CAMBRIDGE BUBBLE.

WHAT is the true gauge of "feelings?" Is it, in the case before us, the breeches'-pocket? The Committee for the Cambridge Monument in smoke (for it will be of no more enduring material than that which puffs and rolls from the kitchen chimney of the London Tavern)—the Committee, speaking through E. F. LEEKS (name of congenial greenness), Hon. Sec., assure the placid public that they "are anxious to collect" money enough "to raise that description of monument which will do equal justice to their *own feelings*, and," &c. &c. Does not this leave the style of monument a matter of profound mystery? Who is to judge of the architectural order best illustrative of the feelings of a Committee? Why do they not at once publish specimens that we might judge of, and, if possible, sympathise with the architectural symbol of human emotions as living in the breasts of Committee men, many of whose "names," it is elsewhere promised as a pleasant bribe, "will be inscribed upon the pedestal."

The plate will serve as an ample tablet for the names of the Chairmen and Secretaries of the Committees, whilst at the same time it will illustrate the persevering means employed to collect subscriptions. The knife and fork will stand keenly and pointedly epigrammatic of not a few of the unwearied services of the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE in the cause of

charity. Poor, good Duke! What a shame it is, that a man—because a Duke—cannot have passed decently and good-naturedly through life, eating the fattest thereof, and drinking of the richest and rarest—without being monstered into a philanthropist, hardly second to PROMETHEUS! If these matters are known in the shades, the Duke—with all his sublimated good-temper, can hardly take it as a compliment that his proposed monument is to be little other than a sort of card-tray to hold "the names of the Chairmen and the Secretaries" of money-begging Committees.

Reader, you may have seen a busy fellow intent upon a statue—the figure of Fame, Hope, or Charity. Was he rapt by the beauty of the statue in the abstract—was he touched by reverence for the quality it figured? And now he has walked away, and you walk, and then, close to the statue, pause in his footsteps; when, looking, you behold scrawled on the garment hem of Charity—"JOHN GUBBINS, GENT." Now, GUBBINS is the chairman or secretary to a CAMBRIDGE Monument Committee.

THE RENOVATION OF THE THAMES.

THAMES, King of Streams—at last, it seems—

Thy bosom's to be drained of

That perilous stuff of dingy buff

Which we've so long complained of;

And putrid loam and filthy foam

No more shall clog the river,

Where darts shall not be longer shot

From fell Miasma's quiver.

Its waves no more shall, reeking, pour,

Too thick almost to ripple,

With what, right sure, makes good manure,

But very nasty tipple.

Vivacious all, the eels shall crawl

The fresh and wholesome sludge on,

Whose present stench would e'en kill tench,

And has destroyed the gudgeon.

The swans shall glide upon a tide

Sweet as a nut—or sweeter—

Swan-hoppers, too, shall swans pursue,

'Mid fragrance 'stead of fetor.

In pleasure-bark, the gladsome lark

The pure stream will admit on,

Off Rotherhithe, as fresh and blithe

As opposite Thames Ditton.

Off Puddledock—the early cock

His sprightly clarion blowing—

Shall bathers dive, like fun alive,

'Mid waters crystal-flowing;

Which, now too queer for making beer

At Chelsea Reach, by Jingo!

Shall, at Blackwall, brew strong or small;

The best of swipes, or stingo.

And tea to make shall housewives take

The stream as low as Deptford,

Now running there, corrupt as e'er

Was Stockbridge, or East Retford.

The town first named for trout is famed,

Good three or four pound lumpers;

The trout there sell almost as well

As whilom sold the plumpers;

And London trout—the Thames cleaned out—

As hard shall strain our tackle;

And Bridge below the angler throw

Deftly the killing hackle.

Nay, as for fish—exclaim not "Pish!"

Reply not "Stuff!" or "Gammon!"

Just caught, hard by, yourself and I

At Greenwich shall eat salmon.

HOB AND NOB.

"THE Hebrew mind," said HOB, in his short hammer-upon-nail way, "as developed with us, has no notion of wit, no regard for humour."

"Nevertheless," said the good-natured NOB, "you must allow this much—the Jew has a wonderful sense of interest."

THE PARLIAMENTARY JOE MILLER.



ATELY we spoke of an amusing little book bearing the above title, and the following are some choice extracts therefrom. They will be found to be the best bon-mots uttered during the late Session.

"MR. BRIDGES said that the eloquence of the Hon. Member for Tiverton was very much like travelling through a railway tunnel. It was some two or three miles long—and profoundly dark from one end to another. The House had listened in perfect silence—in the hopes of hearing or seeing something—but it was only when the Hon. Member had reached the extreme end of his long tunnel, that the House began to perceive a little daylight. He must say, that no engine in the present Ministry had the talent of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, for dragging people with such extraordinary rapidity through the dark." (Laughter, and cries of "Order.")

"MR. REYNOLDS took the liberty to remark that certain Members were in the habit of making speeches, in the same way that PENKELER did her Berlin wool-work (laughter); that is to say, they spun

a long yarn in the morning, and picked it to pieces again in the evening, or the next day. The monster yarn about the Sunday Post-Office was a yarn of this description—and much as he complimented the Hon. Member for the City of London for the ingenuity with which he had spun it together, still, it was nothing to the admiration he felt for the cleverness his Lordship had afterwards displayed in picking his own handiwork to pieces." (Roars of laughter, in which LORD JOHN heartily joined.)

"MR. DISRAELI said, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had such a wonderful talent for persuading people, that, if he went in search of the North Pole, he would only have, on his return, to flourish his walking-stick in the eyes of half a dozen Members, and say, 'Gentlemen, this is the North Pole,' and the House, in the boundlessness of its faith, would believe it." (General laughter.)

"SERJEANT MURPHY boldly told the Hon. Member for Limerick that there was this difference between him and his father—that, whereas DANIEL O'CONNELL was the Ophicleide of agitation, he (JOHN O'CONNELL) was merely the penny whistle." (Long-continued laughter.)

"MR. OSBORNE said MR. URQUHART's speeches seemed always to be copied after one model.—'A Railway Guide.' They were always full of the closest figures,—and were quite as interesting—and they had this further resemblance, that it was utterly impossible in either to find out a single thing you wanted." (A laugh.)

"COLONEL SINTHROP always trembled when the Hon. Member for Manchester rose to speak. He could only compare his sensations to the alarm he felt when he first saw BARON NATHAN dance the hornpipe amongst the tea things—he made sure that every minute the Hon. Member would put his foot in it." (Loud laughter.)

"MR. DRUMMO led the Colonial Secretary the 'lightning conductor of Downing Street.' He was continually bringing down the lightning that played over Ministers' heads, but then, he saved their lives. His position in the Ministry, he was confident, was merely to draw off the thunder that had accumulated in the overcharged political atmosphere."

"LORD JOHN reminded him" (said MR. CORDEY) "of the celebrated little mouse in the nursery-legend of 'Dickory, Dickory, Dock,' which, with the permission of the House, he would now recite:—

'Dickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Dickory, Dickory, Dock.' (Laughter.)

"Now, what had LORD JOHN done all this Session? He had merely run up the Parliamentary clock, and what for? why, for no other purpose, it could not fail to strike one, than to run down again." (Long-continued laughter.)

We might give many more bright examples of the Collective Wit of the country, for they are as numerous as the paving stones of London, but we are sure the reader will cry with us, "Hold! Enough."

HOW WILL GLASS AFFECT THE HUMAN FRAME?

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot tell you how glad I am that the glass dome of the grand building for the Exhibition of Industry is not to be erected, for it would have been my duty to stand under that monster dome ten hours every day. I do not know whether glass cases have the same effect upon the human frame as they do upon cucumbers. At all events, I should have dreaded the experiment, for I am already six feet two, and I have no doubt that before the Exhibition had been over, I should have grown to that extent that it would have been requisite to cut a hole in the roof to enable me to put my head through—unless I had laid down upon my back, in which case it would have been dreadful to contemplate where my legs might not have stretched to! As it is, I am half afraid of MR. PAXTON's plan, as that is to consist mostly of glass—and the result will be for those inside, I suspect, anything but 'as cool as a cucumber.' However, I shall keep an accurate register of my height, and if I find it to become a growing evil, I shall make an application to the Committee that my salary shall rise every week in proportion to myself, as I am not going to stand (ten hours a day) having the 'rise taken' out of me 'by inches,' without being paid for it.

"Will you be kind enough, Sir, to put my fears before the eye of the public, for the experiment of shutting a man in a large glass case has never been tried before, and I happen, I am sorry to say, to be

"ONE OF THE IN-DOOR GUARDIANS ENGAGED FOR
NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION."

THE TRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

WE have received a communication in the form of a printed circular, marked "Private and Confidential," and signed with the name of an Irish gentleman. It embodies the prospectus of a new Guide to London, to be brought out in January next, under the title of

"WHAT'S WHAT?"

IN 1851."

"What's What?" we are informed, will be published with a view to the vast influx of foreigners that may be expected next year, both in French and English, and

"Will contain a guide to every place worth visiting, and EVERY TRADING ESTABLISHMENT WHERE PURCHASES CAN BE MOST REASONABLY AND SATISFACTORILY MADE. It will recommend readers where to seek every article connected with his (sic) wants and requisitions—of taste, luxury, and utility. These recommendations will be printed in both languages; and, of course, only those gentlemen with whom Private arrangements are made, will be mentioned."

The mention of a "gentleman's" name in "What's What?" or the "name only of any Establishment" will cost 5s.; and for "recommendation occupying one page," the charge is five guineas. A blank form of application for the insertion of advertisements, which, in the individual document before us, has been filled up by a gentleman named GREEN, completes the money-trap.

As the value of any recommendation is a matter of some little importance, it may be as well for purchasers to know that the good word of "What's What?" is worth from a crown to £5 5s. Such tradesmen as are disposed to think the commodity worth the price, had better follow the example of MR. GREEN; who has kindly permitted us to use the influence of his name in putting both customers and dealers up to "What's What?"

ROYAL ADDENDA.

WE have a statue in London to the DUKE OF KENT.

We have, as every Englishman knows to his shame, a statue to the DUKE OF YORK.

We have a beautiful statue of GEORGE THE FOURTH.

We have a pig-tailed statue of GEORGE THE THIRD.

We have a pale plum-pudding looking statue of WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

We are promised a statue of the "Good Duke" OF CAMBRIDGE.

Why not complete the list, and have statues erected to every member of the Royal Family? Two members at present are sadly missing. Accordingly, we propose that subscriptions be instantly made for the following laudable objects:—

A STATUE TO THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—We are sure he deserves it as much as the DUKE OF KENT, and a great deal more than the "First gentleman in Europe," who sits in Trafalgar Square without any trousers on.

AND A STATUE TO THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.—We are positive he is as deserving of it quite as much as the DUKE OF YORK, and that his statue could not fail to give pleasure to all classes.

A Vacancy for a Public Man.

VICTOR HUGO, in a beautiful speech, recently delivered in Paris, said, "Great men make their own pedestals: Posterity places their statues upon them." This is precisely the case with the pedestal in Trafalgar Square. We have made the pedestal, and we leave it to Posterity to place the statue upon it.

THERE'S NO PRESERVE LIKE IT.

SALT is more frequently used in pickles than preserves. In fact, there is only one kind of preserve, as far as we know, in which it is used at all—and that is, in sea-bathing—which, we are all aware, is recommended at this time of the year, as the very best way of preserving one's health.

Sabbatarian Penance.

THE domestic misery occasioned by the closing of the Sunday post has been acknowledged even to the avowed shame of some of the Sabbatarians themselves. It must have been a feeling of this kind that gave rise to a rumour, very generally circulated, that on Sunday last, being the day on which the post was re-opened, LORD ASHLEY would do penance in St. George's Church in a huge white sheet of letter paper, manufactured for the occasion. An enormous crowd collected, in the expectation of seeing his lordship, who, however, did not appear.

11-11-11

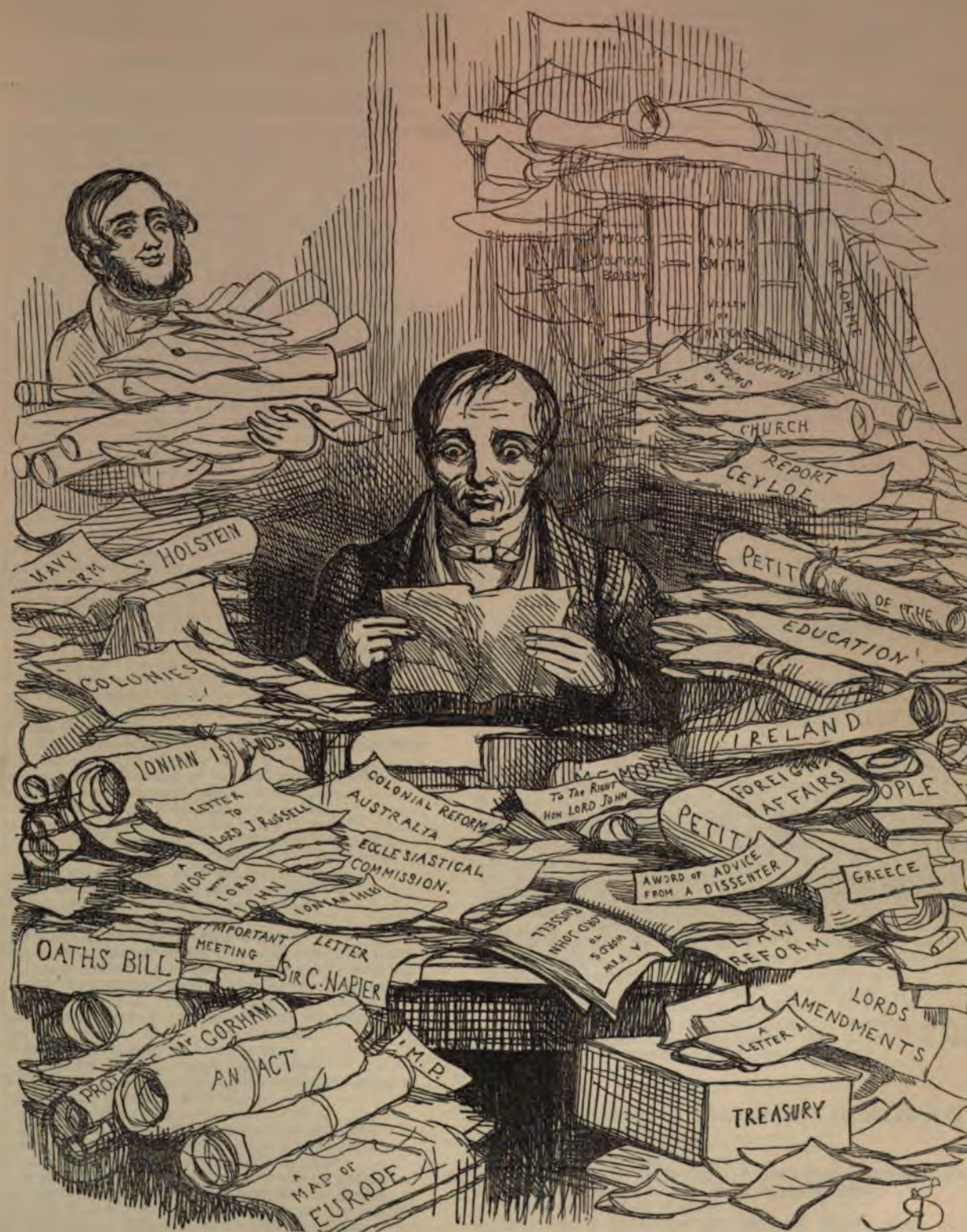
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“A PRIME MINISTER'S HOLIDAYS.”

AS THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO BE;



"A PRIME MINISTER'S HOLIDAYS."

AS THEY ARE.

PUNCH'S ROYAL PROGRESSES.

THE PROGRESS TO OSTEND.

Being an Epistle from the HONOURABLE CONSTANCE BLANK,
Maid-of-Honour, to the LADY BLANCHE FOUR STARS.

THANK NEPTUNE, dear BLANCHE, we are once more at Osborne!
How little your CONSTANCE e'er fancied she *was* born
To be lady-in-waiting on board the steam-yacht—
But at last *my* turn came, and I fairly was caught—
Entre nous, though HER MAJESTY 'scapes the commotion,
To which most of her subjects are subject on ocean,
She might just consider the suff'rings which *we* women
Feel aboard ship, who are not such great sea-women—
And one knows ere one starts—which is *very* consoling,
The *Victoria and Albert's* a sad boat for rolling.
Well—*this* time, they made a mere run to Ostend of it—
But, short though the voyage, how I longed for the end of it!
My state-room is fitted up *couleur de rose*,
But what's *that*, when one's heaving in sea-sickness's throes?
What's the use of gilt mouldings and maple-wood panel,
While one's life is a mere toss up in the Channel?
With the engine throb—throbbing in tune with one's head,
And the waves keeping up a swish—swish by one's bed.
Of course, my love, eating was out of the question,
One shuddered, you know, at the simple suggestion—
So for twelve hours, as wretched as wretched could be,
Your CONSTANCE lay tossing—and so did the sea.
Till on Thursday at nine, to the joy of your friend,
I was told we were heaving in sight of Ostend;
And heaving in sight on't (you won't feel a doubt of it)
Was good news to one who'd been long heaving out of it.
So I huddled my things on, abominably fast,
And managed to scramble on deck, love, the last!
Where I found all the party (of course *not* the QUEEN),
Looking what dear LORD GADABOUT called a sea-green.
And we saw, as we gazed tow'ards the land from the poop,
About half-a-mile of what looked like pea-soup;
And then the low line of the Dykes, as they call 'em,
With which from the sea these low country folks wall 'em;
With *such* little soldiers, their gallant defenders,
And clustered behind 'em the worthy Ostenders.
For every house, up from area to attic,
Was set full of faces so fixed and phlegmatic,
You'd have fancied these staid Flemish cits and their wives
Had seen a Queen land every day of their lives;
And no wonder, for when we steamed up to the jetty, (new
Scoured down for the day), without any retinue,
KING LEOPOLD, walked in plain olive surtout,
And welcomed the Queen with a "How d'ye do?"
And then the Prince Consort, and then the Princesses;
Then the Princes, (so neat in their man-o'-war dresses)
And then turned about, quite *sans façon*, to greet
With a welcome to Flanders poor us of the suite.
In short, my dear creature, you never *did* see
A royal *rencontre* so *sans cérémonie*;
And had it not been for the little artillery,
Who stood up in their stocks, like small boys in the pillory—
And rather more crowd in the town than you're wont in it
To find, when you land here, *en route* for the Continent—
And the flags and the gay *carillons* from each steeple,
You'd have thought it a meeting of every day people.
And then we drove off, in a brace of landaus,
To the funniest palace that ever you saw;
A plain yellow house, in a plain yellow street,
With an ugly square door and square windows *en suite*;
And, sole sign of royalty, each side the entry,
A small sentry-box, with a still smaller sentry.
And then, love, to think for a moment that *we* uphold
That beautiful Claremont for poor dear KING LEOPOLD,
At some twenty thousand a year, while at home
They're quartered in this style—no wonder they roam,
And one sees, when one has the *Court Circular* handed,
How the King and the Queen of the Belgians have landed
At Woolwich, or Folkestone, or Ramsgate, or Dover.
Poor things! When in England they must feel in clover!
But I must do the dear King the justice to say
He did all he could for our party that day.
We walked on the ramparts, went back, dined, and then?
Let's see—yes—we walked on the ramparts again;
For unless you go into the sea, love, you know,
The rampart's the only place left you to go;
But, conceive, after dinner, on counting the heads,
His Majesty found he could not give us beds;

Only think, love, a king whom his subjects adore,
And not six spare bed-rooms for friends come ashore—
They *did* talk of putting LORD GLUMP in the stable,
Thought GADABOUT *might* rough it under the table—
And, for my part, I'd rather have slept on the floor,
Than have gone to that horrible steamer once more,
But HER MAJESTY quite pooh-poohed all our demurrings,
Though we offered to pack ourselves close as red-herrings;
And declared, since the palace room couldn't afford,
We must all of us put up with beds, love, on board.
Of what that night was I won't try a description—
But one thing I *will* say—that never in fiction,
Not the horriblest picture that dear EUGENE SUE,
Or that darling DUMAS, in his wildest, e'er drew,
(And on uncooked pork-chops I'd allow you to sup, too.)
That horrible night of ours ever came up to;
LORD GLUMP, poor wretch, retching, and heaving, and sighing—
LORD GADABOUT firmly convinced he was dying—
LADY MELLON confessing her small peccadilloes—
And I giving up my whole soul to the billows.
They say in a cottage bliss may be your lot;
In a cottage it *may* be, but ne'er in a cot;
And how oft through the night as I struggled for breath,
I fancied that berth, love, would sure be my death.
Yes, I felt, I believe, dissolution at hand,
When, at last, to the comfort of all, we made land!
And HER MAJESTY tripped ashore, fresh as a rose—
But how *we* all looked I leave you to suppose.
May you ne'er know what 'tis, love, at sea to be ill—
But if they continue these voyages still—
I'll resign—I'm resolved—let Pa say what he will!
So, a thousand adieus—and write soon, dear, to thank,
For her long lucubration, your own CONSTANCE BLANK!

"HOUSEKEEPER WANTED."

THE following advertisement is so deliciously cool—cool as the weather—that we give it in its entirety to our readers. It is taken from the *Essex Standard* of the 23rd ult. :—

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.—The Advertiser (without any family) wishes to meet with a respectable Female, of limited income, who would be willing to act as Housekeeper, and pay him Ten Pounds a year towards the expenses of a comfortable home.—Apply, by letter, —, Essex Standard Office, Colchester.

Times are changed, indeed! Servants are now called upon to pay their masters. We were painfully aware that governesses were often made by cruel necessity to give their time, trouble, and talents for nothing, but that a housekeeper should be publicly solicited to give ten pounds a-year to her master surpasses everything we have ever heard in this brazen age of impudence. We wonder this Colchester native, who seems to be dreadfully close in "shelling out," did not ask for a suit of clothes as well, by way of a livery,—for it is but right, since he is ready to accept wages, that he should don the proper costume of a servant. He talks of a "comfortable home." Delicious comforts they must be, when purchased with the means of his poor dependents! Why, he must be at the mercy of his housekeeper; and if he said anything harsh—and, judging from what we already know of his character, we should say that he would be very capable of the greatest harshness—she would be turning round and giving him warning, or threatening—if he did not hold his tongue—to reduce his wages! Nice "home" it must be, if all his servants are hired upon the same terms! If his cook gives him five pounds a-year, and his housemaid three, and his scullery-maid finds him his tea and sugar, this shabby bachelor must make a good thing of it—only we do not envy him his "comfortable home!"

WHISPERINGS IN THE GALLERY OF ST. PAUL'S.

WHICH is the noblest Chapter of St. PAUL?
The Chapter that asks Two-pence.
Have you seen St. Paul's Library? If so, state what you think to be the Dean and Chapter's notion of the dignity of letters.
The dignity in letters *L. S. D.*
Why does it appear that the Dean and Chapter never went to Brazenose?
Because they have the face to stick to coppers.
What may the money-takers do with the bad half-pence?
Indignantly refuse 'em.
What do you consider to be the oldest, most vital, and most revered institution connected with the established Church?
TWO-PENCE.

THE MOST UNPLEASANT MORNING CALL.—A Railway Call.



Bathing Woman. "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO! NOT HE!—HE'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"

ANOTHER PUNCH AT PUNCH'S RAILWAY.

THE shareholders of our own dear little railway at Kensington are again indulging some wild and fantastic ideas of getting their line "worked," as if we had not worked it pretty well for them to all intents and purposes. Their present hopes are founded upon the vague idea that some sort of traffic may possibly be developed by the Exhibition of 1851; but we regret to say that we must once more smash the expectations of this small suburban concern, for we are bound to declare that a railway between Wormwood Scrubs and Warwick Square—the one a barren waste, the other a *cul de sac* of private houses—cannot be made available for Exhibitional purposes. Supposing, even, that the Wormwoodites were to endeavour to furnish specimens of the industry of the Scrubs—by the manufacture of scrubbing-brushes, for example—their transfer to Warwick Square would not bring them much nearer to Hyde Park than they were before, and the intervention of papal power—the cart of POPE, the local carrier—would still be required to complete the transit. With reference to passenger traffic, the public coming from town would have to go a mile and a half beyond the Exhibition before they got to the Railway by which it is proposed to carry them, and when carried, they would still be a mile and a half from where they wish to go to.

DANGERS OF OMNIBUS TRAVELLING.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM a great Omnibus Traveller—not by necessity but by choice. Omnibuses are crowded, and probably always will be crowded, with nuisances; but of all nuisances none are so sharp, or being so continually thrust in gentlemen's faces, as ladies' parasols. I have noticed that every lady who enters an omnibus is sure to bring in a parasol with her. She may not carry a bundle, either dead or alive, in the shape of a baby,—she may, perhaps, be without a bird-cage,—she may, by some curious chance, be free from everything in the shape of luggage, beyond a small reticule no bigger than a gentleman's carpet-bag,—but I have never yet seen the phenomenon of a lady invading an omnibus without her being duly armed with a parasol!

"Now the parasol, Sir, is the most formidable weapon of defence (and offence too, as I am prepared to prove) drawn from the female arsenal of warfare. A woman without her parasol would be defenceless indeed! If a lady is annoyed by a dog or a beggar, or pursued by a mad bull, or insulted by any one in the street, the first implement brought into action is invariably the parasol. There are other means of female protection, I am aware, which are not unfrequently had recourse to by the female hand, but I maintain that it is invariably 'The Parasol first; Nails afterwards.'

"But in an omnibus, this 'Female Life Preserver,' for so I call the parasol, is only used as a weapon of offence (unless a lady has more than the usual share of pride, and hides her face with her parasol, for fear of being seen by any of her Belgravian acquaintances inside an omnibus!) and a most offensive weapon it is too!

"Why, the nuisance obtrudes itself every where; you cannot sit down, but a lady is sure to exclaim, 'Oh! Please, Sir, take care of my parasol!' You cannot arrange your legs, any how, without an overgrown umbrella (but which, by courtesy, is promoted to the rank of a parasol) finding itself between them; and you are asked by the lady opposite 'if you are aware that is her parasol?' You cannot turn to the right or to the left, but there is certain to be at either turn the point of a parasol ready to dot your eye. If you are sitting at the end seat it is fifty times worse. You are then sitting in a prickly bush of parasols; or, to come nearer the mark, your head seems to be revolving inside a large wheel, of which the ladies' parasols are the spokes, and your nose the axle.

"The trouble, also, of getting inside an omaibus carrying fourteen

ladies! The narrow avenue is screened by a bristling palisade of parasols, piled together like the elephants' tusks, only much more formidable, you see at the entrance of anatomical museums; or all touching at the top, like the points of bayonets on a stand of musketry. Unless you have the courage of ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED, and allow them all to meet in your breast, as that patriotic martyr did with the Austrian lances, you may depend upon it an opening never will be made in the enemy's ranks. Really it is not unlike carrying an omnibus at the point of the bayonet.

"The difficulty of coming out is no less great! You have the same thicket to traverse, and you are lucky if you escape without a single wound; scratches innumerable you must expect to have, for no lady ever dreams that her parasol is in the way, or that it is unpleasant for a gentleman to have it sticking in his whisker. I would not complain so bitterly on this head—I mean my own—but latterly the ferules of ladies' parasols have become considerably sharper, and now they have arrived at a point of perfection that is really unendurable. They are made of ivory, which is sharpened finer than any Whitechapel needle, and I must say, for one, that it gives me a violent turn, and quite runs through me, whenever I am made to give an eye, not to one needle, but to a whole packet of such needles in the course of a day. My eyes are filled at the mere thoughts of it!

"Sir, I am the last man who would attempt to interfere with the amusements of any one, more especially the ladies; but I would propose that a notice be affixed to all omnibuses, delicately intimating that 'NO BABIES OR PARASOLS WILL BE ADMITTED AT ANY PRICE;' or, if this law be too severe to be ever enforced, that the conductor be empowered to take away a lady's parasol upon her entering the omnibus, and putting it out of the reach of danger in a parasol stand, similar to the one they have at the National Gallery, which should be kept at the door of every omnibus. I would advise that the charge of one penny be made for every parasol so detained, and by these strong means, the nuisance, I am confident, would soon be abated; for I have observed that ladies are infinitely more sensitive in their pockets than gentlemen. It requires a much stronger muscular power in the arm of a woman to open her purse than in that of a man. Levy, then, this tax of a penny upon every parasol, and I live in the hope that ladies' parasols will be effectually put down in every omnibus, without SIR PETER LAURIE being called in, a remedy which might be almost as bad as the evil.

"Yours, dear Sir, in daily peril,

"A GREAT OMNIBUS TRAVELLER."

THE LAST MAN OF THE SEASON. (AFTER CAMPBELL.)



ALL London's sights shall close in gloom,
The Opera season die;
Kensington Gardens shall assume
A dull placidity!
I met with no one in my ride,
In solitude I seem'd to guide
My horse down Rotten Row.
I heard the last of fashion's throng
Saying, "I've stopped in town too long,
To-morrow off I go."

Regent Street had a sickly glare,
Repairs of Clubs began;
The skeletons of scaffolds were
Around that lonely man!
The instruments of Opera bands
Were mute in their professors' hands,
Flute, flageolet, and drum;

The stage had neither sound nor tread,
SONTAG and VIARDOT are fled,
GRISI and all are dumb.

E'en *Le Prophète*, that lately stood,
With music loud and high,
Where MARIO was so wondrous good,
Has, like a storm, passed by.
Les Huguenots their work have done,
Finished is *La Tempesta's* run,
Still'd is CARLOTTA's toe;
For the last time LABLACHE appears,
No longer through a thousand ears
His wondrous notes shall flow.

Come! let the curtain quickly fall,
Procrastination's vain;
Before the lights we will not call
The vocalists again.

On Covent Garden's well-known track,
I sorrowfully turn my back;
No *bouquets* now I need.
Pinks, roses, jonquils, are abhorred,
They lie unsold on shopman's board,
Or run—uncut—to seed.

About the Park I cast my eyes,
The sight they meet is dire;
A dismal row of shabby flies,
Let—by the job—on hire:
The cab that speaks a dearth of cash,
Striving in vain to cut a dash,
With broken-winded nag.
I can't remain—adieu, Pall Mall;
The Boulogne boat to-morrow shall
Receive my carpet bag.

SINGULAR FORCE OF HABIT.

THE editor of the *Court Circular* (who always writes, we are told, in a court dress—cocked hat, silk stockings, sword, and everything complete), is so much in the habit of writing one certain interesting paragraph about HER MAJESTY, that his hand mechanically traces it upon every possible occasion. The paragraph we allude to is the memorable one which we have read now daily for the last ten years, and runs, if we recollect right, nearly as follows:—

"This morning HER MAJESTY, accompanied by PRINCE ALBERT, took her customary walk upon the slopes."

Wherever HER MAJESTY goes, the above paragraph is sure to follow her. It must annoy her almost as much as those salutes which they will fire after her, as if the only way of catching the royal car was by firing gunpowder into it. The last time we had the pleasure of meeting the above ubiquitous paragraph was at Castle Howard, and if HER MAJESTY ascended Ben Nevis, or visited the Giant's Causeway, or took a trip to the Hebrides, we almost believe that the next morning's account would inform us that

"The QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, after breakfast, took their usual morning walk upon the slopes."

To do justice, however, to the much-abused editor of the *Court Circular*, we must say that he does sometimes neglect to record the valuable fact. For instance, very recently, when the QUEEN went to Ostend, no mention whatever was made of the historical incident. For two, nay three consecutive days, neither the QUEEN nor PRINCE ALBERT "walked upon the slopes." Accuracy like this is its own praise, when we remember that the Royal personages were on board the Royal Yacht.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD is all but given up by the Legitimist party in France. They pay a pilgrimage to a desired HENRY CINQ, and they find the poorest creature: a mere fussy thing of recollections and traditions, about as fit for the world in its progress, as the memory of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH—could it be reproduced—to dance a saraband. Nevertheless, though Legitimist France despair of her king of bran and tiffany, our own *Morning Post* has great confidence in the full-sized male doll of St. Louis's, and pays due homage to "that charm of voice and manner, the peculiar and inestimable quality of his race."

Now, if the voice and manner of HENRI CINQ be so potent for fascination, why does he keep in idleness the miraculous gifts? Why does he not begin in earnest to charm the serpents of the Republic, making no more of them than our Mussulman friend in the Zoological Gardens makes of *his* snakes, hooded and rattle? But the days of miracles are gone; especially of miracles courtly. Once, indeed, it was believed that legitimate kings could touch away evil; but now, and even in their own case, somehow—despite voice and manner—the evil will stick.

A TIMELY COINAGE.

THE people of Sheffield have voted an address to LORD JOHN RUSSELL praying him to cause an increased issue of copper: more farthings, halfpence, and penny-pieces. The premier should look to this; especially if—as in the case of MRS. WAGHORN—it may be found necessary to give pensions to the widows of men of genius. Farthings may be wanted.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.



ow the world would stagnate, were it not for the follies of the hair-brained and enthusiastic! Happily, they now and then make the sides of the grave and wise to shake with wholesome laughter; even though the aforesaid gravity and wisdom quick subside into compassion—profoundest pity of the Utopians. How many laughs has wisdom enjoyed at the cost of speculative folly!

There was one HERVEY, who avouched a discovery of the circulation of the blood. And the world laughed, and then rebuked him; and finally—for his outrageous nonsense—punished him by depriving him of his practice.

There was one JENNER, who—having speculated upon the hands of certain dairy-maids, theorised upon vaccine virus—and declared that in the cow he had found a remedy for small-pox. And the world shouted; and the wags were especially droll—foretelling, in their excess of witty fancies, the growth of cow's horns from the heads of vaccinated babies.

When it was declared that our streets should be illuminated by ignited coal-gas—the gas to flow under our feet—the world laughed; and then, checked in its merriment, stoutly maintained that some night London, from end to end, would be blown up. WINSON—the gas-man—was only a more tremendous GUY FAWKES.

When the experimental steam-boat was first essayed at Blackwall, and went stern foremost, the river rang with laughter. There never was such a waterman's holiday.

When STEPHENSON was examined by the Parliamentary sages upon a railway project, by which desperate people were to travel at the rate of, aye, fifteen miles an hour, the *Quarterly Review* laughed a sardonic laugh, asking, with killing irony, "Would not men as soon be shot out of a gun, as travel by such means?"

And when, last week, the Peace Congress met at Frankfort, did not the wise ones laugh at the tinkering pacificators—the simple ones in broad-brim and drab? They met in St. Paul's Church (did they pay twopence?) and tiger HAYNAU listened to them, and was not there and then changed to a lamb; neither was a single piece of cannon turned, by the eloquence of the talkers, into honey.

The wise world has laughed at the circulation of the blood—at gas—at steamboats—at railways. Why should not the world enjoy its horse-collar grin at the preachers of peace? Why should not arbitration (until an accepted principle) be quite as ridiculous (until triumphant) as vaccination? If JENNER was a quack, why should not the dove—the symbol of peace—be pronounced a most fabulous goose?

Meanwhile, and only a few hours after the departure of the Peace Congress from Frankfort, England and France are tied together by the electric wire, and the lightning carries messages between the nations—the natural enemies! An electric wire from Dover to Cape Grisnez! What a line of comment on the laughers!

Childish Ories.

It is very strange that the cry which gives the most offence in a Republic, should be "*Vive la République*." Yet the popularity of the President of a Republic has been tested, during a recent trip, by the prevalence, or absence, of that cry. LOUIS-NAPOLÉON himself would not shake hands with a man, because he shouted it in his ear. His followers actually kicked a man out of the room because he dared to raise that republican cry in the presence of their republican chief—and so on, through theatres, balls, fields, reviews, and Préfectures. France lately has been doing nothing but cry, cry, cry, from morning to night, and, like a pet child, rather too much attention has been paid to its crying. We cannot help thinking that a nation has arrived to a strange childish state when it is always crying; and, really, like a child, does not know what it is crying for.

Widow Waghorn's Pension.

THE Government has recently added £15 to the previous £25 pension to the widow of the man who first brought India within a few weeks of England. £25 and then £15! "The quality of mercy is not strained," says SHAKESPEARE. The quality of government reward is not strained either. "No," says the Minister, tapping his red-box, "it is not strained—it is filtered."

A NOVELTY IN THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER is not generally the month of novelties. It is a month of unbroken London dullness, when a Singing Mouse would be welcomed with the delight almost of a JENNY LIND. We were astonished, therefore, at being told of a novelty in Regent Street, that was surprising the one or two loungers that are still left in town. Scarcely believing this rumour, which we feared was too good to be true, we wended our way to that highly-deserted locality, editing in our minds the choice little dinner, which we determined upon having, by way of consolation, at VEREY'S, in case we should be disappointed.

We reached the Cosmorama Rooms, and, to our delight, really did find a novelty. We bounded upstairs, and rushed madly into a room, when a wild African, flourishing a spear over his head, suddenly checked our exuberance. We were about to leave the place, half-disappointed, and more than half-terrified, when a black lady, about the height of MR. ROBERT KEELEY, stalked majestically into the room, carrying a big pitcher on her head. A glance at her dress, which consisted of an immense buffalo's hide ornamented with large brass nails, induced us to remain. Another glance at her ears convinced us we had really discovered a novelty—so great a novelty, indeed, that it would make the fortune of the proprietor, if everybody but ourselves had not unfortunately left town.

This black lady carries her snuff-box in her ears, and wipes her eyes with an egg-spoon. Isn't this a novelty? and yet it is perfectly true. The snuff is put into a tube exactly like a needle-case, and this needle-case, no broader than a lady's little finger, is thrust through the fleshy part of her ear, where it hangs as a sort of ear-ring. She never sneezes, but cries profusely, collecting her tears in a sort of bone spoon, which she rubs up and down her eyelids for the purpose. This young lady is very interesting, notwithstanding the habit she has contracted of taking snuff, and might be called pretty, if it were not for her hair, which she rubs over with a kind of red paint,—for it seems that red hair is considered in South Africa very beautiful, and is all the fashion with the natives. This hair hangs in little red worsted curls, and does not add, we think, to the lady's beauty. She is sixteen years of age—sweet sixteen—and dances with bare feet, singing as she stamps the floor. We are sorry we cannot say much either for her singing or her dancing.

Her husband is the wild African gentleman who frightened us so much on our entrance. He comes from the Cape, and has brought a very peculiar one with him, in the shape of foxes' tails, which hang round his neck like so many ladies' cast-off boas, not two of the same length, and give him the appearance of the most eccentric fur-reigner we ever saw. He is very good-natured, and wears large brass bed-curtain rings on both his naked arms.

His great pride, however, is his hair. Hair-dressing at the Cape must be a profitable business, for every native seems to devote his head to nothing else. We never saw such hair. It is worked and stitched, and beeswaxed up most elaborately into a perfect bowl on the top of his head—and you imagine that it must have been arranged to catch balls, such as you see conjurors do in the street. It must be very inconvenient in rainy weather, for the bowl must get full of water, and the Zuloo (for he comes from that "hair" tribe) must stand on his head, if he wishes to empty it.

There is another native, still more good-natured than the other two. He wears a regal mantle of Kangaroo-skins, and carries a bundle of spears in his hand, as a beadle carries his staff. He is very good-looking, has a faultless figure, worthy of a copper Apollo, but we are ashamed to say, he paints—and the painting is not done with a very artistic hand either, for it is smeared all over his nose, his eyebrows, and his forehead, in a style that does not say much for the delicacy of his touch. The colour, too, which is used, is a vulgar brick-dust, and the effect of carrots on the top of chocolate (for such is the colour of his complexion) is not very charming. His hair is likewise discoloured by this anchovy-coloured tincture. We are told that he lived "in the bush." We are sure, then, from the colour he has brought away all over him, that it must have been a red-currant bush. No Republican can be more *Rouge* than he is.

The exhibition, however, is a most interesting one. You are brought in contact, hand-in-hand, with these simple-hearted natives, and they laugh with you in the most familiar manner, without waiting for the absurd formality of an introduction. You may pull them about as you like—they only grin, and show their beautiful white teeth. Their tractability is most wonderful, for they obey the proprietor in the most willing, loving manner, when they might transfix him in a moment with one of their spears, if they chose.

Altogether we have not seen so great a novelty for a long time—and it is extraordinary how it can have come to light in this dark, empty, month of September. Out of sympathy with those poor unfortunate creatures, who are detained in town like ourselves, we publish the fact, and advise them to pass a dreary hour in laughing with the handsome Kaffir, and taking snuff with the good-natured Zuloo, and his Anaponda-ry wife, who are at present lodging on a first-floor in Regent Street.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

A CARD.



N the present occasion, *Mr. Punch* offers his felicitating compliments,—

Mr. Punch feeling that the interests of the blissful rite of marriage are best honoured and advanced by a serious and faithful report thereof, begs to inform the nuptial world that marriages—(when the breakfasts are satisfactorily splendid, and the cakes sufficiently tasteful)—are punctually attended.

Mr. Punch is induced to offer himself, and to throw open his journal, to wedding-parties (of the highest consideration) from a sense of impatience and dissatisfaction at the manner in which the most important moment of human life is too frequently dismissed by the unreflecting and incapable. Young ladies are really thrown away at the altar; when, with a little judicious treatment, they might be made a most attractive

feature in the public newspapers. Now, it is the purpose of *Mr. Punch*, either to attend himself, or to give the necessary credentials to one of his young gentlemen, who, capable of treating the ceremony like an artist, shall take care that brides, like flowers, do not bloom to blush unseen; who shall wander from bouquet to bouquet of the bridesmaids, like a honey-bee, and who shall be further warranted to carry away in his eye every bonnet, cap, gown, jacket, visite, victorine, &c., &c., of the party.

It will be the object of *Mr. Punch* to make the weddings of private families public to the meanest capacity; and thereby carry out to the fullest a principle but poorly attempted by certain Brighton contemporaries. *Mr. Punch* subjoins a skeleton specimen.

THE ABODE OF THE BRIDE.

The morning sun glows on the climbing roses. The skylark, poised immediately over the chimney, throws a gush of notes down the fireplace. The hearth, where the infant feet of the bride, &c., &c. And still the lark sings, tira-lira, tira-lira, &c.

THE GATHERING OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The meadows are dotted with all classes of persons, mostly women. The dots become lines—still women. The church-yard becomes crowded—and overflows, principally with women.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

Not less than a hundred and fifty new bonnets—white, the prevailing colour. School-children anxious and mottled in the gallery. Silence is so profound that the watch of the clerk is heard convulsively ticking. Moment of intense excitement. The Church-door opens. It is the Bride! No—the Beadle. Has on a new pair of shoes that creak despite of the aisle.

CONSIDERABLE SENSATION. THE BRIDEGROOM AND HIS BROTHER.

The bridegroom wears the mustachios of the Royal Sanguinary Buffs, and the jingling of his spurs brings the colour to more than one fair cheek. It is remarked that the bridegroom has bright buttons on his coat; and his brother, vindicating his fraternity on so interesting an occasion, also has his buttons bright!

THE BRIDESMAIDS!

The fourteen bridesmaids (the MISSES ETCETERA) descend upon the church floor, thereby disproving the old poetic error that Birds of Paradise do not touch the ground. They are all drest in rainbow polkas, with apple-blossom skirts of the Garden of Eden, and it is further remarked by the casual spectator, that each of them has, in the words of the lamented BAYLEY, "Grace in her steps, heaven in her eye, and in every gesture dignity and love."

ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE!

The Bride appears, and the organist in the loft is about to play *God save the Queen*, he is so struck with the wonderful likeness of the interesting fiancée to HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY; the bride being a sparkling brunette. She is drest in a mist of orient silver, founced with aphrodite lace. She wears the veil of the morning, and is crowned with the apples of the Hesperides.

THE GROUP.

Looking at the gorgeous group of distinguished friends that adorn this eventful

moment, we rejoice to observe the noble (*here parties will of course supply the proper names*) and the excellent —, and the gallant —, and the much-respected —, &c., &c.

THE CEREMONY.

The bride, whose colour comes and goes, but stops when the ceremony is completed, behaves with a fortitude that must, could it be possible, still further endear her to her now gallant lord. The ceremony is performed by DOCTOR TYE, assisted by the REV. MR. KNOTT, and we were delighted to hear that a relay of three more clergymen was ready at a minute's summons, had such assistance been deemed necessary.

EGRESS FROM THE CHURCH.

The bride is led radiant from the altar, when the spectators can no longer control their natural anxiety, but mob the happy pair; bidding defiance to the efforts of the blooming bridesmaids to rejoin their beauteous charge. At the hour we go to press, three bridesmaids are missing; which fact will, we trust, illustrate the quietude and decorum with which fashionable marriages are at present acted before HER MAJESTY's subjects.

THE WEDDING CAKE

Is carved with the sabre of F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON; the Duke himself not being able to give the bride away.

THE HOMOEOPATHIC SYSTEM OF REWARDS.

A KNIGHTHOOD has been offered to MR. STEPHENSON, and the honour courteously declined. We have a singular scale of rewards in England. Lord Mayors are made baronets by the dozen. Generals, who carry off victories in India, are made lords and marquesses. A peerage is given to a banker, from the overpowering merit which a million sterling was supposed to confer upon him. And yet to an Engineer, who occupies the first rank in his noble profession in England, perhaps in the world; to a man who has fought with Earth, Air, and Water, and left a beautiful work upon each as a monument of his victory; to one who has enriched his country with gifts of genius, such as the Tubular Bridge, the High Level Bridge, and the Border Bridge; the offer of a Knighthood is made! If MR. STEPHENSON had been a tallow-chandler, and had had the honour of opening the Temple Bar to HER MAJESTY during one of her visits to the city; if he had been a Lord Mayor, and had eaten a public dinner with PRINCE ALBERT; if he had been the *Attaché* for years to some Hanway-Yard of a German Principality, or the Complete Letter-Writer of some grateful minister, a smaller compliment could not have been paid to him! We are glad that he sent back the insulting offer, for we should have considered it a national disgrace, and have grieved for it as a national sorrow, if a man, like MR. STEPHENSON, whose works, from their magnitude and noble grandeur, are looked up to all over the world, should have done anything petty and mean to have caused their author, and the science he honours, to be looked down upon!

Britannia ruling the Waves.

THIS extraordinary feat may be witnessed any day by repairing to either of the Telegraph offices at Dover or Calais, when the whole process of ruling will be shown to the stranger. At present BRITANNIA only rules the waves with one line—but in a short time it is expected she will become so perfect as to rule it with twenty or thirty lines. In fact, it is considered that the ocean eventually will be nothing but an immense copy-book, which BRITANNIA will be continually ruling, the better to enable historians to write her proud achievements upon it as well as assist her in corresponding with other nations in all the gentle terms of peace and good-fellowship. May Science, as in this instance, always guide BRITANNIA's hand in ruling the waves!

A "PERFECT" JOKE.

"WHAT is the reason of a blow leaving a blue mark after it?" asked an inquiring young gentleman.
"It's easily accounted for," answered a medical student, who was reading *Bell's Life*; "for you know that *Blow* in the perfect makes *Blew*."

HAYNAU'S TASTE OF BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S ENTIRE.



By this time the reader is aware of the brewing extraordinary which took place the other day at BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S—the storm brewed at that establishment by GENERAL HAYNAU.

HAYNAU, in the public eye, stands branded with deeds of the basest atrocity—the merciless hanging of brave men, and the dastardly flogging of noble women. He is a slandered man, of course. No demon, even, but the meanest as well as most malignant in devildom, would have perpetrated cruelties so execrable and infamous. This gallant officer and amiable

gentleman goes about, the object of universal hatred, through (doubtless) a mere deception, which has been unaccountably practised on the newspapers, and disseminated by their means.

With his detestable character pinned to his back—albeit bold as brass in conscious innocence—did BARON HAYNAU, according to the *Times* and other journals—go on Wednesday last week to visit BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S brewery. Armed with the breastplate of an untainted heart, he wrote his name—little thinking what a name it was—in the visitors' book. The pen might as well have been a lighted match, and the page a train leading to a powder-barrel. What was the consequence? "His presence," says the *Times*—

"became known all over the brewery in less than two minutes, and before the general and his companions had crossed the yard, nearly all the labourers and draymen were out with brooms and dirt, shouting out, 'Down with the Austrian butcher,' and other epithets of rather an alarming nature to the general. He was soon covered with dirt, and perceiving some of the men about to attack him, ran into the street to Bank-side, followed by a large mob, consisting of the brewer's men, coal-heavers, and others, armed with all sorts of weapons, with which they belaboured the general."

The Baron fondly imagined himself a simple lion; and had no idea that he would be received as a Tiger—the beast with which he is confounded by a vulgar error. But had he really been the unmanly miscreant he was mistaken for, how poetically beautiful would have been the termination of his adventure!—

"He ran in a frantic manner—"

Frantically as a women-whipper might be expected to run:—

"He ran in a frantic manner along Bankside, until he came to the George public-house, when, forcing the doors open, he rushed in and proceeded upstairs into one of the bed-rooms, to the utter astonishment of Mrs. BEEFIELD, the landlady, who soon discovered his name, and the reason of his entering her house. The furious mob rushed in after him, threatening to do for the 'Austrian butcher,' but fortunately for him the house is very old fashioned, and contains a vast number of doors, which were all forced open, except that of the room in which the General was concealed."

If—only if, mind—BARON HAYNAU were indeed the HAYNAU of the journals—how delicious to behold the brave General that whipped the fair sex, taking shelter from chastisement beneath a woman's petticoat! What a sight for the shade of BATHYANI to see him lie there, "covered with dirt," but more thickly bedaubed with ignominy!

Happily the injured innocent escaped with his life. The police came timeously to the rescue, and—as above, see the *Times*:—

"A police galley was at the wharf at the time, into which he was taken and rowed towards Somerset House, amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob."

The *Morning Post* states that

"He was conveyed over the water in a most deplorable state, the clothes having been actually torn off his back, besides several very severe blows having been inflicted on him."

Every rightly feeling mind must condole with GENERAL HAYNAU on the treatment which he has experienced from being so very unmeritedly regarded as a diabolical savage and a disgrace to human nature.

MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS, it is stated, have been investigating the matter, with a view to discover the ringleaders in the attack on the gallant General—who was misunderstood to have hanged heroes and flogged ladies. Even had there been no misunderstanding in the case, the conduct of the draymen would certainly have been illegal. Nor would it have been exactly justifiable morally; for, as we all know, it is a duty not to let our blood boil over under any provocation, and we ought to preserve a philosophical calmness even in the presence of HEROD fresh from the slaughter of the Innocents, or of NERO red-handed from his mother's murder.

Here's to your speedy amendment, BARON HAYNAU! and lest new acquaintance should be forgot, perhaps you will pledge us in BARCLAY, PERKINS AND CO.'S ENTIRE.

Contracting Bad Habits.

UNLESS you wish to contract bad habits, we should advise you not to purchase your clothes at a cheap tailor's, for, as the cloth is invariably bad, and the way of making it up generally too small, the chances are, that with every coat, waistcoat, or pair of trousers you purchase, you will be contracting a deplorable bad habit. The only consolation is, that you will have no difficulty in breaking yourself of the habit, for it is sure to break of its own accord.

HEALTH OF THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT.

THERE is not a reproach to the Government and the Legislature more scandalous than their neglect of the medical profession. Among the officers, whether of the Lords or the Commons, there is neither physician nor surgeon; a fact, which shows how little either of the Houses of Parliament care for the Constitution. These remarks are suggested by a return lately published of the sittings of the House of Commons during the last session. The number of days on which the House sat, was 129 altogether, and in July amounted to as many as 23; the sittings, on the whole, occupying 1,104 hours, 14 minutes; and averaging 8 hours, 33 minutes, and 35 seconds a day: now, of course, all this sedentary occupation must be highly injurious. Of the time thus spent, no less than 108 hours and a quarter were after midnight: and the pernicious effect of keeping such late hours must be obvious. Sedentary habits, it is well known, are particularly productive of liver complaints and indigestion; and nothing is more likely than that such votes as the Sabbatarian resolution are come to under the influence of bile, and that bodily dyspepsia—which is known to affect the mind—is the cause of ill-digested measures.

The Commons, at any rate, ought to have a medical officer to regulate the habits of the House; to feel its pulse previously to its entering on exciting questions, and to examine the tongues of honourable members before they are allowed to speak. But it is not probable that any such wise appointment will be made. Even if Parliament were aroused to anxiety about its health, it would never call in a regular practitioner, but would quack itself with the patent pills, and other poisons of which it encourages the sale.

FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF THE AMERICAN SERPENT.

THE American Sea Serpent has come up again. We made sure he would as soon as Parliament was closed. His season then begins. He commences his summer circuit. This year he has been favouring Ireland with a round of his favourite characters. In addition to his former representations, he has been trying a number of feats in the style of the celebrated American Jumper,—with this difference, that he has been jumping up to a certain height, instead of from one. One correspondent informs us that the Serpent, when fired at, leapt up in the air 40 fathoms. This extraordinary feat appears to us so incredible, so profoundly mysterious, that with all our faith, knowing that the statement is made by an Irish correspondent, we cannot fathom it. But the Serpent's trip to Ireland seems curious. We thought that ST. PATRICK drove all the reptiles and serpents so effectually from Ireland, that they were never to return to it. Perhaps the American Serpent has heard of the Irishman's love of the marvellous, and has paid him a visit purposely, in order to see how he can enlarge upon his dimensions. Nothing will be too wonderful for the American Sea Serpent in the hands of "our Irish Correspondent," and we have no doubt it will last him long enough to run through the winter till Parliament opens again.

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO GENERAL HAYNAU.
—Shave, and change your name.

PUNCH'S ROYAL PROGRESSES.

THE PROGRESS TO THE NORTH.

Being a letter from BILL JONES, Stoker, North Western Line, to JEM BRILE, Ex-fireman, Eastern Counties Line, on strike.

DEAR JEM—This comes hoping you've blown off your quarrel With your guv'nors, whereby, d'ye see, hangs a moral; You, perhaps, might a' stoked for your QUEEN, if you'd not Been and gone, JEM, and struck when yer iron was hot. 'Owsomever 'taint no use a-rippin' old plates; So I gets up my steam, goes ahead, and relates What I 'eared with my ears, what I seen with my eyes, Of the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, and fam'ly likewise, And also the sweet, wick last Toosday as were, Set off for the North, all from Euston Skevare; Mc'CONNEL the engine to drive had the honour, And I was chose out, JEM, for fireman upon her. My eyes! warn't I proud, as I 'andled my poker? If that train didn't go—'taint no fault o' the stoker! For I felt myself almost too big for my station, 'To think I was stokin' the 'ead of the nation! Well, at last to the Euston, the QUEEN she comed down, But bless you, she hadn't no robes, and no crown— But looked like any lady you'd see in the street, Wick the PRINCE was the same, and the rest of the sweet; But Lord, JEM, that MARCHIONESS DOURO's a beauty, (Wick Princesses and Princes to nuss it's her dooty,) And sez I to myself—"Bless your sweet face," sez I, "ma'am, If I goes off the line with you, blow me sky high, ma'am?" So with that, when the young PRINCE OF WALES and his brothers And sisters was settled 'long-side of each others, Off we goes! QUEEN and PRINCE they bows out of the winders, And, Lord, didn't *see* just astonish the cinders. Though I say it that should'n't, there ne'er was a hingine Behaved herself better—the pace it was swingein'; Soon we sighted the Wolverton Station, and in it We stopped her, just under the hour, by a minute. There they'd lunch—wick we broke through the Wolverton rule, And actilly took time for the soup to get cool! Wick, as all will admit as has stopped there to dine, Was the loyalest thing could be done on the line. Well—we started again, and was bilin' a pace, When, what should I see, just outside o' the place, But the boys and the girls out o' Wolverton School, Drawed up by the line, JEM, as straight as a rule; I thought I'd ha' snivelled to see, 'mongst the rest on 'em, My little MARIA as neat as the best on 'em. I don't think the QUEEN got a werry good sight on 'em, Nor they one o' her—but still, JEM, it wer right on 'em: 'Twas the same all along o' the line, dash my buttins! A top o' the bridges, and over the cuttins, Each side of embankments, and round about stations, It was people in heaps—all a'waitin with patience, And hoorain' like mad, as we slapped past in style— For we did it all through, JEM, a minute a mile, Wick ain't a bad pace, if you take in the stopping; Wick so sure as we stopped down them Lord Mares was droppin With their maces and swords, and their big corporations, All a fizin and blowin off congratulations. Once, I thought I'd a' luffed till I busted my biler— We'd pulled up permiscus to water and ile her, When down comes a Mare and a train of them aldermen (I don't think I ever see fatter or balder men) Well, just then I wistled, and turned on the steam—



You ought to a' seen 'em, so broad in the beam, How they scuttled and panted alongside the train, A tryin to shove their address through the pane. The short-winded on 'em, they soon dropped behind, But the Mare he kept on till he run issell blind,

His address in the winder a tryin to thrust— He'll be a long time gettin' over that bust! But Mares and such like ain't no good in our day, It's Directors that now has it all their own way; It's them meets the QUEEN both at startin and stoppin', With refreshments upon her keeps always a poppin', Has the honour to hand the young Princesses down, And the Prince, wick they tell me is hair to the crown— In short, wen you cipher it up you'll agree That the rail is the *one* thing HER MAJESTY see. Ony look at Newcastle, now—were vas the town? From the High Level Bridge on the Tyne she looked down— She never saw nothin' of coal-pits and stuff, But she *did* see the station—and that was enuff. As a stoker—you see, JEM—I'm natrally proud, We ort for to 'old up our heads in the crowd; For railways, depend on't, is wonderful things, And they don't care a fig if it's Queens or it's Kings That they tosses from England's one end to the other, In their long iron arms, with a scream and a smother; And I could'nt but think though I be's but a stoker, With the QUEEN in the carriage, and me at the poker, How with royalty goin' at this sort o' pace, Old loyalty must, somehow, show a new face; When HER MAJESTY's carriage, though fit up in style, Goes by just the same road as the penny-a-mile— We live in queer times—"go a-head" folks all scream, And the one thing we seems for to vally is steam; Which is all werry well, if the rails be well laid, And the stoker and engineman up to their trade; But let a train loose with steam up, you'll agree, That the faster the pace it's the wosser for we! Sometimes, JEM, I think with our stirrin' and strivin' We thinks too much of pace, and too little of drivin'. Howsomer, you'll say that's no ways here nor there, And no more it ain't, JEM—I'm quite well aware— But such was my thoughts, as across the High Level, 'Mid the roar of a fight, and the glee of a revel, We steamed, and shut off at Newcastle-on-Tyne, From wick we took on by the North British line, And reached Edinburgh safe, after no end of speeches, And was welcomed by folks, some of wick 'ad no breeches— But no matter: HER MAJESTY's not broke no bones, Wereby for the same she may thank Yours, BILL JONES.



Rupture between England and France.

WE regret to announce a rupture between England and France, which occurred last week, by the Submarine Telegraph suddenly breaking. All friendly communications between the two countries were instantly suspended, and though it was evident that there was a "screw loose" somewhere, it was only after a deal of fishing and sounding, that it was discovered that the rupture was owing to the softness of one of the "leaden conductors." This is not the first time that a "leaden conductor" has, by his softness, created a distance between the two countries, and plunged them head over heels in difficulties. The mischief, however, was soon patched up, and communications from Dover to Calais have been since forwarded by the same line of communication as before. We only wish that all ruptures between England and France were as easily mended!

The President's Hornpipe.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has outdone the doings of the renowned BARON NATHAN. The Baron—it is matter of undying history—dances through a hornpipe in a circle of eggs, and though blindfolded, never touches one of them. LOUIS NAPOLEON has danced through his progress, seeing no further before him than the Baron; and though he has shuffled through at least fifty speeches, he has never touched the ~~word~~—Republic.



THE NEW CAB REGULATION.

"MR. PUNCH,—I knows the proverb, 'Give a dog a bad name, and 'ang him,' and cabmen as a bad name, but am I not a man and a brother, if redooced to drive a cab, and don't ort to be made a black slave of, and druv to distrackshun by the noo regylashuns of the pelice, wich one on 'em is wile a cabman is on wurk, he musnt leve is cab not neither in charge of the waterman or in charge of anybody else, or he will find hisself in charge of a crusher and afore the beak in no time, and fined from ten to twenty shillin with costs, wich the consekence is I am a cabman and avin a 'ard master and a small famly, I am kep at wurk to arn my day's munny from 8 or 9 in the mornin often till 2 or 3 nex mornin, if lucky in regard of coves to or from Waxhall and other gardings, wich such fares pays well but is werry late. well all this here 17 ours I'm wurkin the cab and ain't to be allowed to leve it wereby what follers? I am obliged to 'ave my wittles on my box and I must bile my drop o' coffee on the cold nites atop o' the cab and 'ave myself

shaved on the same, and other necessaries of life, in the highs of the public, wich it destroys all self respeck and gits one's self luffed at, and can't so much as step down for to lite one's pipe or take one's pint o' beer sociable at the counter of the watrin'ouse but everythink on the box!

"Tork o' cruelty to hanimals! Show the cab-as as is used like this and I'll pledge my woracity as a cab-man you cant do it wich I did think our persition couldn't be wuss off since the joes came in and the busses down to threepence, but it seems nothin ain't enuff but we must be made prisners for life, for a man might just as well be in Brixton or Colbath fields, and would 'av mor comfort of his life than at present wich I beg you will notice the abuv but do not giv my number, wich I enclose as a proof I'm to be depended on, or the crushers would mark me and I remane

"Yours, to command, A CABMAN.
(not an 'ansum one)."

THE MERMAID'S LAST NEW SONG.

THE mariners brave tidings bring
That they through Dover's Strait who steer,
If, of an understanding ear,
Thus oftimes hear a Mermaid sing
When the blue deep is calm and clear:

"A wonder have I seen below,
A marvel new and strange to me
Who dwell beneath the rolling sea,
Amid the wrecks sunk long ago;
The wealth of Ocean's Treasury.

"There runneth an enchanted wire
O'er the sea-bed, from shore to shore,
Of nations that were foes of yore;
The conduit of a magic fire,
Lightning beneath the waters' roar.

"The skulls of ancient enemies
Around it lying, grimly frown,
There, where the slain of old went down,
Through wars of hoary centuries,
In many an action of renown.

"The flash amid those forms of Death
Flits quick as thought from land to land;
No hostile bolt, no deadly brand,
Nay: but a soft electric breath
Warm like the grasp of friendly hand.

"A kindly spirit guides its aim,
Benignant science bids it fly,
Conveying question and reply;
There's language in that social flame,
And France and England talk thereby.

"Mid antique arms, old gun, and sword,
Which insects of the sea o'erlay,
Of those long fallen in savage fray,
The bony fingers with the chord
That links the nations, gently play.

"And sea-sprites, as they sport along
That nerve of wire, by human skill
Between two peoples made to thrill,
Sing joyously the Mermaid's Song,
To England, Peace!—to France, Goodwill!"



EFFECT OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH; OR, PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.
BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.



BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S DRAYMEN.

NEW VERSION.



GENERAL there was on Austria's side,
A Baron who ruth did lack, man,
He hang'd brave soldiers, and—tan his hide!
He walopp'd the female back, man.
Whether he ever did much in fight,
Is more than I'm able to say, man;
But I know that he nearly got killed outright,
By BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

Our Baron bold, who whopp'd the fair,
Of hanging who had the knack, man,
Came over here to England, where
He could have no ladies to whack, man.

For gibbet and halter in vain he sigh'd,
At hanging unable to play, man,
So in quest of amusement, a visit he tried
To BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

The British Drayman's blood boils high
On woman a whip if you crack, man;
It makes him mad—the reason why—
'Tis the act of a dastard black, man.

Accordingly his fury rose,
When the Baron came in his way, man,
And his eyes flash'd fury and "Butcher, here goes!"
Swore BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

The Baron was seized with blue despair,
And his teeth like mill did clack, man;
Cries he—"Vere shall I ron? ah vere!"
To esgape vrom deir addack, man?"
"You blood-stain'd thing! we'll make you feel,
Though you may be dead to shame, man!"
So, though in language less genteel,
Cried BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

Says they, "If truly our mind we tells,
Your skull we should like to crack, man;
For really your name so nasty smells—"
And so they went at him—smack! man.
You can't think how my heart it pains
To have such things to say, man;
They pelted the Baron with mud and grains,
Did BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

The Baron at running tried a match;
They followed him in a pack, man,
Crying, "Down with the Butcher!" and "There goes Old Scratch!"
That scratched the lady's back, man!"
They tore his clothes and they punch'd his head,
Until he look'd not like the same man,
While he, like a hunted hyæna, fled
From BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

With frantic speed down-street he flew,
With the mob upon his track, man,
And a ginshop door he darted through,
And hid in a two-pair-back, man.
"This here land," cries the crowd, "is free,
We'll teach you the ladies to flay, man;"
"And don't show your face here no more among we,"
Says BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

The New Police came just in time,
('Tis said that they're sometimes slack, man,)
And rescued him cover'd with bruises and grime,
And carried him off in their smack, man.
With rage and fear he did glare and grin,
Says they—"You are well away, man;"
"And don't let us catch you here agin,"
Says BARCLAY and PERKINS's Draymen.

British and Foreign Industry.

AMONG the various wonderful things we shall see exhibited next year at the Great Exhibition, there will of course be included a sufficiency of specimens of a certain clever continental invention, contrived for the purpose of promoting that international communication and familiarity which the Exhibition itself is meant to encourage. Conspicuous amid the marvels of foreign ingenuity, doubtless—duly illuminated, framed, and glazed—will be a numerous variety of Passports. JOHN BULL, poor creature, has nothing of the kind to show—but then, on the other hand, he has the Submarine Electric Telegraph.

THE ORIGINAL "INEFFABLE FLUNKY."

OH, Loyalty, Loyalty, "*ou diable vas tu te nicher?*"
Art thou totally to degenerate into addresses from Mayors and Corporations, and bowing Directors, and the ineffable flunkeydom of a Royal Railway Progress?

We had fancied that Englishmen were the most perfect flunkies in the world, when they take to flunkeyism. Is there anything so snobbish as a vulgar Englishman's worship of a lord? Is there anything so universal as the spice of this snobbishness that leavens our JOHN BULLISM?

But we have discovered the flunkie—he lives at Edinburgh and writes to *The Scotsman*. We won't mention his name for fear of ruffling his modesty, or flattering his vanity, for we are not quite sure what effect such mentioning might have.

The flunkie has stalked the Royal party! He has been successful in his waylaying and eavesdropping! He ran in upon them, as they started for Arthur's Seat!

He reached the top two minutes before them! He saw the Prince of Wales come up! He actually saw his "kilt, and pouch, and black velvet jacket!" He beheld him (oh, ecstasy!) mount the pinnacle and seize the flag-staff, and cry out, "I am at the top! I'm up first!" and he had the felicity of calling out, "God save the Prince of Wales!" and the Prince nodded at him! and he looked at him for nearly a minute! And in another minute he saw the QUEEN come, *leaning on her husband's arm!* And she was "none the worse;" and he shouted "God save the QUEEN! Welcome to ARTHUR'S SEAT!" And the QUEEN saw him—the inevitable flunkie at her side—the flunkie who had dogged her all the way from Euston Square, was here, embodied and intensified in this Edinburgh snob of snobs, thrusting itself on her privacy—watching her every movement—drinking in her every word with the same intensity of vulgar relish with which it jostled the Nepaulese Princes, or crushes to see the Hippopotamus, and with as much of the fine flame and glow of loyalty for its QUEEN, bless its idiotic impudence, as it feels for the said Hippopotamus.

But he wasn't satisfied with "God save the QUEEN!" He must again cry out, "God save PRINCE ALBERT!" and his Highness lifted his hat and bowed politely. Then they walked about and Snob followed them, and eaves-dropped and reports their little chit-chat. And then "they enjoyed themselves for a quarter of an hour or so"—the PRINCE and the QUEEN, and the PRINCE ALBERT, and the Snob, and by this time there were assembled about thirty other Snobs, but THE SNOB still was paramount. There was no Snob so pushing as THE SNOB! He assisted in handing the PRINCE OF WALES off the grass to the attendants, and he shook hands with him! and he assisted the other little Princes, and he shook hands with them! And he hopes the worthy Provost won't think him intrusive, for "he believes the Royal Party wouldn't have got up to the top so easy, had he not shown them the way," and he is "happy to say, not another visitor intruded on the top but himself and one eavesdropper—and he (eavesdropper) only remained one minute, but he (Snob) remained all the time! and he thinks he did nothing more than his duty."

Oh Snob, Snob, triple Snob! Thou hadst some misgivings, but flunkeyism was too strong for thee, and thou couldst not see that the QUEEN and the PRINCE are a lady and a gentleman, and that they have a right to their privacy; and that thou hadst been rightly served had some one been by to have boxed thy long ears for an intrusive, eaves-dropping, under-bred flunkie, and Snob-Royal as thou art!

"All Soldiers are Gentlemen."

THE *Englishman* (Indian paper) gives a letter of the Commander-in-Chief, in which SIR CHARLES NAPIER writing of one SERGEANT ROWE, lays it down as an unquestionable truth, that "he who wears an uniform is of higher rank than he who makes it." The soldier before the tailor—the eagles of war before the geese of the shop-board. Further, says SIR CHARLES, "all soldiers are gentlemen, and tailors are only tailors." Very good. Yet the self-same file of Indian papers detail a terrible flogging inflicted upon a soldier for charging his Colonel with cowardice. All soldiers are gentlemen! Wherefore, then, the triangles? How, SIR CHARLES, can a soldier be a gentleman when made cat's-meat?

Hob and Nob.

"HAVE you heard," asked HOB, "that the sea-serpent has appeared off the coast of Ireland, and, was moreover, seen to scratch itself against certain rocks called the Barrels?" "I have heard it," answered NOB. "Have you further heard," said HOB, "that the sea-serpent left some of its scales upon the rocks?" "I have," said NOB; "and I have discovered why the sea-serpent left those very scales behind it." "Why?" asked HOB; when, quick as the electric wire, the wag NOB replied, "Seeing its appearance has been doubted, the sea-serpent left the scales, to weigh the evidence."



AS WELL BE OUT OF THE WORLD AS OUT OF THE FASHION.

Old Gentleman (who is of course much behind his age). "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AND PRAY WHAT NICE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"
Little Girl. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I'M A PUSEVITE, AND SO'S BETSY 'ARRIS. (To Young Lady) Ain't we, MEM?"

PUNCH'S RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

EVER anxious for the public good, we have quadrupled the salary of one of our contributors, insured his life in every office in London—as well as in the Railway Loss of Life and Accident Company—for the benefit of the most inconsolable of widows, and we have purchased for him a first-class ticket on every line, in order that he may be kept constantly travelling, with a view to the exposition of Railway grievances. He has undertaken the task with a thorough appreciation of what he may have to encounter in the shape of irregular trains running against each other, as well as what he may have to go through, in the way of brick walls, which an engine occasionally perforates. His purpose is to travel on every line, and make himself so familiar with the eccentricity of every engine, that, like *Hamlet* and his flute, he will learn "every stop of it." He intends moving with all classes—first, second, and third—as well as that lowest class, which in no very complimentary spirit to the legislature is called the Parliamentary. He will cultivate a familiarity with every station, and run the chance of getting his days brought to a speedy end, by going to every terminus. He will encounter himself with every description of baggage, from the heavy trunk—only fitted for the large trunk-lines—down to the lightest *sac de nuit* that ever tempted the light-fingered fraternity in attendance on arriving and departing travellers.

We have supplied him with dogs by the pack, horses by the stud, and carriages of every kind, so that he may familiarise himself with "all the ills that (travelling) flesh"—including horse-flesh and dog-flesh—"is heir to." Our railway traveller will start upon his self-victimising expedition in the course of a few days; and his instructions are, that directly he is "troubled with a line," he is to trouble us with a line informing us of the particulars.

Any of the public desirous of having attention called to any railway grievance, has only to let us know where our Contributor is likely to get smashed to pieces, maimed, mutilated, or impeded on his journey,—has only to let us know, and we will at once dispatch our railway traveller, at the risk of his getting "dispatched" on a more fearful scale for the public benefit.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "SHIP-SHAPE."

THE term "Ship-shape" was first used by the sailors of the mercantile marine to distinguish sailing vessels from those which had been built in the Government dockyards.

THE SABBATARIANS' LAST APPEAL.

LORD ASHLEY and friends are not discomfited. No: they will have the management of the Englishman's Sunday—they will stop his letters—they will gag the mouth of the Sabbath post. These over-zealous bright ones have put forth a new manifesto addressed to the convictions and the pockets of the pure; summing up divers causes, compulsory on Sabbatarians, urging them to a renewal of the persecution. And one of these is the relief of an exceeding large class of persons,

"Consisting unquestionably of hundreds of thousands, who, although not possessed of firmness enough to refuse to receive or open letters on Sundays, do nevertheless desire, as their recent petitions have shown, that the cares and business of the week should no longer be forced upon them."

Thus, it is commiseration for the weakness of erring flesh, unsuccessfully struggling with the temptations of the Sunday post, that incites LORD ASHLEY and party to endeavour to put the hands that will break seals into Sunday straight waistcoats; and to make the law a substitute for wanted firmness. Very amiable this of LORD ASHLEY and Co.; but why—in their active beneficence—stop at the non-delivery of Sabbath letters? Why not, in all social and domestic cases, stand between the tempted and the tempter?

Thousands of well-meaning people do not possess sufficient firmness to prevent them from running in debt—why does not LORD ASHLEY head a society for the putting down of the tally-man?

Multitudes of the well-meaning cannot resist the misery and destruction of intemperance—by all means let LORD ASHLEY find means to stand between the drunkard and the gin-shop.

Again, how many improvident unions are contracted because the parties want firmness to await the fitting season? Why should not his Lordship call for an Act prohibiting marriage under certain adverse conditions? If a substitute for moral firmness is to be supplied by Act of Parliament, by all means begin with the reckless, the drunken, and the improvident. When they are tied over by statute to be thrifty, temperate, and prudent, then let his Lordship—in the dearth of all other iniquity—shut up the Sunday post; an achievement he will again realise when he has put down every other social evil (which a Sunday letter is not), and not till then. For his Lordship will never jockey another Derby: never again will his winning post be the Sundays.

THE SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH. PROTECTION FOR THE ELECTRIC EEL.

"SIR, "I HAVE the honour to represent a numerous class in the domain of Ichthyology, inclusive of all that portion of the sub-marine population which is formed by the TORPEDOS, that important branch of the great RAY Family. We are distinguished from all other inhabitants of these dominions by the striking characteristic of procuring our subsistence by the exertion of electric power; an endowment which Nature has implanted in our tails, and of which we have enjoyed the privilege from time immemorial. I invoke the aid of your forcible pen in defence of our vested and ancient rights; in behalf of Protection to Native Electricity. The grasping spirit of Commerce perverting to its own purposes the might of unfeeling Science, has established a Sub-marine Electric Telegraph across the Straits of Dover. We cannot but view the introduction of foreign electricity into our element with the greatest alarm and consternation. A series of electric shocks, in constant transmission backwards and forwards across the Channel, must necessarily destroy all the fish in the neighbourhood. When Sub-marine Electric Telegraphs become universal—as without legislative interference it is to be feared they will be—they must and will utterly annihilate our vocation, with which the well-being of our fellow-subjects is so inseparably connected. It is ridiculous to suppose that we can compete with mercantile companies possessing, through dint of capital, the means of generating electricity to any amount. You, Sir, as a naturalist, well know that our power of production is limited by the capabilities of our nervous system; and that after a certain expenditure of electrical energy we become exhausted. I am fully prepared to prove these assertions by an array of facts and figures, which would, however, be less suitable perhaps to your pages than to some of your contemporaries. BRITANNIA is the Ruler of the Waves. Exhort her, Sir, with your accustomed eloquence to beware, lest, in withholding Protection from Native Electricity, she should allow ruin to overwhelm that class of her subjects on whom the stability of her Empire most essentially depends.

"Your obedient Servant,

"GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS."

"* * We are happy to inform the Electric Eel that the Protection he demands is abundantly secured by the coating of gutta percha, which is a non-conductor, surrounding the wire. Even were this not so, in order to receive a shock from the Electric Telegraph, a fish would have to complete the circuit, which would require a long tail. Our Protectionist friend displays strange ignorance of electrical economy.

SKULLS AT COLOGNE AND WIESBADEN.

On their way from Frankfort, certain members of the Peace Congress were caught and welcomed at Cologne; and—doubtless to the embarrassment of some of them—were introduced to the skulls of the Three Kings; of the “wise men,” says Holy Writ (but the questionable flattery of tradition has crowned them) whose names were—says the legend—BALTHASAR, JASPAR, and MELCHIOR. They followed the star to Jerusalem, and did homage with offerings of myrrh, gold, and frankincense. How they afterwards arrived at Cologne, it might be deemed ill-manners to inquire too curiously. There they are, however; at least, to the believing; and their tomb, says an account in the *Daily News*, “was opened and lit with gas, and the skulls shown through the golden works to the greatest possible advantage.” A beneficial result not always obtained by casting beams of light upon the rottenness of superstition. After all, however, an imaginary dialogue between the traditional BALTHASAR and the real ELIHU BURRITT,—between the legendary JASPAR and the veritable JOSEPH STURGE—would be more profound, more instructive, abounding with deeper significance, than the real talk of the skull of Legitimacy at Wiesbaden, with its professing believers and worshippers.

Take either of the three; traditional BALTHASAR, if you will; and is not the skull—in its metallic, golden works—as well fitted, as well furnished, for all human purposes, as that relic of the past, that Bourbon skull—with its halo of St. LOUIS—on the head of the COUNT CHAMBORD; that old, old relic of divine right—that empty, charnel thing of old-world legitimacy? Compared with the Bourbon in his mediæval majesty, with the light of 1850 showing it, not like the gas upon the three nominal sovereigns, late of Bethlehem now of Cologne, to the greatest possible advantage—compared with the talking skull, the stern, grim meaning of the naked bone that was the head of legendary BALTHASAR has ponderous eloquence. HENRY CINQ is the shadow—the ghost—the outline of long defunct legitimacy, gibbering of vanities—now BALTHASAR is a real thing, silently discoursing solemn truths—giving utterance of the tomb and the judgment.

At Wiesbaden, the skull of legitimacy cries to its believers:—

“He whom you regard as your chief, as your king, and who, I may say, is your dearest friend—he will always set you the example; and should France ever be in danger, ah! tell all our friends how proud and happy I shall be to fly with you to her defence!”

For all the wants of the day, of even France in her progress, would not the skull of BALTHASAR serve as well as the head of CHAMBORD, filled with the reek of St. LOUIS? For how many generations has a human blight been permitted to scourge mankind—and its name is BOURBON! If France must have a king, and the nephew of his uncle should miss the crown, we would rather have JASPAR, BALTHASAR, or MELCHIOR, in honest brainlessness selected for the royal head of France, than the head of a BOURBON. The name is a synonym for human evil.

TO THE LAUGHERS.

THE Peace Congress is a capital joke. It's so obvious a subject for fun that we haven't thought it worth while to waste a laugh on it. All manner of pens have been poking the public in the ribs about it—paper pellets of all colours and weights have been slung at it—arrows from all quivers have been emptied on its vulnerable sides.

“Preach Peace to the world!” The poor noodles! “Inculcate the supremacy of right over might!” Ineffable milk-and-water spoonies! “Hold out to nations brotherhood for warfare, the award of justice instead of the bayonet!” The white-faced, lily-livered prigs! “Why it's the merest Utopianism,” says the Economist.

“It's neither more nor less than Christianity,” sneers the Statist.

“Trade is the true peace-maker,” says the Doctor of the Manchester School.

“Diplomacy keeps the world quiet,” oracularly declares the Red-tapist.

“Peace indeed, the designing democrat!” growls the Absolutist.

“Peace, with a bloated aristocracy still rampant!” snarls the Red Republican. And they all drown in a chorus of contemptuous laughter the pleading voices of the poor Peace Congressists in the Church of St. Paul.

But there are some voices which refuse to join in this chorus, some thoughtful faces that look on with interest and sympathy at this strange protest in the nineteenth century against the appeal to brute force, which is the only way of settling its quarrels that the world has tried for eighteen centuries since Peace was preached on Earth, and good will to men!

And there are some, too, of the wise and the great, who can discern in this gathering of friends of peace, this little Babel of various tongues, this tiny Congress of many races, a thing in no way to be ridiculed, any more than the acorn is to be ridiculed, when science declares that its heart contains the oak.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT is, of all persons now living in Europe,

the most experienced in men and Courts; the most deeply learned; the most comprehensively and thoroughly informed. He has traversed the domain of knowledge as widely as he has travelled the countries of the globe. ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT does not laugh at this Peace Congress. There is no sneer in well-weighed words like these:—

“The general peace which our continent has now so long enjoyed, and the praiseworthy efforts of many Governments to avert the oft-threatening dangers of a general European war, prove that the ideas which so prominently occupy your minds are in accordance with the sentiments called forth and diffused by the increased culture of humanity. It is a useful enterprise to inspire such sentiments in the commonwealth by public conferences, and at the same time to point out the way through which wise and sincere Governments may, by fostering the progressive and legitimate development and perfectibility of free institutions, weaken the long accumulated elements of animosity.”

Perhaps the grey-haired philosopher is laughing in his sleeve, or drivelling, when he tells the Peace Congress that,

“The whole history of the past shows that, under the protection of a superior power, a long-nourished yearning after a noble aim in the life of nations, will at length find its consummation.”

Poor HUMBOLDT! Visionary Enthusiast! At his time of life, too; and a man who knows courts and countries, and science, and so on! It's amazing,—perfectly amazing!

But then he's a German,—and these Germans are such dreamers!



THE INTERESTING STORY.

First Ticket-Porter. “AND SO, YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALL I KNOWS ABOUT IT.”

Second Ticket-Porter. “WELL! I DON'T KNOW AS EVER I KNOWED A MAN AS KNOWS AS MUCH AS YOU KNOWS!”

The Abode of Moonshine.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK YOUNG, the Protectionist, writes a letter to the *Times* which is deserving of some little notice, on account of the date; namely:—

“National Association for the Protection of Industry and Capital throughout the British Empire, South Sea-House, London, August 26.”

Protection and its domicile; inmate and dwelling, are well matched. The character which the place has acquired in connexion with the Monster Bubble, will lose nothing of notoriety by its present occupant. Than the South Sea-House, what edifice in Great Britain could be fitter for a Temple of Humbug?

THE RECRUITING DEPARTMENT.

A YOUNG man asked his governor for some money, as he wanted “to go out of town to recruit his health.” “Recruit your health!” exclaimed the old Captain. “Well, then, Sir, here's a shilling—that's all we pay for recruiting in the army.”

ART IS EXCEEDINGLY LONG, BUT LIFE VERY SHORT.

IF MR. BARRY is no quicker in being the Architect of his fortune than he is in being the Architect of the New Palace at Westminster, we are very much afraid that he will never live to see the completion of it!

THE GREATEST CHANNEL OF COMMUNICATION.—Since the Submarine Telegraph has been laid down, we may safely predict that the greatest channel of communication will soon be, the British Channel.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—THE BALL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



HOW MR. JONES SLEPT THE NIGHT OF THE BALL, AND WHAT A DREADFUL NIGHTMARE HE SUFFERED.



NEXT MORNING, AT BREAKFAST, HE FEELS STRONGLY THAT THE DRAGOON'S CONDUCT MUST BE NOTICED.



HE SEIZES A PEN, AND DEMANDS (ON LETTER PAPER, AND IN A TREMULOUS HAND) AN "EXPLANATION, OR ELSE THE SATISFACTION THAT ONE GENT. HAS A RIGHT TO EXPECT FROM ANOTHER."



ROBINSON, THE FRIEND OF HIS BOSOM, CONSENTS TO "ACT" FOR HIM.



ROBINSON AND THE CAPTAIN. THE CAPTAIN HAS NO EXPLANATION TO GIVE BUT IS READY WITH EVERY SATISFACTION.



BROWN, INSPIRED WITH TERROR, STEPS ASIDE AND BRIDES A BOY TO FETCH THE POLICE.



Scene—WIMBLEDON COMMON. Subject—JONES (WITH WHOM ARE BROWN AND ROBINSON) ABOUT TO RECEIVE "SATISFACTION." JONES IS TAKEN A LITTLE POORLY. PROBABLY HE IS FATIGUED WITH MUCH DANCING THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.



THE DUEL. THE CAPTAIN, NOT WISHING TO HURT JONES, FIRES IN THE AIR; BUT, STRANGE TO SAY, HIS PISTOL NOTWITHSTANDING "TAKES EFFECT" UPON THAT GENTLEMAN.



HORROR OF BROWN AND ROBINSON, AND PERPLEXITY OF THE CAPTAIN AND FRIEND, OVER THE BODY OF JONES.



GRAND TABLEAU! ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE. RECOVERY OF JONES, AND SEIZURE OF THE PARTIES BY THE ARM OF THE LAW!



Sharp (but vulgar) little boy. "HALLO, MISSUS, WOT ARE THOSE!"

Old Woman. "TWO PENCE."

Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES."

[Exit, whistling popular air.]

THE LION HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA.

Being LADY NIMROD'S Journal of the past Season.

AMONG the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention BOBBACHY BAHAWDER, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR AURUNGZEBE, their august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachi. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished: he travelled with a small suite of Hookabaders, Kitmeltgars, and Lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence, that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his imperial master, to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become EMPRESS OF DELHI in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss His Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country that this the real object of his mission transpired: for, for some time, the Bobbachi lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact, some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachi was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but his Excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the East India Company and the Delhi Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachi, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

LADY LYNX took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which her ladyship is *liée* with some of those odious Directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and as I believe, sells the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest, to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince, or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country; but as she always tries to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties, and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachi to this country, the very ill-will and envy of LADY LYNX only made me the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person; and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the EMPEROR OF DELHI. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity; but if reasons of state prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting his Excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid, uninteresting Hungarian General whom LADY LYNX brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman, out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachi first came to this country, he occupied humble

lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at no expense, but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens; said I was the LADY NIMROD, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if he was going to swim at me, MR. GRIMSTONE said, and made me a most elegant bow: answering in very good English that my humble name and the reputation of my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi and throughout the East, and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. "Ah!" he often said afterwards, "why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature? What a lucky individual is he (meaning NIMROD) who possesses such a pearl! It is fit to be worn in an Emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you?"

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well-bred. As for my marrying the Emperor, that is out of the question, for NIMROD is alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bow-stringing here. I told the Bobbachi at once that the Emperor must never think of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady. But this was in aftertimes, and when we grew more intimate together. Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street, when I called upon him in my carriage with my footmen. The door was opened by a maid of all-work: who told us with wonder that "the Injan gent," as she called him, lived on the second floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!) and there found His Excellency on a horse-hair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger as he sat by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat, and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had Miss HIGGS, my companion, and FIDO on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took him to the opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with a *petit dîner choisi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated: until the presents for HER MAJESTY, with which the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the audacity of the landlord of the odious house. "Landlord" he said, "he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think BOBBACHY BAHAWDER not pay. Stop till *Burrumpooter* come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador." Indeed His Excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the *Burrumpooter*.

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London. I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street,—all sofas black, all sky black; why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously His Excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachi took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious curries, pillaws, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The

portrait of his imperial master, the Emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said, especially that envious GRIMSTONE, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? and the picture represented a handsome young man, with a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees.

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from His Excellency! Mrs. CRAMLEY, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous Miss CRAMLEY, who is obliged to live in seclusion on account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old LADY GLUM said if she allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the Emperor and all India with him; little Miss COCKSHAW was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask His Excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was "BOBBACHY BAHAWDER and suite," "HIS EXCELLENCY BOBBACHY BAHAWDER," "HIS EXCELLENCY PRINCE BOBBACHY BAHAWDER," everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country, would have formed a series of books of beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia—portraits from Tyburnia—portraits from the country; portraits even from Bloomsbury and the city, when the news was made public of the nature of His Excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old Miss CRUICKSHANKS had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; Mrs. BIBB, who is five-and-forty if she's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to draw her in a crop and a pinafore, like a school-girl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before His Excellency's hotel, and some bribed His Excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the ante-room until he should pass out from breakfast. That LADY LYNX said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes, and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory, that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the *Burrumpooter* Indian ship, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never reached England, and I daresay has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people, who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the *Burrumpooter* at all; and that the Bobbachi and his secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian Princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another? If I introduced the Bobbachi, I'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people; and, as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of MR. GREEN, of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of His Excellency's money, I've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody: and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his imperial master.

An Expensive Game of Marbles.

JOHN BULL is again engaged in a ruinous game of marbles with the Great Marble Arch, by which he has already lost so much, in front of Buckingham Palace. Poor JOHN is called upon once more to "knuckle down" to a very extravagant tune, for the removal of the Arch, and, even then, the material difficulty is to know what to do with the material. The reconstruction of the Arch will cost more than it is worth, and it has been suggested by an indignant economist, that it would be better to hand over the whole concern to the Arch-fiend, as the natural patron of an arch that has been productive of so much wasteful expenditure.

Another Conscience-Money Maniac.

THE *Times* announced the other day that—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from 'Quere' the sum of £25 for income-tax."

Quere?—Quere?—Is the name spelt properly? Isn't the unfortunate individual QUEER?

EARLY CLOSING OF GLEN TILT.



ERCY on us! The DUKE OF ATHOL is still resolved to shut up Glen Tilt. His Grace, it is said, loves perfect solitude, and cares not with the French post to exclaim—

"But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—Solitude is sweet."

His Grace—it is so whispered over the Border—has determined to turn Highland hermit; to let his beard, and particularly his nails, grow in reverence and thankfulness of the beneficence of Providence, that has made him a Duke and carved out for him, as we opine in trust only, so fair a slice of earth as Glen Tilt. How fortunate is it, that a DUKE OF ATHOL cannot hide the sun with his bonnet

or tie up the winds of heaven in his garters as Lapland witches knot fair breezes in ropes. Could his Grace achieve such potency, we are afraid he would bargain for very dear penn'orths of sunshine to the farmer; and sell fair winds to the ruinous sacrifice of the merchant and sailor. Shut up Glen Tilt! That any mere man—so much doomed worm's-meat at some uncertain date, this very day, or this day twenty years—should have the audacity to put his private mark upon so grand a piece of God's work, making the intensity of human selfishness the best human enjoyment! To such a man the glory of the heavens and the bounty of the earth should be as a reproach; softening and shaming him into justice and gentleness towards his fellow-creatures. Shut up Glen Tilt! And no doubt the man says his daily prayers, giving glib utterance to those solemn syllables that speak of forgiveness of trespasses. Shut up Glen Tilt! Spirit of a departed turnkey, thou hast transmigrated into the carcase of a Scotch Duke!

PUNCH'S NOTES AND QUERIES.

As Michaelmas Day is at hand, perhaps some of our readers will let us know whether the "goose look" mentioned in SHAKESPEARE was in the eye, or the nose, or whether it was a peculiar feature of the times. Sympathetic cures used to be much in vogue, but we cannot undertake to answer the query—though accompanied by a £10 note—of the individual who wishes to know whether he can cure a pain in his side by curing a side of bacon.

We have heard that eating snakes was formerly reputed a good method of growing young. We can recommend something that would be perhaps quite as efficacious, and a little less nauseous possibly, than eating a snake, namely, to swallow some of the Serpent-ine.

The practice of using manuscripts and unsaleable printed works for the lining of trunks doubtless had its origin in the superstition, that the excessive dryness of the matter would keep the water out. There may be something in this idea, for the substances in question are quite incapable of absorbing anybody or anything.

The Irish-American Sea Serpent.

THE Irish seem to be taking the American Sea Serpent "quite intirely" out of the hands of the Yankees. It is a difficult labour to imagine an Irish-American Sea Serpent. The only picture we can draw of him is with a short pipe in his mouth, brandishing a shillelagh with one of his fins, shouting out, "Will any jintleman just tread upon my tail?"

ENGLISH LOCUSTS.

In the East they have armies of locusts that quite darken the sun. In England, we have no locusts, but we have tax-gatherers; for it is doubtful if anything could block out the light more effectually than the Window Tax.

QUESTION FOR BARON ROTHSCHILD. To be asked at the next London election *à propos* of HAYNAU.—"Who's your friend?"

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S ANNUITY.

THE *Times* calls attention to the fact—the melancholy fact to long-suffering Englishmen, with the prospect of a renewed income-tax—that “the first quarter’s payment of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE’S annuity of £12,000 will become payable on the 10th of next month.” His Royal Highness will then touch £3000! There is, however, a glimmer of hope among the gold coin—it is this: “the annuity is to cease should the Duke become the sovereign of any foreign state.” On these terms, should Hanover, or any newly-created kingdom, want a sovereign, we are prepared, at a minute’s notice, to supply a potentate for nothing.

This first quarter’s payment of £3000 should, however, be commemorated in some way. Will not the Duke’s tradesmen dine together in honour of the event? They might, moreover, enlarge the mahogany on the occasion, for the accommodation of those disinterested chairmen and secretaries of the Good Cambridge Testimonial, whose charity is whetted by ambition, and whose names are to be engraved upon the monumental pillar—a Pillar of Real Smoke, we take it—erected to the memory of the late good-natured chairman and amiable diner-out.

Any way, the tradesmen *must* illuminate. And what fitter, what more significant blaze than the numerals in coloured lamps? As thus:—



£12,000!

The notion suggests a pleasant mode of divination, by which—if we may imagine a sympathy of whale oil with ducal worth—we might arrive at the real yearly value of his Royal Highness. As thus: if every lamp burnt steadily—the whole

£12,000

going out together—we might accept the consentaneous extinction as illustrative of the fact that the Duke was worth the £12,000, to end only with his life, and not a figure less. But supposing that the £12,000 burnt as thus:

£ 2,000

Or thus—

£12,00

Or thus—

£1 00

Or even, yes, even thus—

£ 0

The gradual subtraction of sum by the extinction of figure or cypher might, in the bosoms of the superstitious, patriotically tender towards our monetary institutions, indicate a probable deduction as the years of His Royal Highness waned, flickered, and went out in smoke. Be this as it may, let us by all means have the

£12,000

—exchequer cherubim in burning row, testifying to Englishmen the cost of royal cousins and the pliancy of Whigs. And, whereas, in England the human animal is only made by money, so let an appropriate motto set forth the characteristic creation of His Royal Highness. “The child is father of the man,” says the poet. Very well,

“The Cash is Maker of the Duke,”

says *Punch*. Loyal and illuminating public, get ready your lamps and whale oil for the glorious 10th!

“Turn on, Old Thames.”

It has generally been considered that married couples only are capable of leading “a cat and dog life,” but we know an instance of a single old gentleman in London—we mean poor old Father Thames—who leads a “cat and dog life” in the most literal sense of the term, as a walk by the side of his bed will amply testify.

SILENCE, PRAY, SILENCE FOR A PUN.

In return for the present of a sword belonging to “the Emperor,” GENERAL NARVAEZ has given LOUIS NAPOLEON a sword belonging to FERNANDO CORTEZ. The Spanish officer could not have performed towards the French President a nicer act of Cortez-y

Protectionist Pluck.

By a Restricted Trade contemporary it is stated that Mr. T. W. BOOKER, “an unflinching Protectionist,” has come forward to supply the vacancy in the representation of Herefordshire. Why is a thorough-going Protectionist always called “unflinching”? Is it because he shows himself to be insensible to the most striking facts?

THE EARLY CLOSING SHOPKEEPER TO HIS CUSTOMER

I AM a linen-draper bold,
(Please to walk this way, Ma’am.)
I don’t fear being undersold:
(What next shall we say, Ma’am?)
My shopmen there—those spruce young beaux,—
Require, I know, their due repose;
And so at eight each night we close:
(Any other article to-day, Ma’am?)
I won’t destroy my young men’s health,
(Warranted to last, Ma’am.)
Careless of all but getting wealth,
(Colour very fast, Ma’am.)
No one in hot close air was meant
Till nearly midnight to be pent;
Nor shall in this establishment:
(That cannot be surpass’d, Ma’am.)
Consumption here we don’t allow,
(Very lovely chintz, Ma’am.)
If we can help it anyhow:
(Recommend these prints, Ma’am.)
No mealy cheek, no hollow eye,
Behind my counter, Ma’am, have I;
Closing at eight’s the reason why:
(All the most fashionable tints, Ma’am.)
Thus, likewise, to improve the mind,
(Reasonable too, Ma’am.)
A little time my shopmen find:
(Not too deep a blue, Ma’am.)
I find this answer in the end;
They look upon me as a friend,
And I can on the lads depend:
(Thank you, Ma’am—I’m much obliged to you, Ma’am.)
Now I know you’ll be so kind
(Wish to see that shawl, Ma’am?)
As to let me speak my mind:
(Trouble?—not at all, Ma’am.)
The good that might be done’s unknown,
Would ladies deal with those alone
Whose shops close early—like our own—
(Early closing—hope an early call, Ma’am.)

A MILITARY PLURALIST.

F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has accepted the office of Ranger of the Parks—a post which, to our ears, smacks exceedingly of beadle-dom. We know that the abilities of His Grace have comprehended a very wide range, but the part of Ranger is, at his time of life, rather onerous, for if its duties are performed in person, we shall be occasionally startled by a situation something like that of the disguised Beefeater in SHERIDAN’S *Critic*, for when we are taking a quiet stroll by the Serpentine, we shall perhaps have one of the park-keepers throwing back his gold-laced collar, and standing revealed before us as the hero of Waterloo.

We should have thought that the hand so long familiar with the Field Marshal’s *bâton* would have found it rather *infra dig.* to begin grasping the beadle’s staff, and the voice once accustomed to command in the field, to persuade in the Senate, and advise in the Council, must be rather ingloriously occupied in exclaiming, “Hollo! come off the grass” or in murmuring, “Come, come, this is not allowed,” to some idle infant, listlessly pitching pebbles into the Serpentine. There seems to us something like bathos in the “hero of a hundred fights” coming down to be the Ranger of half a hundred gravel walks, and Inspector-General of park-palings.

Fortunately, the British “Boy” is an animal that is easily alarmed at the very appearance of a park-keeper, who has only to shake his staff to create a perfect panic in the juvenile breast; and, therefore, it is not probable that any park-keeper will find himself compelled to give chase to a turbulent urchin who will cut his name upon a tree, or indulge in any other freak that it is the office of a Ranger to guard against.

The Duke, in addition to his other duties, will, of course, have to regulate the cake and apple-stalls in the various parks, and control the curds-and-whey tariff, for His Grace has the reputation of attending to small things as well as great, when it is his duty so to do, and the public way, therefore, eat its ha’p’orth of gingerbread, quaff its milky coagulated matter, and discuss its spice nut with the fullest confidence in such illustrious Rangership.

A COCKNEY’S EXCLAMATION, UPON SEEING THE CELEBRATED HEIDELBERG TON.—“Well, it is (S)ton-ning!”



MR. BRIGGS THINKS OF RUNNING DOWN THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW TO HIS FRIEND HAYCOCK FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING, AND HAS BORROWED A DOG TO GO WITH HIM. FOR THE NINTH TIME DURING THE NIGHT HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED BY THE HOWLING OF THE ANIMAL.

War with Austria!

[By *Punch's Own Electric Telegraph.*
Punch Office, at the last moment
before going to Press.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, with a rush of new affection towards GENERAL HAYNAU, has ordered his Ambassador at the Court of St. James's to demand his passports, unless ALL the draymen of BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S are sent in chains by special train to Vienna.

At this hurried minute we can scarcely conjecture what will be the result, but it is believed (by the *Morning Chronicle*) that LORD PALMERSTON will refuse to give up the draymen; but as a mark of regretful respect—half-sympathy, half-apology—will offer the effigy of a drayman, with a real whip and an unexceptionable brewer's nightcap!



MR. BRIGGS NO SOONER RETURNS TO HIS BED, THAN MRS. BRIGGS SAYS, "MY DEAR! THERE'S THAT NASTY, TIRESOME DOG AGAIN!!"

Tale of an Emigrant Tub.

SUCH is the force of enthusiasm occasionally in the female mind, that our landress, who has washed—but not quite done—for us during the last ten years, has packed up all her washing apparatus, including a stiffish quantity of starch, with the intention of proceeding to California, where she purposes advertising for a few families' gold-washing. She has laid out the whole of her capital in her outfit, and will arrive without a halfpenny, so that the foolish woman, when she steps on shore, in the character of a washerwoman, will not have a copper to bless herself.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

A DEAL of money sometimes; for just take a passport to the Foreign Office, and you will find that you are charged £2 7s. 6d., merely for putting the name of LORD PALMERSTON upon it.

Mawworm Redivivus.

AN advertisement emanating from a Society conspiring against the convenience of the public at 14, Chatham Place, proclaims that "a great struggle" is about to be made "for the cessation of all postal labour" on the Sunday. This is a warning to every rational Englishman to be at his post—unless he wishes it to be seized upon again by the Sabbatarians.

A VERY DEEP TRAP.

THE opinion entertained by the more intelligent class of fishes with regard to the Submarine Telegraph is that we are laying down wires for the purpose of catching the American Sea Serpent.

A Meteorological Phenomenon.

It is a very curious coincidence which has been observed to occur, with almost unerring accuracy, amongst meteorological phenomena—more especially that branch arising from the difficult process of "Raising the Wind"—that, if a man has accepted a bill, he is pretty sure to evaporate on the very same day that his bill becomes *dew*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ELOQUENCE.—It may be remarked that in all his speeches during his tours in the departments the President of the French Republic manages to bring in the name of the Emperor. This characteristic of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S eloquence is natural enough, for whenever he begins to *spout*, he, of course, thinks of his *uncle*.



THE PEACE CONGRESS AT CHERBOURG.

1

BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S DRAYMEN TO PUNCH.



PUNCH.—FEELING, that as one of BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen, a Firm which I always considered the brightest jewel in Her Majesty's Crown, and the strongest bit of Her Majesty's sceptre, and the best piece of the golden ball—(all of which, God bless her! I myself see her with on the day of her Coronation)—feeling that our Firm is all this, and a pot to come in, in the Constitution of England—for who knows how much of the sinews

of the country is got out of pewter, and how much of its sense from the Head atop of it—I say, feeling all this, and moreover feeling that the Eyes of the World, like so many burning-glasses, is upon us—I take up my Pen to write you our sentiments, as men, as Englishmen, and as BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen, about this little brush with the Friend of BARON ROTHSCHILD, M.P., with nothing as yet to sit down upon; and after what has happened, if he goes to the Poll again, I should say, with certainly not a leg to stand upon.

And First to Begin with. We—BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen—won't hear of what is called a Testimonial. What we've done, we could no more help doing than if a steam-engine of 1000 Horse-guard power had druv us to, and we won't be silvered or gilt a bit for it. I am emboldened to say this at once, because we've heard that we're all to have a silver tankard a-piece made in the shape of a wild beast—a HYENAU on his hind legs, with precious blood-coloured stones for eyes—which we at once deny, and refuse, being content with a rewarding conscience and humble pewter.

Sir, I am chose as a humble 'dividual (you will with your 'customed liberality excuse and touch up bad spelling), to set our case before the world. Sir, we've been blamed for pelting a Gen'ral Butcher with grains. Permit me to ask, if there isn't worse pelting than what comes out of a brewery? What's grains to ink? And, Sir, there's been so much of it flung at us, that if it could only have stuck, our wives and families wouldn't have knowd us.

First, we, BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen, are rebels and dymcrats. Sir, do you remember a certain 10th of April, when BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen all went and turned themselves into specials, and had the thanks of the Government, with LORD JOHN RUSSELL ready—(only we wouldn't trouble him)—to come down on the 11th, to the Brewery, and shake hands with every one of us? We wasn't rebels then—but reg'lar bricks!

Second.—It was a plan brewed, and bottled to attack the red-coat butcher. I repeat, what we did, we couldn't help doing. Afore we knowd that HAYNAU was in the Brewery, we knowd that something was wrong. Mr. Punch, we felt it about us, just as you feel there's thunder and lightning at hand—we felt, just as my poor old grandmother couldn't abide a cat, and was all in a fume and a fidget, with her blood simmering, if even so much as a blind kitten was shut up in a cupboard, though she didn't see it. I can't account for it, no more than I can tell why the 'lectric fluid carries a message through the bottom of the sea, without being put out. All I knowed, is, there was a kind of 'lectric fluid went through every drayman's heart—(and he ought to be ashamed to look a honest horse in the face again, if it hadn't been so)—and what we did, we couldn't help.

Mind you, if it was to be put to us in cold blood to plan a licking of the sort, we wouldn't do it. No; we should have time to think of the matter—time to get up contempt—but contempt, Sir, though I'm no scholar, as you see, is a thing not at hand on a sudden notice. No, Sir, contempt, I take it, is red-hot passion grown cold. Bless your heart! Mr. Punch, if HAYNAU could only come among us once more, he'd find we'd now contempt as cold—yes, cold as the corpses made by his own bullets.

And then, as for trying to kill the Man-Cat that clawed poor naked women, we never dreamed of it. All we wanted was to disgrace him. There he was in the eyes of all of us one bit of muddy blood—and we flung dirt at him. He had burnt houses by hundreds, with the poor souls in 'em,—and what did we do? Why, we just give him a taste of the cinder-bin. But, then, HAYNAU was such an old man! When he

flogged the poor lady, whose husband shot himself, I do presume he was no chicken. An old man! Well, if you want to make the Devil uglier than he is, clap a wig of white hairs upon him,—that's my thought!

And then as for cutting off the Tyger's beard,—why, Mr. Punch, do you know what it was tried for? Just to sell locks of it to those very fine folks who'd like to carry a remembrance of "the brave old man,"—as I've seen the monster writ down,—all of 'em, I'm bound, willing to pay a handsome price for the relic. For my part, I'm sorry we missed the beard. At only twenty shillings a hair, it would have made a tol'able sum for the English Hungarians—that is, if they'd have pison'd their hands with a farthing of it.

I'm sorry, too, we throw'd the Tyger his hat—sorry that he got off with his rags of clothes. They'd have been worth any money to MADAME TUSSAUD, to stand aside RUSH in the Chamber of Horrors. Howsomever, I understand the whole thing's to be done in a painted Panoram; beginning with the Dropping of the Truss of Straw—the Hustling—the Flight along Bankside—the Hiding in the George Public-house—with the Retreat to the Dust-bin—the Police Delivery—the Taking Water at the Bankside—and View of Bedroom at Morley's Hotel, with HAYNAU a Drinking Hot Brandy-and-Water between the Blankets. The whole to conclude with the Departure of the Tyger from England in a suit of clothes handsomely sent to Him by BARON ROTHSCHILD, with affectionate Wishes for the Journey. All BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen have promised to sit for their Picturs bigger than life. Wouldn't it make a lovely show, framed and glazed for 1851?

As for the Visitors' Book, where HAYNAU's name was writ, there's a great fear it's quite spiled. They tried to scratch HAYNAU—(which, though writ with black ink, turned as red as blood)—out of the page; but it sunk through and through, as if the letters had been changed into red-hot iron; and though I don't know how many leaves have been torn away, and how many quarts of vinegar have been laid out,—the whole book smells, as one of our old porters says who was at Waterloo, like a bit of carnage three days arterwards.

And now, Mr. Punch, I shall lay down my bit of iron. I only wish to repeat that we want no reward for what we've done—no HYENAU rug—no silver warming-pan for our wives—no corals and bells for our babies. What we did, we couldn't help doing—it was a bit of wholesome indignation that's done us good; and so, Mr. Punch, feeling that virtue is its own reward, whether in silver or in ha'pence,

I remain your Constant Reader and (for the body of us)

BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S DRAYMAN.

P.S. Some of the gents of the Press call for the treadmill for the ruffians (meaning us) that thrashed the Tyger-Cat. Very well. Praps, Mr. Punch, GENERAL HYENA HAYNAU would like to come to the Brewery again just to 'dentify us?

FEATHERED CHORISTERS FOR CANTERBURY.

The natural historian will learn with interest that an extraordinary migration of the feathered race will take place this year. Besides the nightingales, swallows, cuckoos, and all the other regular birds of passage, a large flight of goldfinches, chaffinches, greenfinches, bullfinches, yellow-hammers, linnets, robin-redbreasts, wrens, larks, thrushes, black-birds, tom-tits, water-wagtails, and hedge-sparrows, will take their departure from these shores. This pretty warbling quire will join the Canterbury pilgrimage, in addition, we presume, to the surplined choristers who will be necessary to complete the character of that shovel-hat exodus. Our *Examiner* says, that

"The emigrant vessels for Canterbury, in New Zealand, not only carry out houses, and every necessary for domestic comfort on landing, but every variety of English singing-bird, which, on landing, the colonists will release, in order that they may propagate."

Together with their singing-birds, the Canterbury emigrants should not forget to carry out a sufficient number of those truly ecclesiastical birds, jackdaws and owls. Their ornithological exports will include a great many geese, of course; for such must be the case with people who are going to pay three pounds an acre for land when they might get it for one, all because they will be tied to a Bishop's apron-string.

Alarming Prodigy.

THE *Scotsman* relates that one of the lionesses in WOMBWELL'S Royal Menagerie has given birth to two fine cubs, "and, strange to say," adds our Caledonian contemporary, "they are pure white." We are not superstitious, but we cannot help regarding this circumstance as very portentous. Wherever a White Lion has appeared hitherto, it has always been a sign to the Public (house).

A LINE BY THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—The form of Government most wanted in France just now is THE EMPIRE of Reason.



SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

COST OF OUR CONSULAR ESTABLISHMENTS.

WE are told by LORD PALMERSTON that we ought to pay Ambassadors ten thousand a year, that they may be enabled to invite a few tip-top travellers to dinner now and then, though we confess that, as ordinary voyagers, we do not very highly appreciate this sort of Barmecidal hospitality. When we pay five francs for a passport fee, or contribute our share to the estimates required for diplomatic purposes, we feel no satisfaction in knowing that LORD TOM NOBBY may have dined at the Ambassador's table once in his life, though we have got nothing for our money.

The sort of consulship we really derive benefit from is that at Folkestone, where His Excellency MR. CONSUL FALKNER, if he does not ask us to dine, will enable us to get our dinner at an hotel, while he courteously and economically gets our luggage through the Custom-house. We should not object so much to the salaries of our Ambassadors and Consuls if they would really perform some kind of service for us, and were not above meeting us, either in person or by deputy, at the different *douanes* to assist us in passing our luggage.

JOHN BULL never grudges money for valuable services, and it might perhaps be worth while to ascertain whether the cost of some of our very expensive missions might not be curtailed in the way we have hinted at.

THE COURT THAT IS ALWAYS ADJOURNING.

THE Commissioners of Sewers are always adjourning. The only object of their meeting seems to be instantly to adjourn.

We have known them to adjourn four times at one meeting, and it is considered a very fair day's business if the Court only adjourns twice.

On the occasion when we had business—a little business which involved the draining of a very unhealthy district of a crowded population of 6000 poor people, amongst whom fever was then raging, and which business had already been adjourned from two previous meetings—there were only three Commissioners present.

It seems that six Commissioners must be in the room to "make a Court," and as there are rarely more than four or five who attend, the reader may, perhaps, be able to form a shrewd guess how it is that the Court is always adjourning.

The CHAIRMAN began the proceedings as usual, by adjourning the meeting for half an hour.

During that half an hour a messenger was sent off to a Commissioner who lived in Russell Square, begging his immediate attendance.

The answer brought back was that the Commissioner "had gone to Margate."

The CHAIRMAN "regretted the delay exceedingly, but, under the circumstances, he had no other remedy than to adjourn the Court for another half an hour."

A BALD-HEADED COMMISSIONER remarked, that perhaps it would be better to send off three messengers at once, instead of merely one at a time.

The CHAIRMAN thanked the Hon. Captain for his admirable suggestion, which, he fully agreed with him, would save time; and instructions were given accordingly.

The CLERK observed, that it would be impossible to do it in so short a space of time, as one of the Commissioners lived in the Minories.

The CHAIRMAN said he had but one duty to perform, and that would be to adjourn the Court for one hour, instead of half an hour.

At the expiration of the hour, it was discovered that two Commissioners had answered to the invitation. This occasioned an unusual stir in the Court, and the Chairman was about to proceed to business, when a voice exclaimed, "We are only five!"

"It's perfectly true—I'm very much obliged to you," said the gentlemanly CHAIRMAN, bowing—"I'm very sorry, but, at this period of the year, it is very difficult to get gentlemen to attend. However, we will try once more. We will adjourn the Court for another half an hour, and that will give us plenty of time to send to two more Commissioners, one of whom I know is in town."

The Court was once more adjourned, and two messengers were once more despatched in two cabs. By-the-bye, the running account for cabs must, at the end of the year, form no inconsiderable item in the general expenses of the Court of Sewers, for the only public business transacted seems to be in rushing about in cabs. The Metropolitan cabmen must feel especially thankful to a Court that patronises them so largely.

A bountiful supply of newspapers helped to wile away the tedious hour. Those Commissioners, who did not read, wrote notes, and, from the quantity of letters which during the many pauses we saw written, we are inclined to believe that every Commissioner must reserve his correspondence "for a sewer day," so that he may have something to occupy himself with whilst the Court is doing nothing.

At last the two messengers arrived, but no Commissioner! One was at Baden-Baden, and the other had taken his family to Cremorne, to see a balloon ascent.

It was now half-past two o'clock. Gentlemen began to look at their watches. The Chairman looked care-worn. The Clerk forgot himself so far as to yawn. The newspapers were lying on the floor, having been evidently read through and through, *Supplements* and all. The note paper was no longer touched. The Commissioners had left their seats, and were looking out of the window. The children playing in Soho Square seemed painfully to interest them, and from their long anxious faces, you would fancy they were so many unhappy culprits looking through their prison bars. The number of Commissioners never rose higher than five; at a quarter past three it had sunk to two, and the Chairman seeing, that if he remained much longer, he would probably be left alone with the Clerk, very wisely adjourned the Court. After a vote of thanks had been proposed to the Chairman "for his impartial conduct in the Chair," and unanimously carried, the meeting was adjourned to that day three months, when the Chairman "hoped six Commissioners at least would be present, and so prevent the necessity of any more adjournments, which really had been going on now infinitely too long."

To secure this desirable state of things, might we be allowed to suggest that perhaps it would be better to have *Paid Commissioners*, who would make it their duty to attend, instead of a Board of Gentlemen Commissioners, who, being *Unpaid*, make a favour of attending! The change, we are vain enough to believe, might be the cause of a little work being done, for we cannot help thinking that the present Gentlemen (if you can call Gentlemen present who never are so), are not working, but only *playing at Sewers*!

PATRONAGE OF THE DRAMA.



NO DOUBTEDLY this is too bad. No sooner does a man of ardent temperament evince an enthusiasm—a little oddly, to be sure, but then is it not the character of enthusiasm to be wild?—than the display is made a police matter, and bail is required against a repetition of the generous act. One EDWARD BISHOP is so struck by the truthful acting of Mr. HIGGIE of the Victoria, in the *Mouse*, that he dedicates to the artist “a cauliflower of some magnitude.” And for this patronage of the *trans-pontem* stage, the patron is ordered to find bail.

We advise Mr. BISHOP to carry the matter into a higher court. Bouquets much bigger, and far less useful, than a cauliflower of some magnitude, are received in tokens of honour and distinction flung at tender warblers and fragile fays—yet HIGGIE rejects a cauliflower!

Had the cauliflower been thankfully received, on some future night an acknowledged heroine of domestic drama, betrayed and deserted, might have received the homage of a bunch of turnips; and the turnips received as every well-meant offering ought to be, patronage tangible and increasing might have succeeded. The turnips taken in good part, is it too much to believe that legs of mutton would have followed?

Mr. BISHOP had, but disdained to make use of it, an excellent defence. The *Mouse*, it appears, is taken from the French; and Mr. BISHOP thought a cauliflower ought to go with the cabbage.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH BARRICADES.

THE French make their barricades of stones, and everything they can get hold of. If there is an omnibus or two on the top, so much the better; but their barricades rarely last more than two or three days.

We English make our barricades in a much more lasting manner. When we erect a barricade, it is a good one, and lasts sometimes for a month. It is much more dangerous, too, we think, than its Parisian brother. If you attempt to walk over it, the chances are that you will be precipitated down a yawning abyss some 20 feet underneath you, and, when you recover, that you may find yourself floating down the Thames. The paviours, and rival gas-men, take good care to make it as formidable as possible, so that all thoroughfare through the street shall be completely blocked up for weeks together. Communication between the opposite sides of the street is even cut off, and if two shop-keepers, who face each other, wish to exchange a word of compliment on business, they must do so through their second-floor windows, and make known their wants through the friendly medium of speaking trumpets. It is true that a middle path is always open to them across the road, and rather too open, for if they attempt to cross it, and meet half-way, they run the risk of topping over the narrow plank, and finishing their discussion at the bottom of the sewer, or else clinging on to a projecting gas-pipe, with their legs dancing midway in the black atmosphere, and pick-axes flying in all directions about their ears. This is a superior kind of barricade to the French species, and we are indebted to our gas and water companies, and our Commissioners of Sewers, for the vast improvement.

Another kind of barricade is not unfrequently produced by stones, and bricks and mortar. This is not attended with the same danger as the barricade that takes place right in the middle of the street, but still it is a great nuisance, and stops up the thoroughfare frequently for months. This sort of barricade is caused by building a new house, the scaffolding of which runs over the entire pavement, and overflows one half of the road. This nuisance is more applicable to public buildings, which are not renowned for the same rapid mushroom growth as private dwellings, but take their time about it. The National Gallery, the Nelson Column, and the whole of Trafalgar Square, was a standing proof of this for years; though if we were in want of a great illustration, we need not run through the scaffolding-poles of the past, when we have so prominently in view the ladders and wheelbarrows of the present. Look at the New Houses of Parliament, with what a sluggard's slowness they have been rising out of the bed of the river! In fact they are not “up” yet, and will not be properly dressed and finished, we will make any wager, for several years to come. They do not impede the public highway much, it is true, but still they stop the way of public business; for no wonder that ministers have sometimes such a difficulty in “making a House,” when the architect will not make one for them. Taking the slowness of the building into consideration, and

the delays and impediments of which it has been the prolific cause, we think we may safely point to the New Houses of Parliament as the greatest BARRY-CADE that has ever been erected in England.

SONG OF THE CAMBRIDGE DON.

COWLING, scowling down improvement—
COWLING, howling 'gainst all movement—
Pleader, leader in quirk and quiddity—
Speaker, weaker than av'rage stupidity—
That's the man for St. John's and me,
That's the man for the 'Varsity!

Jurist, surest opponent of law-reform—
Wrangler, strangler of ripe or raw reform—
Stander *super vias antiquas*,
Right or wrong, *æquas* or *iniquas*—
That's the man for St. John's and me,
That's the man for the 'Varsity!

Pig-headed, bigotted, heavy as lead—
Cyclop, with eye at the back of his head—
Staunch Protectionist—High-Church sectionist—
To new lights of all sorts pledged objectionist—
That's the man for St. John's and me,
That's the man for the 'Varsity!

ALARMING RAVAGES OF MICE IN THE PARKS.

THE Session being over, and politics in abeyance, in the present quiescent state of the dominions of her Majesty, our contemporaries are reduced to fly for intelligence to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. One of them, the other day, thought it necessary to call public attention to a desperate attack made by a sparrow-hawk on a goldfinch. Wonderful turnips make their appearance by cartloads, and a regular shooting season of stars has commenced in the columns of the journals. The sea-serpent has again shown himself, in spite of having been crushed by PROFESSOR OWEN, and continues to hold up his head at intervals, notwithstanding that there are six rifle-balls in it, fired by as many Irishmen, right through his eye. For our part—we always prepared to comment on the topics of the day—we have an observation to make on the extraordinary ravages which certain Mice are committing in the Parks. The western extremity of St. James's Park is laid completely waste; the plantation which formerly flourished there having been destroyed as if by locusts. A large portion of the Green Park is disfigured by an inclosure of wood, which these insignificant but mischievous creatures have constructed to surround the Marble Arch, by way of hoarding, for much longer than the winter. The damage done by these animals in the Parks will cost from first to last, it is apprehended, at least £17,000 or £18,000.

By a transition from Natural History to Moral Philosophy—and taking into account the circumstance of the sittings of Parliament being suspended, and Mr. JOSEPH HUME, as well as the most influential persons of the metropolis, being out of town—we may remark that the conduct of these mice, which constitute the Woods and Forests variety of the mouse, only serves to exemplify the good old adage, that “when the cat is away the mice will play.”

Tribute to Haynau.

“A LETTER from Vienna,” says the *Morning Post*, “states that GENERAL BARON HAYNAU is to be immediately raised to the dignity of Field-Marshal.” By giving HAYNAU a Field-Marshal's *bâton*, the Austrian Government will certainly show its gratitude towards him; but it would evince a more discerning sense of his services if it were to present him with a hangman's cat. Peradventure the *bâton* is meant to compensate the woman-whipper for that stick which he was obliged to cut the other day.

A QUESTION TO THE FRENCH.

Now, be candid, and tell the truth! Would you not be glad to part with all your change if you could but get a good Sovereign?



LONDON IN 1851.

THE STOCKS IN AID OF THE PULPIT.

We all know that secular and religious instruction ought to be united; indeed that the former is not worth a button, unless combined with the latter. Therefore everybody agrees that religion must be taught by all means. In the meantime nobody has succeeded hitherto in devising any means by which it may be taught effectually. The affections rather than the intellect have to be tutored—there is the difficulty. It is easy to cram the head with creeds: but how to inspire the heart with pious sentiments? Rejoice, all men, to know that this discovery—which, of course, infinitely beats the invention of the Electric Telegraph—has been made; and that, will it be believed? by some humble country magistrates whose very names are at present unknown. The *Lincolnshire Times* first announced it to the world in the subjoined unassuming paragraph, which we copy from the *Morning Post*, under a heading furnished, we suspect, by our oligarchical contemporary:—

"**SALUTARY PUNISHMENT.**—Gainsborough has been kept in a state of considerable excitement during the week, by the exhibition of a number of boys being placed in the stocks in the Market-place, for the crime of Sunday gaming. They were sentenced to be confined three hours each; two of them had their turn on Monday morning, between the hours of seven and one; others were confined on Wednesday and Thursday."

This is the way to teach the proper observance of the Sabbath, and, by parity of reason, religious knowledge at large. Rightly to direct the steps of youth—put their feet in the stocks. How beautifully simple! Whilst the philosophical preceptor is perplexing himself in the endeavour to soften callousness and enliven stupidity, so as to beget some sort of sensibility to celestial influences, the Gainsborough justices solve the problem in a trice by their converting apparatus. The annoyance of an uncomfortable position and the stimulus of banter must obviously produce the impression which the *Post* or the *Lincolnshire Times* calls "salutary;" in other words must dispose the mind of the patient to serious and contrite meditation. No doubt the stocks have convinced these boys of the wickedness of Sunday chuck-farthing; for it is not probable that they desecrated the day by *lansquenet*, or any other species of gambling equally high. This is the age of machinery; but here we have a mechanical instrument performing a spiritual function: the stocks superseding the

preacher. The Gainsborough authorities must really send this ingenious instrument—their contrivance for the conversion of juvenile sinners—to the Exhibition of 1851, to be tried by all those who are willing to put their foot in it.

THE FRATERNAL DEMOCRATS.

WHEN folks of choicest respectability and best education champion HAYNAU, as only the sanguinary tool—the material whip or sabre in the hand of Austria, and therefore ask for him the most charitable construction of the soldier's dastardly and bloody doings—they ought not to marvel when the unlearned humble give utterance to their exultation at the rough teaching of the executioner at the henceforth historical brewery of BARCLAY AND PERKINS. A few persons self-dubbed the Fraternal Democrats, have met to express their sympathy with the teacher draymen; but we should hope that, however the teachers may receive the meaning of goodwill, they will reject the mode in which such sympathy is expressed. One fraternal speaker declared his poignant regret that HAYNAU had not been boiled in a vat; another full of brotherly love was profoundly touched that the General had not been sent to the infernal regions to keep a place for his master. All this is very wrong—but when we find Austria supported in choicest leading articles written by scholars and gentlemen, are we to wonder at the strong Doric of costermongers, speaking in opposition?

As for the Fraternal Democrats, whence—after such homicidal aspirations—do they derive their fraternity? From ABEL? Surely not; but from ABEL's brother. We advise them straightway to drop the connection.

No doubt these men, in their way, admire Liberty; but we would as soon trust the mountain nymph to admiring satyrs, as resign Liberty to the brotherly love of the Fraternal Democrats.

ATTRACTION OF THE BOTTLE.

SOME "bottle-nose whales" have been seen off Ireland. It is but fair to infer, then, that they were pointing their noses towards Cork.

THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE.

From the "Own Correspondent" of the "Wiener Zeitung."



LL the facts of the conspiracy to which our beloved hero had lately well-nigh fallen a victim, have been traced to their source: and we can state from undisputed authority that the BARCLAY-PERKINSISH draymen were not in the slightest degree implicated in that nefarious transaction. Neither is it true that BARCLAY and PERKINS had engaged French or German brewers, as ill-informed accounts have averred, the English being brutally prejudiced in favour of

their own method of brewing, and preferring that horrid compound of treacle and logwood, &c. (in which negroes are continually boiled), to the purer and thinner beverage of the continents of Europe.

And as the British beat their wives, and are encouraged by law to do so, *zwar* with a stick that is only finger-thick, it is not to be supposed that the correction of a female by the rod, as performed by the orders of the officers of His Imperial and Royal Majesty, in the ever-memorable-and-over-the-Hungarians-victorious campaign, should inspire any indignation in the Thames capital. The real truth has only lately, and in an irrefragable manner, come to light.

Spies or Government subordinates were set upon the dwelling of the Field Marshal so soon as His Excellency reached —'s; nor of this can it be complained, as the practice is adopted universally in our own parental state. And it being ascertained that he was about to visit the BARCLAY-PERKINSISH Brewery, the enemies of this great man, who are the enemies of order and peace in Europe, determined this great peace-and-order-supporter to destroy.

Emissaries of the F— O— were despatched to Bankside to agitate the thousand workmen there; but these men, knowing nothing of foreign disputes, and careless whether FRAU VON MADERSBACH had or had not met with a treatment which is of daily occurrence in England, refused to listen to the instigations of the Minister of the F— O—, and that spirit of mischief was left to work for himself.

Two hundred thousand barrels doppel X, two thousand tuns of "stout," two hundred fifty-two thousand "hocksheads" of "schweips," were ordered for the Court cellars from MESSRS. BARCLAY and PERKINS, and the price of the cerevisian supply £175,000, that instant paid by LORD P—, with a check at sight on the First Lord of the Treasury.

BARCLAY was made a Realm-Peer, under the title of Baron Swipington; his eldest son a Bishop; and his daughter a Maid of Honour.

PERKINS was created Knight of the Garter of the first class, and Colonel of the 10th Guard Regiment; his son was raised from the rank of Midshipmite, Marine-Officer of the 10th class, and made Admiral of the Blue; MRS. PERKINS was created Countess Tunbridge, —for PERKINS, pretending to be of the popular party, refuses any title but his own of simple baronet, which gives him his seat in the Unter-haus.

By these bribes to the chiefs, and by the promise that B— Parliament's mitglied for the grafschaft of Middlesex, would give the men and their families a white-bait "feed" at Greenwich, the men of the BARCLAY and PERKINSISH establishment were withdrawn from the Brewery, and their places were supplied by the clerks of the F— O—.

LORD P—, the Secretary for F—n Affairs, LORD E., the Under Secretary, each commanded a division. LORD P. wore a shovel-hat, which by Bishops and draymen is alone worn in Briton. LORD E. was in breeches of crimson plush, with the national boots called high-lows. HERR O. F. G. X., and the runners and officials of the office, were placed about the premises, along with the most athletic Members of the House of Commons, who support the desperate policy of the Foreign Minister.

When His Excellency the Baron appeared, the signal was given by the overthrowing of a grain-shovel full on his head, and then the attack took place whereof our papers have given an account only too faithful, and for which every subject of His Majesty the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and KING OF HUNGARY will demand a bloody reparation. You may rely on this account as the only genuine one.

INTERPRETATION OF AMERICAN SENTIMENTS.

Kossuth in captivity—from which speedy liberation to him—writing to GENERAL CASS—calls that officer "a worthy interpreter of the generous sentiments of the great American people."

The brave Hungarian may not know, perhaps, that certain sentiments of the great American people require interpretation, and that of a very partial kind, to be understood as generous. Their notion of human flesh being—if black—"a species of property," bespeaks a sentiment rather short of generosity. The sentiments, too, which dictated their recent law, in regard to runaway slaves, need a clever interpreter to reconcile them with anything like nobility or magnanimity, except a magnanimous contempt of the Christian religion, and a noble disregard of common justice and humanity.

THE DUKE IN THE PARKS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has been appointed to the Rangership of the parks. For many years he has, by bronze proxy, and almost in primitive gardening attire, held Rangership of Hyde Park; but now he is actual Ranger on full service. The *Times* hopes that His Grace will turn his attention to the improvement of his nominal domains; and *Punch* is, of course, ready with a practical suggestion.

The greatest of men have delighted to end where the first man began,—in a garden; COWLEY's picture of DIOCLETIAN in the shade is, in these days, familiar to the lightest reader. Moreover, veterans delight to fight their battles over again. Therefore, says *Punch*, let the Duke combine the two delights; and whilst soothing his last days with the amenity of trees, and shrubs, and flowers,—let him, in a manner, so lay out and plant Hyde Park, that the world may have green and growing recollections of two or three of the mightiest achievements of ARTHUR, the Ranger. Thus, the Duke might give us Torres Vedras beautifully laid out; and every year describe, upon a small scale, the field of Waterloo, marking the different armies with different coloured rockets, double and single. Nothing could be prettier than to have a field of battle rendered in flowers: things of death and bloodshed "turn'd to prettiness and favour." A very respectable Belgian Lion might be planted and cut in cedar; a lion that should afford from its tail and mane a sprig for the button-hole of every member, foreign and British, of the Peace Congress, who, in Hyde Park, would hold most triumphant gatherings. The Duke, in his day, has surely had sufficient of parks of artillery—there is now open to him a new command in the laying out of parks of timber; parks with walks instructively ordered, and beautifully illustrated. With just half-a-dozen lessons from MR. PAXTON, and F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON will cultivate fresh laurels on the fields of Hyde and St. James. And thus, instead of rushing to see the Duke review the Household Troops, we shall have all the world at gaze, delighted with WELLINGTON'S Tulip Show.

THE VERNON GALLERY'S HOLIDAY.

PASSING the other day the end of Pall Mall, our eye, which is always tumbling from side to side, fell upon the gates of Marlborough House, where we read the intimation that "The Vernon Gallery is closed for the holidays." The idea of pictures requiring a holiday, struck us, at first, as rather odd, but when we remembered how long the unfortunate inmates of the Vernon Gallery were confined in a dark cellar, we felt that to grudge them a holiday, for the purpose of getting a little fresh air, would have been an act of cruelty. Many a painting which had been once "the picture of health," had begun to lose its colour in the black hole at Trafalgar Square, and we have no doubt the holiday has been given in the hope that the members of the gallery may find means of renovating their frames, and improving their complexions, after the very long confinement they underwent in the close crowded cellar to which public parsimony and bad taste had consigned them.

The Force of Experience.

It seems that the Constabulary force is to take the Census of Ireland next year. This appointment is not so ridiculous as, at first sight, it may appear; for, with the pugnacious habits of the country, it stands to reason that none are so well qualified for taking the Irish population as the Constabulary.

BYRON'S MAZEPPA.

ASTLEY'S Edition.



ASTLEY'S has long been the *Theatre Historique* of the Surrey Side of the water, where the student may have seen peculiar lights—the dramatic footlights—thrown upon some of the principal events of both the ancient and modern era.

Not stopping short at our histories, the administration of ASTLEY'S has sometimes taken our poets in hand, and BYRON'S *Mazeppa* has, for some time, enjoyed the benefit of an Amphi-theatrical edition. The ability and success with which this has been brought out, may be judged from the fact of the great popularity of the ASTLEY version, of which there has been a re-issue

this year, and we were present not long ago, with some thousand or two of other subscribers, on the eighty somethingth—we plead guilty to the coining and uttering—occasion of its delivery.

There are some important deviations from the text of BYRON in the ASTLEY'S edition, as the following analysis of the latter will testify:—

The curtain rises on a court-yard, with a sentinel on the watch, whose duty, like those of stage sentinels in general, appears to be to mistake all human voices for the wind, and to see nothing. While he is pacing the practicable platform, a portion of the "*Machinery by Mr. R. SMITH*"—a stalwart form—that of MR. HICKS—crosses the stage, and invokes *Olinska* in a voice which induces the sentinel to remark on the loudness of the wind, and to walk off at the wing—a palpable desertion of his post—for the purpose, probably, of ascertaining "what 's in the wind," instead of looking before him to find out who is in the court-yard. The coast being quite clear, *Olinska*, a young creature in Adelaide boots and a brown silk Polka, appears at a window, from which she issues to stand upon a sort of coping stone—for there is no balcony. The interview is not very satisfactory, for *Olinska*, seized with a sudden sense of the impropriety of the proceedings, declares she will have "no more of this." That, in fact, MR. HICKS must "ask Papa," and, hopping off the ledge, she retires within the window.

The next scene reveals the fact, that *Olinska* has been promised to a Palatine whom she has never set eyes on, and MR. HICKS, who seems to get a private interview with the young lady whenever the exigencies of the plot require it, proposes a flight to the Desert. At this *Olinska* turns patriotic, and won't go among "her country's enemies;" when her papa coming in, takes no further notice of her *tête-à-tête* with MR. HICKS, than to appoint him "officer of the men-at-arms," or head beef-eater. The arrival of *Olinska's* intended now takes place, combining "a splendid cavalcade" of six horses, who will insist on dancing to the music, and the rear is brought up by a sort of French bedstead on wheels, from between the curtains of which issues the "werry identical" Palatine. We had forgotten to mention that the *cortège* is received and marshalled by a comic *Chamberlain of the Household*, who exclaims every now and then, "I believe you, my boy" to *Drolinsko*, a sort of facetious gentleman-usher, represented by that renowned "clown to the ring," the famous BARRY. MR. HICKS is in a frightful state during the whole proceedings. Apostrophising his "rebel nature" as he would a too playful puppy, he desires it to "keep down;" he shakes his fist at everybody and everything, though nobody sees him. He mutters "vengeance or death" in *Olinska's* ears, and not only exemplifies the great truth, that "none are so blind as those who won't see;" but also that in refusing to see, there is none more resolute than a dramatic rival, father, chamberlain, attendant, or courtier. On the night of our visit, the energetic tragedian positively tumbled over a whole row of tassel-booted feet of nobles, which, if the Polish aristocracy are as liable to corns as our peerage must be, judging from the great EISENBERG testimonials, must have rendered them painfully sensible of MR. HICKS'S presence.

We next find the lovers enjoying another *tête-à-tête* without any one being at hand to look after the young lady or to collar and kick out the gentleman. He reproaches her as a "fair pestilence," a "beauteous treason;" he might as well call her a "lovely measles," a "precious rheumatism," or "an enchanting burglary;" and she, overpowered by these harsh epithets, declares her heart is his, though her hand must be another's. This is quite enough for MR. HICKS, who swears to deserve her; and the comic Lord Chamberlain, who has been present, with his eyes and ears shut, during the whole time, prepares to escort *Olinska* to the Tournament. The tourney comes off in sight of *Olinska*, Papa, and the Palatine, all seated under an ornamental shed; while MR. HICKS and others contend, first with battle-axes, then with lances, and, ultimately, having come to fisty-cuffs, they pelt each other with their helmets. MR. HICKS, of course, vanquishes every thing that comes in his way, and has a wreath dropped on to his head from the hand of *Olinska*. Papa, who has no doubt found it dry work, calls for a

goblet, and drinks the health of the affianced pair in a long draught of wool—the usual dramatic beverage.

The tournament is closed in by a pair of flats which form the Palatine's bedroom, and we find the Palatine escorted to bed by several attendants, with ordinary links—such as are used by our modern link-boys—and who leave him to undress and "turn in" by the light of a solitary candle. He is just going to make himself comfortable for the night when a gentleman in a black velvet dressing-gown, put on the wrong side before, coming open at the back, and displaying a large red cross on the wearer's chest, rushes in, and challenges the Palatine to single "cumbut." A fight ensues, the Palatine yields, the intruder's dress comes off all in one piece, as if he was going to change into Harlequin, and MR. HICKS stands revealed before us; alarm bells are rung; *Olinska's* papa appears, and dooms MR. HICKS to be sent adrift on the back of a wild horse that has been found quite untamable. The horse is brought, and the groom, in order to show off the animal's wildness to the best advantage, makes him walk on his two hind-legs, and by various pinches tries to frighten him into a sufficient state of savageness. The brute, of whom Byron says—

"'Twas but a day he had been caught,"

but who is, in fact, a veteran member of BATTY'S stud, a most attentive horse to his business—never missing a cue, or capering at a rehearsal, but always with his eye on the stage manager—is then led off that MR. HICKS may be fastened on to his back, and a sieve of oats being shaken on the O. P. side, the animal darts across the stage from the P. S. wing to make for the tempting provender. A fresh sieve being stationed at the exit from each of the three ranges of platforms, the sagacious beast canters from side to side in pursuit of corn under difficulties.

In the next scene we have the horse standing as quiet as a lamb, chewing a bean given him to keep him steady—most probably by the adroit hand of *Mazeppa* himself, who attributes the courser's quiescence to "exhausted nature" instead of to the farinaceous *bonbon* that has just been administered. The bean being discussed, and the well-known sound of the corn-sieve being heard at the wing, the horse moves towards the "old familiar" measure, and MR. HICKS, exclaiming "Again he urges on his wild career," is carried off by the business-like quadruped.

In the next scene we find him between two set pieces of water, one of which has a wolf's head nailed on to the top, which the hand of a carpenter alternately raises and depresses, while a judicious management of a few oats by another hand keeps the mouth of the horse continually bobbing up and down to give it a sort of undulating movement. While this is going on, that "well-known property," the old theatrical "bird of prey," who flapped his wings for one hundred successive nights in *Der Freischütz*, and who having lost all his youthful buoyancy, is obliged to be supported in the air by wires; that feathered member who looks like a couple of funeral plumes fastened on to a small hearth-broom for a body; comes and hovers over MR. HICKS, to represent the "expecting raven" who is supposed to be waiting to pick a bit of MR. HICKS at the earliest opportunity. An apropos display of oats at the wing, sets the horse once more in motion; until at length a storm opportunely comes on, which knocks down a tree, behind which four grooms are enabled to tie the animal's legs, hold him down by his tail, and otherwise prepare him to show the effects of "exhausted nature," when the tree is cleared away, and a *tableau* is discovered, in which the horse is seen thoroughly worn out, with the exhausted MR. HICKS still secured to him. The horse has, it seems, found his way to Tartary, where there is a poor old Khan in a very tottering state, who ought to be called a water-khan, for he is constantly in tears, which flow still more rapidly, when he discovers in MR. HICKS his "child!" his "boy!" his "long-lost son!" who is recognised by a "jewelled star" on his "bosom," which though so tremendously shaken, has never been taken away from him. The Khan has two conspiring generals, who want his throne—a small camp-stool brought on by a stage-carpenter—and his sceptre—a sort of dusting-brush made of feathers, and used for dusting picture-frames. The Khan has a court of three faithful elders with very long beards of very white tow, and rather scanty cloaks, evidently made of the same piece of stuff, as if the elders had bought between them a cheap remnant.

The conspiring generals have got twelve soldiers, who say "We Will!" to everything that is proposed; but when a dispute arises between the Khan and the rebel chief, the former orders a curtain to be drawn aside, and the very same twelve men—we know them again by their high-lows—are standing ready drawn up to assist their Sovereign in some unintelligible plan for "invading Poland." MR. HICKS himself, now the acknowledged heir of the Khan, is placed at the head of the cavalry—a body of six in chintz dressing-gowns—and mounts the "Wild Horse," whose wildness has all been taken out of him by a good feed, and he becomes instantly civilised, falling into his place in the procession, keeping time to the music, and conducting himself in every way like a decent member of MR. BATTY'S company.

The Khan and his subjects proceed to invade Poland with the ten horse, the twelve foot, and several young women whom we had seen

before at the Court of Laurenski, and who are now leading a zebra, who goes to every battle at ASTLEY'S, a couple of miniature ponies who were certainly at the siege of Moulton, and a refractory stag, who is obliged to be kicked, pushed, and pinched, to make him go quietly anywhere.

On arriving in Poland, *Olinska's* bridal festival—having been put off all this time for dramatic effect—is being celebrated by a *characteristic pas*, when MR. HICKS, appearing at the top of the staircase, claims his beloved; and as he is not allowed to take the lady, he proceeds to take the whole kingdom, which is speedily effected by the twelve highlowned mercenaries who said "We Will!" to all the propositions of the rebel general. Poland succumbs, in the midst of blue and red fire—a large shovelful of which is suddenly thrust out from a hole in the front of the stage—and MR. HICKS, clasping *Olinska* in his arms, with the poor old Khan overbrimming with emotion at his side, waves a Tartar flag, and the curtain falls on the

TRIUMPH OF MAZEPPA.

We ought not to terminate our analysis of this Astleian edition of BYRON without adding that it is brought out in splendid style, like everything else at this popular place of amusement, and that MR. HICKS gives the utmost possible effect to all the words set down and the situations prepared for him. Though the *Mazeppa* of ASTLEY'S is not exactly that of the poet, it is a great deal more effective than the latter could have been for the purpose designed, and we should have no objection to read BYRON all through with the aid of MR. BATTY'S brilliant spectacles.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PARKS.

Cut up the Parks? And wherefore not,
To please an influential taste?
Fear we the People? Not a jot.
They'll see their "Playgrounds" all defaced,
And only raise a futile growl,
An empty hiss, a harmless howl.

The People? Nonsense! Who are they?
The Rabble, Populace, and Mob;
Think you we care for what they say?
What can they do to stop our Job?
Why, we'll shut up their "Playgrounds" next,
They'll only grumble if they're vexed.

The Press? And what's the Press to us?
It tells us what the Public think.
Well—let it make its daily fuss,
And waste its weekly floods of ink:
It only pelts us with its wit,
And we don't feel that when we're hit.

The Statue upon BURTON'S arch,
Not merely the DUKE'S monument,
Commemorates a glorious march
Stolen upon GENERAL DISCONTENT.
And so we'll treat the Parks, in spite
Of clamour, just as we think right.

We know we're safe—there; that's the fact.
No Opposition we've to dread.
Were we from Office to be pack'd,
Whom could you have just now instead?
The Court won't much blame what we do:
And for the Nation—pooh, pooh, pooh!

As long as in the People's House
The People have their present share,
At least we will not stick to chouse
Them out of exercise and air;
And with their pence play ducks and drakes
To fill their ornamental lakes.

Headless Hoax.

THE boldest of the Irish gentlemen who have described the Sea-Serpent, infers that it is a great electric eel, from the circumstance that an individual of his crew received a shock of electricity from one of the sprats disgorged by the nauseated monster into the boat. If the same sensitive person were to pick up a partridge just shot, it is to be presumed that some of the charge that killed the bird would hit him in the hand.

THE Austrians say that thrashing women is perfectly allowable in war; for FREDERICK THE GREAT notoriously thrashed MARIA THERESA.

WHY did NAPOLEON thrash the Austrian Generals when he said so many of them were old women?

THE FRENCH IMPROVING.

To M. SCRIBE.



Y DEAR MONSIEUR,
I ASK you, as a great Operatic authority, whether the usual conduct of your people on public occasions, is not precisely like the acting of chorus-singers and supernumeraries on the stage of a theatre? Whether your insurrections—revolutions—political demonstrations—are not, in fact, so much melodrama? I think you will reply, yes. You will probably confess, also, that this melodrama is a little too serious. Real bloodshed—firing with actual ball, you will admit to be somewhat

over-melancholy. And besides that, as compared with our Adelphi performances in this kind, you will own that those enacted in your streets are remarkable for an absolute want of fun. You have plenty of O. SMITHS, but no MR. WRIGHT or MR. PAUL BEDFORD. Your horrors and sentiment lack the relief of drollery. I speak generally; and very glad I was to observe a case of exception to this rule, which occurred the other day on your President's return to Paris. Whilst your mob was hallooing and bawling with their usual enthusiasm, says the *Times'* correspondent,—

"An omnibus passed, or tried to pass, through the dense crowd, and the driver, who must have been somewhat of a wag, stood up in his seat, and taking off his large and yellow glazed hat, bowed with the utmost gravity and politeness to the right and left, to the windows on both sides, and kissed his hand to the women who were waving their pocket-handkerchiefs, just as if he were fully convinced that the cries of '*Vive le Président!*' '*Vive Napoléon!*' and even '*Vive la République!*' were solely intended for himself. This incident restored every one to his good humour; 'inextinguishable laughter' met his improvised dignity, and the only unanimity that was observed on the occasion was when the shout of '*Vive le Cocher!*' followed him to the end of the street."

This bit of jovial buffoonery is delightful, after one has been nauseated by reading of maidens in white offering *bouquets* to the President, and such like imbecilities. The whole occurrence is the most hopeful indication that has been evinced by your public for some time. Such an appreciation of burlesque, on the part of Frenchmen, is like a touch of compunction exhibited by a supposed reprobate. I am very much delighted, indeed, to find your countrymen beginning to laugh at the mock-pompous: susceptibility of that kind would have saved them from many sad fooleries. I believe that they have acquired this perception from us; with whom, to the immense diversion of everybody, a royal procession or any other grand display, is invariably closed by a butcher on horseback. The omnibus-driver—a capital fellow, whoever he is—must have been imbued with English ideas. International communication is already benefiting you; British humour is correcting French melodrama; and with the assistance of the submarine Electric Telegraph, we shall, in time, make you jolly good fellows.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my distinguished consideration,

PUNCH.

Destruction for the Million.

PUBLIC indignation ought to be violently excited by a flagrant wrong which is inflicted on the proprietors of powder-mills. The other day, a fireworks-manufactory in Spitalfields exploded, and blew up the greater part of three streets. Similar occurrences are by no means rare. There is no law, it would seem, to prevent fireworks-makers carrying on their business in the most crowded neighbourhoods; subject, of course, to these casualties. It is most unjust that an adventurous individual should not be suffered to work a powder-mill, under the same circumstances, and at a similarly trivial risk of blowing the surrounding district into the air.

THE MATRIMONIAL KNOT.

Q. WHY did the Siamese Twins get married?

A. Because they could not remain single.

Managers and Customs of the English (New Series) No. 10.



A. SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION. DURING THE LECTURE OF AN EMINENT 'SAVAN'



"HE WENT AWAY WITH A FLEA IN HIS EAR."—*Old Saying.*

SKETCH OF A MOST REMARKABLE FLEA WHICH WAS FOUND
IN GENERAL HAYNAU'S EAR.

"TO ERR IS HUMAN."

"MAISTER PUNCH,

"Edinburgh, 21st Sept. 1850.

"NAE doot ye think yersel verra clever wi yir jokin, and daffin, and jeerin, and I'se no deny but what ye've some rumelzumschion aboot ye, and that ye whiles e'e the richt nail a chap on the heed; but, odd man, it garred ma bluid bile the ither day, whan I saw yon long story aboot the callant that wud steek himsel to the QUEEN'S tails, that mornin she gaed to tak her bit walk on oor bonnie hill.

"I himna blushed this thretty year; but whan I read hoo thon silly cuif strutted aboot, and gied himsel airs, and hearken'd to what HER MAJESTY and the Prince were sayin, and prided himsel aboot liftin doon the Royal Sprigs, as if the bits o' bairns were sae many electric machines choke fu' o' nobility, and juist needed to be touched to send it aff, dirlin' through his finger-ends, chappin' at his elbows, and kittlin' him into a' kinds o' daft-like ecstasies: odd! whan I read it, my face bleezed up like a fluff o' pounther, to think o' siccan like on-gawns, i' the great capital o' the Scottish Empire; and then it was verra gallin' to see yir comments on the subjec, hoo that ye did think ance, that naething could bate the English for flunkyeism; but noo ye had discovered that the "Snob o' Snobs" (I ken that word means somethin' verra impident, though its no in my dicshonary); but, as I was remarkin', ye said that the royal snob actually lived at Edinburgh, and added muckle mair sic like, castin' reflections on the weel earned character for proper pride and independence, which frae time immemorial has aye belanged to the Scottish nation. Noo, it juist happened that I was oot at my tea last nicht, and on expressin' my indignashon at the affront pit upon oor country; something was whispered that set me spierin' and spierin' the day, till what do ye think I fand oot?—that this "Snob o' Snobs," this king o' flunkies, this callant that lives in Edinburgh, and corresponds wi' "the Scotsman," is nae countryman o' mine, but an *Englishman* after a'.

"Noo, Maister Punch, I ken ye're a guid hearted chield, that wadna hurt the character o' ony single man wrangfully, let a be that o' a nashion: sae, for the sake o' truth and justice, for the credit o' Auld Reekie, and the gude name o' Scotland, juist stand oot manfully and tell them, that for ance in yir life, ye've ta'en the wrang soo by the lug.

"Yours, verra truly,

"SAUNDERS MCSAWNEY."

THE PREMIER AT PLAY.



THE *North British Mail*, in allusion to our recent highly-popular cartoons of the Premier's holidays as they really are, and as they are supposed to be, observes, that we have made a random hit, and that the "supposition" was the correct description, for that "LORD JOHN RUSSELL was one day last week seen enjoying himself with his children in sending up paper balloons into the air, and chasing them over the lawn." This in an ordinary personage would no doubt be a pursuit bespeaking a mind at ease, and wholly unoccupied with graver objects; but is it not quite clear, that in the case of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the sending up pieces of paper is to be

looked upon as balloon-flying in sport made statesmanship in earnest? It is always essential for a Premier to know which way the wind blows, and as the throwing up of a straw often determines the course of events, why may not the despatching of a balloon lead to the same important conclusion? The fact of LORD JOHN'S chasing the breeze-wafted objects over the lawn would be called by his opponents a most characteristic proceeding, for they would say, a Whig Minister always waits to see which way the wind blows, only that he may endeavour to follow it.

High Qualifications for a President.

THE *Morning Chronicle*, talking of LOUIS NAPOLEON, says "He rides admirably, and looks well on horseback—most important qualities in France." If these are qualities that are looked up to in France, we would recommend that the candidate for the ensuing Presidency should be selected from the equestrian company of the Hippodrome, or Mr. BATTY'S Circus. The chances of success would be divided, we should think, amongst MAZEPPA, MONSIEUR DEJEAN AURIOL, and the *Courrier of St. Petersburg*. The latter making his triumphal entry into Paris on the backs of "Six wild steeds" would be sure to carry everything before him!

THE Austrians could not thrash the Hungarians, because the Magyars would not show them their backs.

THE INCOME-TAX RAISED UNDER THE ROSE.

"AN INHABITANT OF HAMMERSMITH," describing himself as "a poor author," has written a letter to the *Times*, complaining that, whereas he returned himself, in answer to the income-tax queries, as making £50 a-year by his pen, he has been assessed at £300, at which rate he will be diddled out of nearly one-fifth of his earnings by the Government. From other information we have received, we believe that an extra wrench, generally, has been given to the vice of income-taxation. Now is it, or is it not true, that the following communication has been issued to the Income-Tax Assessors?

"On Her Majesty's Service, strictly Private and Confidential.

"SIR, "You will please, in the first place, to understand that your situation will depend on your keeping this memorandum a profound secret.

"The exigencies of Government imperatively require that the Income-Tax should be rendered as available as possible for the increase of the Revenue.

"You are aware that we are under the necessity of reducing our embassies and consulates; that we cannot afford £2000 for the completion of the Criminal Law Digest, and are obliged to make the veterans whom we decorate, buy their own medals. Further, that we have had to incur the heavy expense of Mrs. WAGHORN'S pension, whilst we have been unable to allot more than the pittance of £12,000 a-year to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"It is also well known to you that we shall require above £26,000 for the alterations in the Parks, and a considerable sum besides to build the PRINCE OF WALES a coach-house and stables. Our wish is so to effect these important objects as, whilst giving full satisfaction to illustrious personages, not to incur the unpopularity of proposing a new impost.

"Our end would be gained at once by a direct increase of the income-tax. But, warned by experience not to attempt that, we must have recourse to its virtual augmentation; for which we require your assistance.

"You will therefore please to have the goodness forthwith to raise your assessments of all incomes derived from trades and professions; and, in cases where a return has been made, to assess the income of the party making the return as considerably higher than that stated therein. It is needless to add that zeal in the performance of this service, united with discretion, will not be forgotten.

"You are not to exercise any needless caution in making an advance on your assessment of professional persons or tradesmen. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers are emboldened to impose almost any exaction under the name of income-tax on those classes, by the consideration that want of time, owing to the requirements of business, makes it practically impossible for such persons to appeal against an overcharge. Also, that the dislike, or dangers, of revealing their pecuniary affairs, will induce them to submit to what, under different circumstances, might perhaps be called the grossest extortion.

"We have, moreover, a strong reliance on the patience of those who have so long—unresistingly, if not uncomplainingly—suffered their casual earnings to be taxed as highly as the interest of fixed capital.

"HER MAJESTY'S Ministers can never forget the demonstration in favour of loyalty and order made on the ever-memorable 10th of April, by the classes that pay income-tax under schedule D. The Government has no doubt whatever that they will repeat their admirable behaviour on that occasion whenever it may be necessary. We therefore fearlessly desire you to augment their assessment under the said schedule,—confident that scarcely any provocation will overcome their love of peace and quiet; and that they will the more willingly endure the burden, from the idea that it has been imposed to maintain the splendour of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, to please the taste of the Prince Consort, and to provide for the PRINCE OF WALES'S recreation.

(Signed) "J—N R—SS—LL."

"Downing Street, Sept. 19, 1850."

WOMEN-THRASHING is considered in Austria so much better sport than man-thrashing, that the Austrians in Hungary disdained the latter amusement, and got the Russians to thrash the men.

The Wild Huntsman of Africa.

MR. ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING tells us of the sundry rifles and guns which he used to kill his lions, elephants, and sea-cows; but he says nothing of that Long Bow wherewith he is reported to have shot the greater part of them.

"GOING THE ENTIRE ANIMAL."—Hunting the Hyæna.



Lady. "BY THE WAY, MR. TONGS, I HAVE USED THAT BOTTLE OF BALM OF CALIFORNIA; BUT I FIND MY HAIR STILL COMES OFF."

PENNY-A-LINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE impertinent snobs who are employed to eaves-drop under the windows of royalty, complain very bitterly of the difficulty of getting near HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT at their retreat in Scotland. An unhappy penny-a-liner, writing from "CRATHIE," says:—

"Balmoral Castle is well situated for seclusion. It is a work of time and labour to approach it."

It seems there is no inn nearer than two miles off, and—

"These two miles give no idea of the distance to be traversed between the two places, because, the Inn being on the opposite side of the Dee, when you have gone the length indicated, you are only *opposite*, not *at* the Castle; you must continue your journey until you reach a bridge—a rather rickety suspension—which will be found at Crathie, a mile farther on; that crossed, you have then of course to retrace your steps another full mile; so that the real distance between the Royal residence and that of any stranger is somewhat more than four miles."

We congratulate the QUEEN and PRINCE on the inaccessibility of their position, which has doubtless been chosen for the purpose of baffling those impertinent imbeciles who would otherwise waylay them in their walks, and dodge their movements, in order to contribute a column or two of trash to "our own reporter's" department of the newspapers. Thanks to the judicious selection of their retreat, the royal pair supplied material to the baffled penny-a-liner for nothing but the remark that—

"This week has been wholly spent by the Court in the enjoyment of quiet."

We are rather amused at the idea of the "rickety suspension bridge" over the Dee, for we have a shrewd suspicion that the bridge alluded to has been purposely placed there as a *piège* to the audacious penny-a-liner, who, in his ardour to force his way into the family circle of the QUEEN, might be tempted to trust himself once too often to the rickety bridge, and find himself the victim of a well-merited ducking.

We wish that some ingenious mechanist would prepare, to exhibit at the forthcoming Exposition, an article on the principle of the steel-trap, to seize intruding noses, as the latter article catches hold of trespassing legs, for we are convinced that a little machine of the kind would command the patronage of PRINCE ALBERT as a sort of corrective to impertinent curiosity. If any artist should be successful in inventing something of the kind, we would suggest the Anti-Proboscis as an appropriate name for it.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM very glad to see the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER and his Clergy have taken the Sunday trains in hand; and are preaching against the wickedness of railway directors who, in the pursuit of the root of evil—which grows as I have heard, all the stronger in a sulphur soil—lower their fares to tempt men and their wives to rush from their neighbourhood to see Bath, Bristol, and so forth. Sir, it's infamous—and something is sure to happen.

"I have kept the Cock-and-Bottle for twenty years; and I have never known such a season as this summer. Where I used to sell a gallon of beer and a pint of gin on Sundays, I don't now sell above half-a-pint and a quatern. And why? Because the workpeople in the neighbourhood save up their money to take their wives and children a hundred miles from home, coming back to go in time and sober to bed. Therefore, I beg to thank the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER for what he's doing, preaching against Sunday excursions as being ruinous to

"Yours, BONIFACE.

"P.S. Do you know where I can get the Bishop's picture, as I should like to hang it up in my parlour?"

Blind Competition.

WE see that is the intention of the different Blind Asylums throughout the country to contribute works of Art and Industry to the Exhibition of 1851. The prize, however, must be carried off by Government, if it only thinks of sending in as its contribution the WINDOW TAX, for that is universally looked upon as the most perfect specimen of Blindness that was ever put before the eyes of a nation.

THE CELESTIAL FAMILY.

THE newspapers ought really to open a new department of BIRTHS, to chronicle the frequent and almost daily increase which the stars are making to their already numerous family. We find from a recent letter of MR. J. R. HIND, who writes to the *Times* from the "Inner Circle of the Regent's Park,"—which is perhaps a "ring" of one of the planets overlooking the vicinity specified—that he has to record "another interesting addition" to the solar system, by the introduction of a new member, of which the constellation Pegasus has been safely delivered. This "new member" is announced as "the twelfth of the group," and the third in reference to which MR. J. R. HIND has been, as he says, "fortunate enough" to act as a sort of astronomical accoucheur, or scientific man-midwife.

We have made enquiries at the Greenwich Observatory, and are glad to hear that the great planet PEGASUS, and the little one, are both going on very favourably, and are, indeed, "doing as well as can be expected." The planetary population has increased, lately, to such an extent that the starry census, when next taken, will show a vast augmentation, and the astronomical observers are constantly complaining that their celestial apparatus is continually growing obsolete, unless they keep painting in or picking out a score or two of new comets, constellations, and minor stars, at the commencement of every season of their exhibition.

AMONG the products of Austrian ingenuity which are to figure in the Exhibition of 1851, there will be exhibited an ingenious instrument (patronised by H. M. the EMPEROR and KING), for flogging ladies. It has been found highly useful in the Milanese, and most efficacious in Hungary.

The Rights of Englishmen.

WHEN Drum-Major CATTIN, of the 150th, was told that a Hungarian lady had been flogged, the Drum-Major, who is an enthusiast, asked what business they had to waste flogging on women? "Flogging," says Drum-Major CATTIN, "is the privilege of British soldiers and sailors."

AN ESCAPE FROM THE RHINE.—GENERAL BARON HAYNAU was not ducked at Cologne.

ST. PEOPLE'S PARK.



MR. PUNCH.—I, for one, will not believe in the wicked report that some enemy to the House of Guelf has set afloat, that it is the intention of the QUEEN—supported and abetted by her Ministers—to cut off a large slice from St. James's—I mean St. People's Park, in order to add the stolen bit to the gardens of Buckingham Palace. Is it like her gracious MAJESTY? Would it become the Mother of a People to take from her thousands of children, of larger growth and small, their hereditary bit of greensward, that the PRINCE OF WALES and his brothers and sisters might enjoy the bit

of turf so scurvily acquired? I won't believe it.

Such an act would cloud the eyes of a people—eyes that have ever looked affectionately upon our little QUEEN. She might gain an acre or two of land, but it would be at the cost of a large bit of the nation's heart. Talk of court mourning; why, Mr. Punch, with any portion of St. People's Park taken from the People, I would certainly advise a people's mourning; ribbons black and green at every man's button hole, on every woman's bonnet, on every defrauded infant's cap. But it cannot be—I won't believe it.

Again, would the Whigs strike such a coward's blow? Is it likely that the chivalrous RUSSELL would wait until the House of Commons was left to the nocturnal mice, and he, the Minister, was far away on the everlasting Scottish hills, before the attempt to purloin the people's property was made, in the name of the QUEEN? Is it likely that any English Minister would incur the charge of such flagrant injustice, masked by such pitiful poltroonery? I won't believe it.

Further: would the DUKE OF WELLINGTON accept the Rangership of St. People's Park, only by his valiant name to authorise court pillage? "Why, that's it," says Chartist—"that's exactly it. The Minister believed that upon any attempt to defraud the people of their property, the people would rebel; and the Duke was, of course, made Ranger that he might bring his military genius to the aid of the Crown, and by any means, awe and put down the discontented mob." So says Chartist, but—I won't believe it.

And, finally, is it likely that a wise regard for the growing fame of the PRINCE OF WALES would put his innocent boyhood in a false position, making him and his brothers and sisters the despoilers of tens of thousands of brothers and sisters, the born inheritors of the greensward of the Park of St. People? Such a beginning would be sullenly accepted as an evil omen. Folks looking through the magnifying glass of time would be all too likely to behold in little PRINCE ALBERT a future bloated GEORGE THE FOURTH, of gold-frog memory. No, Mr. Punch, it is impossible that this can be: and to conclude,

I WON'T BELIEVE IT.

THE SABBATARIAN POST.

CAUTION.—Whereas, certain clergymen and others are known to perambulate their parishes, carrying with them skins of parchment, pens, and inkhorns, for the purpose of obtaining the signatures or marks of the ignorant, the unreflecting, and unwary—

This is to caution all persons so called upon to consider well before they affix their names or marks to the sheepskins aforesaid, inasmuch as there are individuals who, in their weakness and darkness, believe it an act of self-assertion to sign or make a mark to any Petition soever.

Honest and guileless people, beware of sheepskin, pen, and ink. VIVAT REGINA!

PUNCH.

If HAYNAU gets a Marshal's *bâton*, whereabouts ought he to get it? and who ought to give it to him?

THE IRISH SEA SERPENT.

(From Punch's own Correspondent).

ON my arrival at Kinsale, faithful to your instructions to get a sight of the Sea Serpent at all hazards, I took a vessel, and put out instantly, in spite of wind and weather, both of which were dead against me, determined, as MR. ROGER W. TRAVERS says, "to go any lengths" to satisfy myself and your readers of the existence of that monster.

My desire was soon gratified. An object resembling the letter S, after the lapse of about three quarters of an hour, appeared in the horizon, and gradually neared us, getting larger as it approached. At the distance of a mile we could plainly see that it was an enormous reptile, but whether of the *ophidian* or *saurian* class we could not tell till it had come close to us. Even then our zoological knowledge proved inadequate to its exact classification. In your scientific opinion I think it would have appeared very like one of the *cetacea*. MR. TRAVERS is incorrect in stating that it is rather over than under thirty fathoms long. The reverse is the case, I should say, by an inch and six-eighths. In diameter it may be about seven feet, I will allow.

But the length and size of the Sea Serpent—for serpent, on the whole, it appears to be—are not half so wonderful as its conformation, which sets every canon of natural history at defiance. Depend upon it that comparative anatomy is all a delusion; and that PROFESSOR OWEN, although he may be a respectable man, deceives himself completely if he believes in that imposture.

The head of this anomalous inhabitant of the deep, being covered with scales, in some measure resembles that of a reptile, and this similitude is heightened by the form of the snout, which is that of a crocodile's, though terminating in a sort of trunk, like an elephant's. The mouth is full of long, sharp teeth, besides a pair of enormous fangs in the upper jaw. But the latter are like the canine teeth of a huge ape, and this mark of alliance to the *simia* extends to the cranium, the frontal portion of which is as elevated as it is in the chimpanzee. In spite of the length of the jaw, therefore, the facial angle is considerable. Unlike any other reptile that I have ever seen or heard of, the Sea Serpent, moreover, has undeniable ears, which I can affirm, from close observation, are as conspicuous as those of an ass. Its eyes are furnished with regular lids, as it proved by continually winking the left one whilst it stopped looking at us. From the bloodshot appearance of this eye, I have no doubt it was that which MR. TRAVERS and his friends fired their four bullets into. The crown and nape of the neck, are surmounted, not with a mane, as has been erroneously stated, but with a crest of feathers, and from above each eye protrude a species of horns, which the creature draws in and out like those of a snail.

Its body was certainly not that of an eel. It had no gills at all; its respiratory apparatus consisted in a series of spiracles, or breathing-holes, arranged in a row on either side of it, along its whole length, marked by a line of a greenish hue. Above this line, and over the back, the integument had a leathery appearance; below, it consisted of scales of a silvery whiteness. Between the spiracles, of which there were forty in each row, were situated the organs of locomotion, being an alternation of flappers and fins. Its tail was of a spiral form, like a corkscrew, and terminated in an apparatus of loose bones, the collision of which, I should have mentioned, proclaimed its approach when at least two miles off. It remained stationary on our starboard bow about ten minutes, and then suddenly dived and disappeared.

Two large *mammæ*, situated between the pectoral flappers, seemed to indicate that the creature was a female.

From the above description the scientific naturalist will discern that the Sea Serpent—the Irish variety at least—is a combination of the lizard, the elephant, the ape, the cockatoo, the snail, the fish, the porpoise, the rattlesnake, and the caterpillar. On the anatomical difficulties involved in this complicated structure, I need not dilate, but, commend them to the consideration of the College of Surgeons.

Whether for our amusement, or its own, the Sea Serpent, whilst under our inspection, kept alternately tying itself up in knots, and untying them, accompanying each contortion with a peculiar whistle. I had a capital opportunity of shooting it, which I waived, aware that you disapprove of the wanton destruction of animal life.

The Prince of Wales's Studies.

THE *Court Circular* every evening informs us that "the PRINCE OF WALES enjoyed his usual exercise." We have been given to understand that his "usual exercise" is half a page of "Latin Delectus," and it is a proof of his Royal Highness's relish for study that his exercise is matter of "enjoyment" to him. The Prince takes great pains with his translations, and has already, it is said, asked his tutor when the progress of his studies will bring him to the "translation of a Bishop," which the royal pupil has heard spoken of. The tutor, it is believed, looks forward naturally enough to becoming himself the subject of such a translation at the proper period.



JOHN BULL ENJOYING THE PROSPECT IN HIS PARKS.

AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS RAMPANT.

ALTHOUGH the stripes of HAYNAU have been salved by the sympathy, and washed with the tears, perhaps, of his Imperial Master and companions in arms—their smart does not appear to have derived much alleviation from the unction of popular commiseration on the part of his countrymen. From a Vienna letter in the *Kölnischer Zeitung*, as quoted by the *Times*, we learn that,

"Owing to the state of siege the news of the outrage committed upon GENERAL HAYNAU met with a favourable reception by part of the population. 'Three cheers for Old England' was proposed in the coffee-houses."

But the decorated of FRANCIS JOSEPH will perhaps care little for public opinion—not impressed as it was the other day on the drubbed of BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S Draymen. And what are the sentiments of his vulgar countrymen to the horsewhipped hero against the condolence of his brother *braves*? one of whom, according to another account from the above sources, thus characteristically expressed his indignation at the flogging of the woman-flogger.

"In the *Café Daun*, which is haunted by our officers, there was, amidst the portraits of other royal personages, a portrait of QUEEN VICTORIA. I say it was there, for it was yesterday assaulted by a Croatian Officer, who, drawing his sabre with a volley of imprecations, smashed it into atoms, while his comrades cheered him and cried 'Bravo!'"

Bravo!—bravissimo! Gallant Officer—gallant gentleman! A sword drawn, with a volley of imprecations, on a lady's picture, is an improvement upon the peculiar gallantry of the Austrian army—a gallantry, doubtless, equally peculiar in regard either to a woman or a foeman. The valour of heroes of the HAYNAU breed really seems to consist in an instinctive antipathy to the fair sex. Should there ever be a genuine "*Revolt of the Harem*," these would be the fellows to quell it! They would prove a veritable scourge to the rebellious *Odaliskues*. One more specimen, in continuation of the foregoing, of the manhood of these (unacknowledged) sons of MARS:—

"They rattled their swords in a most alarming manner, and they curse the islanders 'whom they cannot get at,' and whom they long to 'shiver,' as the officer did the picture of their QUEEN."

Should they ever have the misfortune to "get at" the denounced islanders, the shivering, it may be pretty confidently expected, will be principally on the side of these warriors who are such Tartars to the Ladies.

THE MALEDICTION OF THURLES.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—We understand that the Irish Roman Catholic Synod at Thurles has condemned by a majority of one the 'Queen's Colleges,' instituted for imparting to all creeds indifferently what all creeds indifferently in Ireland want very much; that is, useful knowledge. As the Colleges are intended to purvey mere intellectual provender, leaving the supply of spiritual nutriment unobstructed to the legitimate vendors, to anathematise them is, on the part of the priests, equivalent to cursing butchers', bakers', or grocers' shops established by protestants, even whilst their reverences are at liberty to consecrate, or purify if need be, the beef, loaves, tea, sugar, and butter. They might as well have excommunicated the Indian meal and other provisions which Government sent to Ireland to relieve its physical destitution. As PIUS THE NINTH—his Holiness apart even—is well understood to be no booby, we do hope that he will withhold his sanction from the decision of the Thurles Synod, and not confirm that monstrous Bull by one of his own. You may be surprised, Sir, at our venturing to address you; but really the absurdity of banning Latin and Greek, mathematics, history, the natural sciences, geography, astronomy, and the use of the globes, is so gross that we could not help crying out.

"We are, Sir, &c.,

"THE STONES IN THE STREET."

The Lungs of London.

THE inhabitants of London are naturally rendered very anxious and uneasy by certain proceedings in the Parks, which seem to threaten a stoppage in the lungs of the Metropolis. We are not among those who seriously apprehend inflammation of the lungs by the excessive circulation that will be next year thrown into Hyde Park; but we look with somewhat more alarm to the congestion of which there are symptoms in the St. James's lung, where a slight stoppage is already perceptible. Unfortunately the attack on the lungs near Buckingham Palace is attended with considerable expense, and consumption is a disease of which poor JOHN BULL'S chest is painfully susceptible.

STATUES OF THE GREEN AND GOOD.

THE Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE shall have a statue; an enduring memorial of the cheerfulness and greenness of his old age. A statue in much cheaper, and far more significant material than stone or bronze. A thousand pounds or two would be demanded by the sculptor tasked to produce a *vera effigies* of the distinguished diner-out; fifty, or a hundred pounds at most, would purchase the material, and liberally reward the artist proposed by *Punch*, to enshrine the memory of the virtues of departed royalty.

The reader has, probably, among his oldest acquaintance, peacocks cut in yew-tree; with, possibly, a dragon or so, in box; original creations of the Dutch mind, flourishing in our gardens in the time of Dutch William. ADAM and EVE in hornbeam, all alive and shooting, were often found in the Edens of England. We have somewhere read of a pig grown in lavender, that exhaled its sweetness in the garden of a London citizen. Now, all that *Punch* proposes is, an immediate return to the good old custom of growing the figure—as our great father was originally grown—from the earth itself. The mode is cheap, and beautifully primitive. Certain commentators on the Koran make a fanciful affinity between man and trees, declaring, that from the remainder of the clay of which ADAM was formed, were created the cocoa-tree, with its black nut—"on which all the parts of a man's head may be seen, mouth, nose, eyes, eyebrows, hair and whiskers"—together with palm trees, and other arboreal benignities. There is a beauty in the fancy, a reverence for palm and cocoa in the grateful superstition. But to proceed with our Man-Trees or Tree-Men of verdant England.

At the present time, there is a magnificent opportunity for LORD SEYMOUR—our new sylvan Minister—to distinguish himself. Let him lay out what remains to us of St. James's Park with an eye to the planting of yew, box, holly, and other vegetable statues of men who have deserved well of their country. Let him show how the Dutch mode of clipping trees into peacocks and monsters may be improved and elevated, by turning his creative shears to the cutting out and pruning of men. Let us suppose that GEORGE THE THIRD and his sons the two Fourths with, if you will, the DUKE OF YORK, flourished in monumental yew in St. James's Park—should we not gain by the change from metal to vegetable? Any way, we may begin with the statue of the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and the statue—or rather, the tree for the statue—might be inaugurated with a pleasing seriousness, a glad solemnity, due to the gravity of the subject, and highly satisfactory to the feelings of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Committee.

And first, what tree shall be planted to grow, perennial statue, of the good-natured CAMBRIDGE? Yew-tree? No: it is too funereal; even the bees reject and shun it. Nevertheless, upon occasion, a statue in yew may be found desirable, symbolic: namely, when an English Sunday shall be put in deep black, and an Act of Parliament shall dumb-found the very birds on the Sabbath, and stop the flow of the Thames on the seventh day—then may we have a statue in congenial yew of the noble, bilious Lord who shall achieve such glory, to eternise his fame:—

"Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,
Arise within its baleful bower."

No, we will have none of yew for our CAMBRIDGE,—but a holly-tree, holly, and no other. There are thoughts and recollections of Christmas and Christmas fare—beef and plum-pudding—that, as other trees are sacred to certain heathen heroes, as the poplar to HERCULES, make the holly the especial tree of the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. It is decided then.

Our first green statue in St. James's is that of the good Duke, and the tree, the holly.

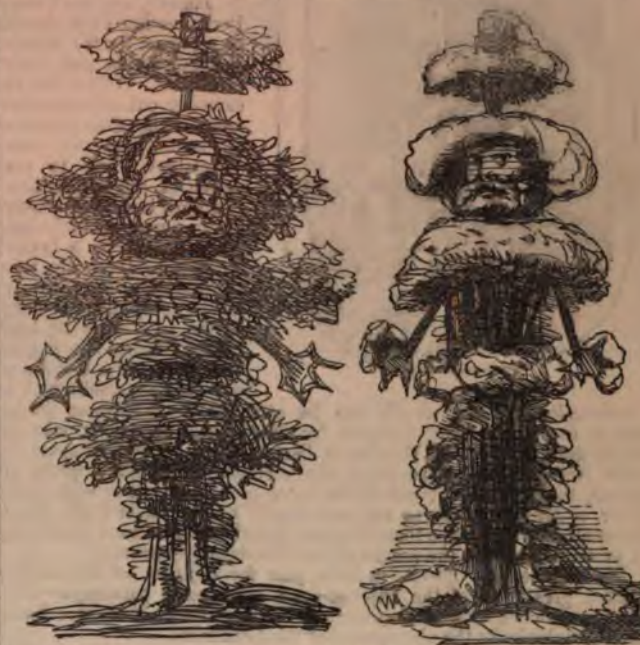
We cannot in our present page draw out a programme of the ceremony of planting the ducal tree; but the rite may be performed with many significant meanings. CICERO—on the authority of PLINY—would often irrigate his plane-trees with wine; and, in our day, animals are buried under the roots of trees to make them fruitful; witness the renowned tom-cat deposited under the gooseberry-bush that, ever after, bore hairy gooseberries. Well, the holly planted—the holly that shall afterwards bear a monumental resemblance (when artistically cut) of the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, may be irrigated with port or claret, poured forth by BENJAMIN BOND CABBELL, from an historic wine-cooler of the London Tavern. A haunch of venison, from the larder of the same hostelry, may also be deposited under the roots of the holly to enrich and stimulate its sap. Holly, fed by claret and venison! Is it possible to suggest a more fitting, a more truth-speaking monument to a man who has eaten thousands of dinners for the good of his country?

Well, the holly is planted, and the gardener-artist goes to work with his shears; in proper season producing a strong, leafy resemblance to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. This done, GEORGE THE THIRD and GEORGE

THE FOURTH duly planted, may demand of the artist an improved touch. And so the gardener-sculptor—

From holly wood
Clips CAMBRIDGE good,
And then he trims the GEORGES, oh!

And here we may briefly ask, whether the custom of planting and cutting tree statues of great men may not give more fitting employment to much unregarded genius, doomed to the stone-yard, or we should say, the stone-cupboard of the Royal Academy? Many a man who has no chance of making a figure in marble, might flourish for years in holly, box, or hornbeam. There would be work two or three times every year upon the same effigy. For instance. Here is



CAMBRIDGE IN THE SPRING, AND IN THE WINTER.

Thus, with memorial effigies cut in trees, there would be a very wholesome demand for surplus sculptors; and when St. James's Park is green and alive with budding, shooting heroes, when it is an arboreal Walhalla with the GEORGES, for instance, as green as were their subjects, economy will have embraced beauty, and much ill-used bronze be sent to the melting-pot. Again; if any of the tree-statues outlived the reputation of their originals, the trees might be suffered to run wild—to grow at their own sweet will—for a year or two, and then be clipped into another and a better hero. Thus, a GEORGE THE FOURTH might be suffered to outgrow even his own abdomen, and then be cut close to a SHAKESPEARE or a NEWTON. And so, the sap that gave viridity to the spendthrift king, may feed the necessities of the poet or philosopher.

Nor do we see any difficulty in the matter of inscription. On the contrary; the inscription may be in admirable harmony with the material of the effigy. Let us take our first holly statue—the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. On a given piece of earth, at the foot of the statue, may be grown, cut, and continually renewed, a record of the Duke's many excellent qualities in cress and mustard. They would be symbolical and pungent of the tavern salad. Or, indeed, the inscription might be pricked out in civic parsley. In the old heroic day we know that parsley crowned the temples of the hero. Very well; with us it is said hero-worship is turned topsy-turvy; so let our great men have the parsley at their feet.

A Common Councilman on Lending.

MR. COMMON COUNCILMAN ANDERTON opposed the motion made to lend books from the City Library. He was quite against such free circulation of knowledge. The wizard further observed, "the worst thing a man could do was to lend." ANDERTON is wrong—grievously wrong. The very worst thing a real man can do is to—borrow.

ENTOMOLOGY AND THERAPEUTICS.

SPIDERS are mentioned in "*Notes and Queries*" as an old woman's remedy for ague. The principle of their administration, however, is perfectly scientific. It is simply that of counter-irritation—a crawling in the stomach is occasioned to cure a creeping of the skin.

THE PARKS AND THE PEOPLE.



JUST now it seems the Woods and Forests must play at ducks and drakes with the public money, and, as it appears, that a Park is necessary as a playground for this costly and very unpopular sport, we beg to suggest, that, in order to spare Hyde Park, St. James's, and the Green Park, another Park should be set apart for the Woods and Forests to play their pranks in. With a view to carrying out this arrangement, we have the pleasure of submitting our own Whetstone Park to the notice of the authorities. If a Park is wanted merely for the purposes of jobbing, there cannot be a better locality, as there are two orthree job-masters already on the spot, and therefore a few jobs more or less cannot injure the neighbourhood. We do not see why a Rangership with a

"tremendous salary" should not be attached to Whetstone Park, and as to "alterations" designed for the purpose of giving jobs to contractors and others, Whetstone Park, though limited in space, is quite large enough to admit of the erection and pulling down of arches, the digging out and filling in of ground, together with such other costly operations as are occasionally carried on in Parks more frequented by the public than Whetstone, and therefore more deserving of protection against the pranks of the Woods and Forests.

We could easily "hit off" a little plan for applying to Whetstone Park a great deal of the expense—and consequent patronage—now being occasioned by what is going on in those Parks that have been called emphatically the play-ground of the Londoners.

We would begin by throwing up an esplanade, commencing on the south side of Little Turnstile, and terminating at a point exactly opposite to the northern end of the pump-handle in the neighbourhood. There would be no difficulty in throwing up an embankment, for the purpose of elevating the level, for the materials are all on the spot, as the neighbourhood abounds in oyster shells, old shoes, and other similar articles. We would, in fact, pledge ourselves that there shall be no "engineering difficulties" in the way of raising the ground, if the public will only raise the money. At the Gate Street corner of Whetstone Park we would erect a cistern, so that the gutter, now running throughout the entire centre of the Park, may be converted into a piece of ornamental water, which in purity, if not in extent, would be very superior to the Serpentine. We would then lay down a "rotten row" from east to west, and a portion of the materials would be supplied from the articles cast from their windows by the inhabitants.

When we reflect that all this and a great deal more might be done in Whetstone Park, without cutting up the green turf, of which we have not a foot too much for the recreation of the smoke-dried Londoner, we feel doubly the cruelty of the goings on in the West End Parks, and we wish, at least, that the direction addressed to the public, who are here and there "requested to keep off the grass," were respected by the authorities themselves, and that they, with their waggons, their pickaxes, and their hoardings, would "keep off the grass" for the future.

Haynau's Entire Honours.

THE *Times* correspondent says—"The Austrian government will show its sympathy for the insulted general by raising him at once to the rank of a marshal." How much will he owe to Barclay and Perkins! May we not then trace the noble rank of Haynau till we find it issuing from a bung-hole? What conquest in battle has not done, a retreat from a brewery has effected. He who is not rewarded for standing lead and iron, is made a Marshal for running from pewter!

SHAMPOOING MADE EASY.

ENGLISH travellers are informed, that on landing at Continental custom-houses, where the practice of searching the person for contraband articles of traffic is enforced, the searchers, in the strenuous execution of their duty, will SHAMPOO them GRATIS.

FEMALE BARRISTERS.

AN attempt is made, every now and then, by an energetic lady, the wife of an incarcerated barrister, to appear in the courts of law, and argue before the judges. Whenever this lady presents herself in counsel's place to make a motion, a terrible com-motion is the consequence. The learned judges are naturally opposed to the principle of hearing ladies in court; for the precedent would be dangerous indeed, as a fair pleader would, as a matter of course, make her own rule absolute. A female bar would, no doubt, soon restore to Westminster Hall its reputation for eloquence, and the name of "utter barrister" would become appropriate indeed to a sex remarkable for its abundance and volubility of utterance. The honours of the profession would not be sought after very eagerly, for every female barrister would remain a "junior" as long as she could; and the idea of being ranked as a "senior" would be quite insupportable. Perhaps, however, the offer of a "silk gown" might occasionally be found irresistible, though we do not see how the forensic costume could be preserved, inasmuch as a public avowal that she wears a wig could never be expected from a female advocate.

THE GORDON IS CUMMING.

A ROAR FROM A WILD BEAST.

THE GORDON is CUMMING, oh dear, oh dear!
The GORDON is CUMMING, oh dear, oh dear!
To slaughter us wholly; that's clear, quite clear.—
(I've a bullet of his in the rear, the rear).

He'll cut us all up, branch and root, and root,
No creature he spares from pursuit, pursuit:
The King of the Beasts he will shoot, will shoot,
And the antelope, also, poor brute, poor brute!

He blows out the elephant's brains, his brains,
His hand with giraffes' blood he stains, he stains,
As he in his volume explains, explains,
Disregarding the animal's pains, its pains.

The sea-cow he peppers, pop, pop, smash, smash!
She flounders and rolls in her gore, splash, splash!
At last goes a ball through her skull, crash, crash!
What a mercy it settles her hash, her hash!

Perhaps we were made with intent, intent,
That balls through our sides should be sent, be sent,
Our nerves were contrived to be rent, be rent,
And our bones to be shattered were meant, were meant.

If that is why we were sent here, sent here,
Of course 'tis all right—though 'tis rather queer—
And to put us to use in our sphere, our sphere,
MR. GORDON is coming—oh dear, oh dear!

THE ATHOL PASSPORT OFFICE.

AN office will shortly be opened in Edinburgh for the purpose of issuing passports to Glen Tilt and other impassable passes of the Athol estate. It is to be called the ATHOL PASSPORT OFFICE. Travellers will be expected to give their names, addresses, and occupations, and motives for travelling, besides finding two sureties for their respectability and good behaviour. Another stipulation also is, that they are to carry neither gun, nor fishing-rod, nor fowling-piece, nor stick, nor sword, nor knife, nor pencil, nor sketching apparatus, as the Duke is determined that nothing, not even a view, shall be carried off his estate—at all events, not till a Court of Law has thrown it open to the public. Every passport will have his Grace's signature and seal, and a price, somewhat less than what is charged by LORD PALMERSTON for a Foreign Passport, will be demanded for it, so as to keep the country within the walks of the very highest. This measure will have the effect of increasing the Duke's income, even though it should close and make still narrower the respect that is universally felt for the narrowness of his ways, and the unenlightened selfishness of his views.

Haunted Churchyards.

It is not perhaps generally known that churchyards in this country are infested by ghouls and vampyres. One "JUSTITIA," however, writes to the *Times*, stating that on sending a person lately into Walthamstow churchyard to cut a new inscription out on his family tomb, the man was pounced upon with a demand of ten-and-sixpence, and two half-crowns, by three horrible creatures in the shape of the parson, the sexton, and the clerk.

HATOPHOBIA.

THERE is a society organising in favour of the heads of society against the hats of the same. Never was there a movement which deserved a profounder sympathy or a more universal adherence. The Red Republican demands "a million heads;" the Hatophobist contents himself with demanding "a million hats," and that demand we beg to echo.

The history of hats is enough to shake one's faith in human progress. Instead of advancing, we have been retrograding, or, to make the most of it, we have not yet got beyond the wide-awake. It appears on the frieze of the Parthenon. (No. 1.) It is worn by the clod-crusher of Wiltshire. (No. 2.)



But between these two extremes of what we may call the *ideal Hat*, what a decline and fall do our head-covers exhibit!

There was the hood of the Saxon held its ground to the end of the thirteenth century. (No. 3.) Its tail was cut up and twisted round the head, into the bonnet of the fourteenth.

The unsightly turban was next modified into the jaunty bonnet of the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh HENRIES. (No. 4.)



The Eighth HENRY exhibits the first development of brim. (No. 5.) The crown and brim broke out into more luxuriant proportions under ELIZABETH. (No. 6.)



The same development was at work under MARY and JAMES—till, in CHARLES THE FIRST, the Hat reached its apogee, and stood revealed in the cavalier's head-gear, the most graceful that has ever shaded English Heads. (No. 7.) From that moment we have to date the decline and fall of the Hat. (No. 8.)



the crown of the former, the cavalier grace of the second, and the serviceable substantiality of the third.

We would not have revolution in dress stop here.

One side of it yielded under CHARLES THE SECOND, and one segment gone, the others speedily followed, till, under WILLIAM THE THIRD, the brim was turned up all round, and vainly endeavoured to make up by its brim and feather-edge for its lost breadth of shadow and sweep of line. (No. 9.) It was no use—all forms of "the cock" were odious—



nobs, bobs, steinkirks, kevenhullers—or by whatever name they are known. With the French Revolution fell the uncocked hat—but, alas, only to see the odious chimney-pot of our own day take its place.

Society has struggled under its hat. In its uneasiness it has tried all modifications of that central cylinder, and tampered in every way with the insignificant brim, but to no purpose. Even PRINCE ALBERT'S daring attempt at a composite of all these has been generally pronounced a failure. (No. 10.) The human head-cover has still continued to resemble a truncated section of iron piping, (No. 11), and we seem



still to lie under the disgrace of the ugliest hat that the world has yet seen, unless a vigorous effort is made to shake it off. (No. 12.)

Such an opportunity presents itself in the Exhibition of 1851.

Let the European world of inventors be called upon to come forward hat in hand, and try what can be done to crown humanity in the nineteenth century with something less like a chimney-pot. We know of nothing that can be said in favour of the article which we are forced to wear on our heads—it is hot in summer, it is not warm in winter; it does not shade us from the sun, it does not shelter us from the rain; it is ugly and expensive; you cannot wear it in a railway carriage, it is always in your way in a drawing-room; if you sit upon it you crush it, yet it will not save your skull in a fall from your horse; it will not go into a portmanteau, you are sure to forget it when suspended from the straps of a carriage roof. It is too hard to roll up, too soft to stand upon; it rusts with the sea-air, and spots with the rain; if it is good, you are sure to have it taken by mistake at a *soirée*; if it is bad, you are set down for a swindler—in short, it has all the bad qualities that a thing can have, and not one good one to set off against them.

Rally then against the Hat of the nineteenth century! If you ask what is to be substituted in its place, We answer

Not the bonnet rouge of red republicanism;

Not the white felt of ditto in Germany;

Not the black steeple-crowned ditto in Rome;

but a hat that may recall the grace of the days of CHARLES THE FIRST without awakening the remembrance of their dissensions—a hat which combines, like our mixed Constitution, King, Lords, and Commons—

We have something to say on coats and continuations.

And then comes the profoundly æsthetic question of Bonnets, and LADIES' DRESS IN GENERAL.

JENNY LIND AND THE AMERICANS.

From our own Reporters.

CORONATION OF JENNY THE FIRST—QUEEN OF THE AMERICANS

THE moment it was known by what vessel JENNY LIND was about to cross the Atlantic, we dispatched an efficient corps of reporters and correspondents on board, who were present in various disguises about the ship, for the purpose of watching every movement of the Nightingale. One of our most esteemed contributors might have been seen flitting about in a dreadnought and sou'-wester, from spar to spar, and yard-arm to yard-arm, dodging the delicious song-bird, as she hopped from paddle-box to paddle-box, utterly regardless of wind and wave, while a juvenile member of our extensive establishment was on board, in the humble disguise of a lob-lolli-boy.

It has been erroneously supposed, that because MADemoisELLE JENNY LIND was seen to leave Liverpool waving her white handkerchief from the very top of the deck-house over the companion, and was seen to enter the American harbour waving the same white handkerchief from the top of the same deck-house,—it has been, we say, erroneously, though naturally supposed, that, from the time of her starting to the moment of her arrival, JENNY LIND was constantly employed in the way in which she is represented to have commenced and terminated her journey. We are enabled to assure the public, on the very best authority, that such is not the case.

The time occupied in the voyage passed very pleasantly. Every evening there was a concert for the benefit of somebody or other, concluding with one for the benefit of the crew, which was somewhat marred by the boisterous state of the weather. The piano was soon sent up to an inconveniently high pitch, the glasses insisted in joining in, as musical glasses without much regard to harmony or effect, but keeping up a sort of jingle during the whole time, there was an occasional accompaniment of wind and stringed instruments by BOREAS playing fearfully on the ropes of the rigging, and every now and then everything was rendered a great deal too flat by a too rapid running up of the ascending scale and coming very abruptly down again.

The voyage having been safely got over, we now come to the proceedings in America; but we are bound to say that our contemporaries have so fully occupied the ground—and their own columns—that room is scarcely left even for us to say anything.

For some days before the steamer was expected, New York was in a state of intense excitement, so that when the ship actually came in

sight, the only mode the police had of keeping the enthusiasm of the crowd within decent bounds, was to check their cries by knocking the breath—as far as practicable—out of their bodies. Millions had their heads turned, and hundreds had their heads broken, but all was of no avail; and in spite of the exertions of the constabulary to stave off the people with their staves, the quays were in a state of dead lock from the throngs that covered them. As the vessel entered the harbour, the Nightingale was seen perched on the deck-house, supported on either side by MESSRS. BENEDICT and BELETTI. MR. BARNUM, the enterprising showman who has speculated in JENNY LIND, as he has already done in TOM THUMB, and other popular idols, was running a race along the pier with a MR. COLLINS—perhaps a rival showman—each holding an enormous bouquet, and a fearful struggle took place as to which should be the first to clamber up the paddle-box. BARNUM made a desperate spring on one side, while COLLINS took a terrific leap towards the other, and the latter being the more fortunate, or the more active of the two—or perhaps he had been taking lessons in gymnastics beforehand of some Indian-rubber brothers—succeeded in being the first to stand at the Nightingale's side, and to present her with a nosegay twice the size of that which BARNUM pushed into her hand a moment afterwards.

Either to see better, or to escape from the energetic COLLINS and the frantic BARNUM, "JENNY LIND moved to the larboard wheel-house," and seeing the American flag, the Nightingale—with a sly sense of humour, no doubt, and a general recollection of all she had heard about the slave-trade, and the treatment of MR. FREDERIC DOUGLAS, the "coloured" newspaper editor—exclaimed, "There is the beautiful standard of freedom, the oppressed of all nations worship it."

As the ship neared the pier, every mast seemed to be made of eyes, noses, and mouths; every window was a mass of heads, and the roofs of the houses looked as if they were slated with human beings, and had men and women for chimney-pots. The Nightingale was so struck with the respectability of a Yankee mob, that she asked "where the poor were?"—intending, no doubt, if there had been any poor, to have sung at once—sung out from the top of the paddle-box—for their benefit.

It now became time for JENNY LIND to land, and at the pier gates was drawn up in readiness BARNUM's carriage. When one hears of a



THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE ADMIRALTY TO THE
GREAT EXHIBITION.

showman's carriage in this country one's mind naturally travels to a van into which the public are invited, indiscriminately, to "walk up;" but such was not the vehicle in which BARNUM was prepared to receive his Nightingale. The horses were fitted out in a style well adapted to advertise the museum of which BARNUM is proprietor; and, though the trappings were well calculated to act as trappings, and catch the eye of the vulgar, good taste could not help feeling that the "caparisons" were "odious." The Nightingale entered the carriage with the assistance of BARNUM, who then mounted the box, ordering his servant to make a circuit towards Irving House, it being very clear to all what he and his coachman were driving at. The progress to Irving House was one tremendous crush of beings, so densely packed together that an exceedingly ripe cheese, in spontaneous motion, is the only thing to which it would bear comparison.

The *Times*, having devoted a first leader of nearly three columns to a digest of the proceedings—including the telegraphing of Mrs. and Miss BARNUM, who were coming up from Cincinnati, the rush of Bishops and Clergy, the crowd of "fashionable ladies," the deadly scramble for the stone of the "identical peach," supposed to have been eaten by JENNY LIND at dessert, the search for a "sensible old horse," who must be a rare animal among the tribe of senseless donkeys in the States—these things, we say, having been sufficiently dwelt upon elsewhere, we think reiteration of the facts would be superfluous. We are, however, expecting to receive telegraphic dispatches of a somewhat startling character, nor should we be surprised if the next "Latest from America" should announce the dissolution of the Republic, and the proclamation of JENNY LIND as Queen of the United States, with BARNUM as chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs—a post for which his long acquaintance with such foreign affairs as TOM THUMB, the Sea Serpent, and other contents of his museum, renders him fully qualified.

Our anticipations are realised, the following is the

LATEST FROM AMERICA.—JENNY LIND.

By ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Punch's Office, 85, Fleet Street.

WITHIN a minute of going to press, we have received the following important intelligence from Liverpool:—

"The *Tarnation*, CAPTAIN SMART, has just arrived from New York, after five days' passage, and brings the following authentic information.

"JENNY LIND does not return to Europe. On the conclusion of her engagement (which will be considerably shortened) with BARNUM, JENNY will be crowned Queen of the United States, the actual President politely retiring. JENNY accepts office under contract always to sing, in so many airs, to the people of the smartest nation upon earth, what has been hitherto printed as Presidents' Speeches.

"Two stars and one stripe have been added to the American flag: the stars are JENNY's eyes, and the stripe a lock of JENNY's hair."

ADDISCOMBE GEESE.

WE received a letter last week from a Corporal—not in the Guards, but in the Honourable Company's Establishment at Addiscombe. This communication is signed "TRIM,"—which betokens an acquaintance with literature that we are glad to meet with in a young soldier; and there is only one grammatical error in it; but even that we believe to be a mere slip of the pen, not at all deserving corporal punishment. Our correspondent wanted to know how he was to divide one goose equally between ten cadets,—a problem which the liberality of the Honourable Company would require him to solve on Michaelmas Day. Could we have answered our young SHANDEAN friend in time, we should have advised him to cut the goose into small bits, and serve them out by spoonfuls; by which means he would at least have afforded his comrades the satisfaction of a perfect mess. Not five East India Directors, we will venture to say, ever sat down with but a single goose at table; and it was shabby to expect twice that number of young men to dine off a bird which though "too much for two" is "not enough for three." We are not, however, altogether sorry to hear that there are ten cadets at Addiscombe with only one goose among the lot.

Complete Pacification of Ireland.

THE wisdom of the Synod of Thurles—a wisdom denouncing the godless colleges—a wisdom, no doubt, as wisely, as sincerely, and, withal, as reverently admitted by MR. GAVIN DUFFY, of the *National*—bids fair to stir up the passions of the land, renewing the ferment that hopeful folks believed about to be stilled. Nevertheless, there may be grounds of hope for the ultimate tranquillity of Ireland, in the prophecy of GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, who declares that that country shall be tranquil a little before Doomsday—"viz paulò ante diem Judicii!" A little before Doomsday! After all, may not GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS be a little too sanguine?

LEADING ARTICLE ON THE ADMIRALTY AND THEIR IRON STEAMERS.

WE never think of CINDERELLA without being reminded of the Lords of the Admiralty, because an iron war-steamer is an invention so analogous to a glass slipper. To dance in glass shoes, it is manifest, would be about as practicable as to fight in iron vessels; and either material would be equally likely to stand a ball. CINDERELLA's glass dancing-shoe, however, is a harmless fable; but the Admiralty's iron fighting-ships are serious fabrications. As to the slipper, the young lady never put her foot in it, which cannot be said of my lords in regard to their iron steamers.

Surely it might have occurred to any being but an animal which shall be nameless, that a vessel made at a foundry would be certain to founder. We cannot conceive how anybody could think of using iron to build vessels of war with, unless in consequence of having taken an over-dose of a chalybeate, of which the iron got into his head. Dio the Admiralty distrust the valour of the British sailor, and think to depend on the metal of the ship, instead? Doubting, it would seem, the strength of our naval bulwarks, they changed them for defences which are mere bulrushes. The harmony with which they united in the perpetration of their Iron Follies can only be explained on the supposition that they are harmonious blacksmiths. Indeed, their unanimity in such absurdity would induce one to believe that they had but one mind—and that a disordered one—to share among their whole number.

Of course, the iron vessels cannot exist a moment before any gun but a pop-gun. Had this not been demonstrated by experiment, the iron determination of the Lords of the Admiralty would doubtless have soon converted our whole navy into a material which can only stand fire in the shape of a kettle or a saucepan. In fact, we should have thought that to construct a man-of-war of such a substance could have occurred to nobody at all connected with nautical affairs, except the son of a sea-cook. The same ingenuity that would have built iron line-of-battle-ships, would probably have furnished them with tin sails, cotton cordage, anchors of gutta percha, and wooden cannon.

The idea of putting to sea in a wash-tub is quite distanced by that of going into action in an iron pot, as would soon have been done when every dockyard in the country had been converted into a marine pan-technicon.

We hope the Admiralty will no longer file their mind with a view to supersede the British oak, if they can produce nothing better for that purpose than iron filings. We trust that they will have no more such irons in the fire as iron war-steamer, but will rather commit all their plans and designs of such monstrosities to the devouring element. If they intended their ferocious freak in naval architecture for their amusement merely, they have been amusing themselves most unjustifiably, at the expense of the nation, in a strain of bitter irony, far too severe. Fortunately, they have drowned none of our brave sailors in their war-kettles; but they have sunk a mint of capital. We wish they could convert their ironmongery back into gold; but such alchemy is far beyond those, who, quacks though they may be, are no conjurors. In the meantime JOHN BULL rues the blunders of these ship-smiths. The iron has entered his soul, and the money has gone out of his pocket.

MR. PUNCH'S GAME LIST FOR 1850.

IN the GAME LIST of this year, we do not meet with the familiar name of MR. PUNCH. This is an omission, almost amounting to a public insult, for it must be confessed that no one provides the United Kingdom—the United World, in fact—with such capital game, and such a constant supply of it, as

MR. PUNCH,
DEALER IN ALL SORTS OF GAME,
85, Fleet Street.

The following is a correct list of the gentlemen and public bodies, who have kindly consented to find *Mr. Punch* with Game during the ensuing year:—

COLONEL SIBTHORP, Lincoln.	LORD BROUGHAM, Brougham Hall, Pen-
THE AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT.	rich, and Cannes, France.
MR. BARRY, Houses of Parliament.	THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS, National Gal-
MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, Conciliation Hall,	lery.
(if still existing).	MR. FRARGUS O'CONNOR, Snigg's-End.
MADAME TUSSEAU'S Chamber, and all	THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PAUL'S,
other HOTELS.	and all other public exhibitions.
MR. PAER, MR. HOLLOWAY, and all 134d.	SMITHFIELD MARKET, and every other
quacks.	kind of City nuisance.
ALL CHOWLERS, FERRANDS, Agitators,	ALL SINECURISTS, AND PENSIONISTS, AND
and Howlers.	DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
ALL HAYMAKERS, and tyrants, and women-	SIR PETER LAURIE, and all those who put
floggers.	themselves up to put everything down.

And numerous others, far too tedious to mention.

WOMAN AND THE CAT.

It seems then that, with our thumb in our mouth, we must stand rebuked. We must accede to the dictation of certain of our contemporaries that it is a necessary part of generalship to flog women. Authorities have been sought out to find cat companions for Tiger HAYNAU. Even the DUKE OF WELLINGTON has, in the course of his long and glorious life, bestowed six-and-thirty lashes a piece on a dozen women. "None but the brave chastise the fair." To be sure the women flogged in Spain were trulls of the army; *Moll Flaggons*, who plundered and pillaged, and in many cases did not quietly set themselves down to wait and close the eyes of the wounded before they possessed themselves of the personal effects of the dying—watches, purses, epaulettes, whatever the booty might be. "And booty," says SUWARROW, in his *Soldier's Catechism*, "booty is a holy thing!" Thieves and suspected murderesses were flogged by the Iron Duke in Spain: the truth of this is shown by the evidence of a Highlander; evidence quoted in SCOTT'S *Paris Revisited*; and therefore, HAYNAU is to be held free of odium for flogging MADAME MADERSBACH, a matron of spotless honour, whose only crime was sympathy with the Hungarians. MEG DONALDSON "the best woman in our regiment, for whatever she might take she did na keep it all to herself"—MEG, the liberal thief, takes rank with a noble, high-souled woman, whose husband, maddened by the infamy wreaked upon his wife, blows out his brains, leaving the outraged lady a desolate widow. And these are the examples set forth in defence of HAYNAU! Why not go further? In his time, CALCRAFT the hangman has, we doubt not, flagellated female thieves and wantons. Why not produce his example in extenuation of the acts of the Austrian? There would be some sort of fitness in pairing the hangman and the butcher; but we protest against any use of the Duke in aid of the Marshal: HAYNAU must not be whitened by the pipeclay of a WELLINGTON.



CEREMONY OF PRESENTING THE BÂTON TO THE "WARRIOR" HAYNAU.

LAYING ON THE CAMBRIDGE BUTTER A LITTLE TOO THICK.

MR. COLIN MACKENZIE assures us, in a letter to the *Times*, that none of the subscriptions for the proposed testimonial to the "good DUKE" OF CAMBRIDGE have been drawn from the funds of any Charitable Institution. We would not contradict the word of any Secretary, but we will swear that, amongst the printed subscriptions to the above object, we saw the following line:—

"Drury Lane Theatrical Fund £10 10s."

This sum is drawn, not from a flourishing fund, but from one that is rather struggling for means. Have the CAMBRIDGE Testimonial Committee accepted the £10, and, if so, do they intend to keep it? Do they mean to go upon the principle laid down at the bottom of the Drury Lane play-bills—when Drury Lane had play-bills—of "NO MONEY RETURNED?" If so, we propose that at the next anniversary of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund Dinner, at which, of course, the present GOOD DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ("good" for about £26,000 a year of the people's money) will preside, the above Committee, with MR. COLIN MACKENZIE at its head, be made to walk round the room of the Freemasons' Tavern, in pursuance with the plan generally followed out at public dinners by schools, and other recipients of a charity. Really, this erecting a monument on a poor-box is bringing disgrace on the very name it is wished to honour. It is taking the bread of the living to give a stone to the dead.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE KITCHEN.—We find, from the astronomical intelligence of the month, that, on a given day, "the moon will enter Aries." We have received several communications from cooks and others in the domestic interest, who are anxious to know, whether, as the moon is likely to enter Aries, there is any chance of the sun entering underground kitchens, to which that luminary has long been a stranger.

A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. WALKER AT LAST!

If any manly breast is the better for a badge of honour, there certainly is one special case in which that part of the human body ought to be decorated. The thorax within which is a heart truly philanthropic should, of all chests, have a Star on its exterior. Sanitary heroes in particular—the men of intrepid souls and indomitable stomachs, who face typhus and nose sulphuretted hydrogen, who brave Death in the mouth of his own grave-pit—deserve to be adorned as to the pectoral region. A great conqueror in the field of filth might be most appropriately invested with the Order of the Bath and Washhouse. To which might be added—in case of need, which generally is the case—another order; a cheque on the Treasury for a certain annual sum, not less than £25, nor exceeding £12,000.

It is contemplated by Government to accord some such tribute as that referred to last, to that really enormous benefactor of his species in general, and of the metropolitan variety thereof in particular, the author of "*Gatherings from Graveyards*," and of all the good there is in the Interments Bill, MR. GEORGE ALFRED WALKER. Vulgar incredulity need not echo this gentleman's surname. We have stated the fact. Government is about decreeing a Testimonial to WALKER.

Be it, however, understood that the Government alluded to is not the firm of MESSRS. RUSSELL and Co., Taxmasters and Providers for the Royal Family. That concern has quite relinquished the higher departments of State-business, such as the promotion of political and social reform, and, with a view to it, the reward and encouragement of eminent merit. Their patronage, of late, has been confined to that comparatively unimportant district of these dominions termed Flunkeydom; and they have nearly limited their operations to the aristocratic estate and agency line. The Government which is going to grant MR. WALKER a Testimonial is the Government of HIS MAJESTY THE PUBLIC, to which the Downing-Street Cabinet leaves the consideration of all matters of higher consequence than six-and-eightpence—except, always, the salaries of Royal Dukes, and such like.

No other tax will be imposed on account of the WALKER Testimonial Fund than a small per-centage of consilience-money. In addition, it is only necessary to state that the sums now due for this object from national gratitude may be paid to the credit of LORD DUDLEY COUTTS STUART, at the Treasury—MESSRS. COUTTS and Co.—or at the branch offices, which are all other banks in town or country.

A Warning to Small Sovereigns.

HESSE CASSEL remains quiet, although the Elector remains away! Should not this fact be a warning to little kings? "Affairs," say accounts, "are taking their every-day course," no doubt to the wonder of the Elector. The wheel contrives to go round, although, to the astonishment of the fly, the fly is whirled into the dust!

THE POACHER OF WESTMORELAND.

Dedicated to LORD B—M AND V—X.



I FIRST began as a lawyer; in
time I was made a Peer,
And I served my country
faithfully for more than
forty year,
Till I came down to poaching;
the truth you soon shall
hear:

Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy
night to fish with net and
spear!

As me and my companions
our nets a laying were,
The water bailiffs was watch-
ing us, but for them we
didn't care;

For we thought we should be
a match for them if they
dared to interfere:

And 'tis my delight of a hazy
night to fish with net and
spear!

There was me and the MARQUIS OF DOURO, and our lady-folks and BILL;
Likewise JOHN WHITE the gardener, renowned for art and skill;
And ROBSON too, and ARMSTRONG, both old hands well known up here:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

All in the river Eamont our nets we scarce had laid,
When down the watchers came on us with PEERITH at their head,
And arter us they boldly plunged in the stream so bright and clear:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

They tried to seize our tackle, which we wouldn't stand, in course,
And our side pulled away 'gin thein with all their might and force;
Whilst me and noble DOURO did our companions cheer:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

There was SIR GEORGE MUSGRAVE's gamekeeper a pulling for his life,
When what does JOHNNY PEERITH do but helps him to a knife;
By which means of our tackle he cuts off eight yards, near:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

JOHN ROBSON, notwithstanding, held on to it so tight
That they dragged him out on t'other side, when he offered them to fight;
"Come on!" he says, "I'm ready for the best man standing here:"
And 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

The skirmmage being ended, afore the beaks we went,
For to have the case decided, which warn't to our content,
As they gave it dead agin us; yet still we'll persevere:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

Bad luck to fish-preservers, all that dwell in every shire,
The same to water-bailiffs, who won't let us drag and wire;
Success to every poacher, by river, brook, or mere:
And 'tis my delight of a hazy night to fish with net and spear!

The Cambridge Monument.

LEEKs, the Hon. Sec. to the embryo Cambridge Monument ("the nature of which, whether a charitable institution or otherwise, will be decided" when the money is collected, which, we take it, is giving a pretty long day)—LEEKs has called another meeting of the General Committee, to count the halfpence up to the present time subscribed, and to solicit further contributions. All we have to say is—"Gentle Public, take care of your pockets." LEEKs is evidently not a moving hand at a begging advertisement. Why, then, does not the Committee cashier LEEKs and try Onions?

THE "MANIFOLD WRITER."—MR. G. P. R. JAMES.

THE GOVERNESS-GRINDERS.

WE were taught from the nursery songs of our infancy to have a decent horror of those monsters whose practice it was to "grind the bones" of their fellow-creatures to "make their bread," but the process of grinding down human beings is not unknown in these days—the scene of the operation being often the nursery itself, and the victim the nursery-governess. We are sorry to say the purpose of this revolting process is not so justifiable even as the object attributed to the giants in the fairy tales, who were in the habit of grinding bones, at all events, to "make their bread," but the governess-grinders of the present day resort to their inhuman practice for the purpose of rendering the task of "making bread" so irksome and difficult as to be almost impossible.

We are determined to "put down," wherever we can detect it, that mingled mass of pride and meanness, that base compound of affectation and cruelty, which is to be met with amongst people who like to boast of "keeping" a governess, when they know they are insufficiently maintaining an educated person to do double the work of the domestic drudge, at scarcely the wages of the lowest menial. We beg leave to ask any one not belonging to the governess-grinding class—and even some of them would blush to be found out in such an affair as we are about to disclose in the following well-authenticated case—whether the person making the stipulations set forth below, is anything better than an impertinent humbug, if, having got a poor wretch to enter the domestic Pandemonium implied in an attempt to fulfil the annexed conditions, she, "the lady"—as one of the contracting parties is, in these cases, by courtesy, called—has the impudence to boast of "keeping a governess"? The following proposition—the truth of which has been respectably guaranteed to us—was made, not long ago, to a well-educated young lady who had advertised for the situation of a governess.

"She was to sleep in a room with three beds, containing herself, four children and servant; to rise at a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6; give the children their baths, dress them, and be ready for breakfast at a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 8. School, 9 to 12; $\frac{1}{4}$ past 2 to 4; and BESIDES THIS, to give two hours' lessons in music. To teach drawing, rudiments of French (speaking it as much as possible), and general knowledge. To be proficient in plain and fancy work, which she was to spend her evenings in doing, not for herself, but for her mistress. She was to have the baby on her knee while teaching, and to put all the children to bed. Salary 10 guineas per annum, and to pay for her own washing."

Putting aside the downright brutality of this proposal, there is a degree of ignorance perfectly characteristic in the bare expectation of being able to meet with a female CRICHTON, who should command all the qualities required, and execute the educational part of her duties "with the baby on her knee." Perhaps the "lady" wishing her "governess" to be a model to her children of all the virtues, is anxious to place her in positions which must bring out the attributes of a saint, if she is fortunate enough to be possessed of them. Patience, Humility, Endurance, Industry, and fifty other admirable qualities, would be necessary at every hour of the day for the proper discharge of the various tasks set down for this paragon of a ten-guinea governess. She must have no pride, for she is to sleep as one of six in a room with the servant; she must discharge the duties of a nurse, but she must be satisfied with far less than a nurse's wages, and she must spend her evenings in needlework, without even the paltry earnings of a needlewoman being paid to her. She must give separate lessons for two hours each day in music, and, in fact, do the music-master's work without getting one farthing of the music-master's money.

In addition to this, a certain adroitness in the art of *leger de main* will be essential; as, "while teaching she must have the baby on her knee;" a piece of manual dexterity that must require some experience in the science that "PROFESSOR" RISLEY and other posture-masters are in the habit of practising.

We will simply ask what the parent deserves, who consigns four children mentally and bodily from morning till night, beginning at the wash-tub, passing through the primer, the piano, the exercise-book, the French language, and terminating at night in the bath—we ask what does a mother deserve who consigns four children for all these purposes to "one pair of hands" at ten guineas per annum? Would she not be rightly punished if the unfortunate brats were to be half-washed, half-taught, and occasionally half-killed, by accident, or by each other, owing to the confusion existing in the bewildered brain of the less than half-paid "governess" employed to nurse, educate, and otherwise completely "do" for them?

We admire the affectation of such persons as the would-be contracting party in this case, who, when they really want a very humble description of maid-of-all-work, have the audacity to insult the educated portion of the female community, by advertising for a "governess." Let things be called by their right names; and henceforth, let the words, "WANTED A DOMESTIC DRUDGE!" be placed at the top of all similar advertisements.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—THE RIDING-SCHOOL.



BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON CONCEIVE THE IDEA THAT "NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE A FEW LESSONS IN RIDING, BEFORE THE HUNTING SEASON COMES ON." THEY ARE HERE SEEN AT THE BARRACKS, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE RIDING-MASTER.



THEY ARE DELIVERED OVER TO A ROUGH RIDER, WHO GOES FOR THE HORSES.



HERE WE BEHOLD MR. BROWN IN THE ACT OF MOUNTING,—AND,



HERE IS JONES AT THE MOMENT WHEN, AS HE AFTERWARDS REMARKED, "HE FELT AN AWKWARDNESS IN GETTING UP."



THE THREE GENTLEMEN, THAT THEY MAY GET GOOD SEATS, TRY TO TROT WITHOUT SADDLES.



BACK VIEW OF BROWN AS HE APPEARED TROTTING; LIKEWISE



ROBINSON DOING THE SAME.



ROBINSON FEELS SO MUCH IMPROVED BEFORE THE END OF THE LESSON THAT HE INSISTS ON TAKING "JUST A LITTLE" LEAP.

THE GREAT WELSH EISTEDDVODD OF 1850.



MMDNTSPDWN AP TENCDWM, THE CELEBRATED WELSH HARPER.

word Gruff, from GRUFFUD) invited some Hibernian minstrels to hibernise or pass the winter in Wales, and practise their music. This led to a triennial meeting, when degrees were conferred, a Master of Music being called a Disgyblaidd; and from these blaidds or blades, they selected their Mus. Docs, who were called by some name, which is consonant no doubt to Welsh feelings, but consisting of nothing but consonants, is not at all consonant to ours, and we therefore beg to take the privilege of omitting it. The Welsh Mus. Doc, was supposed to have "muzzed" to such an extent, as to know, among other matters, 40 *cwlwm*, 20 *cydgerdd*, with a smattering of the 3 *muehul*, when, if he was tolerably well "up" in all these unpronounceable affairs, he was himself pronounced competent. In the infancy of the art, the Welsh Bards' favourite companions were their pipes; but the advance of improvement soon put their pipes out, and the bards adhered stringently to stringed instruments.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS tells us, that formerly all their music was in one key; but unless it had been a street-door key, we doubt whether it would have been sufficiently capacious for their purposes.

If we thought fit to parade our learning, we could tell how TWM BACH—poor TOM BACH, the ancestor no doubt of our old friend SEBASTIAN—was a celebrated harper in ELIZABETH'S time, and how one POWEL, who lived in the reign of GEORGE THE SECOND, has gained celebrity, or rather got a handle to his name, by the notice and friendship of HANDEL. Coming, however, slap down upon the Bards of 1850, we find them in some old ruins at Rhyl, where they have planted themselves among the crumbling brickwork of the dilapidated Castle of Rhuddlan.

The Welsh are sufficiently English to be unable to do anything without a dinner, and there was a sort of picnic in the ruins. There were some patriotic speeches of such a stirring character in the Welsh tongue, that it is a wonder the teeth of the orators were not cracked to pieces by the rush of consonants, which was so terrific, that in the utter absence of anything like an *a e i o u*, it was quite refreshing to meet with even a stray *w*; and when the excited auditory burst out with roars of "*Clyech, Clyech*," the ear felt relieved by having something pronounceable to dwell upon.

Those who could not understand the speakers had a fortunate escape, for the Welsh rant turns out to have been an appeal for ramming the Welsh tongue down all our throats, insisting on "the leek, the whole leek, and nothing but the leek," as a great political principle. It is evident that the leek—unlike the onion—has no affinity with the sage, at least in the mouths of the Welsh orators.

The contest for the prizes was the real business of the Eisteddvod, and ten Bards were competitors for a gold medal, to be given for the best variations on "Pen Rhaw," but most of them deprived the Pen of all its pith and point, besides completely spoiling the Rhaw material. Judging by the effect of the Welsh harp on ears not naturalised, or having had their sensibility destroyed by that odious nightcap—suited only to the dark ages—the Welsh wig, we should say that the Welsh harp ought to be hung up for ever in Tara's halls, if Tara will allow of such a nuisance at the bottom of his staircase. If the Welsh can have an Eisteddvod in Wales on the strength of their instruments, the Jews might certainly get up with their harps in Holywell Street a kind of Ouldelousiodd of an equally interesting character, nor do we see why the Scotch should not come boldly to the scratch and hold an opposition gathering by virtue of their Scotch fiddle.

We can imagine the installation of SMOUCHEE, the Rag-Fair Bard, executing in a minor worthy of the Minories, a strain like the following, which is at all events more intelligible than the song beginning, "*Gwell n'ar gwin yw'r Medd per hidlard*," sung at the Eisteddvod.

Clow, Clow, Clo, Clo, gentle CHLOE,
Vasht you visht to buy or sell?
Vat if I should loosh a joey,

Shelp me, I shall udge ye vell.
Vy, vot's this—a coat yer call it,
Lookey ear, and ear, and ear;

HERE has just been held at Rhyl, among the hills and mountains of Wales, a great Congress of Bards to celebrate a feast called an Eisteddvod. The origin of this feast, though the learned have had a tremendous hunt after it in the forests of antiquity, has not been found; and the learned might just as well have indulged their antiquarian sportsmanship by hunting a Welsh rabbit.

An irreverent inquirer has pretended to ascertain that the Eisteddvod was originally a feast of Eisters—now written Oysters; but as Wales never was the source of Oysters—for who ever heard of Whales with oyster source—we reject the hypothesis. Better authorities tell us that PRINCE GRUFFUD—an Irish Welshman or Welsh Irishman—having a tolerably deep voice (a circumstance which has no doubt given us the

Ven I comes to overhaul it,
Plesh me—tuppensh would be dear.
Vell—I musht do bishness vid yer
Ave yer got a vescut old?
That vun—vell—I'll sixpence bid yer;
(Hands over the sixpence, and looks once more at the articles,
Plesht, if now I've not been shold.

The Eisteddvod was unpleasantly brought to a close—though every one had thought that its coming to an end must always be a subject of congratulation—by one of the galleries sympathising with the surrounding ruins, and tumbling to pieces. Happily no one was seriously hurt, and the only wonder is how the timbers stood so long under the infliction of the very heavy music. Its weight might have crushed a more substantial structure in half the time; but, though it stood the affair as long as possible, wood and brick—like flesh and blood—may be taxed past endurance; and if there were any doubt as to walls having ears, the point was settled at the Eisteddvod, where the walls exhibited sufficient ear to refuse any longer to listen to the twangs and moanings of the Bardic competitors.

After the harping was all over, there was held a *Gorsed Gwynnedd*, or Assembly of Druids, where a *Norma*-like proceeding was got up in the Castle court-yard, with twelve mile-stones in a circle, and a couple of large stones placed on each other in the centre—as if the Druids were going to have a game at duck—just as we have seen it arranged on the stage of the Opera. There was no admission for anyone but the Druids themselves; unless anyone had been fortunate enough to have walked out in his bed-clothes, when, in this curious specimen of sheet-armour, he might have been mistaken for a Druid—such as we have seen them in *Norma*—and gained admission among the mile-stones.

Old customs are very good things to keep up when they are really respectable, but all this Bardic mummery appears to be so essentially heavy, unmeaning, and "slow," to the eyes and ears of nearly the whole of the existing generation, that we are inclined to regard the whole thing as a silly riddle, that ought to be "given up" immediately.

THE DUCKS AND DRAKES IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THE public is requested by the flattering appeal of many signboards "to protect the valuable collection of aquatic fowls in St. James's Park." We wonder no one has listened to this appeal by scaring away the ducks and drakes which Ministers have been recently playing with that property; for though it may be most delightful playing to them during their vacations, it can be anything but agreeable sport to those who are compelled to look on, and quietly witness the damage which their ducks and drakes are committing in every direction. It is time they were driven out, or else there may be no end to the mischief these villainous birds will leave behind them, wherever they are allowed to play. "Play" is a curious term for that which is so serious in its consequences; but in this instance it is perfectly well applied, for the ministerial game of Ducks and Drakes in St. James's Park during the recess, when there is no possibility of stopping it, is certainly the greatest instance of "fowl play" we ever witnessed.

VERY CURIOUS!—There has not been a fire at Gravesend this week!

SHERIFF CARDEN ON "THE ARMY AND NAVY."



GOOSE is sacred to Michaelmas; and MR. ALDERMAN CARDEN, brand-new sheriff, sworn in on the morrow of St. Michael, delivered himself of a speech, quite worthy of the legendary vigilance and sagacity of the feathered monitor. CARDEN spoke of peace and war; and when he had spoken, surely a sympathetic cackle must have been heard on every moor and common, and in every farm-yard of the kingdom. The multitudinous geese of the fens of Lincoln must have raised themselves upon their legs, and

with van-like flapping of a hundred thousand wings, cackled—"Io CARDEN." The sage owl was dedicated to GENGHIS KHAN; let the sage-and-onion goose be henceforth quartered and taken to the arms of CARDEN.

MR. ALDERMAN CARDEN, at his inauguration banquet, gave "the wealth of the Army and the Navy;" thereupon declaring that "it was the interest of *all* nations, he believed, to be prepared for war, for in that consisted the best means of preserving peace."

Thus, it is the interest of all nations to play at beggar-my-neighbour in building ships, enlisting men, and casting cannon, that the ships may never be launched, the men never be brought into the field, the cannon never be fired. CARDEN is for preserving peace; but then it must be peace at the "make-ready" position. All nations may be at amity, if all nations have their artillery at full-cock.

ALDERMAN CARDEN was, in his early days, a soldier. "But the prospect of peace soon convinced him"—said MR. BULLOCK, Common-Sergeant, and official eulogist of the callow Sheriff—"that the army would no longer afford sufficient occupation for his energy and industry." Whereupon, MR. CARDEN, taking the bull by the horns, "became an eminent member of the Stock Exchange." MR. CARDEN "employed himself in the monetary transactions of great nations in amity." He turned from gun-metal, and subsided to bullion. Nevertheless, like a bit of old cartridge-paper, CARDEN—the financial and peaceful CARDEN—continues to smell woundily of gunpowder.

And yet ALDERMAN CARDEN has latent hopes of peace. Yes—

"He also was of opinion that the mighty idea developed to the world by PRINCE ALBERT, with reference to the great Industrial Exhibition of all Nations, would afford a better chance for the continuance of peace than all the Peace Congresses, whether held in London or Frankfort, or in any other quarter of the world, or all the rhodomontade speeches that might be spouted in such assemblies."

In 1851, SHERIFF CARDEN, as an important civic officer, will doubtless have to entertain the representatives of the commerce and industry of the world, conjured into PAXTON'S crystal palace, by the "mighty idea developed" by PRINCE ALBERT. Well, will the Sheriff, should he speak to or of these men, will he dilate upon the glorious manifestation of the world's industrial and commercial power, only as the preface to a martial charge? Will he, in the fulness of his heart, discourse of the family of man, and the common interests and common blood of human nature; only to advise every member of the family on his return home, to build ships of war, and maintain standing armies? Peace may grow her palms in the glass-house of Hyde Park; but, nations of the earth, for all that—implies CARDEN—keep a sharp eye upon your grape and cannister. We would rather advise that nation should "take stock" of nation—but CARDEN says no; let every nation be armed to the teeth, and then, and only then, it may enjoy the perfect sweets of peace. Thus, were we to ask a modern councillor of the CARDEN class, "by what means shall we best hope to love our neighbour as ourself?" we might expect this pithy answer—"Buy a blunderbuss." A man once ignorantly sowed gunpowder for onion seed, and waited in confidence for a crop. CARDEN, in his intelligence, would sow bullets, that he might sit under the shade of olives.

A great year is before SHERIFF CARDEN; therefore, we submissively hope that he will forget he was once a soldier. That he may do so, we incline to offer him a brief story.

Once upon a time, a butcher, with a basket on his arm, was carried at full gallop into a regiment of dragoons at a review. The old horse

had once been in the service, and ambling along, bearing legs and shoulders of mutton, heard the well-known trumpet, and forgetful of his later calling, galloped to the ranks. He was laughed at, and spurred, and beaten back. Therefore, let no stockbroker CARDEN, in the days of his youth a soldier, trust himself to drink "The army and navy." There is, we allow it, a stimulating music in the syllables; and the civilian, in the fervour of port, is all too apt to feel his neck clothed with a cravat of thunder, and to paw the mahogany, and to cry "hee-haw."

THE PURSUIT OF JOURNALISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A KINDLY sympathy prompts us to offer a hint calculated to meet the difficulty under which French journalists now labour, in being obliged either to write tamely, or to expose themselves to prosecution through the law, which compels them to affix their names to their leading articles. Here is a fragment of a model spirited leader relative to an imaginary ministry; an article which, as far as the authorship is concerned, would, we are bold to say, defy indictment:—

"The consequences of LORD MOUNTBUSH'S accession to the Premiership (BROWN) are manifesting themselves with a vengeance (JONES). The funds—the nation's pulse—are (ROBINSON) falling fearfully (TOMKINS). Discontent is (JOHNSON) ripe at Manchester; fifty mills have already closed, and the streets are thronged with (SNOOKS) frantic crowds, exclaiming (STYLES) Bread or (NOKES) Blood! (HOPKINS). A hundred thousand men have already assembled at Birmingham, prepared, if need be, (BRIGGS) to march on London (HOBBS). Now is the time, or never (STUBBS). Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen! (MILTON). Raise the song of the patriot in every street (DOBBS). Britons never shall be slaves!" (WALKER).

Thus might Liberty—Goddess of the French Press—dance a mighty pretty hornpipe in fetters.



A SKETCH OF CHARACTER BY PROFESSOR MILKANSOP, THE CELEBRATED GRAPHIOLOGIST.

Gentleman (reads).—"INTELLIGENT; STRONG RELIGIOUS FEELINGS; FOND OF LITTLE CHILDREN; LOVES MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE FINE ARTS; IS RELUCTANT TO TAKE OFFENCE, GENEROUS AND FORGIVING."—WELL, I'M BLOWN, IF THAT AIN'T WONDERFUL; WHY, IT'S MY KARAKTER TO A T!"

Sporting Intelligence.

MR. GORDON CUMMING is actively engaged fitting out a large boat, with which, having exhausted all the dangers of the Continent, he is about to brave the perils of the deep. The object of his nautical expedition is, as rumour is too busy in circulating, to capture the American Sea Serpent. He has been heard to observe, that he will either catch it or perish in the attempt. His great wish is to bring the skin home with him, and hang it in festoons, like an immense garland, round the walls of his South African Exhibition.

BOARDER LIFE IN ENGLAND.

OUR feelings have been much shocked, and our Glauber Salts accordingly exhausted, at the perusal of an advertisement commencing as follows:—

BOARD (Private and Superior).—Terms, for single gentlemen, Foreign or English, of good position, from 25s. to 30s. per week. A Married Party, 45s.

When we had got thus far, we could proceed no further, so shocked were we at the idea of a "married party" being advertised for as inmates of a British Boarding-house. A "party" must, of course, include more than two, or a "married couple" would have been the term used; but a "married party" evidently points to the Eastern practice of a plurality of wives, and the advertisement is clearly addressed to some travelling Pacha, or other matrimonial pluralist, whom the facility of communication with all parts of the world may have brought to England.

We trust this humiliating proposal does not reflect a true picture of the Boarder Life of England, which, though presenting some remarkable phases, is, we hope, free from that polygamical tinge which the advertisement we have quoted would seem to attach to it. The announcement adds, "The present party small and select;" from which we may infer that there is already in the house a case of the kind, and that the "married party" is not very large, though we must protest against any number beyond two, as opposed to all our views of propriety.

As a further specimen of the Boarder Life of England, we may cite other advertisements in the same paper, some of which are quite Herodian in their emphatic intimation that "children are objected to;" while in several there is a rich vein of pride, indicated by hints that the advertisers are actuated by a wish for society rather than for cash, and one "lady, occupying her own cottage, with nearly half an acre of garden," "is not accustomed to boarders," but has no objection, for the magnificent consideration of a pound a week, to put up with "an inmate." We do not envy the Boarder, whose position, of course, must be that of a kind of thing that the "lady occupying her own cottage" has "not been accustomed to."

There is occasionally a rich specimen of the Boarder tribe themselves in the advertisements, and we met with one the other day who wants to board for £60 a year, in Russell Square or one of the Parks, and has no objection to "visit Italy, Germany, and France," if the family happened to be travelling. He certainly might meet with a few residents in the Park, who take Continental tours—the noble owners of Stafford House and other mansions—but we very much doubt whether it would be worth the while of any of the noble owners, for the sake of £60 a year, to receive the "gentleman" as "an inmate," and take him on the tours he expresses himself quite ready for.

We will conclude by expressing our astonishment at the exceedingly "select" character of the Boarder Life of England, for almost every one of the advertisers "mixes with the best society." We may, perhaps, infer from this, that, as a late member of the aristocracy used to take pills by the hundred, and rub in ointment by the pound, to give "a grace and a glory" to a certain Professor's advertisements, so there may be lords and ladies who "go out" to attend Boarding House dinners, and enable the establishments to boast of the "best society."

Case of Conscience for Teetotallers.

THE *Yorkshireman* tells a story about a sow fattened by a farmer at Thirsk, on rum and milk, in the proportions of three half-pints of the former to a quantity—not stated—of the latter daily. Upon this diet the sow became an habitual drunkard—drunk to an extent exceeding the normal drunkenness of a sow—as drunk as a sot. She increased in weight at the rate of 5 stone 2 pounds in a few days, and when killed weighed 42 stone 10 pounds, without the head, into which probably a good deal of the rum had got besides. Now, as the animal's flesh must have been saturated with alcohol, it becomes a question whether any person pledged to total abstinence could conscientiously partake of such rum pork—except, of course, medicinally.

THE GLORIOUS TENTH.

ON the 10th instant the tradesmen of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE dined together to celebrate the payment of the first quarter's salary, namely £3000, paid that day to his Royal Highness. The festival was held at the George and Bore.

Sagacity of American Cats.

A NEW YORK paper says—

"While the cholera raged at Harper's Ferry all the cats left the place. They went in droves by night."

The fact is, all these animals were of a Pennsylvanian stock; and they adopted the cholera as a subterfuge merely, to repudiate their bills for cat's-meat.

MURRAY OR MAC HALE.



AN Irish Correspondent wishes to know (what a strange wish to know!) whether *Father Punch* inclines to the MURRAY or the MAC-HALE side in the present episcopal row pending in Ireland; and whether we are for mixed education or no education.

You silly PADDY, how can you ask such a question? Don't you know that we are English Protestants, bating you by nature, and that our wish is to tyrannise over you and keep you under?

If your young men come to college with our young men, don't you see, you idiot, that in the course of a few score years, your lads, being born to the full as clever as ours and six times as numerous, may win the prizes and scholarships, get the government-places and snug-berths, fit themselves for the learned professions, and so forth, and turn us out of what at present we hold? Of course we vote for JOHN OF TUAM and PAUL CULLEN, not for poor D. MURRAY.

DR. MURRAY is a well-meaning man, but he's a class legislator, PADDY, and that's what we hate—especially when he doesn't legislate for *our* class—whereas JOHN OF TUAM and PAUL OF ARMAGH, those are the right sort of fellows: they want you to remain ignorant; be cursed if you shall go and learn grammar and language, or mathematics and astronomy, with Protestants and heathens. Believe, with PAUL CULLEN, that the sun is six feet in circumference, accommodate your mathematics to his Grace's (God bless his most Reverend Lordship), and see how you'll get on as an Engineer, my boy.

Why are you, forsooth, to learn history and mathematics, law, or chemistry, from the best professors we can get? These things are not to be taught to you by people selected for their capability, but by people of your own religious way of thinking: gentlemen properly trained at Maynooth, where they will learn three-fourths theology and one-fourth science doctored orthodoxically: if we want a good surgeon or a good lawyer, we won't ask what his religious opinions are; we want the best of advice from the best people, who learn their business in the best way, teach it in the best way, are paid the best price, and so forth.

Whereas you, you poor ragged PADDY. Don't look at the stars through that villain, LORD ROSSE's glass, ask FATHER TIM to lend you a peep through his dirty old telescope: if you've broken your leg, don't ask the Surgeon General to set it, the pestilent Protestant; get a smart young chap from Maynooth who has learned a little surgery along with his humanities; see that you have an orthodox dancing master for your daughters, and, if they learn to sing, send for DON BASILIO. Of course we are for JOHN TUAM.

In that way we savage Saxons shall have no need to be afraid of you. Which has the best chance to learn a thing, think you, he who has the best master, or he who has a twentieth rate instructor? Give us the good men. You take the others, PADDY. Give us the railway train to travel by—you wait to hear whether the Holy Father approves of the mode of travelling, and (if you are not cursed off the line and sent back to the wretched old jaunting car) never get into a carriage, without a priest beside you.

O, PADDY, PADDY, you poor old humbugged PADDY!

An Unnatural Literary Parent.

WE have looked through the signatures of all the articles in the French papers—since the author's signature has been made a *signature quelconque*—and have not met anywhere with the name of "LOUIS NAPOLEON." Has he left off writing? Has he dropped the gentlemanly amusement of Editing? What has become of the celebrated pen that caused so many "sensations" in the Chamber by the articles "*un peu trop forts*," it was in the habit of writing in the *Napoléon* and the *Pouvoir*? Is it worn out, pith and all? We hope not, for we wish to hear that LOUIS NAPOLEON is wielding it again with all the strength of a THIERS—or else it will look as if he were ashamed of his literary offspring—so much so, that he does not dare give his name to them.

A NEW SHELL.

A FRENCH chemist has invented a new shell that, it is said, "in a few minutes will send to the bottom a ship of 120 guns." Will the shell be exhibited in 1851? We hope so. It is from such a shell that time may hope to hatch the dove of peace—perpetual peace.



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S FISHING.

HE IS SO FORTUNATE AS TO CATCH A LARGE EEL.

THE GLASS PALACE AND ITS ARCHITECT.

THE promised glory of MR. PAXTON'S glass palace has run through Ireland. Indeed, since the tale of the glass slipper, no glass seems so likely to become immortal in story. The Irish intend to contribute a model landlord—a model tenant—a model farm—and a model Bishop (not from Thurles). Indeed, there will be an entire model Ireland, on a small scale, beneath the hospitable roof of crystal. Paddy gave a mighty greeting a day or two since to—shall we say—the glass architect? Hear the *Cork Reporter* :—

"MR. PAXTON being recognised just as his carriage was going to start from the hotel door, he was cheered to the echo by a great crowd who had collected there, as also were his fair daughters and his son, a fine youth who occupied a seat with his father in the front of the carriage."

Many extraordinary trees have been grown, and are flourishing in the Chatsworth Conservatory; but the tree of trees to be planted is the gigantic olive that is expected to take root in the PAXTON Palace of Hyde Park; an olive strengthened, sheltered, and protected by the glass walls and roof that admit the commercial trophies of all the world—a veritable Peace Congress manufactured by the many-coloured hands of the whole human family. We do not see why there should not be an Order of the Olive. Will PRINCE ALBERT think of it?

"A SEA OF HEADS."

Was it the Black Sea—the White Sea—or, the Red Sea? No matter, the sea was the heads of 6,000 persons—so no doubt a sea of all the three colours—that made the ocean of brains that JENNY LIND first sang to in New York. On that occasion BARNUM offered a handsome sum to the governors of the Madhouses of the City for the most incurable lunatic, to attend to report the proceedings. The poor fellow was relieved of his strait-waistcoat; and, being further stimulated with cobbler and gin-sling, prepared for the task. Be it understood, that to make the madness perfect—if perfect madness be allowed—the maniac dipped his iron pen in his flesh, and wrote as follows in his own red ink :—

"A vast sea of heads swayed to and fro, sparkling beneath the starry lights in the firmament of song, here and there thickly sprinkled with the foam of beauty, anxiously expecting the ARMOIRIE of music to rise amid the waves, while the Tritons, with their horns and sonorous shells, in awkward groups hung around the scene, immediately to be graced by her advent."

The heads, sparkling beneath starry lights of song, were sprinkled with the foam of beauty! Amidst this foam of their heads, JENNY LIND was to rise, like MINERVA, from the brain of the Thunderer! As for the Tritons, we give them up, horns and shells, and all!

However, idiots are respected in the East; and, just now, madness has its exceeding great reward in New York; for the hopeless maniac who penned the above, has been crowned with a diadem of straw in the Broadway. Should JENNY LIND refuse the Presidentship, it is believed that in the present temper of the Union, the dignity will be offered to the lunatic aforesaid.

THE HAT REFORM.

EVERY one agrees that there ought to be a reform in Hats, but, after putting on our conjuring cap, as well as our considering cap, without deriving any assistance from either *coiffure*, we are still at a loss for the means by which the great result is to be accomplished. Can society go back to its original hatlessness, and begin as it were, *da capo*, by abandoning the day cap, as it has already, in many cases, flung away the night cap? In the East, we know the Fez was forced on to the polls of the people by an arbitrary power, which would not have scrupled to take the head into its own hands, if the head-dress had been objected to by the owners; but in this country such a course could not be adopted, even though martial law should be proclaimed, and a GENERAL HATS-OFF placed at the head of the nation.

A proclamation could never accomplish a hatty reform; but we are not prepared to say something might not be done by shrieval interference, which would be consistent with those municipal Institutions that all Englishmen cherish. Yes, yes; something towards a reform in hats might perhaps be safely attempted by a hatti-scheriff!

Curiosities of Government Economy.

RICHES, it is said, have wings. The treasures, however, of natural history and antiquity, where-with the British Museum is crammed to repletion, have not wings enough; and, to be creditably disposed of, require one or two more, which might be added to the over-gorged edifice by Government, if it did not prefer employing the public money in spoiling Parks and aggrandising Dukes.

AN OPEN QUESTION.—BARNUM, the American showman, calls JENNY LIND "an angel." Is BARNUM a judge?



PUNCH'S MONUMENT TO PEEL.

BABIES AT THE PLAY.



THE theatrical season is now beginning, and we protest thus early against the admission of the British baby to the performance of the British drama. Though not disposed to set our face against a child in arms—which for various reasons is not an agreeable process—we feel it our duty to oppose the introduction of babies to the playhouse. Even at Astley's, the juvenile theatre *par excellence*, it is unpleasant enough to find the discharge of artillery on the stage answered by a roar of infantry from the boxes, pit, and gallery; but

when listening to a play at one of the other houses, it is absolutely unbearable to have our attention disturbed by the shrieks of innocent helplessness echoed by angry recommendations to "take that child out," or by more considerate, though equally noisy suggestions to the mother, to exercise one of the sweetest offices of maternity. People are obliged to leave their bonnets at the door when they enter the boxes, and why should not the same system be adopted with reference to babies. There should be a sort of nursery attached to each entrance, where babies could be ticketed and left, either to be hung up in baby-jumpers, which would then be really of use, or attached to the umbrellas of those who had any to leave, until the end of the performance.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR A STATUE.

If a statue is erected to the "Good Duke" of CAMBRIDGE, the same subscribers cannot do less, upon the death of another equally charitable individual, than erect a statue to him. This gentleman, it is true, has not the high advantage of being born a Royal Duke; but putting this advantage aside, his claims for a statue are, in every respect, as strong as those of the "Good Duke." He presides at public dinners as often as he is invited—his name is never denied to a public charity, and, what is more, he not only gives his name but his subscription also. The sums he has bestowed during a long life of voluntary subscriptions on public charities must amount to many thousands. The name of this gentleman—and we mention it with proper respect—is MR. BENJAMIN BOND CABELL. We maintain that if the CAMBRIDGE statue is erected, every subscriber, and every charitable fund, and every charitable secretary to it, who sends his guinea with the understanding that his name is to be engraved on the Duke's pedestal, cannot do less than subscribe an equal sum to a companion statue to MR. BENJAMIN BOND CABELL. If they do not, ill-natured people will immediately say that the difference was caused by his not being connected with Royalty. What is a virtue in a Royal Duke is but a common platitude in a private gentleman!

A Most Moving Tale.

WE see a book advertised under the singular title of the "*Khan's Tale*." This must be the adventures of the celebrated tin Can, which we all have heard of as having been so repeatedly tied to the unfortunate dog's Tail. If so, its revelations must be a string of the most exciting ups-and-downs, which cannot fail to make a great noise in all circles. We think we may borrow for once the eloquent words of the *Evening Paper*, and say, "We know of no book so likely to have a long run as the *Khan's Tale*."

POITEVIN'S LAST POLLY.

It was announced the other day that M. POITEVIN, the insensate aeronaut, was going to make a balloon-ascent mounted on a live ostrich. The notion of the wren soaring on the back of the eagle is surpassed by that of the goose ascending on that of the ostrich.

Glazing for the Queen's Colleges.

THOSE of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops who oppose the QUEEN'S Colleges, seem to object to the simple light of knowledge. They would have all instruction coloured with their theological views. These over-zealous Prelates would allow nobody a study unless it had storied windows. Their lordships don't consider that though "a dim religious light" may be the illumination most suitable for worship, plain sunshine is the fittest for work.

A COMING EVENT.

THE blackamoor, under the scrubbing of the *Post* and *Standard*, is fast becoming an albino. MR. GEORGE HUDSON is about to return to the politest and the highest life.

"The actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Especially if it be gold dust. There is in that auriferous soil, a transmuting power that, after a time, turns hempseed into laurels. Let the world prepare to read something like the subjoined announcement in the *Morning Post*:-

"MAGNIFICENT PARTY AT ALBERT GATE.—Last night, GEORGE HUDSON, Esq., M.P., on his return from Coventry, entertained a vast assemblage of *bon ton*. Covers (all gold) were laid for 100. A ball followed in the evening, which the magnificent and hospitable host opened, dancing the first quadrille with the hereditary DUCHESS OF DIMONDBUSTEL. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the entertainment, except the suavity and high breeding of the founder of the feast; who, on his return from Coventry, was welcomed with a fervour and, indeed we may say, affection, commensurate with his expected dinners, if not with his deserts.

"The exterior of the mansion has been newly stuccoed with a pure and brilliant white, in which colour the just and thoughtful may recognise a touching fitness. The stags' horns and hooves have been gilt inch thick; and STORR and MORTIMER have orders to furnish the animals forthwith, with emerald eyes.

"It has been stated that MR. HUDSON had purchased of the Government the marble arch to replace the small stone erection at Albert Gate. It is true that overtures have been made, and the subject entertained; but the statement of absolute purchase is a little premature."

RIFF-RAFF ON RAILWAYS.

THE following startling paragraph which ought to have been printed on the most delicate pink note-paper with scented ink, has recently appeared in the London journals:

BRIGHTON RAILWAY.—We understand there is a great outcry at Brighton against the Brighton railway for the "raff" it is pouring into Brighton by its "travelling for the million." Respectable inhabitants are fast leaving their houses in consequence, and it becomes a question whether, if it go on, it will not presently much affect the season tickets, and the first and second class riders. Should it do so, the Brighton policy will be to bring in pence for the present to lose pounds hereafter.

The sensitiveness of the Brightonians is of a very peculiar kind; for while it winked at, or rather gloried in, the doings at the Pavilion, which caused the importation into the town of less than doubtful respectability and decency, the inhabitants are beginning to turn up their noses at the poor, harmless railway excursionists, who are enabled to enjoy a sea-breeze on Sundays for three-and-sixpence. The Brightonians, perhaps, think that the sea was made exclusively for them, and regarding it as a portion of their capital, they will, perhaps, deny the "raff" the privilege of even dipping into it.

The "respectable" inhabitants are, it seems, "fast leaving their houses," because once a week BROWN, JONES, or ROBINSON, may be met walking on the beach with their wives and families. We should like to see a geography published under the superintendence of the Brightonians, for the guidance of cheap excursionists, telling them where to go in consequence of the sea coast being prohibited. Bath and Cheltenham must, of course, be excluded from the Atlas for the use of the "Raff," and indeed we see nothing but the Isle of Dogs, as a watering place, in which they would be tolerated; for when Brighton begins to be squeamish about "respectability," Margate and Ramsgate may fairly lay claim to exclusiveness.

No Benefit of the Act.

EVERY now and then we hear of laws being continued just as they were about to expire. We know there is a very wholesome objection to the taking away of life under any circumstances, but there really are some acts of Parliament which we think might be allowed to die a natural death without a prolongation of their misery. The renewal of their term of existence is often but a Zamiel-like sort of proceeding at best, and the acts thus allowed to continue their course are frequently found to go at last to where they might just as well have been suffered to go at first for any good that has been got out of them.

THE SPOONS OF WAR.

A WRITER in an Altona paper calls upon the women to subscribe towards the war between Holstein and Denmark. He asks for the precious metals in any shape. "Give up," he says, "one table or tea-spoon." But the ladies do not subscribe; they evidently think that war has already had more than spoons enough.



Housemaid.—"I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, PARKER, I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN MISSUS HAS GOT TIRED OF THIS PUSEY-ISM. IT MAY BE THE FASHION; BUT, WHAT WITH HER COMIN' HOME LATE FROM PARTIES, AND GETTING UP FOR EARLY SERVICE, AND THEN GOIN' TO BED AGAIN, WE POOR SARVINTS HAS DOUBLE WORK A'MOST."

AMERICAN ELECTRICITY.

It would rather astonish the world if the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science should be filled, at the next Meeting of that Congress of Philosophy, by *Mr. Punch*. All, however, that *Mr. Punch* can say is, that there is a corresponding Society, of which he considers himself to be the fittest person living for the Chairman. The learned body here alluded to is the American counterpart to our own, which blends amusement with instruction, observant of the HORATIAN adage respecting reasonable tomfoolery. The American Association for the Advancement of Science trims the Professor's cap with bells, and its President occasionally sits with his tongue in his cheek, listening to a lecturer whose thumb is at the tip of his nose. This is a statement requiring corroboration; which shall follow, on authority no less trustworthy than that of our grave contemporary, the *Athenæum*, given under the regular head of "Scientific Gossip."

"The American Association for the Advancement of Science has been holding its third Annual Meeting, at Newhaven, under the Presidency of PROF. A. D. BACH. * * * A communication was made by PROF. LOOMIS, of novel, and, to us curious, phenomena of electrical houses. His statement was as follows:—'Within a few years past, several houses in the city of New York have exhibited electrical phenomena in a very remarkable degree. For months in succession they have emitted sparks of considerable intensity, accompanied by a loud snap. A stranger, on entering one of these electrical houses, in attempting to shake hands with the inmates, receives a shock, which is quite noticeable and somewhat unpleasant.'"

The unscientific reader, who may not see the fun of all this, is to know that to be chargeable with electricity a house would require to be built on glass or resin. That the shock would be received immediately on touching the knocker, and that as its force would be equivalent to that of a small flash of lightning, the recipient would be electrified once for all. The next joke is more passable.

"Ladies, in attempting to kiss each other, are saluted by a spark."

Very likely, if ladies *will* do such things in the presence of gentlemen. But to proceed with this tissue of shocking stories:

"A spark is perceived whenever the hand is brought near to the knob of a door, the gilded frame of a mirror, the gas-pipes, or any metallic body, especially when this body communicates freely with the earth."

When FRANKLIN got a spark from the string of his kite, he inter-

IMPROVE YOUR WAYS IN CHANCERY.

WE read that the Chancery suit of ATTORNEY-GENERAL C. TREVELLYAN, has already lasted 166 years. A great outcry has been raised about improving Chancery Lane. It is all very well, but it strikes us as beginning at the wrong end. Is there not another Lane, as long, more tortuous in its windings, much narrower in all its ways, and which causes much greater obstruction, than Chancery Lane? In fact it is a long Lane that has no turning, excepting to the workhouse. The reader will already have guessed that we allude to the Court of Chancery. Does that require no improvement? We should like to see a little agitation raised to pull down a few of the obstructions that cause the cruel delays which take place every year in it.

Imagine being detained waiting 166 years! What are a few minutes lost in an omnibus, or a quarter-of-an-hour wasted inside a comfortable carriage, compared to a monster delay like that! Chancery Lane is doubtlessly a great nuisance; but it is swallowed up, like a cork in the Maelstrom, in the whirlpool of the Court of Chancery. Improve your Lane by all means, but do not forget the poor people who are wandering up and down that narrow Court, and have no means of getting out of it. In short, since public attention has been directed to the matter, our cry is, "Improve all your Lanes in Chancery."

FLOWERS OF FASHIONABLE SPEECH.

Le Follet, as quoted by the *Morning Post*, informs the fashionable world, touching the fashions for October, that

"The morning dresses of white or pale blue cachemire, are lined with taffetas, which turns over and forms revers, showing the quilting in wreaths of roses, pinks and foliage. Small slippers of quilted taffetas, the same shade as the dress, trimmed with a plaiting of ribbon or narrow lace, are worn with this toilette, and form a complete *chef-d'œuvre* of coquetry and good taste."

The context, carefully studied, will show that "revers" is a bit of untranslated French, and not of fashionable orthography, meant for "rivers," as might be surmised by the masculine reader, labouring under indistinct ideas about taffetas, and confounding that material somehow with watered silk. We should like to see the slippers that form a "complete *chef-d'œuvre* of coquetry and good taste"—a combination which, if realised to our understanding, would materially aid us towards the conception of a fried snowball.

cepted its communication with the earth by a non-conducting medium, and precisely owing to such communication have lightning conductors hitherto conveyed electricity harmlessly away.

Jerking of course his thumb over his left shoulder, the Professor continued, addressing his no doubt winking audience:—

"In the house which I have had the opportunity to examine, a child in taking hold of the knob of a door, received so severe a shock that it ran off in great fright. The lady of the house, in approaching the speaking tube to give orders to the servants, received a very unpleasant shock in the mouth, and was much annoyed by the electricity, until she learned first to touch the tube with her finger. In passing from one parlour to the other, if she chance to step upon the brass plate which serves as a slide to the folding-doors, she receives an unpleasant shock in the foot."

Let the reader who has any doubt about the possibility of the last-mentioned fact, get an electrical machine, and endeavour to electrify any given brass plate let into any given floor—except a glass or resinous one. The result of his experiment will be precisely equivalent to that of whistling jigs to a milestone, or of remonstrating with Government on the inequality of the Income-tax.

The funniness of PROFESSOR LOOMIS's facts is nearly equalled by the drollery of his theory to account for them:—

"After a careful examination of several cases of this kind, I have come to the conclusion that the electricity is created by the friction of the shoes of the inmates on the carpets of the house."

Punch need hardly observe that so extraordinary a consequence of walking must be all WALKER. In order to the generation of a quantity of electricity sufficient to produce the alleged effects, by the means specified—"sitch a gittin' up stairs" as mortal "never did see" would be indispensable. PROFESSOR LOOMIS and his scientific associates might test the practicability of the thing by an hour's exercise on a gigantic treadmill, carpeted with wool or velvet—which, he states, are the materials of the carpets of his electrical houses. And if he can electrify any house but an insulated one, *Mr. Punch* will eat him, boots and all, or, what will perhaps be more pleasant to the Professor, his boots without himself, and will invite PROFESSOR LOOMIS to Greenwich to dine at the same time off electrical eels.

POACHER'S FUND.—The *Derby Mercury* states that the Mansfield poachers "have actually established a protective fund." *Punch* is authorised to declare that LORD B—H—M has not been elected the treasurer.

CHANCERY AND CHANCERY LANE.



Chancery, by which hundreds of thousands will be saved to the suitors in their costs, and years of misery to them and their families be prevented."

At this moment (our authority is a paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*) the Chancery suit of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL *v.* TREVELYAN is now one hundred and sixty-four years old. Why, it is plain that that mysterious individual, the oldest inhabitant, is invariably a suitor in Chancery.

One hundred and sixty-four years old! In which time how much misery, how many anxieties, how many wearying, hopeless hours, how many heart-aches, to the TREVELYANS? Can JUSTICE, with her ever true arithmetic, count them? No: she won't try, and for very shame. Again—hear the Council of the Chancery Reform Association:—

"The Council also desire to effect the liberation of a large number of their fellow-creatures, many of whom have been in various prisons for periods of from 20 to 40 years."

The homes of merry England! The gaols, the Chancery gaols of this law-cursed land! How dreadful, when the Bastille was tumbled to the earth, how dreadful the revealed pictures of wrong and captivity! Old men, blinded by the sudden light—white-bearded captives, shrinking and tottering from the air of heaven. The prisoners of the Chancery Bastille—the captives "for periods varying from 20 to 40 years"—are to the full as ghastly; every whit as terrible presences, a crying wrong to heaven, against the folly and tyranny of fellow-man. Truly it is well that Chancery Lane should be widened—but it is better that we should so widen Chancery Court, that if a coach-and-six are to be driven through it, at least the vehicle shall have Justice, alias Equity, as the inside passenger.

As to the narrow condition of Chancery Lane, many, and touching, and significant, are the daily occurrences in that small vein of the Metropolis; a vein that certain folks would have changed into an artery—we presume that it might then lead to the heart of JUSTICE; a heart that at present has no connexion with it.

"A tenant of mine," writes one J. L., "told me

"That a short time back, a waggon met a funeral in this narrow strait, and a most unseemly obstruction of some duration occurred."

Was the deceased, obstructed on the road to the grave, a late suitor in Chancery? If so, the hindrance was in the finest harmony. Be it so or not, it is surely enough that Chancery has relentless hold of the living; it should sheathe its talons at the dead. Or must Chancery, unlike the lion, prey on carcases?

Chancery-Lane is like a bottle, the neck end towards Holborn. There is room enough to admit a coach or cab, but none to turn. A rat-trap might be constructed on this principle, and called the "Chancery Rat-trap; or, Every Housekeeper his own ELDON."

MR. JOHN ROBERT TAYLOR, of 54, Chancery-Lane, supplies the most significant, the most ominous incident, bearing upon the dangerous character of his whereabouts:—

"During the racing which generally ensues after the omnibuses have been fairly unlocked at the Holborn end of Chancery-lane, about 2 o'clock this afternoon, one of the horses in an omnibus actually cast his shoe through one of my plate-glass office windows, which might have killed more than one person who happened to be standing near the window at the time. This shoe may be seen by any person calling here, who will scarcely credit such an extraordinary instance of the strength of the horse."

An omnibus horse loses his shoe on his way through Chancery Lane. What is this, but another proof that nothing can approach the Court of Chancery without a sacrifice of metal? From bran-new gold to old iron, Chancery will have its penn'orth. Has MR. TAYLOR yet sent the shoe to the Chancellor? He ought; for we understand that one of the immortal Six Clerks has a tame ostrich that, from its Chancery habits, can digest even bars of iron—always excepting prison bars: they remain entire: dedicated to the Chancery captives of "from 20 to 40 years."

MR. TAYLOR has written urgent letters to the Babes of the Woods and Forests. The innocents! They can do nothing. They put their

thumbs in their mouths; and with a wondering stare shake their heads. They "have no funds at their command for purposes of metropolitan improvement;" no, only of sylvan and rustic depredation. However, let MR. TAYLOR persevere; and next session the Woods and Forests may obtain a parliamentary grant, by way of loan, for widening Chancery Lane only: when they have obtained the money, let them be vigilantly watched, lest they devote the funds to the enclosing of Primrose Hill, as a mushroom ground for the kitchens of HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT. In the meantime, should the cast horse-shoe still remain in the possession of MR. TAYLOR, let him convoke a meeting of Chancery Lane inhabitants who, in solemn procession, shall carry the shoe to the official abode of LORD SEYMOUR; and there and then, for good luck, nail the aforesaid horse-shoe over the door of the Office of Woods and Forests. Our venerable ancestors had great faith in a horse-shoe so affixed; it scared away evil spirits. And that these are apt to haunt the councils of Woods and Forests is borne in testimony against them by ST. JAMES, despoiled and wailing in his Park.

THE CONSCIENCE MONEY MANIA.

THE public conscience continues to be visited by these intermittent or remittent quails, which manifest themselves in the shape of Bank note halves, and are felt in that most tender of all places the pocket. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER furnishes by his occasional advertisements a sort of conscience-ometer, from which we may ascertain the force and value of the scruples affecting the minds of the tax-paying, or rather the tax-eluding portion of the community.

This attempt on the part of individuals to restore themselves to moral health by voluntarily resorting to a little pecuniary bleeding when the conscience is overcharged—and the pocket has been undercharged in the way of taxes—may be regarded as a very satisfactory omen. It is, however, to be regretted that this sensitiveness of the conscience should be limited to those who have, in some way or other, defrauded the public resources, and does not affect those who have victimised private individuals. We should like to see returns of conscience money in the shape of overcharges made by tradesmen to their customers. Imagine a visitation of conscience among the Railway speculators or speculators, and conceive—if possible—the business that would have to be done on the settling day, when the account between persons and their consciences came to be settled.

We hope this partial visitation of conscience may only be a precursor to a general attack, which will end in the grocer sending back conscience money for the sand sold as sugar, or the birch paid for as tea; in the milkman returning the difference between the value of chalk-mixture and genuine milk; in the doctor disgorging the price of the useless medicine which the patient unhappily never can again disgorge; and, in fact, in a general restoration of all cash improperly received by all classes of society. But perhaps, considering the generality, if not the universality, of the victimising process practised by one upon another, the shortest plan would be to grant a general amnesty to every body's conscience for the past, and let every one undertake to keep his conscience in a wholesome state for the future.

Register! Register! Register!

JUDGING from the number of registered paletôts, stockings, boots, hats, stoves, baby-jumpers,—in fact, registered everything, from a shirt to a steam-engine,—we think we can parody the warning which SIR ROBERT PEEL stole from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and exclaim, "The Battle of Puffery must be fought in the Registration-Courts!"

"THE DECLINE OF ENGLAND."—We only know one instance, and that is, England's declining to buy MONSIEUR LEDRU ROLLIN's book.

ENGLAND'S GREEN WOODS AND FORESTS.

A LITTLE BOOK has been published under the title of "*How to Lay Out a Small Garden*." We beg to recommend to the notice of the Woods and Forests a similar little book, which we are thinking of publishing, called "*How to Lay Out £12,000 in Spoiling a Public Garden*." It will be accompanied with a large cut, viz., a diagram of the large slice of ground which they have had the impudence to cut off St. James's Park.

REMOVAL.—The Statue of VICTORIA, which we pulverised in *Punch* about a twelvemonth ago, has been removed from Victoria Square, Pimlico, and has gone, no one can tell where. It is supposed that the large Globe on which the ugly effigy of HER MAJESTY stood, has been sold to a neighbouring skittle-ground, where it is said to be doing a world of mischief among the nine-pins. The Statue itself is greatly missed by the swallows and all the little birds of Pimlico, who used to make it their resting-place during the fashionable season, whenever there was a review in Hyde Park. The inhabitants of Victoria Square illuminate their parlours every evening in honour of the removal of the unsightly lump of granite. It is rumoured that the vacancy will not be filled up, which will be a saving, not only to the inhabitants, who could not look out of window formerly without having a continual eyegore, but to the public in general.

THE GENUINE PRIZE SONG FOR JENNY LIND.

(At the service of Mr. BARNUM.)

I AM glad I have come from my own northern home,
Far away o'er the wide rolling sea,
For I feel that I stand on the glorious land
Where alone dwells a people that's free!
Never here for vile gold human beings are sold,
Who the tint of our brotherhood wear;
If that token they lack—if the creatures are black—
Oh, why then that's another affair!

La, la, la!

Yes—of course that's another affair!

Every man of each sect holds his head up, erect
As the eagle that faces the sun;
Ah! you do not see here class o'er class domineer,
Here oppressed or oppressors are none.
In this nation sublime, wretches branded with crime
Rue alone in base thralldom their sin;
And the guilt of all dies in American eyes
Far the deepest, is darkness of skin!

La, la, la!

Yes—the worst guilt is darkness of skin!

Here a fond wedded pair independently share
All the joys of the conjugal life,
There is no law to part heart united to heart,
Wife from husband, and husband from wife.
Such barbarity fell, as the offspring to sell
From the parent, is wholly unknown;
But their lips if too full, and their hair curly wool,
Some have no child nor wife of their own!

La, la, la!

No, they have no child nor wife of their own!

At the tyrant's proud hand there's no scourge to command
On this side the Atlantic's broad wave,
No American can by his own fellow man
Be disgraced with the stripes of the slave.
Man is sacred from blows—by the right of his nose,
If it be not too broad and too flat;
Then you're licensed to thrash—then fall on with the lash—
He's only a Nigger, and born to the cat!

La, la, la!

Yes, a Nigger, and born to the cat!

THE NEXT BALLOON ASCENT.

PUBLIC Amusements may be said to have been lately "looking up" in one sense, for the eyes of Europe have been turned towards the numerous balloons which have been in the ascendant during the season now at its close. Announcements, almost as inflated as the balloons themselves, have promised all sorts of achievements by all sorts of aeronauts, who, goaded on by the greedy appetite of the unthinking public for dangerous displays, have been outbidding each other for popularity, by a fearful competition in the race of folly and audacity. Horseback, ponyback, and donkeyback, have all been resorted to, in turn, for the gratification of the sightseers, who found the ordinary perils of ballooning stale and flat without a little extra excitement; and, considering the torture inflicted on the quadrupeds, as well as the folly practised by the bipeds, it did not require a very great elevation from the earth to render it difficult to distinguish the man from the brute, or the donkey from the aeronaut.

One fatal result is a providentially small per-centage on the vast amount of folly—to give it the mildest name—that has been practised during the last few months for the satisfaction of that depraved and demoralising taste which finds amusement in witnessing the risk of human life, and which is most fully indulged when the chances of safety to a fellow-creature are reduced to the utmost minimum. Surely it is time for authority to put a stop to these brutalising scenes, since it is not many years ago that one poor wretch committed suicide by hanging himself in a public thoroughfare, for the diversion of a grinning crowd; it is still more recently that "Professor" Somebody broke a child's neck in the presence of an ignorantly applauding audience; and it is but the other day that another unfortunate victim to the public "taste" was dashed to pieces, out of sight of his patrons, who were thus baulked of witnessing the great point of attraction, on the chance of which they had paid their money.

If this sort of thing is to go on next season, some new excitement must be found, for an aeronaut on horseback or donkey-

back has got quite stale, and one fatal result in some fifty repetitions, offers too small a probability of accident for an enlightened public to part with their shillings and sixpences. The only thing to be done to keep the excitement alive—whether the aeronaut will be kept alive is another question—will be to make an arrangement for a balloon ascent, by some of the GREENS or the GRAHAMS, on the back of the Hippopotamus.



The following letter has been received by us from our esteemed friend the Porcupine at the Zoological Gardens:—

"DEAR PUNCH.—Being elected scribe to the tenants of the Zoological Gardens, and seeing that 'M. POITEVIN, the well-known aeronaut, ascends on a live ostrich,' I am requested, on the part of the boa-constrictor, to state, that he, the boa, is ready to go up with any gentleman prepared for the journey; and further, that, as the said boa-constrictor has not had so much as a rabbit or a pigeon for more than a month, he is in the liveliest condition to take a change of air. He is ready to ascend, describing about the person of the aeronaut a 6 or an 8, as may be decided upon; that is, according to the figure.

"I am, yours, a brother of the quill, alias,

"THE PORCUPINE."

"P.S.—We have a few lively rattle-snakes that, tied in a bundle, might form a very novel seat for one ascending. I would, however, suggest that the rattle-snakes should be kept back as great cards to trump the boa."

CONVENT OF THE BELGRAVIANS.



only for so long as they may remain in the Convent, which they shall be at liberty to quit whenever they please, at a month's notice—or the equivalent alternative. Each Nun will be required to contribute to the necessities of the Convent at least £10 a week, that sum being the minimum at which it will be possible to defray the expenses of the establishment, and keep it select. She will be, also, expected to bring two silver forks, and all the usual requisites of the toilet.

The vow of poverty, *pro tem.*, is also to be taken by the Nuns, as it safely may, because, from the nature of the establishment, their whole incomes will be expended for conventual purposes. The sisters will all have separate cells, fitted up comfortably, combining the *boudoir* and the oratory. Each sister will be attended by a male and female domestic. It was at first intended that the former should be clad in the attire of an antique serving-man, but this apparel being likely to incur puerile derision, it has been deemed expedient, on the whole, that he should wear the Lady Abbess's livery.

The Nuns will have a common sitting-room, carpeted with an imitation of encaustic pavement, the roof-timbers to be of dark oak, the walls frescoed, and the chairs and piano beautifully and grotesquely carved. Their refectory will have a dais, at which will sit the Lady Abbess and the sisters of title, that the seemly distinctions of social rank may be observed.

The usual diet of the Nuns will be optional—that is to say, of course moderate—in point of quantity. All fast days, however, will be strictly kept, by religiously eating red mullet and raspberry jam tart. If no red mullet is to be had, John Dory, salmon, or any other fish in season may be substituted.

The costume of the sisterhood will consist of a judicious admixture of the conventual style with the fashion of the day. The Nun will not be obliged to sacrifice her hair, but only to wear it plain, *à la Madonna*, and it will be permitted to be partially visible.

Absolute seclusion will by no means be enforced; indeed it will be incumbent on the Nuns to appear in society, in order to display the beauty of sanctity. There will be no objection, therefore, but rather the reverse, to their going to flower-shows and concerts, or even to HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, whenever they please. At the same time, they will thoroughly renounce the world, in the Belgravian sense.

The time of the Nuns will be devoted to practising the charities of life by making morning calls, and occasionally visiting soup-kitchens and model lodging-houses in a properly appointed carriage, or, if they walk, attended by a footman. Otherwise, their leisure will be employed in illuminating books of devotion, practising ecclesiastical tones, and working slippers for the younger clergy.

A certain number of Bishops shall be elected Visitors to the Convent, and shall be invited to come in that capacity to all *soirées*, of which not less than three shall be given at the institution every week—the company to be admitted by vouchers, on the principle of ALMACK'S; so that none but the most eligible parties shall be introduced.

No austerities calculated to injure the health or personal appearance will be permitted at this Convent. The sister who rises early to attend matins in cold weather, must submit to have her bed carefully warmed for her by the time she comes back. The inordinate indulgence in maceration, encouraged by Rome, will be disallowed; and the only means sanctioned for the restraint of the flesh, will be the gentle and moderate compression of stays.

That the Anglican Convent, thus constituted, will lead to "perversions" there is no fear. Alas! the hard multitude will rather say that the Puseyite sisters are only playing at Roman Catholics, and the vile punster will remark that their Convent is more a Monkey-ry than a Nunnery.

VERYBODY who has a proper veneration for the reredos, and who, without holding extreme opinions on the subject of the dalmatic, feels correctly on that of the alb, who has a soul that can appreciate mediæval art, particularly the beautiful foreshortening of our ancestors, and who would revive their ecclesiastical practices and institutions to an extent just tastefully Romanesque, will be "ryghte gladde" to hear that it is proposed to found a Convent, on Anglican principles, under the above title. The vulgar, who think that a minority is necessarily a sect, will, of course, call it a Puseyite Nunnery: that cannot be helped.

The Convent will be under the superintendence of a Lady Abbess, who will be a real Countess, at the least. One principal object of the institution is to recall the good old times when the gentle BLANCHE or the high-born BRUNHILDA, taking the vows and the veil, connected the hallowed cell with the heraldic griffin, the coronet with the cloister.

The Nuns will all make an engagement of celibacy; but, to preclude them from contracting any rash obligation,

A MEETING WITHOUT AN ADJOURNMENT.

THE Commissioners of Sewers had a meeting on October 11th, and transacted business for two hours without an adjournment! Such an accident was never known before, and the excitement it produced in the purlieus of this quiet little Court may be estimated from the fact, that when the meeting was over there were not less than three persons present. This is extraordinary for a Court that can rarely enlist the attention of an audience of more than one—and that one, very frequently, the usher!

We are glad to have it in our power to publish a pleasing little fact in connexion with the Court of Sewers. The great difficulty the Commissioners experience in transacting their business, is to sit quietly on their chairs, sometimes for three hours at a time, and have nothing to do. An old woman, taking their forlorn condition into consideration, has started a circulating library just opposite their windows. The object of this is evidently to relieve the heavy tedium the Commissioners who are present have to endure, in waiting for the Commissioners who are absent, and we must say it is very kind of the old woman. The books are lent at a very moderate rate, and when we mention that the price is only a penny a-day per volume, our readers will at once see what a boon this kind arrangement of the old woman is likely to be to poor, suffering Commissioners.

The State of the Serpentine.

QUIDNUNCs used to inquire What's in the Wind? but the question that really waits for solution in these days is, What's in the Water? The Serpentine is a subject that now invites inquiry, but we are not at all disposed to go deeply into it. Its bed is in such a dirty state, that a clean sheet of water is thrown away upon it, and when the public apply to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the only answer returned is a wet blanket. It has been proposed to draw off public indignation from the Serpentine by drawing off the water altogether, but there is something at the bottom of all this, which renders it unsafe to try the experiment.

Temperance Wine.

THERE is a wine advertised, called "Exhibition Wine." This is an unhappy title, we think, for what man in his senses would drink much of a wine that, with every sip he took, held up before his eyes the reproving word, "Exhibition?" He would naturally count his glasses, lest, from drinking too much, he should ultimately make an Exhibition of himself.

CHARITY BEGINS AFTER DINNER.

THAT peculiar kind of Charity, which excels in eating a dinner and giving a subscription after it, has been ably characterised by a waiter at the London Tavern as "THE-KNIFE-AND-FORK-OUT-CHARITY."



WHOLESOME PREJUDICE.

"RAILROADS, SIR! I HATE RAILROADS, AND I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN THEY'RE DONE AWAY WITH, AND WE'VE GOT THE COACHES AGAIN."

NOTES OF A TOWN TRAVELLER.

I AM a town traveller, for no particular house, and in no particular line, except the line of threepenny omnibusses, to which I always try to adhere, on account of the cheap fares, because in paying sixpence I do not go so far and fare worse, while, in paying threepence, I go further and fare better. My trade, if any, is the fancy-trade, for products of the imagination are what I chiefly deal in, and, if I am interested in prices of any kind, it is in the price at which I can get the publishers to negotiate my paper. I contemplate doing a little business, if I can, as a town traveller, and the sample I now offer will show the sort of article I am ready to supply at the usual prices. In the course of my town travelling I shall endeavour to select those objects that are either curious and new, or curious and old, or that are, for any other quality, legitimate subjects of curiosity.

The other day I scrambled on to the roof of an Atlas buss, and here, I may observe by the way, that these vehicles are appropriately designated; for an Atlas carries all the world on its roof, as its name-sake of antiquity carried all the world on his shoulders; and I may remark, however, that SHAKESPEARE was wrong in saying, "fixed as great Atlas self," for I have seldom seen an Atlas a fixture—or even loitering like some busses in a Liverpool thoroughfare. The Conductors, unlike Conductors in general, know how to conduct themselves, and are conversant with many of the polite arts, which are usually unknown among the thoroughly numbered but wholly unlettered class of men who so frequently may be said to open the door to abuse, and slam it to, with a terrific bang, against all remonstrance. The course of the vehicle lay over Westminster Bridge—which has been tumbling into bed—the bed of the river—for the last fifty years; and its dilapidated state can cause no surprise, when we remember that this bridge has always had a Committee of some sort to sit upon it. There is a story told of the triumphs of surgery, which cut off both the arms and both the legs of an individual, who lived notwithstanding the quadruple operation;—a case not unlike that of Westminster Bridge, which is still a bridge after a series of abridgements that have cut away its arches, its sides, its balustrades, and every thing but the bare road, which still drags out a miserable existence, but is the mere shadow of what it formerly used to be. On the other side of Westminster Bridge old Association asks for the Marsh Gate, when the driver—a member of the new Association—replies, that the Marsh Gate—a few years ago in full swing—has been completely unhinged by modern improvement, and has been superseded by the South Western Railway, which crosses the road, and keeps a quantity of hissing, smoking, screaming engines always "on view," running backwards and forwards, or standing upon the arch to "fright" the horses passing beneath "from their propriety."

To the left extends the New Cut, which certainly has the cut of novelty about it to the unfamiliar eye, for the whole business of the place seems to be carried on upon the foot pavement. There is a long

series of counters along the entire line of the kerbstone, and across the footway the eye of the traveller is often literally struck by a piece of heavy merchandise dangling on a pole from the first or second floor windows. Here a mountain of linendrapery presents a sort of miniature Alp, snow-capped, as it were, with a lot of snowy white night-caps—all at 34—and the pass has scarcely been effected before the traveller finds himself buried under an avalanche of cheap clothing, that has glided down from the adjacent heights—the supposed fastness being in fact a looseness from which he escapes, only to thread the mazes of huge banks and barriers bristling with cheap ironmongery, or green with cabbage leaves and other low-priced verdure. The occupation of their homes appears to be the last thing that the inhabitants care about, for their habitations form the mere back-ground of the scene, the business of life being confined to the thoroughfare itself, where many a bargain is interrupted by the tradesman, the customer, and the goods, being knocked down in one lot by the passing vehicle. Though the shop-keepers do not wish their goods to be depreciated, they expose them to be run down repeatedly, and a coal waggon may often be seen wending its way over "Boots for the Million," "Five thousand Parasols," "Gents' Pants," "The Fashion," "A Dinner Service of 40 pieces," now smashed into a hundred and fifty, with a variety of other articles that "must all be cleared off," and which are now made to fulfil the decrees of their destiny, by forming the materials of one great "Alarming Sacrifice."

The residents of the New Cut have evidently taken their houses for the purpose of turning them out of window, a process which is literally carried out—by the carrying out of their goods—every morning, on to the pavement, and the decoration of the front of their premises with everything belonging to the interior. The broker makes up his half-dozen beds in the middle of the street, as if to invite the way-worn traveller to turn in; while under every lamp-post there is a *restaurant*, to tempt the appetite with the bearded oyster, the smooth-faced sheep's-head, the meat pie—containing a piece of something wrapped in paste, and wrapped also in mystery—the steaming potato, the ball in which popular superstition traces the presence of brandy, and the toffy which has put into nearly everybody's mouth the name of Everton. The foreigner who had been told that the English people never live out of doors, would be astonished at finding, by a visit to the New Cut, how completely *al fresco* are all the proceedings of the inhabitants. The Frenchman who had heard of the dullness of a London Sunday, would find everything proceeding in the New Cut as if there were no day of rest or recreation, and nothing to remind one of the existence of a Sunday, except a church in the centre of the scene, placed there, probably, by way of contrast. The discriminating eye may detect, here and there, a member of the congregation of this church struggling through to its doors, as well as he can, amidst the piles of merchandise, the din of traffic, the noisy solicitations of the tradesmen, and the vociferous bargaining of the customers. Any one who objects to the sober quietude and calm recreation of an English Sunday, need only repair to the New Cut, where such a thing as a holiday or holyday seems to be utterly unknown to the inhabitants. Their week-day amusements partake of the same open-air character, for about half-way down on the right hand side is a species of penny theatre, or, as the French would more appropriately call it, a *Salle*, for its *saleté* is conspicuous. In obedience to the *genius loci*, which makes externals everything, the outside of the theatre is plastered all over with the representation of a great deal more than can possibly be seen within, and disappointed will be he, who, having paid his penny at the door, expects to see one half of the *tableaux* realised.

Even should his taste be gratified by the exhibition of the two coarse-looking creatures in bed-gowns, labelled, "*All this Talent To-Night*," or should he be edified by "*The Stunning Miss LARBUP*" having her (Highland) fling in her Scotch costume, he cannot expect to see all the placards, including "*Here's a Lark*," "*The Infant Female Stunner*," "*Young COLE, the Juvenile Screecher*," and other miscellaneous promises faithfully performed in one night for one penny.

It would be easy to moralise on the effect of this company of "stunners" and "screechers" on the idle boys and girls who form the chief patrons of these places of entertainment, and some of whom are tempted to become "stunners" and "screechers" in their turn, if nothing worse befalls them. If the annals of crime were to be analysed, how much of it might be traced to habitual attendance at a penny theatre, is a question that may be asked, but cannot be answered—except at a guess—by

A TOWN TRAVELLER.

Government Conscience Money.

MR. PUNCH has to acknowledge the receipt, from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, of £5, for A. B., being an overcharge of last year's income-tax. Also of the sums of £18 18s. 5½d., and £19 19s. 6½d., on account of P. Q. and X. Y. Z., for accumulated overcharges of the same tax. *Mr. Punch* has paid over the amount to the Indemnifier-General.

THE CHEERFUL FARMER.

An After-Dinner Song for Agricultural Clubs. To be sung to a pleasant melancholy Air, with a Pipe Accompaniment.



Good people, we will not despair of the State;
Although our expenditure's awfully great,
JOHN BULL, notwithstanding the National Debt,
Is not quite exhausted—there's meat on him yet.

Chorus.

Too, ra loora loo, ra loora loo, ra loora loo!
Too, ra loora loo, ra loora loo, ra loora loo!

'Tis true that the Farmer gets less for his wheat,
And has a hard job with the world to compete;
Yet what with his science, manœuvres, and drains,
A sort of a living he somehow obtains.

Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

The Church is in danger, we hear some folks say,
Because of a few parsons going astray,
But the bells ring on Sundays the same as before,
And weddings and christenings go on as of yore.

Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

The Crown is not shaken, as 'twas to have been,
But keeps a tight fit to the head of the QUEEN.
The Peerage seems not very fast to decline;
I think it is like to last your time and mine.

Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

Meanwhile, for the money, we've more bread and meat,
And likewise apparel, besides food to eat.
Though prices must double, the Farmer to pay,
We might be worse off than we are, I dare say.

Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

The Sun of Old England's not set, it appears,
And won't, I expect, for a good many years;
So let's have a proper adjustment of rent,
And then we will try if we can't be content.

Chorus.—Too, ra loora, &c.

THE GOLDEN BROUGHAM.

WE congratulate all those who are interested in Folk lore, on a discovery which will prove that not without reason do they hold the faith that there really are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." The *Alta California* has the following singular statement:—

"LORD BROUGHAM IN CALIFORNIA.—Our friend and late co-labourer, ROBERT WILSON, of Stockton, yesterday exhibited to us a specimen of gold, bearing the most striking likeness of the caricatures of LORD BROUGHAM. It is about two inches long, and the resemblance is most perfect."

Here is a fact which will take down that nose which Incredulity has been turning up so long at the Rosicrucian doctrines. Statuettes are not made without hands; and it is satisfactory to find the sylphs and gnomes asserting themselves. That there should have been found such an image as that described of the noble and learned lord in elfin gold, is peculiarly gratifying to *Mr. Punch*, as attesting not only the existence of a fairy world, but also the popularity of this periodical amongst its inhabitants.

CHANCERY LANE WORTHY OF ITS NAME.

SEVERAL correspondents have been beating the gongs of the press, and making a great noise, about widening the Holborn end of Chancery Lane. We admit the very great improvement that would be caused by one or two houses being removed; but still we should be sorry to witness the alteration of a single stone in such a venerable street, which is connected with some of our most venerable institutions, as Chancery Lane! The street, as it stands at present, is a brick-and-mortar illustration of the ways of Chancery. It is broad at one end, and extremely narrow at the other; very easy to get into, but how difficult to get out of! It is the perfect history of a Chancery suit. It should be allowed to stand just as it is, with all its difficulties and nuisances untouched, if it were only to serve as an emblematic corner-stone of the institution of which it bears the name;—to tell stupid people in the most practicable manner what they must expect to encounter, if they trust themselves in Chancery.

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS

It seems we have made a mistake, and we humbly beg pardon for it. Two weeks ago we said that the "Drury Lane Theatrical Fund" had subscribed £10 10s. to the proposed monument to the "Good Duke" OF CAMBRIDGE. MR. COLIN MACKENZIE has written to assure us, that it is not the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, but the *Committee* of that Fund, who has subscribed the sum in question. Upon the faith of MR. MACKENZIE's assurance, we rectify our mistake, and withdraw the comments we made upon it. Will the Committee of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund meet us in the same spirit, and rectify the mistake they have made; for is it not a mistake, we ask, to bestow money upon a monument, when living objects are in want of it? Now, it is notoriously a fact, that the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund is a struggling fund. The Theatre is closed. It has not had a complete season for several years, which prevents the fund gaining any new subscribers, whilst the claimants upon the charity remain just the same; and the chances are, that they increase every year. Thus, with a diminishing income, and increasing claims upon it, the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund is in want of every little fraction of support which those interested in its continuance can give it.

The Committee must know this, and we do hope that, upon second thoughts, they will withdraw their subscription from a monument, which does not require it, and give it to human beings who really are in want of it. Let them forego the little pleasure of seeing their names engraved upon the pedestal of a statue erected to a royal personage, and devote their money to a good act of charity, such as the "Good Duke" himself, if he were alive, could not fail to approve of. If that was all, the Committee might send it in the Duke's name. His subscription, of course, has ceased, but how pleasant it would be to hear MR. HARLEY read out, at the next meeting, amongst the list of donations, an item like the following:—

"The Statue of the Good Duke of Cambridge

£10 10s."

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF SCOTTISH JOURNALISM.

The *Edinburgh Advertiser*, the other day, in allusion to the QUEEN'S expected arrival in Edinburgh, said that—

"The arrangements for HER MAJESTY'S reception at Holyrood, on Thursday evening, are making satisfactory progress."

One would suppose that the arrangements, the progress of which was satisfactory to our Northern contemporary, consisted in the laying down of carpets, airing of rooms and beds, and such like provisions for the Sovereign's comfort. But the Caledonian journalist proceeds:—

"In addition to the other preparations, we believe it has been proposed to light a large bonfire on the summit of Arthur's Seat, which will illumine the surrounding country, and have altogether a very striking effect."

The circumstance of a fire being lighted in the royal apartment, which would warm the surrounding atmosphere, and have altogether a very pleasant effect, must of course be gratifying to the loyal subject to reflect upon. But what satisfaction can be derived from a bonfire on Arthur's Seat, considered in any conceivable relation to adult and reasonable Majesty? The *Edinburgh Advertiser* is very easily pleased. In the next statement it is difficult to say which is the more wonderful, the delight expressed, or the fact recorded:—

"We are happy to hear that the subscription set on foot to defray the expense has met with great success."

This in Edinburgh—the capital of Scotland! A subscription intended to be burnt up in a bonfire has met with great success amongst Scotchmen, and a Scotch newspaper rejoices at the waste of capital. Perhaps the subscribers fried their watches in their bonfire.

Furthermore, says the *Advertiser* of Auld Reekie:—

"It is also proposed, we believe, to illuminate St. Anthony's Chapel, and other parts of Salisbury Craig, with the 'Drummond Light,' and other pyrotechnic displays are spoken of for the occasion."

Really this is the Scottish prodigal burning his candle at both ends.

So much for the joy of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*—now for the sorrow:—

"We regret, however, to understand that the authorities have been obliged to give up part of their design with the variegated lamps."

Regret—authorities—their design with the variegated lamps! What is all this about? Scotland or China—baillies or mandarins—the *Edinburgh Advertiser* or the *Pekin Ko-too*?

The grief and gladness expressed in the foregoing extracts may possibly be accounted for by the supposition of a tender solicitude on the part of the writer for the diversion of the younger branches of the Royal Family. According to Phrenology—is it not so, MR. COMBE?—this would imply excessive philoprogenitiveness and prodigious veneration, with a development of the organs of the intellect—about which the less said the better.

LAYING THE DUST.



LADIES can, we know, sometimes go to very great lengths in dress; but the gown has lately got to such a pitch, and so much latitude is taken in the way of longitude, that there is no knowing where it will end. We have found, occasionally, very great inconvenience in our walks, by following, as excursionists, such a train as that which female fashion seems to entail on all its votaries. It says as little for the ankles as it does for the understandings of the fair sex of the present day, that they are compelled to hide their bad feet by at least one yard of superfluous drapery. In addition to the untidy and unsightly character of the proceeding, the dust raised is so great a nuisance, that every lady appearing in the costume of the period ought to be compelled to have a page in attendance, with a watering-pot, wherever she goes.

TWO EXHIBITIONS IN ONE AND IN 1851.



We find from the papers that the authorities, fearing there will not be sufficient life and bustle in Hyde Park at the Exhibition of 1851, have made arrangements for permitting the cattle shows of the Agricultural Society of England to be held in the same place, at the same period. That the crowds, visiting the objects of industry on one side of the Park, may not be tempted to get away on the other, the north-western angle is to be devoted to the collection of mountainous beeves, monster mutton, and pork in the last stage of pinguidity. The public will, in fact, be placed in a sort of *cul-de-sac* by this arrangement, and the Park, necessarily invaded on one side for the industry of all nations, will be unnecessarily invaded on the other side for the fat of all England to stand simmering in the summer sun, and effect a blockade of the public pleasure-ground on the side of Bayswater. The introduction of a cattle show into the already curtailed space of Hyde Park, is what may be justly termed "going the entire animal." It may, perhaps, be thought a piece of fanciful hospitality towards the foreigners who will visit the Exhibition of 1851, to introduce them at once to the fat of the land, though it will be, after all, but a Barmecide feast, for they will only be enabled to carry away as much of it as "they can put in their eye, and see none the worse for." The site selected for the exhibition of monsters, to be seen, as the showmen say, "Alive! Alive!" is appropriately enough called the "Battery," for assault and battery will, no doubt, frequently mark the scene, where crowd will necessarily meet

crowd, and the tug, if not of war, of coat tails, pocket-handkerchiefs, and purses, will be of daily and hourly occurrence. As to the poor old Parks, they seem to be marked out, not only for the devastating pickaxe and ruthless spade, but—severest dig of all—for the hoof of the fat-bound, suet-struck cattle. Can we wonder that the lungs of London should be inflamed at being thus trampled upon? Alas, we must soon expect to see our Parks deprived of every turf for the innocent lark, or playful gambol, and the green sward without a single blade to fight its own battles.

The Summit of his Ambition.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is busy practising in climbing a *Mât de Cocagne*. The hoop on the summit is festooned with legs and shoulders of ham and large joints of cold veal, and embellished with a beautiful garland of bottles of Champagne. The whole is surmounted with a glittering prize of the Imperial Diadem. LOUIS NAPOLEON practises several hours a day in climbing this greasy pole, which is stationed for his especial study in one of the inner Courts of the Elysée, but he begins to find "how hard it is to climb," and that he makes but little way with all his violent attempts at progress. He still clings to the slippery hope, however, of being able, by the time the next Election for President comes on, to get to the top of the Pole!

Strange, but True.

We have been told—for really our ignorance of DEBRET's *Peerage* almost amounts to an insult to the House of Lords—that the English title of the DUKE OF ATHOLL is "LORD STRANGE." This is, to say the least, very strange; but, at all events, no one can call the liberal-minded Duke—considering the habit he has of blocking up public thoroughfares, and closing everything—"LORD Passing STRANGE."

A REGULAR CRAMMER.

A RECENT advertisement in the *Times* commenced as follows:—

"A LADY of the highest qualifications is desirous of a bed-room and dinner."

We presume the "highest qualifications" must be construed as applying to the "dinner," and we may infer therefore that the "lady" is blest with an awful appetite. Taking this into consideration, we suspect that the advertiser will meet with very few who would not prefer her room—that is to say, the bed-room she is in want of—to her company. One might as well admit a young wolf into one's family as a lady "desirous of a dinner," and possessing the "highest qualifications," with regard to it. When poor little CUFFEY, the Chartist captive, was asked how he liked the prison fare, he candidly declared his ability to "dispose of more;" but the avowal of the advertising lady is still more to the point, and if we let lodgings, we should differ from *Othello* in thinking it a hardship to be able to "call such delicate creatures ours, but not their appetites."

Shall England Swallow the Leek?

AN attempt is being made to get up a sort of political excitement in Wales, in favour of the Welsh language; and ALF SOMEBODY, whose name begins with half-a-dozen gutturals, supported in the centre by three or four W's, and ending with a rush of labials, wants to know, in reference to the adoption of plain English in Wales, "whether the Welsh tongue is to be torn out by the roots." We have no wish for such an act of violence; but, all we have to say is, that the Welsh tongue does not at all suit the English palate.



ST. JAMES TURNING ST. GILES OUT OF HIS PARKS.

Dedicated to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests

THE BRITISH FOUNTAIN-BUILDER TO THE WOODS
AND FORESTS.

OME will level you a mountain,
Some will drain you dry a sea,
But I'll build you *such* a fountain,
If you'll trust the job to me!
I'll amaze the little fishes,
All of silver and of gold,
With a thing that plates and dishes
Shall appear designed to hold.

From its apex, this dumb-waiter
Shall a jet of water spurt
Of a volume rather greater
Than the streamlet from a squirt:

Or, as if in piteous trouble,
Shed the slow and silent tear;
Or perhaps as briskly bubble
As a glass of ginger-beer.

I have only one petition,
That my model and design
In the monster Exposition
May appear next year as mine;
That the traveller over mountain,
And the pilgrim over sea,
May admire the British Fountain,
As devised, devised by me.

"VERY SORRY, BUT WE HAVE NO ROOM."

WE do not know whether any patents have been taken out in England for balloons, but in France all the *savans* are busy constructing and improving that fugitive department of science. It strikes us that there must be some higher motive for this industry than merely navigating the air, and we at once jump to the conclusion that this sudden activity amongst our flighty neighbours must be owing to a desire to send over a prize balloon to the Great Exhibition of 1851. Depend upon it, this is the intention of MESSRS. ARAGO and BIXIO, and the only question is, whether arrangements have been made to do ample justice to their idea. Have any demands been made for sufficient space to accommodate bulky articles of the size of a balloon? and again, what corner of the Exhibition has been put aside for their reception?

We have our misgivings about the policy of admitting them at all, for supposing a balloon was to break loose from its bearings, only consider the havoc it would produce amongst the glass and crockery before it could be caught again! It would be infinitely worse than a bull in a china shop. Then there is a great doubt whether the runaway balloon would be caught at all. Is it not more probable that, after taking a large sweep of the interior, it might take a fancy to see what the exterior was like, and, rising with the thought, poke its head through the glass roof, and admiring the airy prospect of the Park, drag its heavy body through the big hole it had made, and disappear from sight altogether. Such a freak is not in the least improbable, and we hope the Committee, if they have resolved upon admitting balloons, will not allow themselves to be carried away with the largeness of the notion, but consider a few of the inconveniences such an awkward admission is likely to bring down upon their, as well as other people's, heads. We have seen the plan of one of M. BIXIO's new inventions, and it is a large bunch of balloons tied together, like a stick of cherries. We are sure that with one or two little articles like that, the Exhibition will have room for nothing else, and if all the balloons should happen to combine and rise together, the building can never stand against the outbreak, and must infallibly be carried up to the clouds, which would be a pretty break up for the "Congress of the World." We would recommend, if a balloon knocks at the Exhibition for admission, that the door-keeper be instructed to say, as a fashionable hotel-keeper says in the busy season, when he does not like the appearance of his customer, "Very sorry, Sir, but we are quite full; we cannot take you in, you had better try somewhere else!"

At all events, if balloons are indispensably necessary for the advancement of science, let there be a separate building, of cast-iron, for their reception, and let it have a practicable roof, so that the young charges may be taken out occasionally for an airing, and have a little exercise in their "native element." It will be a curious sight to see a covey of balloons all springing into the air at the same time. But if all the balloons now hatching in Paris and London only take wing next year, we should recommend the householders of our smoky metropolis to look to their roofs. The mortality amongst the chimney-pots will be something dreadful!

ASSURANCE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

WE believe it is generally known—for the comfortable intelligence is placarded at nearly every terminus and station—that a passenger losing life or limb on a Railway can, if he goes on his journey with the agreeable sensation that life and limb are in jeopardy, effect an assurance before starting that will give him pecuniary damages for any personal damage that may be done to him. There is, in fact, a Railway Accident Assurance Company, which publishes, from time to time, a list of its bonuses on broken bones, and tries to tempt the public, by showing how "a gentleman shaken was awarded six pounds"—no great shakes, by the by—in the way of compensation; and how another gentleman, who received his mother-in-law unexpectedly and forcibly on the point of his nose, was adjudged one pound for the disagreeable proximity. Now, there is scarcely a married man who would consent to receive a mother-in-law so completely *chez lui* on these moderate terms; and one pound seems a very poor equivalent for rendering still closer a somewhat disagreeable close relationship. A wife's mother is not always the most desirable person to be brought literally face to face with by a railway collision, for there are in most families enough of domestic collisions to render this sort of contact quite superfluous.

We rather think that the scale of allowances for railway casualties require regulation, though we admit the difficulty of finding any fixed principle to go upon. The Railway Accident Assurance Company will undertake to pay as much as £2,000 for the loss of a life, and will give a "proportionate compensation" for any other injury; but we do not see how the price of the life will enable us to get at the value of a leg, an arm, or any other portion of the body.

We cannot manage the matter by a rule of three sum; for if we state the question thus—If a life costs £2,000, what will a leg come to? we find ourselves in the old red-herring and sack of coals fix, which leads us to nothing satisfactory. Besides, legs vary in value according to circumstances; and the loss of a leg to a "fast" man, would perhaps deprive him of something more valuable to him than even his head; while the loss of a nose to a person always poking into his neighbour's affairs would deserve much less compensation than the loss of a proboscis confined to its legitimate purposes. There is one thing, however, that it would be utterly impossible to estimate by any rule, mathematical, philosophical, or otherwise—we allude to a woman's tongue, which, if it should happen to be lost in a railway accident, might be a calamity utterly irreparable to the owner, but a real blessing to all her friends and neighbours.

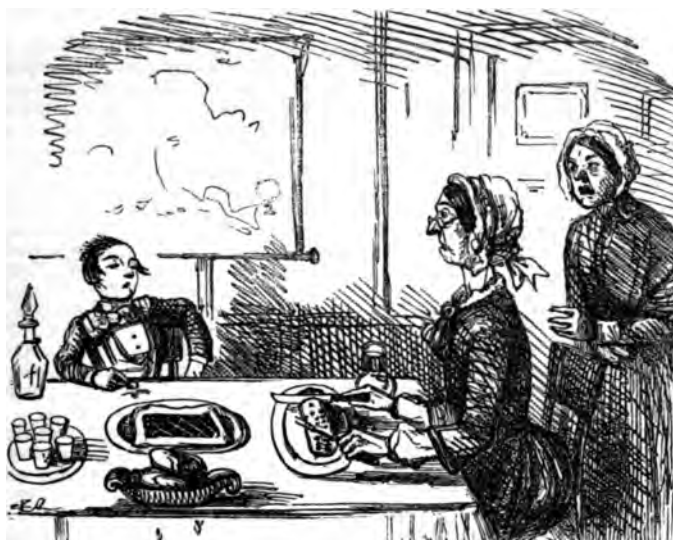
"BIRNAM WOOD REMOVES TO DUNSINANE."

WE have seen an article in the *Morning Post*, headed "Visit of the Admiralty to the Britannia Bridge." This, we presume, is only a prelude to a regular exchange of cards and calls between the public edifices of this country, and that their movements will be chronicled with the same exactitude that the actions of Royal personages are noted down. We expect soon to see announced in the columns of our contemporary, that "the Mansion House transacted business with the Colonial Office yesterday," or that "Stafford House gave a grand entertainment in honour of the first appearance of Bridgewater House," and that Buckingham Palace had "condescended to be a partaker of the festivities, St. Clement Danes, Guy's Hospital, Temple Bar, Milbank Penitentiary, Westminster Abbey, Horse Guards, Reform Club, Waterloo Bridge, the Thames Tunnel, Devonshire House, and the Bank being present to meet the illustrious guest; the Royal Exchange, St. Paul's, and other noble edifices, having been unable to accept the noble host's invitations to celebrate the occasion."

Who knows how far these erratic propensities may be carried. Foreign structures, perhaps, will be on the move. The Invalides, for health's sake, will be paying a visit to the Cathedral at Milan, and the Campanile at Venice; and the Tuileries will be taking advantage of Mr. CRISP and cheap excursion trains to run over to London for a week; King Leopold's Palace of Lacken, or, as it should be called, Larkin', will come to this country, to have a spree with the Duke of York's Column; and the monument in the *Place Vendôme* will stay with Apsley House, to have a good view of the Exhibition of 1851. Nay, a paragraph may appear to the following effect:—"The Taj of Agra has arrived at Southampton, on a visit to Windsor Castle, Holyrood, and the principal seats of the Empire. The Taj is accompanied by the Mosque of Omar and other distinguished foreigners, and is attended by the Leaning Tower of Pisa, in the capacity of interpreter."

Let us hope that humbler buildings will have the same privilege; and that it may be a common thing, too usual to be publicly noticed, that the gables of England will give place for schools, and its work-houses make intimate acquaintance with bakers' shops.

"PRAY, AFTER YOU," as the Glass of Water said to the Rill.



Old Lady. "Now, ARTHUR, WHICH WILL YOU HAVE! SOME OF THIS NICE PUDDING, OR SOME JAM TART!"

Juvenile. "NO PASTRY, THANK-YE, AUNT. IT SPOILS ONE'S WINE SO. I DON'T MIND A DEVILLED BISCUIT, THO', BY AND BY, WITH MY CLARET."

(Old Lady turns all manner of colours.)

MELANCHOLY MUSINGS.

(Being Mr. Punch's Subscription to the proposed new Irish Colleges.)

IF Education were beef, and Paddy were invited to partake of a bellyful alongside of JACK, his neighbour, would he not be very thankful to FATHER M'HALE who should come and say to him, "Get out of that, Paddy, my son; that beef is cursed Protestant beef, and will be the death of you if you touch it. Give me half-a-crown, and try this good wholesome potato?"

The Thurles prelates are warning Paddy off from the Government provisions in this way, and inviting him to pay for, and feed upon, some potatoes which are not only not grown yet, but for which FATHER MAC has neither bought the seed nor got the land.

Having cursed the Irish Catholic gentry and middle classes out of the Colleges, their Right Reverences should curse the poor children out of the National Schools and send them back to the old seminaries under the hedges.

The best place for the new Irish University would be the centre of Connemara, where nobody lives, and, by consequence, no Protestants are to be found.

The Irish University is called Catholic, because Catholic means universal, and the universal university is to be founded on strictly exclusive principles.

In fact, if it were Oxford and Cambridge itself, it could not be more intolerant: and if the Bishops of Thurles were so many orthodox British Bigwigs they could not act more logically, nor would they, very likely, speak differently.

The outcry about the Godless Colleges is only an imitation of the cry raised against the London University College (when founded by the late MR. BROUGHAM and others), which was accused of teaching atheistical surgery, heretical chemistry, latitudinarian Latin and Greek, and was gracefully denominated Stinkomalee.

The Catholic Bishops have as good a right to make their students conform, as we have to make our young men swear to the Thirty-nine Articles. If a Unitarian refuses to recite the Athanasian creed, or a Quaker to wear a surplice, nobody forces them. They must go and learn elsewhere than at Cambridge and Oxford. If a Catholic cannot take a degree at either of those schools, why should he not have a University for himself?

That wicked *Times* newspaper proposes that the Irish Catholics should have "Halls" adjacent to the present existing Colleges, and march to lecture under command of a spiritual sergeant, as soldiers march to church. But what, on the other hand, would they say at Eton at the idea of a Roman Catholic boarding-house? Would not her hundreds of little Protestants be hurried away? I should like to know if the Dean of Christchurch or the Master of Trinity would receive a squad of Roman Catholic gentlemen, or a body of Unitarians or Baptists into their tutors' lecture-rooms?—and would welcome FATHER NEWMAN or MR. PALEY walking in at the head of their young men?

That sauce, which by cooks is considered suitable to the gander, is likewise deemed applicable to the female bird;—don't let us cry out against Popish bigotry, when we have among ourselves such a comfortable Established intolerance.

Talk about toleration! How *can* honest people be tolerant? How can DOCTOR PHILPOTTS be tolerant of GORHAM? or FATHER IGNATIUS of DOCTOR PHILPOTTS? Each holds opinions which, according to his view, must send the other to the deuce: each teacher must bring up his young men in his own manner. Why, there are hundreds of honest English clergymen now, who will not accept a penny from the Government for their schools, because Government desires to educate Catholics, Protestants, Dissenters, alike. These reverend gentlemen are not a whit more or less honest or intolerant than the pontiffs at Thurles; and are we, forsooth, to cry out against the latter only?

It is a maxim (we have their own word for it) that all education ought to be under the control of the priests.

Therefore, as they are always comminating each other (from the purest motives of course), and GORHAM differs dreadfully from PHILPOTTS: and PHILPOTTS differs fatally from FATHER BARRELEGS: and the REVEREND OBADIAH differs from all three: and as each has the clear right of educating his people, it is clear that there should be a university for each sect.

So what a nice country ours will be to live in, if the people will but be obedient, and let the clergy have their way! How we will hate each other! How we will avoid each other! How, each side putting implicit trust in its black-coated general, we will fight, and abuse, and oppress each other!

And what will become of poor *Punch* then? They will take down his booth, and gag him, and shut the poor old miscreant up in his box. But the world has not come to that yet, though their Reverences are trying their best.

How to Rise in France.

THE way to rise in France is to take your stand, early in life, on an inkstand. The shortest cut to the Chamber is through an editor's room. To become a leader, you must have been in the habit of tossing off one every day, in some newspaper or other. The best plan of gaining a portfolio is to prove you are possessed of a pen; and the portfolio once gained, it depends upon the power of your pen how long you can keep it. Every Frenchman, as soon as he has learnt to write, carries a portfolio in his head.

OFFICIAL LOVE OF MISCHIEF.

WE all know that the Ornamental Water in St. James's Park is not useful for much, but if the Woods and Forests are allowed to play all sorts of tricks with it, the water in question will soon be neither useful nor ornamental.

Fit President for such a Society.

THE Mansfield Poachers have been subjected to so many fines, that they have instituted a Protection Society amongst themselves. We recommend that stanch Protectionist and Poacher, who has lately distinguished himself by fishing in troubled waters in the river Eamont, to be their Standing Counsel and Chairman. For further information, we refer them to LORD BROUGHAM.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

A COURT is generally a *cul-de-sac*. This is why we call Chancery a Court; because when a person once gets into the Court of Chancery, he never can find his way out of it.

Loud Cries of "Name."

THE French Government seems to be sadly bothered since the signing of articles has been made a *sine qua non* with the writers for the French newspapers. Some journalists try to evade the responsibility, by putting asterisks, or drawing a line between the separate paragraphs of an article; but the law advisers of the Government, when appealed to on the subject, are quite unable to say where the line ought to be drawn.

THE LEADING FRENCH ACTOR.

A MAN ought to be a good actor to govern the French; and some say that LOUIS NAPOLEON plays his part, as President of that melodramatic people, pretty well. But, in his acting towards the Press, he is a vast deal too liberal with his "gag."

THE FISHMONGER-POET.



ATELY, the fishmonger-poet, TAYLOR, who used to hang out his harp and his live sole at Lombard Street, has removed to Brighton, for the purpose, probably, of getting his fish more direct from the sea, and his inspiration more immediately from Nature. He is in more close contact than before with the Muses, as well as the mackarel; for the former love the shore, as the latter luxuriate in the deep, on the margin of which the fishmonger-poet has located himself. It is to be regretted that the productions of this great piscatorial, as well as poetical mind, should be confined to MS., and that we have no TAYLORIAN Collection, particularly now that the crowded haunt of Lombard Street has been exchanged for the breezy coast of Brighton, where the buds of poesy will become full blown by the invigorating wind, which does more for a poet than the utmost possible amount of artificial puffing. The little incident of LORD BROUGHAM and the fish-pond has been turned to account by the fishmonger-poet, who lately sang as follows:—

By Scotia's river, deep and slow,
His Lordship walked by night,
Waiting the treacherous hook to throw,
At which the fish should bite.

But sure his Lordship might have found
Some better fish to fry:
At TAYLOR's, Brighton, they abound,
Come—all the world—and buy!

The salmon, leaping up with glee,
Caught in its joyous bound,
At TAYLOR's, now, may purchased be,
For fourteen-pence a pound.

The solemn turbot, on its way,
By cunning net-work caught,
At TAYLOR's fish-shop, Brighton, may
Be reasonably bought.

ALARMING BALLOON ACCIDENT.

(From our own Paris Correspondent.)

It will be recollected by our readers, that a fortnight ago M. POITEVIN made a balloon ascent in Paris on a live ostrich. We should not repeat this stupid incident, only it was connected with an alarming accident, which proves more than anything else the danger and folly of ballooning.

Five minutes after the ascent, a MADAME EPINARD, the wife of one of the principal bankers of Paris, was seen coming out of the *Prince de Népaule*, one of the first establishments for bonnets and cachemires. She had on her head and shoulders, at that very moment, a handsome new bonnet, and a magnificent new cachemire, which she had been purchasing for 50,000 francs, the fruits of a happy speculation made by her husband on the Bourse, and presented by him to his dear wife as a birth-day offering.

She had not proceeded five steps towards the milk-white columns of the Madeleine, when she felt a heavy blow on the back of her head, which completely took away her senses, and sent her bonnet flying under the wheels of a passing citadine. The blow was so strong, that the lady had only sufficient time to run into a pastrycook's, and sit down in a chair, before she fainted. In that helpless state she remained full ten minutes. When she was sufficiently recovered to look at herself in the glass, she was so disfigured that she could not have been recognised by her bitterest enemy. Her new shawl was completely spoiled; her dress was ruined beyond the friendly redemption of either cleaner or dyer; her parasol was a melancholy ruin, whilst it was found necessary to sacrifice her gloves, for which at least thirty-two sous must have been given, as it was utterly impossible to bathe her hands as long as she had them on. Surgical assistance was sent for, and the suffering lady removed at last, after several hours of hysterical fits, pronounced perfectly genuine by all who witnessed them, to her splendid hotel in the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

Public surmise is at a loss to conjecture the origin of this terrible accident. It was supposed, at first, that some malicious hand had been at work—but, no such thing! It was the result of the most capricious chance. The police immediately proceeded to the spot, and soon collected evidence which justified them in instantly apprehending MONSIEUR POITEVIN and his ostrich. This difficult feat was accom-

plished the following day—when the intrepid aeronaut and his daring bird had to pass a most uncomfortable night in prison, some fifteen *lieux* from Paris. The criminals were locked up in separate cells, so that they might not be able to communicate together.

They have since been examined, and the origin of the accident has been fully explained. At the time that the lady received the blow on the back of her head, M. POITEVIN was passing over that very portion of the Boulevards. He looked down, and noticed a large white substance, not unlike an immense ball, falling to the earth. It fell on a lady's bonnet, but he could notice nothing further, for the balloon shot into the air immediately afterwards with such wonderful rapidity, that it required all his attention to attend to it.

This story agrees with the version of the police. They examined the ground, and picked up innumerable little pieces of broken shell, with which the pavement was strewn. These were produced in Court, and they left no doubt upon the judge's mind that the accident had been caused by AN OSTRICH'S Egg! It was a mercy that this modern instance of ostracism had not resulted in death!

M. POITEVIN was condemned in a new bonnet, cachemire, and parasol, of an equal value to those so pitifully destroyed, and in 10,000 francs for damages done to the lady's nerves. His ostrich was likewise bound over to keep the peace for two years. This will put a stop for the present to any more *Campagnes d'Autruche*.

PUNCH'S RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

WE have received the following from our Railway Traveller, for whom we were about to issue an advertisement offering several thousand pounds—the amount we happened to have loose in our till—for his discovery.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Sir,—You will have been surprised at not hearing from me, but the fact is, I have been occupied ever since I last wrote in trying to discover the difference between the second and third-class carriages—the great discrepancy in the fares raising the presumption that the former are some eighty to a hundred per cent superior to the latter.

"The uninitiated might imagine that the superiority belongs to the class for which the highest price is paid, but I am bound to say that facts lead one to a contrary conclusion. I find, Sir, that in each class of carriages there is a hard plank to sit upon; but in the second the passengers sit so completely face to face, and have so little space for their legs, that, unable to stretch out their contracted knees, they suffer what may be termed the *knee plus ultra* of uneasiness. We hear a great deal about Railway Extension, but the piece of Railway Extension that ought to be first carried out, is an extension of the space allotted to the legs of the second-class passengers.

"As far as ventilation is concerned, the third-class is much better off than the second, for the very small compartment in which the *habitués* of the latter are boxed up, subjects them to suffocation if the windows are closed, and to the operation of having their throats cut by the sharpness of the wind if the windows are open. In the third-class the space is at least sufficient to admit of something like an adaptation of the admission of air to the convenience of the travellers.

"It being quite clear that in point of comfort and convenience the third-class is superior to the second, there remains the question why any one is found to pay just double for a decidedly inferior article. Perhaps, Sir, it may be that the company is more select; but now that the Railways have taken to the practice of shuffling their passengers all together like a pack of cards, by stuffing third-class passengers into first-class carriages, the distinction may be considered to be at an end; and there is positively nothing to be gained, even in the 'look of the thing,' for which some persons are fools enough to pay exorbitantly, by going in a second in preference to a third-class on a railway. There used to be a sort of advantage in the semi-civility of the tone in which the collector asked for the tickets of the second-class; but since the railway officials have been curtailed in number, and cut down in salary, they have sunk into a state of sullen barbarism towards all classes, which vents itself in one gruff monosyllabic growl of 'Tickets,' addressed indiscriminately to all the passengers.

"My advice, Sir, is, that, until the directors make a decided difference in the quality of the accommodation, the public refuse to pay the double price, but make a practice of avoiding the inferior second-class and going by the superior third-class carriages. I have no fear that the directors will use my hint in order to make the third worse than the second, for that is happily impossible.

"YOUR RAILWAY TRAVELLER."

Court Cards.

It is sometimes questioned whether the Ministers know sufficiently well how to play their cards. The "improvements" in the Parks, however, must convince any unprejudiced mind that the Woods and Forests, at any rate, are uncommonly good hands at *Cribbage*.



Old Gent. "CONFOUND THE BOYS AND THEIR TOPS! WHERE ARE THE POLICE!"

THE COUNTRY IN ALARM.

As every newspaper teems with letters and advertisements calling the public attention to the unprotected state of houses in the country; to the audacity of burglars; and the means of protection against them; such as gongs, bells, locks, patent albata plate, fire-arms, and other signals and weapons; we have ventured to print the copy of a letter which has been despatched to his amiable lady by a most respectable country gentleman now in town; and which contains an account of precautions, which, if followed at the present alarming crisis, will keep any family in the country secure from depredators and burglars:—

"MY DEAR BESSY,—A parcel will be sent per railway, and left at the Funkington Station, for which you will please to send, not any of our own people (for I do not wish anybody to leave our premises unnecessarily), but either one of BULL's the farmer's men or CLINKER's the smith's, with our cart and horse, as the parcel is heavy.

"Do not let candles come unnecessarily near it, as the package contains combustible materials which might blow the cart up. You had best open the parcel in a dry cool place, alone; and put the packages marked fireworks into one of the bins in the granary, keeping the key and the secret, and serving out the articles when necessary. If TOM gets hold of them, his infantine spirits might lead him into mischief, and we should have him setting fire to his sister's frock and blowing his own head off.

"The parcel marked A. is the Patent Exploding Detector, and Bow Street Fulminator, one of which you will please to hang upon every window of the house. The pyrotechnist informs me that it makes a noise equal to a twenty-four pounder, that each fulminator goes off six times, and discharges death-balls, which will dangerously wound the robbers if they are hit.

"B. contains the Domestic Rocket and Country Beacon. When the fires are carefully raked up of a night, you will put one of these up each chimney, and from our bed to the fire-place communicating with the beacon, you will put one of the C. slow matches, so that at an alarm, by putting your hand out of bed, you may light the match, which will light the rocket, which will send up blue lights and fire-balls, to point out the way the rascals take if they attack us, and to be seen all over the country.

"D. are canisters of gunpowder, which also, my dear, you will of course prevent TOMMY from getting at. E. are bullets.

"The revolver, with two cutlasses, in the parcel F., you will hang up in our bed. I think, my love, that you might as well take a few lessons in the first principles of the sword exercise from SERGEANT HOLSTER. A little dirk and pistol, for mere show, are for TOM's room. Of course it will not be loaded, as the little rascal might make mischief.

"You will put the blunderbuss with the spring bayonet in ROGERS's bed-room, and let the maids have a couple of stout cutlasses and a pistol between them. There is no need of fire-arms anywhere except in the bed-rooms: having them in the lower rooms is just a premium to

the thieves, who would be nearer to them than we. And it will be as well, during the day, that the men and the maid servants should wear a serviceable dagger, and that you have one yourself at your side.

"I have written to CHIPPINGS to take down the stair-case, and to construct a moveable ladder, easily turned with a winch, and drawn up or let down at will. When the family have retired, this will be drawn up every night.

"Always have lights burning in the hall and the pantry window. They are barred, and the fulminators will preserve them.

"As it is dangerous to have plate, I shall send all ours to the banker's, and have bought everything in German silver. Money, beyond a purse to satisfy victorious rapacity, I need not say you will never have in the house.

"In box G., you will find three Chinese gongs and beaters, one for the maids' room, one for ours (it may hang in the bed between the cutlasses), and one for TOM's, who will like to play on it. The advertisement says that these can be heard for five miles round, and whenever you wake, I would recommend my dearest BESSY just to give a blow or two, to show any scoundrels who may happen to be in the neighbourhood that we are on the alert.

"The other parcel contains locks, bolts, and chains, the arrangement of which CLINKER will look to. I intend to replace the Haha by a wall and spikes; and you will tell ROGERS that I expect the ditch to be complete by next week.

"I have purchased two bull-dogs at Bayswater, very savage, and either of which is big enough to pin a man; and I have engaged a stout fellow to take care of the dogs, which nobody can approach, but him; and to sit up armed, with beer, and make his rounds all night. He and his interesting charges will sleep during the days. Do not let dearest TOM get near the dogs. Kiss him for his fond father, and believe me ever, my dearest BESSY,

"Affectionate Husband,

"Old Hummums, Tuesday.

"H. MUFF."

THE BROUGHAM ARMS.



AMONG the various uses of heraldic honours is one that rather concerns the public than the possessor. The 'scutcheon of many a nobleman is the sign of a tavern. We hope, therefore, that a noble and learned Lord will not be affronted if we propose "The BROUGHAM ARMS" as the style, title, and visible indication of a place of entertainment for man and horse. As the artist who shall have to execute the required painting may want some directions for his purpose, we subjoin them. The reader will perhaps be inclined to believe that the estimation in which heralds were formerly held, was owing to their possession of a prophetic faculty. Thus, according to LYSON's "Magna Britannia," runs the description of the arms and crest of the BROUGHAM family:—

"ARMS—Gules, a chevron argent, between three fishes (lucres) hauriant, proper.

"CREST—A sinister arm embowed, in armour, issuing out of a wreath, holding a fish."

THOMAS MOULE's "Heraldry of Fish" contains a cut of the BROUGHAM Arms,

representing them, together with the crest, enclosed in the mystical vesica piscis; thus it is evident that the BROUGHAM shield is ichthyologous within and without—fish all over.

It is needless to dilate on the relation between these armorial bearings and a recent transaction in the river Eamont. We cannot, however, refrain from noticing the particularly curious coincidence that the arm represented as grasping the fish is the sinister one. Could any thing be more appropriate to the irregular sportsman—the WALTON of the wire?

We must also call attention to the singular circumstance that the fishes of the ARMS of BROUGHAM are *lucres*. A luce is a full-grown pike; a pike is the well-known emblem of a pettifogging lawyer, a creature among whose tribe, we are bound to say, our great law reformer has been at least as destructive as he has to trout.

Yes; there must needs be established an hostelry to be called "The BROUGHAM ARMS." It must be situated not far from a pleasant meadow intersected with babbling rills, well stocked, and having plenty of weeds in them: and it shall for ever be noted as "The House of Call for Poachers."

CONUNDRUM FOR FARMERS.

WHICH of the taxes is a perfect robbery?

The hop-duty; because it is a downright picking of pockets.

BROUGHAM HIMSELF AGAIN.



The Sea Serpent Crossing the Atlantic, as seen from the Yacht "Toby."—Capt. Punch.

LORD BROUGHAM, as everybody knows from his lordship's own announcement of the fact, is about to proceed next April to America. The illustrious peer is no doubt actuated in some degree by a feeling of consideration towards the Great Exhibition of 1851, and withdraws from all competition, saying to himself, "There will not be room for both of us."

Perhaps he contemplates appearing in a new character, and goes to America with the intention of reconciling all the political self-variations which he has exhibited through life, and becoming a really United Statesman at last. It is quite impossible that such a phenomenon can cross the Atlantic without causing an unusual commotion, and exciting quite as much attention as the sea-serpent, whom, by the way, his lordship goes very opportunely to succeed.

We may expect to receive accounts of the appearance of a most extraordinary animal at sea, in the course of next year; and though we should be sorry, by anticipating the penny-a-liner to take the bread out

of his mouth, or the paragraph out of his inkstand, we may expect something like the following to be going the round of the papers in the course of next summer.

"THE SEA-SERPENT ONCE AGAIN.

"One of the oddest fish that ever was encountered, has lately made its appearance in the Atlantic; and though in some respects resembling an inhabitant of the land, the odd fish in question, shows such a wondrous power of self-adaptation to all circumstances, that it would be impossible for it to seem anywhere out of its element. An inspection of its coat proved it to combine all the various colours of the dolphin, and though it showed a decided affinity to the Great Seal, still on closer examination, the observer could not help exclaiming, 'Very like a whale,' when the idea of the Great Seal suggested itself."

Such is the kind of article that may be looked for under the head of Naval Intelligence when LORD BROUGHAM is fairly off for America.

MR. PUNCH TO PIO NONO.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HOLINESS,

I am sure I have always behaved as a friend in my humble way to your HOLINESS, and also to your HOLINESS's flock in this country, although your HOLINESS has never sent me any sugar-plums. I am still willing to do both yourself and them any reasonable service in my power, and that is why I take the present liberty of addressing your HOLINESS.

Will your HOLINESS please to tell me what I am to say next session to SIR ROBERT INGLIS, and MR. PLUMPTRE, and MR. SPOONER, now that you have created an ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, particularly if you sanction the decree of the Thurles Synod against the QUEEN's Colleges?

Of course, SPOONER, and PLUMPTRE, and INGLIS will argue that if you erect Archbishoprics in the QUEEN's dominions there is no knowing to what extent you may choose to carry your interference in HER MAJESTY's affairs; and that perhaps we shall have you absolving her subjects from their oath of allegiance next. And I really don't see how I am to answer them, unless your HOLINESS will inform me. You see, the behaviour of your Piedmont prelates in setting themselves above the laws, gives a very unfortunate plausibility to the arguments of those gentlemen.

Enactments, I believe, still exist in the statute-book rendering some of your clergy *ex officio* liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Abortive attempts have been made, from time to time, for their repeal; but, through the pious care of INGLIS and others, those curiosities of legislation have been preserved. When CHISHOLM ANSTAY asks for their abolition, next year, he will be told, that it is necessary that such laws should be retained *in terrorem*. I used to pooh pooh this ratiocination; but now, unless your HOLINESS will instruct me to refute it, I shall be as completely posed as CHISHOLM will. Both our mouths will be stopped with the Archbishopric of Westminster.

Then, if you confirm the condemnation of the QUEEN's Colleges, how am I to defend the Maynooth Grant against MESSRS. SPOONER

and PLUMPTRE? By what logic shall I attempt to persuade the House of Commons that it is reasonable and right to vote the nation's money for the purpose of training up priests to defeat the ends of good government? And with what possible face can I continue to advocate the admission of Roman Catholics to take degrees at Oxford or Cambridge?

Here—though, of course, your HOLINESS understands your own business best—I venture to ask whether it will be quite politic of you to condemn the QUEEN's Colleges, which are merely neutral institutions, whereas, you have all along allowed Roman Catholic youth to go to the positively Protestant University of Dublin? I always thought that Roman Catholicity never contradicted itself. Will your HOLINESS give a handle to the heretics?

Whether Fathers ever differed from Fathers, and Councils from Councils, is a moot point of history. But there can be no mistake about contemporary inconsistency; and, if this can be detected in your HOLINESS's system, it will be all up with it, your HOLINESS, as sure as my name is *Punch* and yours is *MASTAI FERRETTI*.

Your HOLINESS, I imagine I know what sort of influence your Thurles Bishops desire to exert on education. They want to make things pleasant to orthodox taste—to cook the accounts of science and philosophy, an't please your HOLINESS. The sun comes out of this culinary—or CULLENARY—process about two yards in diameter, I think. If this is so, and Truth is the food of the mind, what reply shall I make to those who, applying to stewed principles and hashed facts, a well-known proverb, remark, that Heaven sends good meat, but a personage from the antipodes to Heaven—saving your HOLINESS's reverence—sends cooks? Pray, your HOLINESS, advise your HOLINESS's sincere well-wisher,

PUNCH.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A MOST extraordinary instance of mistaken identity recently occurred in Scotland. A Cambridge student, travelling through Glen Tilt, accosted the Duke of That Ilk as a gentleman.



A RETIRED NEIGHBOURHOOD.

MRS. BROWN writing to Miss SMITH.

"THE drawing-room from which I write to you has the most charming views over the most delicious country, seen through the most delightful French windows, which open on the most lovely lawn, where TOTTIE and LOTTIE play all day. CHARLES has gone out shooting, or he would send you his love. As I write to you, I—"

Enter TRAMP.

"I beg your pardon, my good Marm. Could you be so obleegin' as to tell me what o'clock it is by your watch?"

"GOOD" ROYAL DOMESTICS.

WE learn that HER MAJESTY, in consideration of the wants of the domestics of the late QUEEN DOWAGER has, "out of her own purse caused yearly bounties, varying from £30 to £50, to be awarded to those persons whose claims are most prominent." We are sorry for it; and are prone to attribute the advice given to HER MAJESTY to some spite in the breast of the ministerial councillor against Mr. BENJAMIN BOND CABELL. We are not sure if that ill-used gentleman has not a clear case of damages, a case to be argued before the advertising philanthropists of England against Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who would not move an appeal to Parliament on his own responsibility, and who, by his ill-timed counsel, has deprived Mr. B. B. C., M.P., of a very touching opportunity of coming forward in advocacy of the claims of the virtuous and the pampered. Had HER MAJESTY's purse-strings remained undrawn, our eyes might have been rejoiced with an advertisement for another Testimonial. Such document was already agreed upon—drawn up—and would have appeared in the morning papers. However, as we have been favoured with a copy, it shall not be lost, and here it is:—

THE "GOOD" DOMESTICS OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

At a meeting held yesterday at the Goose and Gridiron, BENJAMIN BOND CABELL, Esq., M.P., in the Chair; it was resolved by a body of gentlemen too numerous to be nominally particularised, to appeal to the Breasts and Pockets of Englishmen, in behalf of the "Good" Domestics of Her Majesty the late QUEEN DOWAGER. When it was considered that all these "Good" Servants had devoted their lives to the promotion of the best interests of themselves—when it was universally allowed that these admirable domestics had shown a rare example of sagacity, by dwelling in a palace when they might have pigged in an alley—that many of them, with the most extraordinary heroism towards the flashy and beautiful, had worn scarlet and gold, when they might otherwise have gone in fustian or velveteen

—when many of them, for the gratification of the public, had ridden on birth-days and drawing-rooms, behind a carriage, when they might have drawn a truck; when all these, and more than these claims of singular disinterestedness and self-denial are considered, then may these servants be emphatically denominated the "Good" Domestics of the late QUEEN DOWAGER.

Further, the Committee are touched with the liveliest happiness, feeling themselves enabled to assure a British Public, that the valuable and affecting epithet "GOOD," is not the exclusive property of any two, or three, or half-dozen of the aforesaid Domestics, but all of them,—it would seem by virtue of large wages, high living, snug lodging, and handsome clothing,—all of them, by virtue of such advantages,—being equally virtuous; that, in fact, one Domestic is quite as "GOOD" as another. However, a few—not invidiously, but only as a sample of the others—are below described.

No. 1. THE "GOOD" COACHMAN.—A man who has devoted all his life to the promotion of humanity; a man who, in the most ticklish turnings, always "cried gee, and spared the lash:"—a man who, though filling a high position, handled the reins of power with the lightest grasp;—a man who has condescended—from his very box, and that on a state-day—to grin at a chimney-sweeper, and chuckle at Punch-and-Judy;—a man who, in the Royal Kitchen, never touched neck of mutton, when venison smoked upon the board;—a man who, without hesitation, would refrain from beer, resolutely reserving himself for port,—in fact, the "GOOD" COACHMAN!

No. 2. THE "GOOD" FOOTMAN.—A most valuable member of the Human Family, standing six-feet-two; and yet with no more pride in him than TOM THUMB, with his two-feet-six. A man who had devoted all his life to the attainment and after nourishment of his own calves. His linen was spotless; and the maiden's cheek might have envied the blush on his silk stockings, upon levees and drawing-rooms. A Footman who, though presenting the rare example of being born to stand behind a royal coach, nevertheless knew "what *was* taxes;" for—and that for his own widowed mother—he once paid the water-rate! Many words might be built—like cheeses, one upon another—to paint him; but one word, in its full-bodied fullness, is sufficient: he is the "GOOD" FOOTMAN!

No. 3. THE "GOOD" HALL-DOOR PORTER.—From his earliest days, from the time he first stood upon a stool to open the wicket of the royal back door of a royal garden, No. 3, the Porter, has devoted all his life to bolting and unbolting. And yet, though born to be a porter, there is, throughout his whole existence, abundant proof that he never slammed the door even in the face of his poorest fellow-creature, no fragment of a nose—not even of the humblest classes—ever having been found between the royal door and the royal door-post. He was kind to all, saying nothing but yes and no; and if he growled a little, never attempting to snap. Whilst, in his unceasing love of art and letters, he never, though often known to be aroused from his slumbers, by the importunities of artists and authors, he never—though (as it could be proved) frequently advised so to do—he never kept a dog suspected of madness to turn loose upon and bite them! The Committee feel that if, in search of a word to declare the merits of No. 3, they were to open the Dictionary of the immortal DOCTOR JOHNSON, as often as No. 3 unclosed the portals of the royal mansion, they could find for him no epithet so abundantly expressive of his virtues as THE "GOOD" HALL-PORTER!

No. 4. THE "GOOD" TIGER.—Born as he was in the highest room of a royal house, and weaned upon ass's-milk, the property of royalty, No. 4 presents the singular spectacle of a Tiger devoting his whole life to the human species. A Tiger, nevertheless, of the most condescending and affable deportment, having been known to go heads-and-tails for bull's-eyes with ever so many charity-boys of ever so many schools—in which the metropolis abounds—and who, though a regal Tiger, has been seen more than once, yes, more than a good many times, eating kidney-puddings with the most unpretending of his species. Let other Tigers desiderate the epithet Royal; the Committee call, and that emphatically, No. 4, THE "GOOD" TIGER!

No. 5. THE "GOOD" DAIRY-MAID.—The Committee desire to recommend the virtues of No. 5; who, though born to a Royal Dairy, never watered the milk, never chalked it, and never was known, to the poorest of her species, to give a short ha'porth. It may be said of No. 5, in the words of one who knew the human heart, that butter would not melt in her mouth; unless,

indeed, melted by blushing at her own merits. The Committee may further say of *their* Dairy-Maid what SIR T. OVERBURY says of *his* Maid—she dare go alone, and unfolds sheep i' the night [*and therefore a desirable wife for any single grazier*] and fears no manner of ill, because she means none. In a word—the best word—the Committee confidently proclaim No. 5 to be—THE “GOOD” DAIRY MAID!

The Committee might proceed with numerals up to 30; but conclude with 5, thinking they have said enough to stir the hearts, and unbutton the pockets of a sympathising and liberal public.

In the event (which by the way is not to be imagined) of there not being a sufficiency of funds subscribed to erect thirty statues in Trafalgar Square to the honour of the 30 “Good” Domestic, then—

The Committee would recommend the establishment of a triple institution for the benefit of the aforesaid Domestic—an institution of a character as universal as philanthropy itself. With this view the Committee confidently suggest as an asylum for the 30 an Hotel—a Cook-Shop—and an Alamode Beef-House.

A. BEETROOT, *Hon. Sec.*

THE MILL OF ATHOLL'S GLEN.

AFTER OSSIAN.

(*Vide Times of the 14th and 17th instant.*)



WHY is the peeper of ATHOLL closed? Wherefore is the eye of STRANGE surrounded with a ring of purple?

It is the print of the Southron knuckle,—the fist-mark of the Cambridge Undergraduate, heavy-handed bruiser.

Cambridge Undergraduate, bruiser of the heavy hand, wherefore didst thou darken the eye of STRANGE? Why bungedst thou up the peeper of ATHOLL?

The Autumn winds were singing the coronach of the summer in Glen Tilt. A moaning, as of no end of ghosts, swept through the hollow glen. There, with the red and brown leaves falling around him, stood the CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL, with a party of ladies and gentlemen.

Shrouded in the mist of the distance cometh SANDY MACLARRAN. With him behold two stranger forms approaching. Onward they come, with the sturdy tramp of youth; stout are the cudgels which they grasp in their nervous fists.

Ho, there, ye that range unbidden the Glen of Tilt! Halt, ye wanderers from the land of Cockney! Stand, ye jumpers of the counter!

We are no jumpers of the counter; no wanderers are we

from the land of Cockney. We come from the meadows that are watered by the Cam,—from the abodes where Learning dwelleth in her Colleges and Halls. Thither journey we on this beaten track. And who the deuce art thou that hinderest us?

Ken ye not the CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL,—the tourist-baffling Duke, of the impassable glen?

For the Chief of ATHOLL'S Clan we care not a dump; the Duke of the impassable glen we value not at a farthing. We have passed the Asses Bridge, wherefore should we not cross thy glen? CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL, get out of the way! Duke of the impassable glen, stand out of the sunshine!

Fire flashed from the eye of ATHOLL; wrath blazed from the countenance of STRANGE. By the collar he seized the foremost youth. Back! Return by the way thou camest. Back! or, by the beard of my ten thousand ancestors, ye shall rue the day! Back, I say, on your lives, ye sons of Granta!

Unhand me, CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL, or whoever thou art! Unhand me, I say, or I will punch thine head. Thou wilt not? No? Here, then; take that for thyself!

Then they rushed; the son of Granta and CHIEF OF CLAN ATHOLL.

Furious was the Chief, and wild, and aroused was the Under-Graduate's monkey. Blow was exchanged for blow; lunge for lunge; slash for slash; heavy was the countering, and the knocks resounded. Loud shouted the gentlemen: shrill were the screams of the ladies.

The Chief was overcome with fury, and hit all abroad. Wary was the Cantabrigian youth, well trained on the pleasant banks of the Cam to encounter in stand-up mill the brawny bargee. Sharp fell the stinger on the proboscis of STRANGE; fast flowed the claret from the conk of ATHOLL. One, two, were planted on the optics of the Chief—darkness swam before him: then fell a stunner on his ducal frontispiece, and he was doubled up by a finisher in the breadbasket. He staggered—he fell into the arms of his faithful henchman—even the arms of SANDY MACLARRAN.

To the rescue! DONALD of the tufted chin. RODERICK of the red moustaches, to the help of your Chief! HAMISH of the Pipes—DOUGAL the breechless—claymore for CLAN ATHOLL!

The eight hands of the four bold grooms are at once on the collar of the Sassenach. As many more grasped the coat-tails of his companion—the Heelandmen were braw. From before the bruised face of their chieftain they drag away the sons of Granta.

Mourn; for ecchymosis encircles the ogle of STRANGE: lament; for the visual organ of ATHOLL is darkened. Raise the sound of wail upon a thousand bagpipes! Closed is the eye of him who would close Glen Tilt to the traveller. Contusion sits on the brow of the Chieftain: the countenance of the Duke beareth marks of punishment!

THE CAMPAIGNS OF LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

(*Written by some Coming THIRDS.*)

“THE future Emperor displayed all his usual courage in the memorable review that took place on the celebrated plain of Cramboli, in the pretty little village of Fiddeldeedee. There could not have been less than 25,000 soldiers upon the field, but nevertheless our Emperor advanced boldly in the midst of them, and, seizing the glass of a Chasseur that was already primed, he put it deliberately to his lips, and drank it right off in the presence of his brave troops. This daring act of courage cannot be sufficiently appreciated, unless we state that the wine in question was a glass of Maçon, commonly known as the *vin de trois sous*. The Emperor—that-is-to-be had no sooner drained the glass than he turned away his head, and tears were observed to come into his eyes. This uncontrollable act of emotion has been attributed to the sourness of the wine, but such libels only increase our admiration for the object of them, and makes France love its future Emperor the more.

“Towards two o'clock, when the heat from the enemy's (kitchen) fire was the hottest, and the *batterie de cuisine*, that was stationed on the brow of the opposite hill, was keeping up an incessant discharge of *saucissons* and roasted chesnuts, the proud youth who has the honour of being the nephew of the “Son of Destiny,” rode forward on his Arabian charger, and, dismounting, with the greatest coolness, picked up from the ground a *marron de Lyon* before it had time to explode, and, biting it with his teeth as if were a cartouche, eat it, amidst the cheers of his enraptured army.

“Our Emperor-President surpassed himself that day in acts of gallantry. The English Ambassador was endeavouring in vain to open a bottle of Stout, of the far-famed MONSIEUR GUINNESS, for the restoration of a party of ladies, who had followed the fortunes of the French army all the way from the *Rue Lepelletier*, when he was rudely pushed aside, and the neck of the recreant bottle was severed at one *coup de sabre*, that caused the precious liquid to pour forth in a flowing stream of the creamiest abundance. Need we state that the blow was levelled by the unerring hand of LOUIS-NAPOLEON, who immediately rushed from the spot to avoid the compliments that were awaiting him on all sides.

“Whilst the slaughter amongst the chickens and cold ham was at its fiercest height, the noble form of a National Guard was seen galloping across the plain, surrounded by a dense body of dust. As the form approached, it was discovered to be the uniform of a captain of that distinguished regiment, and loud cries of “*Vive l'Empereur*” rent the air, when the captain was discovered to be no other than LOUIS-NAPOLEON. Being in want of a light for his cigar, he had preferred riding a distance of two miles right into the midst of the enemy's fire, sooner than take it from the hands of one of his own suite. Such acts of fearless heroism carry their own eulogy with them.

“The campaign commenced as early as one o'clock in the afternoon, and did not terminate until three. For two hours our Emperor-Elect never stirred from his saddle but once, and yet he did not look in the least fatigued.

“Two thousand bottles of champagne were left upon the field, and it is calculated that at least six hundred chickens must have perished on that fatal day. The Emperor that-is-to-be, some day, on riding across the plain, was distinctly observed to drop a tear as he looked upon the affecting spectacle of their mangled remains.”



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Dealer. "THERE, HE AIN'T A 'ORSE MADE UP FOR SALE. HE'LL GO ON IMPROVIN' EVERY DAY YOU KEEP HIM—HE WILL."

A THOUSAND JOKES IN A THOUSAND HOURS.

THIS arduous task, undertaken by a veteran punster attached to the *Punch* establishment, was completed at 7 o'clock on Saturday night last. At an early hour Fleet Street was crowded by persons of all grades, who were anxious to see and hear the veteran punster make his thousandth pun. The concourse was so great, that there was some difficulty in clearing a sufficient space outside the *Punch* Office, to enable the veteran to proceed with the completion of his thousandth pun, which it was understood beforehand would be one of a practical character. Some anxiety was manifested as to whether the veteran would be able to finish his arduous task, and bets were made, a quarter before seven, that he would not get through the entire pun within twenty minutes.

At a little before the hour, an apple-stall was placed at the corner of Bride Court, and it soon began to be rumoured that the thousandth pun would be in some way connected with the stall; an impression which gained strength when it was observed that the stall was unattended by any one in the character of proprietor. A few minutes before the clock was expected to strike, the punster emerged from the office door, amid the cheers of the bystanders, who were worked up to the highest pitch of excitement at the near approach of the moment for the completion or failure of the gigantic task that had been undertaken.

Presently the police force, under the command of INSPECTOR WAGGLES, cleared a way to the stall, when the veteran punster, throwing himself across the top of it, amid several lots of apples, exclaimed, "Here I am, in-stalled at last as the Prince of Punsters!" The cheering was deafening, and, it still wanting a few seconds to seven, the veteran ran through a course of puns upon apples—including every appellation of which they are susceptible—with apparent ease, amid the tremendous enthusiasm of the multitude.

The last pun was completed in ten seconds,—a fact, we believe, that has been unprecedented; and the veteran must, accordingly, be regarded as the swiftest punster of this or any former period. In order to show that his punning strength was not exhausted, he continued to make a pun every hour up to Monday night; and in the course of the day made four puns backwards, each of which he completed in less than fifteen minutes. He afterwards proceeded to be weighed, when he was found to have lost, during the days employed in the feat, seven pounds, supposed to be missing from the roof, or upper story. His health and spirits have been good; and he is said to have expressed his conviction that he could have endured his task for a week longer;

but whether his hearers could have endured him is another question. The only difference in him was a little excitability, and irritability of temper at the last, showing that his head was beginning to be affected, and that his senses were "on the go;" but as his nonsense has always been considered the "go," this did not much signify.

THE GRAND PACIFIC JUNCTION CANAL.

FROM the melancholy alterations taking place, under the name of improvements, in the Parks, it is a relief to turn to the operations now just ready to begin, for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by the formation of the Nicaraguan route to California, under the joint auspices of America and Great Britain. To most of us, timid harmless Englishmen, who had rather not go to war any more if we can help it, because it is expensive as well as murderous, the following announcement in the *Times* City-article in reference to this undertaking, will give additional satisfaction:—

"The two Governments of Great Britain and the United States have bound themselves to the enterprise by a treaty of protection. All the other powers will accord to it the same advantage. The territory around it will consist of the first neutral ground, whence, by the pledged faith of all civilised nations, strife must be for ever banished."

This will be trying the Utopian experiment—as your hard-headed, strong-minded men of the world call it—of a treaty of universal peace on the small scale. To be sure this may not answer just yet, and the advocates of peace must be content in the mean time to be ridiculed by the strong-minded, who must have some good cause or useful invention, struggling upwards, to laugh at for the time being—vaccination, copper-caps, gas, steam—no matter what. However, international arbitration, like other wonders, may astonish their strong minds one of these days; for all their present exultation at beholding the Danes and Schleswig Holsteiners cutting each other's throats for nonsense. Strong minds will be strong minds; they will chuckle at the early discouragement of a good cause; just as they will make sport of the disasters of an invention in its infancy. This remark is not, though it may seem, a digression from our point; which is the fact—however our statement of it may be hooted and groaned at—that the conjunction of the Atlantic with the Pacific must necessarily have a peaceful tendency.

A SEASONABLE SENTIMENT.

It is sweet to hear the first notes of suburban cuckoo; but sweeter and considerably sweeter the first tinkling of the muffin-bell!

The Church on the Continent.

THE QUEEN has appointed DR. SMITH to be Archbishop of Rome and Primate of Italy. This appointment, which has resulted from HER MAJESTY'S benevolence, will be hailed with great delight in the Roman States; and the Government will prepare a magnificent welcome for the Most Reverend Prelate.

MRS. SMITH and her numerous and interesting family will accompany his Grace, for whom the Palace of the Vatican, or, as some say, the Castle of Saint Angelo, is to be got ready.

THE REVEREND THOMAS BROWN has been appointed Dean of Saint Peter's, Rome. The Dean's residence will be in the Palace of the Inquisition.

THE REVEREND JOHN JONES will be the new Archdeacon of Babylon. DOCTOR HILLS, and DOCTOR SCARLETT, are mentioned as likely to have preferment.

The Last Protectionist Dodge.

WE understand that there has been some difficulty at the Custom House about the reception of some cattle from the Continent, in consequence of the possibility of some of them having arrived from Italy, and their admission would be a contravention of the act of QUEEN ELIZABETH against bringing in Bulls from Rome. It is intimated that a shrewd protectionist has suggested this difficulty to the Custom House authorities, as a sort of last kick against free trade principles.



ENGLAND IN 1850!—BURGLARS CAROUSING.

POLICEMAN Y to booze is gone,
No watch patrols the lea,
The house that yonder stands alone
Invites to burglary.
The footpad prowls on heath and fen,
No crusher stops his way:
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
For now 's your time of day.
Chorus.—Uprouse ye, &c.

Both man and wife are fast asleep,
And one o'clock 's the hour;
We ope the pane, and in we creep:
Their lives are in our power.
The county grudges, as you ken,
Constabulary pay:
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
For now 's your time of day.
Chorus.—Uprouse ye, &c.

No scream of "Murder!" fear we now,
When we break in a door;
Nor watch-dog, trained with loud bow-wow
To guard a rich man's store.
There's no Police to mark our den,
And baulk us of our prey:
Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
And plunder as ye may.
Chorus.—Uprouse ye, &c.

THE EMPEROR IN A BOTTLE.

GREAT events have been shadowed forth in a strange manner. Hens have laid eggs, with a change of dynasty written in legible characters, upon the shells; and little boys have been exhibited with words—prophetic words—apparent in the iris of the eye. Some years ago, a child appeared at the Egyptian Hall, with NAPOLEON in both eyes; a wonder that, now interpreted, prophesied the advent of the French President. A newer and later wonder has come to light; for a bottle of champagne opened at the review at Versailles, was found to contain a complete effigy, in little, of LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, dressed as the Emperor. Of course, we could not expect anything to make a large figure in so small a thing as a bottle—even in a bottle intended to contain imperial measure. The figure was, we repeat, extremely small, but who can mistake the design?



NO MORE BABIES AT THE THEATRE.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM a bachelor, and necessarily agree with the very sensible observations you made two weeks ago, upon 'Babies at the Play.' I do not mind confessing that babies are my especial horror, and I believe they regard me with pretty nearly the same feelings, for a baby no sooner sees me, than it immediately begins crying. One half of my existence has been spent in an implacable warfare with children—more especially those under twelve months of age, in long clothes.

"Thank goodness! my exertions have not been totally unrewarded. I have lived to witness the glorious day when they were first excluded from omnibuses. Formerly babies enjoyed a monopoly in every 'bus. They could come in in any numbers they pleased, occupy the best places, make as much noise as they liked, and never pay anything for the privilege. But at length came the triumphant 'BABIES MUST BE PAID FOR.' Since then, they have gradually dropt off, and one can actually ride, at present, from Paddington to the Bank without having one's shirt-collar and whisker nearly pulled out together by the roots, or the symmetry of one's wig entirely disturbed by having the back part brought right in front.

"Now, Sir, I would recommend the application of the same law to babies at the theatre. I believe that at present no charge is made for a baby that is carried in its mother's arms. Hence the evil, and its abundance. But if a baby was charged the same price as anybody else—and, for my part, I would have them charged double—you would not have so many mothers indulging in this unmotherly practice. They would leave their babies at home, which is certainly, in my opinion, the best place for them at all times, but more particularly at that time of night. Only recommend, Sir, that over every gallery and pit door in London, be written up, as in every omnibus, the fearful warning, 'BABIES MUST BE PAID FOR,' and you may depend upon it, from that time, a baby will be as rarely seen in a playhouse as a Quaker, or the members of the British Aristocracy.

"From the tenor of my observations, Sir, you will at once be able to see that I am

"NOT THE FATHER OF A FAMILY."

FROM AN EX-LUNATIC TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

MY LORD DUKE,

WITH a feeling of tender interest I address you. Pardon me, I cannot do otherwise. I feel myself irresistibly called in to your case, and giving myself up to the influence, cannot do otherwise than fancy myself seated beside you on your native heather—the unprofaned heather of Glen Tilt, sacred to Dukes and deer. At this moment, your Grace, I am taking the most affectionate survey of your countenance—I am watching your eyes—and have the most sensitive two fingers upon your Grace's pulse. Will your Grace condescend to allow me to look at your tongue? Thank you.

And now, my Lord Duke, whilst there is yet time, let me address to your understanding a brief narration of my own experience. It is not I do so. Knowing what has befallen me—a person, I confess, very contemptible in the eyes of gods and men in comparison with your gracious self—you may in your own majestic mind consider whether or not the same sort of brain-work, fed by the same blood, touched by the same nerves, is alike common to Dukes and to men who are not Dukes. There may, there is—I allow it—the like difference between the noble—the hereditary brain—and the brain vulgar, as between the web of the finest cambric and the coarsest towelling; nevertheless, both have the like cross-work constituting web, however different the texture. This, up to the present hour, even your Grace may be disposed to allow; let me then, whilst there may yet be time, warn your Grace by a short narration of my own story.

For these last fifteen months—I became unmanageable last dog-days twelvemonth, when the moon shone on nights as mellow, almost as ruddy as any one of your Grace's red gold salvers—I have been an inmate of DOCTOR STRAIT'S Asylum, Clapton. At first, I was considered all but incurable; but phlebotomy, blistering, with cool, thin, depleting diet, has brought me back my brain, I am confident, better than new. I only remain under the roof of DOCTOR STRAIT until my hair is quite grown, not wishing to appear among my friends with any visible mark of my past lunacy, and having, I hope, a wholesome and mainly objection to the hypocrisy of a wig. And now, your Grace, listen to the warning contained in my story.

I am a man of large landed property. The whole of Glen Battersea is a part of my present estate; to say nothing of every inch of the Isle of Homo parted with—I may almost say, given away to the crown—for a consideration. Well, my Lord, being a man of landed property, I considered it mine—mine to the very antipodes—all mine, under my feet; and, as I grew to believe, all mine over my head. The moon that shone on Glen Battersea was my own moon; to be produced or put by like a cheese in a cupboard, as I willed, to treat myself and friends: the stars burning blue above Glen Battersea were my own lucifer matches, burning to light my own cigars. I had, as I believed, a very extensive freehold in heaven—although I had scarcely time to think of the tenantry. All this grew in me every day: and after a while I became, as I thought, so large—so vast—that I was too immense for the globe. I had at times a weeping compassion of the world; for, like a cucumber growing in a bottle, I feared that my greatness might out-grow my limits; that I might wax and wax, until I split the whole mundane system, bringing down sun, moon, and stars, like so many pewter-platters from a kitchen shelf. But—thank goodness!—your Grace has none of these symptoms yet: no, with eye on your eye, and my fingers still on your wrist, I am assured of that.

My anxious friends—and I can never forget the solicitude of my nephew, sole heir to my property—became alarmed at my growing sense of magnitude. However, they took no steps to confine me until I manifested the following delusion. Every day I would walk round Glen Battersea with a key in my hand—an iron key, my Lord Duke, not unlike the key in the left hand of the naked man, your Grace's crest—and, pausing at every hundred yards, with this key I would take a resolute turn in the empty air, believing that I had thus double-locked Glen Battersea (like a butler's pantry) against all men, women, and children; and resolving to treat all intruders, after such rigorous double-locking, as trespassers and burglars. Ha! your Grace smiles a pitying smile at my delusion; I am glad to see it. Let all your friends be thankful for the growing consciousness of that smile.

The fact is, your Grace, I had in Glen Battersea, as I believed, a magnificent variety of rabbits; single, double, and butterfly-smuts, with the flop-eared and every other sort, dear to the fancier; whereupon, I resolved that my rabbits should be held sacred from human intrusion. Upon this point, I was inflexible; and when the barge of the Spectacle-Makers' Company, during a heavy stress of weather, put in at Battersea Reach, I ordered the Warden and all the Company to be taken into custody by my gardener, cook, and housemaid; nor could I be pacified until assured by those faithful domestics that they had marched the trespassers beyond the Glen, across the boundary, to await the railway at Wandsworth. They tell me, that I had a slight scuffle with the Master Spectacle-Maker; but of this, of course, I remember nothing.

Well, your Grace, not to be tedious—although your sense of attention gives me increased hopes—next morning I was coaxed into a glass

coach and soon found myself here, with DOCTOR STRAIT, at Clapton. After a time, I ceased to be violent; when—so wise, so humane, so beneficent is the system perfected by the noble DOCTOR CONOLLY—I was permitted, for amusement, to have the use of scissors and any amount of foolscap paper. Thus set up, I did nothing for months, but cut out ground plans of Glen Battersea; with thousands of every variety of rabbit; together with a beautiful moon, a nicely vandyked sun, and stars to match—all, all in paper. And then, I cut myself out a coronet of the same material, (and once docked my trowsers to the knee, and opened the inner seams to flap as a sort of kilt)—and then, with an imaginary key in my hand, would walk round and round my chamber, continually locking up the empty air, and believing that so locking, I locked up Glen Battersea and all my rabbits.

My return to reason was gradual; but—they tell me—it is complete. A part of the discipline was curious, but very effectual. When my lunacy was at the worst, I was taken to the side of a hill, and—wearing the proper waistcoat—was laid upon the grass and left out all night: my head shaved anew, and nobody with me but a solitary keeper, charged at certain periods, to wet my lips with the thinnest oatmeal porridge, and now and then permitting me to take a hearty draught of decoction of thistles. Your Grace can hardly believe in the

efficacy of this treatment. Should any friend of yours in your parts be afflicted with anything like my late delusion, do try upon him the hill-side, the porridge, and the brewage of thistles. I say emphatically, "any friend of yours," for *now* I have great pleasure in acknowledging in your Grace's looks, speech, and demeanour, the sanest and most tolerant Duke of all the realm of dukedom. However, as the mad young woman says in *Hamlet*—"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be." Therefore, in case of any relapse, remember—the hill-side and the thistles.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Grace's lucid Servant, AN EX-LUNATIC.

P.S. I do not give my name, because as I am about to stand for Parliament, the electors might have a prejudice against a late madman.

P.S. No. 2. What is the meaning of your motto, *Furth, and fill the fetters*? Had it, think you, any prophetic reference to the mental conditions of any future ARTHUR? The key of the crest is, of course, not to be mistaken—that is the key to lock up against all trespassers the air "encasing" Glen Tilt.

Ex-L.



A SCOTCH DOG IN THE MANGER.

CAUTION.

As there is a person very generally going about, assuming the name of one GEORGE HUDSON, who pretends to be a perfectly spotless character, and a poor injured being, who has received nothing but abuse and ill-will from all the companies he has benefitted, and ingratitude from the innumerable railway shareholders whom he has enriched with moneys taken out of his own pocket: THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, that I am not that MR. GEORGE HUDSON, and that there is nothing in common between him and me; and I do hereby trust, hope, and request, not merely as a favour, but as an act of common justice, which those who know me will readily grant, that my friends, the nobility, and the public in general, will take care not to confound me with such an arrant impostor as the aforesaid GEORGE HUDSON, but that, out of respect to me and my reputation, they will treat his fabrications with the contempt they deserve.

(Signed) GEORGE HUDSON,
(Ex-Railway King).

MR. PUNCH'S REGISTERED DESIGNS.

THE Copyright Amendment Act, passed last Session, allows designs to be provisionally registered for a year, which will secure the benefit of the design to the proprietor. *Mr. Punch* has registered a design to procure an equitable adjustment of the income-tax, and a repeal of the window-tax, a design to confer the elective franchise on every honest man who is intelligent enough to exercise it, and several other designs of great value and importance. *Mr. Punch*, however, has no idea of securing the benefit of one of these magnificent designs solely for himself, but intends, with his accustomed liberality, that the public shall enjoy all the advantages that can be derived from them.

LATEST LAW AGAINST THE PRESS.

THE children of all editors and writers for the French Press, must henceforth be signed with the names of the authors of their existence.
—*Extrait du Moniteur.*

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

(By our Impartial Critic.)



URED by an advertisement much exceeding in grandiloquence the last puff of MOSES, I went to hear the grand National Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the second night of performance.

I paid my half-crown for a stall, like a man—I mean, like a fool. I took it for granted that the promenade would be crammed; but I learned—at the cost of 1s., which was the difference between the promenade and stall prices—that I must not take things for granted.

My eye, instead of alighting on a sea of heads, fell on comparative vacancy, relieved by two policemen in glazed hats, leaning against a sort of isolated stile that stood between the orchestra and the side-boxes.

The decorations of the house delighted me with their extreme simplicity. The absence of the bush, I thought, betokened that the wine would be good. Seeing no fillagree, I expected to hear music.

The entertainment mainly consisted of BEETHOVEN'S *Sinfonia Heroica*, divided into two parts, between which intervened a succession of frivolities, all insufferably tedious to me, and unredeemed by anything of the slightest interest, except *Robert, toi que j'aime*—very beautifully played, in the course of a fantasia, by MR. PIATTI.

Don't tell me to consult a medical man, or to take a blue-pill. I am not bilious; nor was I then. It is nonsense to talk about a jaundiced ear, of course; but I had nothing of the sort. The orchestra which performed all that rubbish was a magnificent one, and played the fine symphony of BEETHOVEN, as far as I could judge, gloriously.

But what is the sense or wisdom of setting a first-rate band to accompany wretched ballads, and to execute the most unmeaning pieces of commonplace dance-music, which a harp, a drum, and a fiddle would do abundant justice to? You might as well have MR. MACREADY, MR. PHELPS, and MR. VANDENHOFF, and such-like artists, to read vaudevilles from the French—I had almost said, to play the Merry-Andrew in the ring at MR. BATTY'S.

Then, dividing the heroic symphony is doing things by halves; and filling up the interval with ball-tunes and sing-song, is just equivalent to playing *Macbeth* in two portions, and introducing between them a burletta, a farce or two, and a monopolylogue, or the acrobats.

MR. BALFE and his splendid orchestra may command success, if their directors will play their cards as well as they themselves will play their violins, &c. We are not a MIDAS of a public, and if our young sparks are to be captivated by the Polka's ponderous levities, the Polka, with its accessories—illuminations, statues, gongs, blue-fire, gilding, refreshment-salon, coffee, and *ponche à la Romaine*—must be the stunning, screaming, flare-up *tout-ensemble* of the unapproachable JULLIEN. The attempt to rival that man of genius must be a failure; but if MESSRS. BALFE and Co. will turn their attention to other great masters, whose style is more in their way, I have no doubt they will soon obtain better audiences than that of which your humble servant formed part the other evening, at the irreparable sacrifice of half-a-crown.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

MR. PHILLIPS threatens to put out all the Fire Assurance Offices. There are men, whom we could name—men both East and West of the Bar—who, in our patriotic moments, have caused us much uneasiness, when we reflected upon what they could, if they so minded, do with the Thames. Well, we have read the account of MR. PHILLIPS'S fire-annihilating power, and we snap our fingers in security. Even SIR PETER LAURIE is harmless, and the Thames is safe. Here is a barge blazing:

"A number of materials were placed in the hold, as turpentine, saltpetre, wood, shavings, straw, and such like combustibles, and set fire to. The chemical vapour was introduced after the fire had been allowed to burn four minutes and a half, and in three minutes and a half the whole was extinguished."

So far so good; but a great triumph remains to be achieved by MR. PHILLIPS. Let him without delay remove his Fire-Annihilator into the Diocese of the BISHOP of EXETER; a diocese full of combustible matter, continually igniting. At the late consecration of the church of St. Peter, at Plymouth, the power of the Fire-Annihilator might have been instantly tested. However, there is little doubt that another opportunity will soon arise, when if the Fire-Annihilator put out a PHILPOTTS, the glory of the invention is complete; all other tests being needless.

"HIS FIRST CHAMPAGNE."—LOUIS-NAPOLEON'S review at Versailles.

LORD STANLEY AND THE BOSWORTH FIELD OF PROTECTION.

THE DUKE OF R—CHM—ND	<i>Richard the Third.</i>
THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY	<i>Norfolk.</i>
MR. CHOWLER	<i>Batcliff.</i>
MR. YOUNG	<i>Messenger.</i>

Duke. O CHOWLER, I have read a fearful speech! What thinkest thou, will all our chiefs prove true?

Chowl. Hope so, your Grace.

Duke. CHOWLER, I fear, I fear,—

Chowl. Naw, good my lord, don't be afraid o' language.

Duke. By an apostate Lord language I've read That strikes more terror to the soul of LENNOX, Than can the clamour of a thousand Leaguers Armed in proof, address'd to "shallow RICHMOND." 'Tis not yet Session time. Come, go with me; Under our camp I'll play the eaves-dropper, To hear if more intend to rat from me.

What did DISRAELI say as touching COBDEN?

Chowl. That he has never whistled at the plough.

Duke. He said the truth. And what said SIBTHORP then?

Chowl. He winked, and said, the better for our purpose.

Duke. He was i' the right; and that, indeed, 's a fact. [Rings bell. Send for the Times there. Bring me a newspaper.

Who saw the Post to day?

Chowl. Not I, your Grace.

Duke. They say our prints don't shine; for by their book We ought to have been ruined long ago. A fool's-cap there will be for somebody.

CHOWLER—

Chowl. Your Grace?

Duke. Our prints are very sad to-day;

And *Punch* doth rhyme and jest upon our army.

Would all our bread were grown on British ground!

Our prints so sad! Well; what is that to me,

More than to COBDEN?—for the self-same papers

That sadden me, prate dismally to him.

Enter GRANBY.

Gran. Arm, arm, your Grace; the foe vaunts in the field.

Duke. Come, business, business! Register my votes.

Stir up that STANLEY with the hope of power:

I will bring up my tenants to the scratch,

And thus our contest shall be ordered:

My arguments shall be drawn out in length,

Consisting equally of sense and truth;

Our speakers shall be cheered in the midst.

Thou, GRANBY'S Marquis, and bold COLONEL SIBTHORP,

Shall have the leading of the county 'squires.

This, and SIR JOHN to boot! What think'st thou, GRANBY?

Gran. A wise arrangement, sapient nobleman.

This had I, sent by post this morning. [Gives a paper.

Duke (Reads). "MARQUIS OF GRANBY, be not so bold,

For LENNOX, thy leader, is done and sold."

A joke devised by the enemy.

What shall I say more than you've often heard?

Remember whom you have to strive withal,—

A sort of weavers, tailors, and shoemakers,

A scum of Cockneys, and base cotton-spinners, &c. &c. &c.

Spout, land-owners of England, spout fiercely, landlords!

Draw FERRANDS, draw your arrows to the head!

Press your statistics hard, and plunge in mud,

Amaze the public that shall hear you rave!

Enter a Messenger.

What says LORD STANLEY? Will he lend his power?

Mess. Your Grace, he doubteth if he'll come.

Duke. Bother his own and his son's head!

Gran. Your Grace, the Parliament will meet in March;

After it opens, serve LORD STANLEY out.

Duke. Ten thousand pounds are nothing to my pocket.

Read up your *Standard*, pitch into our foes;

Our country friend, good TYRRELL, stout SIR JOHN,

Abuse them, with the rage of fiery dragons!

Upon them! 'Squirearchy sits on our helms.

[Exeunt.

LAST BALLOON NEWS FROM PARIS.

YESTERDAY M. POITEVIN made an ascent on the back of a dromedary. The dromedary went up with an ass.

A REFLECTION.

"MON CHER PUNCH,

"I am one Frenchman—I beg you no laugh, if I send to you my littel count of my infortunes. I am in one great rage—so big I cannot hold myself—and am reduced to the bottom of despair.

"I arrive à Londres by the *chemin de fer*. I take one which you call cab. I put on myself my spectacels. I place out my head of the window—*et voilà que* one littel *gamin* throws at my nose one large *paquet* of *papiers*. I almost lose my head with the blow—and which is above that, I almost lose also my spectacels which is in gold. But what is twice worse still is to come. I put my head out of the other window. I desire to see *le célèbre pont de Londres*—but Sir, you believe me, or no believe me, one grand *blacky guardé* comes up and he smiles to me, and I say 'Bonjour Mister,' and then, without say one word, he plants me in the figure one tremendous bundel of papers, which is one treatment I never do receive before out of the hands of *personne*. Oh, Sir, I did smell myself—*je me sentais—tout blue with colère*. I did tear the air with my cries—I swear *comme un enragé*. But still worse is behind. I again put out my head of the window, and from this side, and that side, and all sides, I did get papers and bills, and *pouffs*, and *paquets*, hundreds thrown all together at me in my face, and I do fall back smothered on my back without knowledge for ten minutes. Oh! Sir, I was completely out of myself with the *indignité*, and not that only, but I was nearly out of the cab also!

"It is too bad, Sir! Is it so am I treated because I am the stranger? *Dans ce cas, c'est pifoyable, c'est honteux, c'est humiliant, c'est même écrasant!* England, I cry shame on him! Whatfore, I can no come to your *belle cité* without I am wanting to lose my hat, my spectacels, my *sérénité d'âme*, and I shall tell to *tous mes citoyens* when I return myself into France, that you do pelt each Frenchman worse than the most mad dog that bites. It is a *conduite* without *parallèle*. I shall write my complaints to your LORD PUMMISTONE, and ask for my passport without delay of one minute.



"And these papers, what they be, do you know, Sir! What are your *paquets* that they should be thrown at the heads of each Stranger. I will tell you! They was about the 'Fashions.' *Ventre-bleu*,—what you call him, Sir, *Blue Stomach*—has it then been coming to this? Does a Frenchman come to London to follow the 'Fashions?'—the Frenchman him what does supply *le monde entier* with them *en gros et en détail!* And then, because he will not run after your 'Fashions,' you run after him, *comme des sauvages*, and pelt him all the way with them. I cry aloud to Scandal, and I only hope she will hear me. You throw your 'Temple of Fashion' at me; you throw your 'MOSES,' and a quantity of other *salétés* in my face. Well, Sir, I throw back in your face the inhuman insult, and do tell you that I will not have your 'Temple' to disfigure my forehead—that I will not have your 'MOSES' forced down my throat, not at no price. *Ce sera même trop cher à rien.*

"Once in my hotel in Leicester Square, I shall certainly write à votre *fameux* LORD PUMMISTONE, and demand him to refuse at his peril, my passport!

"Sir, I am in a great tremble of passion,
"HECTOR GROGNARD, *Négociant en Cuirs.*"

PONTIFICAL NEWS.

His Eminence CARDINAL PANTALEONE, Legate of His Holiness, has arrived at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross: and is bearer of a message to the Chief of the British Government, demanding the usual acknowledgment on the part of the Sovereign of Great Britain, which has been always and from all time a fief of the Holy See.

In case of obstinate recusancy (which is not apprehended) his Eminence is commissioned to proclaim the PRINCE OF LUCCA as sovereign of these Islands, the prince being direct and undoubted descendant of those legitimate monarchs of England, who were driven by rebellion, the one to death, and the other to exile, from their neighbouring palace of Whitehall.

The Holy Father has appointed MONSIGNOR SNOOKS, Lord Chancellor of England, *vice* LORD LAURO, who has not resigned. But the Office of Lord Chancellor was always held by ecclesiastics in England in the good times of the Church, and MONSIGNOR SNOOKS will take his seat in the Chancellor's Court at the commencement of next term.

Driblet.

His Holiness has conferred upon MONSIGNOR SNUCCI, the new Lord Chancellor of England, the title of Marquis Saint Bartholomew's of Smithfield.

Lodgings have been taken in the New Cut, Lambeth, for his Grace the LORD ARCHBISHOP OF VAUXHALL, until the (titular) ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has vacated the palace which belongs of right to the primates of England.

MR. SOMMER has been offered the place of Parish beadle, which it is believed he will accept.

The RIGHT REVEREND DOMINIC BAREFOOT, Bishop of Paddington, looked over the outside of London House in St. James's Square yesterday, and thence proceeded by the Omnibus to Fulham, his lordship's residence near London.

Until the palace at Fulham is ready for his lordship's accommodation, the revered prelate has engaged a temporary residence, No. 42, River Lane, Putney, over the muffinman's, where the faithful who wish to attend his levees will please to ring the two-pair bell.

Very few alterations will be requisite in the churches of the arch-deaconry of Pimlico, which will be given over to the orthodox clergy at the new year. It has been judged, however, that the ornaments of the church of Saint Barnabas are of so exceedingly antiquated and cumbersome a nature, that the ecclesiastical architects of H. H. are engaged in whitewashing the interior of the building, and simplifying the arrangements, so as to suit the present time.

On Wednesday morning last, the statue of Saint Mary Axe, opposite the Post Office, began winking its left eye in so convincing a manner, that thirty-three letter-carriers, and two commercial gentlemen, staying at the Bull and Mouth, were instantly converted.

MR. MUNTZ and COLONEL SIBTHORP have signified their intention to become Capuchin friars; and it is confidently reported that the members for Aldbury and Oldham are in retreat previous to receiving the tonsure.

The cathedral church of Saint Peter, in Westminster, will, of course, be restored and resumed by its rightful proprietors; but it is not intended to make any ecclesiastical use of the large Heathen building, erected on the site of the ancient Basilica of Saint Paul, on Ludgate Hill, opposite to DAKIN's tea warehouse. We understand MADAME TUSSAUD is in treaty for it, and will exhibit her ingenious wax-works there, at a price little differing from the present charges.

The residence of the Primate of England will be opposite the New Cathedral Church of St. George's-in-the-Fields; and the Palace of BEDLAM will be prepared for him.

The Very Worst that was ever Made.

WHY is Exeter Hall, or the GORHAM controversy, or the National Debt during a Whig Administration, or the king in a five-act tragedy, or a supper of cold Irish stew, like a person getting inside an omnibus that is going to Kew?

[An interval of ten minutes is allowed to enable the reader to take breath. Because it's an incubus (In-Kew-Buss).]

SHOP!—It may be a prejudice, but we must say we do not like seeing a tea-dealer taking the chair at a teetotal meeting!

ROBBERIES WHICH THERE IS NO NOISE ABOUT.



JUST now much excitement is prevalent on account of the numerous burglaries which have been committed of late; but the robberies which have provoked a universal outcry are nothing to those which are submitted to in silence. Between the Government, the Prerogative Office, the Proctor, and the officials, legates are robbed in the Ecclesiastical Court to the amount of three or four per cent. An inventor, before he can secure the benefit of his own device, is plundered to the tune of some £400 in the Patent Office.

The householder's pocket is picked by means of the Assessed Taxes, as at present levied; and the tradesman, artist, or author, with a large family, living from hand to mouth—if the rogues who commit these depredations can only find out that he gets £150 a-year—is subjected to spoliation in the shape of an unequal income-tax.

A PRIVATE PROTECTIONIST DINNER.

A SMALL but select party of Protectionists dined together yesterday at LORD SLIDE AND SCALE'S. Among the guests were the EARL OF MOUNTBUSHIEL, the MARQUESS OF GRANARY, VISCOUNT WHEATFIELD, SIR SIMON EARS; and CORNELIUS BARLEE and — OATES, Esqrs.—with their respective ladies.

The cloth having been removed, after the usual common-place observations,

SIR SIMON EARS, without rising, proposed a toast. If their noble host had no objection, and the ladies would not think it too horrid a breach of *bienséance*, he would ask them to drink "Confusion to Free Trade."

MR. PUNSONBY was sure that the proceeding suggested by SIR SIMON could in no sense be regarded as an offence against MANNERS. (*Oh, oh! and mild laughter.*)

VISCOUNTESS WHEATFIELD declared it was quite dreadful. She did not mean the toast, but Free Trade, and that sort of thing.

The noble host said it was exactly so; and in point of fact it was "that sort of thing" which was the most objectionable part of the affair. "That sort of thing" was the social change that would follow—*egad!* was following—in the wake of Free Trade. MR. THOMAS CARLYLE was very severe upon Flunkeydom; but give him Flunkeydom rather than Yankeeism, into which he feared English society was fast degenerating.

The MARQUIS OF GRANARY was exactly of the noble Earl's opinion. The immediate effects of Free Trade were of little consequence, comparatively. Competition would keep up rent. Yes; but competition would bring a totally new set of farmers into the occupation of land—a parcel of independent fellows who would treat the relation between landlord and tenant simply as a commercial one, and would see you at the deuce before they would vote your way if they didn't think fit. What would be the consequence?

CORNELIUS BARLEE, Esq., said, the consequence would be that the law of primogeniture—for one thing—would be abolished; for the new race of farmers would be a part of the shopkeeping interest, and your shopkeepers would want to get at the land of the country, in order to be paid their confounded debts. And then what would the nobility and gentry do?

VISCOUNT WHEATFIELD should send all his boys into the army.

LORD SLIDE AND SCALE said, that by Jove there would be no army to send children into by-and-by, with those peace-notions continually gaining ground. He hoped he should not live to see it, but if things went on as they were going on now, their grandchildren would have to be apprenticed to linendrapers and tailors, as sure as fate.

The HONOURABLE MISS FADDELL would not think of such a thing—the idea was so shocking!

MR. OATES saw clearly that, if Free Trade should lead to doing away with entails, there would soon be an end of the old families of England.

A gentleman named HIGGS, who happened to be of the party, suggested that it was possible that an old family might perpetuate itself by proper conduct, as well as an old firm.

LORD SLIDE AND SCALE, though he did not quite like the comparison, certainly thought there was something in that.

The conversation then turned on the last large cut in *Punch*, and the distinguished company separated at a fashionable hour.

A COSMOPOLITE MOTTO FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

MR. PAXTON, in his speech at Derby, which had sound, strong sense running like gold thread through every word of it, let fall a sentence, that, in letters of coloured glass, should appear over the doors of the great crystal palace. He said—"He believed it was a good thing to have the conceit taken out of us. He had often had it taken out of him, but, the next morning, he started with new vigour, and a greater determination to reach success." A capital truth, with hope still brightening it. More; *Punch* suggests MR. PAXTON'S own words as a motto for his own structure. Here they are; in good, plain, unmistakable English; for the eyes and heart of JOHN BULL.

"IT IS A GOOD THING TO HAVE THE CONCEIT TAKEN OUT OF US."

Now, when JOHN beholds any manufacture soever, in which he, JOHN, has heretofore considered himself as eminent over all, and in which, to his astonishment, he confesses himself outdone; let him confess to the wholesome medicine recommended in the PAXTON prescription; and on the morrow morning, let him follow out the PAXTON regimen, "starting with new vigour, and a greater determination to reach success."

Punch thought the axiom of MR. PAXTON so admirable, so fitting to the occasion, that he immediately forwarded a copy of the words to each of the Foreign Ambassadors at our Court, requesting of their several Excellencies, a good translation of the English; that the Ambassador's countrymen might, in their own language, enjoy and lay to heart the wisdom of the apothegm. In almost every instance, *Punch* met with the most frank and cordial treatment at the hands and pens of their Excellencies, whose various translations are subjoined.

IL EST BON QUE LA PRÉSUMPTION NOUS SOIT EXTIRPÉE.

The Frenchman, wandering along the Crystal Palace—or threading its six mile gallery—may, haply, acknowledge the beauty of this when he finds that he does not as yet make quite as good knives and forks as JOHN at Sheffield.

HET IS EENE GOEDE ZAAK ALS ONZE INBEELDING WAT GEVNUIKT WORD.

And the Dutchman reads and ponders this, and allows that butter-churns may be made in England, that would not be despicable at Amsterdam.

STA BENE CHE CI SIA TOLTA LA SOBERCCCHIA OPINIONE, CHE ABBIAMO DI NOI STESSI.

This Italian has been forwarded to *Punch* by CARDINAL WYSEMAN, and has at the present time a touching significance. POPE PIO NONO'S workmen visiting the Exhibition will, we trust, lay it reverently to their hearts; and so, let a little of the conceit be taken out of them.

HÉ HUMA BOA COISA O TIRAR-SE-NOS APRESUMPCAO.

And we have little doubt that every Portuguese, with the humility that is his great national characteristic, will touch his beaver, and own the touching truthfulness of the adage.

Es ist schön die Eitelkeit aus uns getrieben zu haben.

The German, with his eye upon a butt of BARCLAY and PERKINS—a sample quadruple XXXX—will think of his own white beer, and confess that the product of the British vat may take the conceit even out of a hero from Vienna.

ESTÁ BIEN QUE SE NOS QUITE EL ALTO CONCEPTO QUE TENEMOS DE NOSOTROS MISMOS.

And the Spaniard, with the words in his memory, returns to his hotel, and, calling for a glass of his native sherry, may haply declare, with a sigh, that the English wine-merchant has taken all the conceit out of it.

FODUL CHURMEZDAN ICHLAS OLA BILIRSEK NETIGCHAIR.

And EFFENDI, the Turk, strokes his beard, and, looking at English beauty, thinks of the flowers of Stamboul, and crying "Allah Bismallah," confesses that the lovely infidels do, somehow, take all the conceit out of them.

Can there be any doubt, that the PAXTON axiom, translated into fifty languages, and emblazoned throughout the glass edifice, will do a world of service, proving to all nations of the world, that "IT IS A GOOD THING TO HAVE THE CONCEIT TAKEN OUT OF US?"

RAPID VIEW OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

(From the Observer.)

THE *Daily News* complains that in all the French pieces that have lately been translated, and are now performing on the London stage, no allusion is in the least made to the original authors, whilst the names of the translators are paraded at full-length in the bills. Now this is being, we think, a little too fastidious. Perhaps the *Daily News* would wish the French authors to receive half the proceeds paid for the translation, and to bow from a private box, or to walk across the stage, and to receive the applause and bouquets usually showered upon the happy translator in consequence of the success? Perhaps, also, the *Daily News* would like to see the names of the French authors on the title-pages of the printed books of the play, and to claim half the proceeds, when there were any, of the sale? This would be rather too preposterous, and we are sure that our English translators would be the last persons in the world to wish such a state of things enforced in this country.

The English Drama is flourishing remarkably well as it is, so pray leave it alone, and do not attempt to ruin it by introducing stupid foreign fandango notions into it. We have a right to steal the French dramas as much as we like, but only let the French authors, or actors, attempt to come over, or to interfere in any way with our stage, and we tell them that they will be hooted off the boards in the same ignominious manner as the company of the *Théâtre Historique* was hooted and gloriously expelled, two years ago, at Drury Lane. We only want the French Dramas, that is all. As for their actors, we have far better than any they can send us; and as for their authors, we do not want them at all, so long as we have such an experienced body of translators, who produce pieces even better than the originals. Away, then, with the canting cry that the English Stage is in a state of decline—we are positively sick of it!

A DREAM OF WHITEFRIARS.



do not know how it happened the other day, that after reading DR. ULLATHORNE'S letter in the *Times*, in my back shop, over a glass of brandy-and-water, and thinking what a mild, moderate, artless letter the Bishop's was, I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by the appearance of a Friar, with a map of London in his hand, who had lost his way to Smithfield, whither he said he was bound, having been just appointed Master of the Charter House and Archdeacon of London.

"Is DR. RAIN then dead," said I, in the Italian language, of which I don't understand a word.

"Yes," said he. "Have you not heard? All the Archdeacons, Deans, and Bishops, and the two Archbishops are dead; and we

have come over to take possession. Your religion is dead: it died the night before last. I am to bury it; and I am walking about this confounded town since morning. Pray, show me the way to the *Char-treux*."

My daughter *Fanny Punch*, who has just come home from a finishing school in Belgravia, fell down on her knees at the sight of this ragged old hermit and begged his blessing. Whereas my son *Jack*, who is a student at Saint Bartholomew's, looked as savage as might be at the interesting foreigner; and muttered something in his teeth about "confound the old GUY FAWKES, I'll HAYNAU him!" and he was for seising the Friar to Pimlico (to Jericho he might go if he liked, *Jack* said) had I not reproved him for his discourtesy to a stranger.

Miss *Fanny* went up the chimney to get a bottle of Eau de Cologne to wash the dear Father's feet, and to work him a pair of slippers, she said: and *Jack* was, in the meanwhile, so struck by the spirited nature of my rebuke, that he begged pardon of the "old Buck," as he called him, and offered his Reverence my glass of brandy-and-water, and a penny Pickwick, which the old man, putting on his mitre, began to smoke.

It was a very handsome mitre, made out of a copy of the *Daily News*, containing the Pope's letter: and, having a bottle of red ink before me, I painted a few devils on it, with my finger, so that it became the Friar very well. And *Toby*, smelling his wallet, began nuzzling his nose into it, where he found a rack, a thumbscrew, and a stake ready for roasting.

The Friar turned rather red when *Toby* pulled them out, and hid them away up his sleeve as a dentist hides his pincers. I was of course too well-bred to make any remark, though I saw that my name was on the stake with a Latin inscription; but went on painting up the mitre until it was complete, when I presented it to him, and he fell to drinking my brandy-and-water, till his eyes began to wink as if he was for all the world a miraculous picture.

Whilst partaking of the brandy (which is MOREL'S, and the very best in London), he sang, to a melody of MOZART, that beautiful canticle of an early English divine, GUALTERUS DE MAFES, beginning "Mih est propositum in tabernâ mori, vinum sit appositum morientis ori," &c.; and as I looked at him, I remembered that I had seen him twenty years ago, when I was making a tour with my friends the IVYLEAFS.

I remembered him perfectly well. He was the first friar I ever saw—a regular Rabelaisian Friar, a dirty, lazy, red-bearded, thick-lipped, leering vagabond, crawling along a wall in the sunshine—looking, if ever man did, stupid, brutal, and idle.

What was the impression on my mind on looking at that fellow? If I had been a sovereign prince, and administrator of the law, I should have liked to begin by kicking him soundly, and then would have said, "Take a pickaxe and dig, you lazy swindler—take a musket and march, you big beggar—take an oar and pull, a hod and get to work—do something to earn your life, stupid! You shall fill your paunch at other men's charges no more."

Our friend MRS. IVYLEAF was one of that company, and saw like me a Friar for the first time—and what was the impression upon that good woman, that kind Puseyite soul? MRS. IVYLEAF confessed that she should have liked to kneel down and get a blessing from that venerable man. So different, in our minds, were the impressions of each, at the view of our bare-footed friend. One wanted to kick him: one to kneel down at those red shanks, and beg a blessing from that beggar. The fellow represented quite different emotions to each of us. To the one, Friend Barefoot was the symbol of piety, austerity, celibate purity, charity, and self-denial. Touching pictures of convent gates crowded by poor, and venerable Fathers feeding them; sweet images of pale-faced nuns, in moon-lit cloisters, marching to church, singing ravishing hymns; magnificent minsters, filled with kneeling faithful, and echoing with pealing organs; altars crowned with roses, and served by dear old bald-headed, venerable, priests in gilt vestments, and little darlings of white-robed incense-boys; confessionals, and O such dear, melancholy, wasted, consumptive clergymen, with such high foreheads, and such fine eyes, waiting within!—MRS. IVYLEAF knelt to all these, no doubt, in her adoration of her First Friar.

Whereas, what was the feeling of Mr. *Punch*? Think of hard pinched peasants, and simple women and children, depriving themselves of their meal to feed that lazy, besotted, ignorant boor; that pampered Flemish Obi-man, thought I! Think of that fellow's blessing carrying a supernatural grace with it!—of yonder vagabond assuming to be one of the celestial chamberlains, without whose introduction one can't get admission to the Courts of Heaven! *Camérier* of HIS HOLINESS, he carries his key, along with begged sausages and onions, in his wallet. That man means ignorance: that man means superstition: that man means priest-worship: that man means assumption of divine powers by one man over another; powers to curse and bless; to deny hope and Heaven; powers to separate wife and man, child and father; powers of occult domination, or open tyranny, or ruthless and bloody persecution, as it may be.—Powers divinely transmitted, says FATHER BAREFOOT, sealed with the seal of the Fisherman, and handed down these eighteen hundred years—Powers Infernal, I say, to be fought with all weapons, with hate, with scorn, with ridicule, with reason.

"Hatred—scorn—my son!" says FATHER BAREFOOT. "For shame! You have good feelings—why do you malign us so unjustly?"

"Look at this image," says he, taking one out of his bag, "this little figure of a Sister of Charity. Can anything be more beautiful than she? Think of her denying the world and its vanities; gathering together the little children of the poor, and teaching them; watching the pallets of the sick; hanging over the lips of the fevered patient, whispering consolation, and catching infection and death for her reward. Here is a missionary in China or England. Death is the end of his career—he knows, and braves it; and TUI goes to the sword, or CAMPION to the gallows, martyrs to the Truth which they serve. Or look at this venerable figure, this white-haired priest with the infant in his arms, the Almoner of Providence, the Father of the poor. Can all History show a character more beautiful—can any heretic, however hardened, refuse his love and reverence to ST. VINCENT DE PAUL?"

"Yes, reverend Sir, Saints and Martyrs you can show in abundance; faith and charity among your people, goodness and virtue, who denies them? I suppose the most sceptic among us would take off his hat to FENELON, or ask a blessing of PASCAL. But these, O pious Father, are not the only figures in your wallet. Show us ALVA; show us TILLY; show us the block and the fagot all over Europe, and by the side of every victim a priest applauding and abetting. Show us BORGIA burning SAVONAROLA; show us GREGORY THE GOOD singing *Te Deum* for the glorious day of BARTHOLOMEW, and all the Friars of Paris, with gun and dagger, achieving the victory. You say that HENRY and ELIZABETH

persecuted as well as MARY and PHILIP? Yes, and by the same right, and by the same logic. Grant to you or them the ordering of belief and the possession of the truth infallible; and persecution becomes a necessary and laudable means of strengthening doctrine. If by taking me out of my shop in Fleet Street, and carrying me to Smithfield, and there roasting me, you can stop my wicked tongue, put an end to my pestilent publication, and frighten my family and their children after them into orthodox faith and certain salvation; it is much better that I should be roasted. I daresay FATHER NEWMAN would think it a duty to look on. Ask him whether his Church has been a persecuting Church or not? Ask him whether persecution is lawful or not? Ask him, who loves the flogging of the discipline, whether its application to heretic shoulders would not be useful? I declare solemnly, and vow, O BAREFOOT, that if I held your belief, and if I had the power, I would begin persecuting to-morrow: and I would give a dangerous philosopher who doubted about the age of mankind, a touch of the rack, just to admonish him, as GALILEO was laudably admonished by the Holy Office.

"Your Reverence says, Psha! old-world bigotry, wicked persecution, and that it is we who are persecutors now—not you.—My dear Sir, look at the Synod of Thurles. It was bigotry on our parts twenty years ago to doubt that the spirit of the Roman Catholic clergy was not one of meekness and brotherhood. What did they want but that our children and theirs should be educated together? What other desire had they but that little heretics and little papists should learn A, B, C, on the same benches, and the rule-of-three off the same slate? Who could be more quiet, genteel, loyal, and retiring than a poor persecuted Roman Ecclesiastic before the Catholic Repeal Act, desiring nothing so much as fraternity; nothing but equal rights; having no wish to ask anything from Government beyond that fair share which should belong to every citizen? Now there is a Blessed spelling-book and a Cursed spelling-book: now there is a Godly rule-of-three and a Godless rule-of-three: now division is requisite: hatred must be organised. How are the Godly and Godless to live together?"

"Do you suppose the story is a new one? The REVEREND MR. TARTUFFE began in this way. The worthy man, kicked out by a neighbour with whom he had been playing the same game, first entered into ORGON's house by sufferance; hung about as a humble retainer; made himself useful by a thousand means; was so good, so gentle, so correct in his morals and edifying in his speech; ate so little, and was really so agreeable and clever, that everybody was glad to give him house-room, and pitied the poor fellow for the monstrous persecutions to which he had been subject, and the unkind things said of him in his former place. We know what came next. He slowly went on winning favour, the dear man; and setting the family by the ears. He put the father against the son, and the wife against the husband. He worked on the terrors of some; the follies of all: until, one fine day, when he announced that the house was his own, and that he was no longer dependent, but master.

"And what happened? The good-natured dramatist (that kindest and gentlest of mortal men), who had the power over his little creation, brings condign punishment on MONS. TARTUFFE; and the curtain falls as he is marched off to prison, to the applause of all the spectators; and with a compliment to the author's gracious Prince, the hater of hypocrisy, the lover of freedom and justice. It was the gracious Prince who revoked the Edict of Nantes; who (with the applause of the reverend clergy) carried fire and sword amongst hundreds and thousands of honest citizens, his best subjects; and who died a drivelling old dotard, wife-and-priest-ridden, his pride trampled down by Protestant victories, and defeated by Anglican Schismatics.

"That is what HIS HOLINESS calls us Christians in his kind letter, which creates our country into a province again, and provides us with a dozen Bishops and a Primate. Welcome, gentlemen! Welcome, my Lords and your Eminence! Come with cross and banner, shaved heads and disciplines. Come with a winking picture, if you like, and let it wink on Ludgate Hill. Come with your gentle nuns and ardent missionaries: come with roses, and wax candles, and pretty hymns, and brilliant processions—and with hatred and curses, and tyranny and excommunication, such as you know how to use in due season, when you dare. What? Is POLE alive again, and BONNER only dead? Is ST. VINCENT DE PAUL resuscitated, and holy DOMINIC shut up? Has IGNATIUS left off swindling; and shirking disguised amongst families, and is his fraternity only going to teach in schools, and missionize the Indies? Not so. Other institutions change, but theirs is one, and always remains the same. You brag of it. HIS HOLINESS says the Church is always the Church. And so it is: with the same art; the same arrogance; the same remorseless logic; marching pitiless to the same end.

"And so, FATHER BAREFOOT, your Reverence, with the beard and sandals, is welcome, as the Oratorian young gentlemen with the black cloaks and broad brims, who parade our city. Why not these as well as a Quaker's beaver, or a Bishop's shovel-hat? You can't give us, Englishmen, a Church in Rome; because you are avowedly tyrants, and intolerant of any creed but your own. But that is no reason why we should refuse you. Walk in, gentlemen, and you, old BAREFOOT,

give us your hand, as the practice of Englishmen is, before they set to."

"My good Sir, you are growing angry," the Monk said. "This conversation must end. I want to get to the Charter-House, I tell you, before the Angelus; and see the place where our Monks were murdered by your Protestants."

"You go through Smithfield," I said, "where our Protestants were murdered by your Monks."

And he got up in a huff to go away. But I suppose I must have been in a dream, for when he went out I thought my Monk had turned into DR. PUSEY.



PREROGATIVE WRONG.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY cannot but pray that the heart of Parliament will be turned towards a due consideration of the manifold iniquities, the growth of time—the *fungus* of antiquity—that make the Prerogative Court, his Lordship's own Court, little better than a den of thieves and a board of cannibals. In the Prerogative Court, the fatherless and orphans are served up as the standing-dish—the nominal daily bread—to clerks, registrars, and surrogates. Then there is the seal of the Court, with its most expensive impress, with warrant and stamp, and bond, that, according to a correspondent in the *Times*, show that "a charge of £4 7s. per cent. of the net property must be paid into this Court before the deceased's children can receive their lawful portion of the hard earnings of a provident parent." Now the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, grieved and oppressed by the continual consciousness of this robbery of the helpless, for the fattening of sinecurists, will be compelled to bring the matter into the House of Lords, unless reform originate with the Government. The prelate, as the highest ornament of a Church, whose VOICE said—"Suffer little children to come unto me," cannot endure the reflection that they come into his Court only to be plundered. He must put down the atrocity. The spirit of SAWNEY BEAN, the child-eater, must not continue to hold the scales of Justice (late the property of *Shylock*) in the Court of Prerogative.

The Victory of Trafalgar.

THE Naval Club celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar at the Thatched House Tavern. The Chairman, in an eloquent speech, gave—"The immortal memory of NELSON." Drunk with silence. And then Mr. Punch—who had received the honour of an invitation—began to be allowed to give, in his own way,—"The Oblivion of NELSON's Daughter." Drunk, with blushes.

THE GREATEST BULL EVER KNOWN.

THE Bull by which the POPE has appointed DR. WISEMAN Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Perhaps the individual thus singled out for Papal favour will furnish an example of the greatest Misnomer ever known, if he should proceed to act upon the instructions the See of Rome may have given him.



Officer (loquitor). "WELL! MY FINE FELLOW, SO YOU'VE BEEN IN THE REGULAR ARMY?—IN THE WARS, TOO, I SEE—EH?"

Stout Yeoman. "NOA, COLONEL, I NEVER WASN'T IN NO WARS; BUT MY OLD SOW GAINED A SILVER MEDAL LAST COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY; SO I THO'T AS 'OW I MIGHT WEAR UN!"

GAME DUKES.

ADAM was made before red-deer, grouse, and partridge. Nevertheless, in the high, serene opinion of certain Dukes—of him of Atholl, and of him of Rutland—red-deer, grouse and partridge, are things of higher account than biped humanity. The DUKE OF RUTLAND makes the druidical remains near Stanedge Pole, Yorkshire, sacred to birds. All antiquarians, naturalists, and artists that were wont to visit the Druid relics, are warned off by the Duke's keepers. Two-legged man frightens the birds. Back, ye antiquaries—give place, ye naturalists—shut up your portfolios, and tramp, ye vagabond artists, for the great DUKE OF RUTLAND, the gusty Duke, has willed that his grouse (grouse for the huckster poulterer, the Duke being a coronetted dealer in game)—should have the Druid ruins to themselves: birds can better understand, enjoy, and fatten on them, than antiquarian man.

The DUKE OF ATHOLL has found an admirer and apologist in one SANDY MACKLICKSPITTLE, who yelps for the *Glasgow Constitutional*. SANDY, with a fine touch of *scut-dry wut*—says:—

"It is certainly to be regretted that two Cambridge boys were not allowed to stand in the run of the deer, with their knapsacks on their backs, and MURRAY in their pockets."

Moreover, MACKLICKSPITTLE—

"Would like to have seen the puppies taking down the Duke's name in their notebooks."

MACKLICKSPITTLE would like to see a puppy; a fawning, crouching puppy. Oh, SANDY, is there not in the office of the *Glasgow Constitutional*—is there not such a thing as a looking-glass?

A Relief for our Panes.

ABDALLAH-SIDI-HAMET-BEN-HASSAN PAXTON's improvement upon the finest palace described in the *Arabian Nights*—his grand glass cathedral of industry—is an illustration of the saying that like begets like. This splendid idea will be the parent of many fine ideas; and here is one of the family. Build your house entirely of glass, and then how will the tax-gatherer be able to charge you for windows?

REFORM YOUR LAWYERS' BILLS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the movement in favour of cheap law, and the conversion of the Palace Court into a Police station—in which form it discharges the expiatory function of helping to check roguery, instead of to encourage it—notwithstanding the appearance of the Turk's head of enlightenment among the webs and cobwebs of Chancery, there are still many dark recesses of legal chicanery—the word chancery is evidently a corruption of chic-anery—into which Reform has yet to penetrate. The administration of the effects of deceased persons is one of those barbarisms that are still permitted to exist under the name of law, whose sanction enables certain persons called Registrars and Surrogates to take very large slices off very small properties. The very name of Surrogate seems to imply supererogation, and the items of the charges connected with him are quite characteristic; for he is, according to a bill recently published in the *Times*, paid twice over for the same thing; inasmuch as "attending before the surrogate" and the "surrogate's fee" are two distinct and separate charges.

We wonder how long it would be tolerated in other professions and trades, if the system of law costs were to be adopted. Suppose a dentist were to send you in a bill for "drawing your tooth;" "attending drawing;" "Filing decayed part of tooth;" "attending filing;" "Drawing your attention;" "engrossing same;" "making extract;" "attending extracting;" with a variety of other particulars that could easily be set forth, if any other bill were to be made out, on the principle of a lawyer's. An omnibus cad might as well charge 6s. 8d. for "a summons to stay," if you hailed him to stop; and, if you got into a cab, the driver might as well insist on 10s. 6d. as "fee to horse for drawing same," in addition to the fare properly payable. We trust the time is coming to an end for the existence of these legal extortions, which are facts quite as oppressive as any of the legal fictions that have been exterminated within the last few years by an improved spirit of law-making.

DREADFUL PANIC IN THE BRITISH DRAMATIC MARKET.

Our letters from Paris inform us that MONSIEUR SCRIBE is studying English, with the object of translating for the future his own pieces.



SCENE FROM THE BURLESQUE RECENTLY PERFORMED AT GLEN TILT.

"These are Clan Atholl warriors true,
And, Saxons, I'm the reg'lar Doo."

THE LORD OF THE GLEN.

A Rough Companion to the "Lady of the Lake."

Two enterprising Cambridge men
Were traversing Tilt's famous glen:
Passing the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs they boldly stray;
Till, at a rock's huge point they stop,
And out they see a Chieftain pop.
Up, up he springs, with stick in hand:
"Your name and purpose, Saxons! stand!"
Thus they reply: "Laird of the kilt,
There's right of way across Glen Tilt."
"You think so, eh?" He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill.
Wild as the yell of the yahoo,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
That whistle garrisoned the glen,
With two great raw-boned serving-men.
Waiting their laird's imperial will,
They stood awhile stupid and still;
With sturdy bludgeon forward flung,
Upon their master's nod they hung.
He scowled, and cried—with sable brow—
"Intruders, say, what think ye now?"
These are Glen Tiltian gillies true,
And, Saxons, I'm the Reg'lar Doo."

THE MONASTERY OF PIMLICO.

A MONASTERY of Pimlico is to be founded, to match the Convent of the Belgravians, as the gander, though in a state of celibacy, matches its female. This institution will be dedicated to St. HISTRIO of the HUMS, and St. SIMIUS, ABBOT OF JOCKO.

The Superior of the Monastery will be an eminent clergyman, recommended for the situation by his ingenuity in interpreting the Articles of the Church of England in a non-natural sense.

The Monks are to be young Anglican ecclesiastics of a class now not uncommon, whose state of mind needs a temporary seclusion; and who, if they had not an Abbey to go to, would require to be sent to some other asylum.

The establishment will derive its support from the resources of the inmates, until Covent-garden and other alienated Abbey-lands can be resumed by the Legislature, and re-applied to their original purposes.

In winter the Friars will be clad in a black serge gown with a cowl, over the ordinary clerical attire. They will also wear a partial hair shirt—not next the skin, however, but only under the waistcoat. The gown will sometimes be worn open, so as to exhibit this penitential dickey. The trousers must either be short, or tucked up, because they would not accord with the *chaussure*, which is, of course, to consist of sandals. Stockings, together with the latter, would be a violation of costume; therefore, to save appearances, and avoid chilblains too, their place will be supplied with tight silk fleshings, which will have all the effect of bare legs, as displayed by the gentleman who enacts the Franciscan in *Romeo and Juliet*. The tonsure, too, which the Monk may wish to relinquish on re-entering public life, or forsaking celibacy, will be managed on the same principle, namely, by recourse to a scalp, such as MR. CULLENFORD assumes, to give a physical verisimilitude to his personation of age, at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi.

The employments of the Monks of Pimlico will be, for the most part, such as are diametrically opposed to the utilitarian spirit of the day. Copying Bibles and Testaments—that have been unhappily vulgarised by printing—into manuscript, will be one of their principal occupations. Rubbing monumental brasses will be another; and every Monk will be recommended to rub his brass up well every day, before he ventures to show his face in the streets.

There will be a soup-kitchen attached to the Monastery, for the distribution of soup, in subservience to the dissemination of Puseyism. The soup will be mock-turtle, a viand, as the public already knows, corresponding to the system in question, which is a mild imitation, concocted to suit the taste of those who affect, but cannot quite swallow, the original. In order to represent this analogy to the eye, the symbol of the Monastery will be a calf's head, which will figure conspicuously among the corbels of the edifice, together with the emblematic mask and mystical jackanapes—the cyphers of S. S. HISTRIO and SIMIUS.

The plate of the Monastery will consist of Britannia or Anglican metal, to typify, further, the imitative character of the institution.

Among the recreations of the Pimlico Monks will be, the scenic pre-

sentation of some of the more producible of the "Mysteries" and "Moralties" of the precious middle ages, by which performances they will amuse themselves, whilst they edify the public.

They will occasionally ride in the Park, with a view to court, rather than shun observation. The Father Superior will use a mule; and as many donkeys will be kept in the Monastery as there are Friars in it.

GOING RATHER TOO FAR.

"SIR, "I HAVE not the honour of knowing the Recorder of Birmingham, MR. M. D. HILL. Professional people I only know professionally, and, I must say, my dealings with lawyers have not given me any desire of a more intimate acquaintance. But whoever or whatever this MR. M. D. HILL may be, he is clearly an impertinent and short-sighted person. His proposal to the grand jury at Birmingham is, that the police shall have authority to arrest such persons as may lie under their suspicions, and to require them, on pain of imprisonment, to give evidence that they possess means of support, 'either from their property, their labour, or the assistance of friends.'

"Good gracious, Sir, do we live in a free country or not? Why, Sir, I should be liable to arrest under such a tyrannous and inquisitorial law, although I write 'Honourable' before my name, and belong to the best set in London. I have no property (except a few personals of no consequence, such as dressing, gun, and pistol cases—my wardrobe, and so on). I have not yet, I am thankful to say, been reduced to the humiliating necessity of labour, and my friends (confound them!) have long ceased to give me any assistance whatever. MR. M. D. HILL would surely never be so preposterous as to contend that I should be arrested—a member of the Travellers' and the Coventry, with a stall at the French Plays, a prospect (*entre nous*) of getting into the House, when our people (the Protectionists) come in, the *entrée* of some of the best boxes at the Operas (both of them), and the run of some of the most exclusive houses in town.

"The fact is, MR. M. D. HILL has omitted altogether the most *répandue* and *distingué* means of support—I mean CREDIT—that which is always, I am happy to say, open to the man of good family and address, and the facilities for which are so much greater in this country than under the wretched democracy across the Channel.

"I suppose that under this precious scheme I am to be liable to be hauled up by the police, at the request of any impertinent tradesman, and treated as a swindler, because I don't happen to be able to pay ready-money to my tailor, my hatter, my haberdasher, my wine-merchant, my tobaccoconist, and my livery-stable-keeper!

"All I can say is, that if such a law ever come to be passed, England will be no place for gentlemen. In the mere broaching of such a proposition I see a working of the same levelling spirit, which has done its best to do away with that great safeguard of our institutions—the privilege of freedom from arrest of Members of Parliament.

"Of course, the idea will never be seriously entertained in influential quarters, but I felt it a duty to society not to let it be even mooted without recording my indignant protest.

"I am, Mr. Punch, your constant reader,

"A MAN ABOUT TOWN."

Beef from the Vatican.

AMONG the recent importations of foreign cattle, the most remarkable is that of the extraordinary bull from Rome, though the bull from Nineveh will probably be the more useful of the two. On arriving in this country, the Roman bull gave such indications of being likely to prove mischievous, that it has been found necessary to take him boldly by the horns. No intention, however, exists of placing him under any forcible restraint; and he will be suffered to range at large, unmolested. It is hoped, that, after all, he will turn out perfectly harmless. Should he begin to be troublesome, the clergyman mentioned in the papers, the other day, as having mesmerised a bull, or some other clergyman equally clever, must set to work and quiet him.

WHAT A LUCKY ESCAPE!

It is very lucky that MOMUS's proposed plan, that everybody should have a window in his breast, so that the world might be able to see what was passing inside, was never carried out, or else there would not be a native of this country—man, woman, or child—but who, at the present day, would have to pay for the Window-Tax!

Starvation of Mind and Body in Ireland.

THE Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, we are told, are going to establish a University of their own. If they can command funds sufficient for the purpose, where was their money during the Irish famine? If they cannot, it is highly improbable that their flocks will be much better taught than fed.

FOREIGNERS MAKING FREE WITH ENGLAND.

PIO NONO having divided this country into Catholic bishoprics, it becomes absolutely necessary that, if BRITANNIA is really to continue to rule the waves, she must rule the Sees also. We shall have to say No-no very peremptorily to PIO, with reference to the arrangement he has made for planting the crosier, or crook—which he will be allowed to do with a hook—in the soil of England. If the sort of thing contemplated by the POPE OF ROME is to be tolerated here, we must expect other alien potentates to amuse themselves by cutting up the United Kingdom into little bits, after their own hearts, and sending the dignitaries of all sorts of creeds to supersede the ministers of our own religion. Unless a quietus is rapidly put to the arrogant pretensions of Rome, and unless we rap the POPE's knuckles, as the only alternative left to prevent our being obliged to kiss his toe, we may expect a few such paragraphs as the following to figure very speedily in our foreign intelligence:—

The Hindoo Government has sent over HOKI POKI, to commence his functions as Brahmin of Battersea. MESSRS. LAURIE, of Oxford Street, have received directions to build without delay a car, with COLLINGE's patent axles, for the accommodation of Juggernaut.

The MIRZAM OF MOOLRAH has sent over BOW WOW to commence his sittings at Marylebone as Mufti of Middlesex, and RUSTI KHAN goes to Westminster Hall, to take his place in the Court of Chancery as Cadi of Chelsea. We had forgotten to state that the Bow-string is to be introduced at Bow Street, and KOOLEY FOOLEY will preside at the burning of a widow, on a pile of weeds collected from all the widows in the Metropolis.

The EMPEROR OF CHINA has written to the officer in charge of the Junk at the Temple Stairs, desiring him to take possession of the Temple, and devote it to BUDD; but we are happy to say that the scheme has been frustrated by the firmness of the Jack-in-the-water, who declared emphatically that BUDD should go and be blown before he—the JACK—would allow any trespassers on the ground committed to his charge. There have been further directions forwarded to the Junk, desiring that POO LOO should cement the power of China in this country by assuming the title and powers of Mandarin of Mile End, with the privilege of issuing chops to any extent, and SLATER, the eminent butcher, is to be called upon to provide, gratis, the whole of the materials.

Such are a few of the arrangements that may be looked for, as the *suite* of the recent measures taken by the POPE OF ROME for establishing his authority in England—provided always that the measures in question are found to be effectual for the purposes desired.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THERE is this difference between the two countries—and it requires a long experience to decide which is the worse of the two to live in—that whereas the people in France are always breaking out, the people in England seem to be always breaking in.

CAUTION!—Two cart-loads of puns, on the names of "Newman" and "Wiseman," having been shot on Mr. Punch's premises, Mr. Punch hereby gives notice that he has taken measures to ascertain the perpetrators of the same, and that, if the offence be persisted in, he will publish a selection, with the names of the offending parties.

CATALOGUE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ALL the thing's a farce,
And all the time and labour merely wasted.
It has its entries and its indexes,
And one man with his time plays but the fool
In poring o'er the pages. First the Volume,
Bulky and ponderous in the porter's arms,
And then the heavy binding, with its edges
And greasy leather backs, letting it slide
Gradually to the ground. And then the titles,
Mixed up like hodge-podge—here a book of ballads
Publish'd by BEALE or BOOSEY. Then a quarto,
Full of strange types, and letter'd all in black,
Printed on vellum—ancient in type and paper,
Cramming the author's reputation

Right down the student's mouth. And then the law-book,
In pale brown calfskin, with gross humbug lined,
With rules severe, and forms of rigid cut,
Full of strange laws and musty precedents:
And so this forms a part. The volume shifts
Like change to clown or slipper'd pantaloons,
To subjects no one knows—from side to side
The eye may roll—the topics are too wide
To be embraced—and the loud public voice,
Turning again to childish treble, pipes
And whistles for its wants. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange mysterious catalogue,
Is perfect uselessness and mere oblivion,
Sans head—*sans* tail—in fact, *sans* everything.



A GENTLEMAN, WISHING TO REFER TO THE CATALOGUE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, IS SHOWN A VERY SMALL PORTION OF THAT WORK.

THE MEETING OF THE MAYORS AT YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FRIDAY, the 25th of October, 1850, will be a great day in the civic annals of England, for it was devoted to the return visit of the Lord Mayor of London to the Lord Mayor of York—that illustrious couple having within the present year exchanged calls at each other's Mayor's nests.

Before speaking of the banquet, we may say a few words of the city itself, which was formerly governed by a Mayor and three bailiffs—the bailiffs being no doubt descendants of ISAAC, the Jew of York—but in 1397, two sheriffs were, by royal authority, substituted for the three bailiffs; and by this Shrieval arrangement, the city was shrieved of its impurity.

York has been long celebrated for three things—York hams, Yorkshire pudding, and York biscuits—all of which were to be had in profusion at the late banquet. The bill of fare was of course magnificent, for—

“When Mayor meets Mayor, then comes the tug of turtle;”

and *trente-deux potages* opened the campaign, including *huite à la tortue transparente*, or, in other words, eight of transparent turtle—or turtle which could be seen through, or, to come to the point, mock of the clearest character.

There were also four soups, *à la PRINCE OF WALES*, which, we presume, is an elegant little idea of SOYER's, who has given to hare soup the title of what he, in his foreign accent, might call the hare apparent.

Among the *relèves* we find *six chapons à la NELSON*, by which we understand half-a-dozen capons sent up without their tails, for to render them *à la NELSON*, they must not have shown the white feather. *Six saddleback de mouton* would, of course, give sufficient sadlery to enable every guest to have a bit in his mouth, and a stirrup-cup to have washed it down would have been very acceptable.

The *entrées* contained, among other delicacies, *huit cotelettes de mouton à la vicomtesse*—eight mutton chops *à la viscountess*; but as we never took a chop with a viscountess, we can give no explanation of this dish, and cannot say if the bone is to be admitted to the mouth as a sort of *bonne bouche à la Bourgeoise*. Among the sweet stuffs, we find *dix paniers de fruits glacés à la Lady Mayoress*—ten baskets of fruit glazed *à la Lady Mayoress*; who might be thought to be very cold and stiff, from this comparison of her ladyship to glazed fruits; but the fact is, there is no foundation for this culinary libel.

The guests were many of them of the highest distinction, but we miss a few names that we think should have been included. For example, we find “the High Constable of Margate and friend,” and “The Chief Constable of Ramsgate;” but we look in vain for the “one policeman of Herne Bay,” who, as part of the Kentish force, should have been, we think, invited with his brother constables. The “Lord Mayor of London's Common Crier” was in attendance, but found nothing to cry about, and judiciously kept his tears bottled up for some more appropriate occasion.

The first toast was given by the Lord Mayor of York, who proposed the QUEEN—a toast which was received with the enthusiastic loyalty that is always excited by the mention of the name of HER MAJESTY. His lordship very properly remarked, that though the days of chivalry were gone, when a thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards in her defence, the QUEEN was still surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands of honest blades, and by millions of hands, which had substituted, for the warrior's steel, the loom, the shuttle, and the spade; while, better far, every spade was a trump, and every shuttle would help to shut up every battle-door.

The health of PRINCE ALBERT having been drunk, His Royal Highness returned thanks in an excellent speech, which we hope will be read by every one, and which we will not attempt to mutilate by curtailment in these columns. The compliment paid to the late SIR ROBERT PEEL is far too good in its idea, and in its expression, to be spoiled by any sportive abridgment, and we leave it, therefore—with the whole speech—to produce its legitimate impression on all who read it *in extenso* in the reports of the newspapers.

Other healths followed, and the Army was acknowledged by COLONEL CAMPBELL, who in the Queen's Bays had won his own laurels. The Lord Mayor of London was proposed in the honourable, but rather sombre, character of the “setting sun,” which caused him to “rise” suddenly to return thanks, and the setting sun ultimately resumed his seat, amidst a series of “hoo-rays” of the most brilliant and exhilarating description.

The healths of the Ministers were then proposed, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL was compared to the captain of a ship, in allusion, perhaps, to his Lordship's alleged readiness to take command of a fleet, should his services be required. The Premier, looking at the wine before him, expressed, *sotto voce*, his wish that, if ever he undertook the office of a sea-captain, he should be always in sight of port, particularly such port as that he now looked upon.

He then made a very fair average Ministerial speech to the general

company, which told extremely well; and after a few more toasts, the company separated at a late hour.

While we give this meeting of the Mayors the benefit of our own peculiar version, we by no means under-rate the value and importance of these social meetings among the municipal bodies of our large cities; and they are of still more value as the means of bringing royalty into communication with, and enabling it to show its sympathy of idea and feeling with, all classes of the people.

THE EXHIBITION PLAGUE.



GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I am a wife, and the mother of, at present, five healthy children; and write without my husband's knowledge, who—except that he will have his own way, which was never meant for men, whatever they may say to the contrary—is as good a creature (for a man) as ever broke bread. I write, I say, about this show that they're going to put under a glass case in Hyde Park. I am told—and I believe it—that the Exhibition, as they call it, will bring another Great Plague of London. I hear that in the *Union Jack*, evening newspaper, we're promised the cart and the bell again; and all along of the millions of foreigners that, like herrings in a barrel, will begin to wedge up London in the spring; getting closer and closer through June and July. It's reckoned, *Mr. Punch*, in that paper, that every family's circle will be widened twice its size, just as if you stretched a tea-cup into a slop-basin; and that hardly a cupboard will exist that hasn't a lodger. In the scramble that's to come, it will be a mercy if—for a day together—people find their own relations. But, Sir, it's the Plague—or rather the many Plagues—that's to be brought among us by the swarming millions: the Plague on one hand, says the *Union Jack*, and the famine—for how are these millions to be boarded—on the other? I'm told we may expect, among many other contributions to the Exhibition of 1851:—

“THE BLACK JAUNDICE, FROM AMERICA;
PALSY, FROM RUSSIA;
CONVULSION FITS, FROM FRANCE;
THE MUMPS, FROM GREECE;
THE KING'S EVIL, FROM NAPLES;
RICKETS, FROM SPAIN;
ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, FROM PORTUGAL;
DROOPY, FROM HOLLAND; AND
THE SCARLET FEVER, FROM ROME.”

“Now, *Mr. Punch*, it rests with you to prevent all this. It's clear enough, according to the *Union Jack*, that there's no houses for the millions; and if they're only attempted to be taken in and boarded, what's above must follow. In this pickle, the country looks to you. Couldn't the foreigners be pitched in tents on Blackheath and in Battersea Fields, and their pulses felt, and their tongues looked to by the Board of Health, every day before they came to London?”

“I put this as a simple question, and awaiting your reply, I am, *Mr. Punch*,

“Yours,

“AN ANXIOUS WIFE AND MOTHER.”

Consecration of St. Mary's Church.

MR. GODWIN's new and beautiful church of St. Mary's, Brompton, was consecrated last week by the BISHOP OF LONDON. The structure had been most liberally contributed to: the pile is, indeed, a monument of charity and piety. MR. GUNTER gave the ground; and even on the day of consecration, the collection, we are told, was most liberal. And this brings us to the rite of consecration. Were the fees remitted? The report of the ceremony, otherwise so full, is silent on this head: we are sorry for it. We should be happy to learn that the ground was consecrated gratis; for, judging from the usual costliness of the ceremony, the heathen might almost think that money, and not devotion, was the episcopal element of consecration—Cash, not prayer.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ELECTRIC FLUID.

COMPLAINTS are being made of the tardiness of the Electric Telegraph, as if its flash of electricity were sometimes a flash in the pan. The superiority of the American mode of transmitting messages by this wonderful invention is notorious; and if we did not know that it was owing to their Companies being more active, as well as liberal, than our own, we should ascribe it to the electric fluid which they employ, being “greased lightning.”



THE POPE "TRYING IT ON" MR. JOHN BULL.

THE CARDINAL'S HAT.

ALL the world—or, in other words, all the readers of *Punch*—may not know that the hat, the scarlet hat, the Cardinal's hat of CARDINAL WOLSEY, yet remains among us. It was poked out of a lot of bye-gone rubbish lying in the Great Wardrobe by BISHOP BURNET, when Clerk of the Closet. From BURNET's son, the judge, it passed to the COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ALBEMARLE, who gave it to HORACE WALPOLE, who treasured the relic among kindred rarities, in the Holbein Chamber at Strawberry Hill; until the glories of Gingerbread Castle were knocked down and dispersed by the Hammer-Bearer—the Auctioneer THOR—GEORGE ROBINS, under the Piazzas in Covent Garden.

The Hat, when sold from Strawberry Hill, was in a miserable condition; stained, faded, moth-eaten; hardly thread hung to thread. Divested of its historical associations, it was doubtful whether a chimney-sweeper, intent upon his May wardrobe, would have accepted the hat from any large-hearted housemaid. Equally doubtful is it, whether any boy of decent spirit, with a proper pride in the appearance of his GUY FAWKES, would have clapt the hat upon the effigy of that magnificent ruffian; a sad fellow who, nevertheless, has met with scant justice from posterity. For there are extenuating circumstances—shown in a recent biography—that ought to tell kindly upon the memory of FAWKES; since it is now proved that, by his own confession, his principal object in blowing up Parliament "was to blow the Scotch back to their own country." An endeavour that, we think, ought to

be charitably considered by an unprejudiced generation. But to return to CARDINAL WOLSEY's hat.

The hat, within this week or so, has marvellously recovered itself. Nay, a miracle has been worked in the hat. The thing so old and faded has become bright and better than new. The scarlet has returned, and is as vivid in colour as the blood—that thaws every year, to be continued in the next—in the phial of ST. JANUARIUS. And more than this; the hat that was shapeless, and lopped like a sick ass's ears, has gathered itself up, as though instinct with the knowledge that it is about to be called upon to appear again in public, after the neglect and long sleep of centuries. Haply the hat remembers the glories of its Cardinal Master.

The hat—for miracles must work in the web—may thrill with the recollection of the time, when CARDINAL WOLSEY—

"Came out of his privy chamber about eight of the clock, apparelled all in red; that is to say, his upper garment was either of fine scarlet, or taffety, but most commonly of fine satin engrained; his pillion of fine scarlet, with a neck set in the inner side with black velvet, and a tippet of sables about his neck; holding in his hand an orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein were vinegar and other confections, against the pestilent aires." And before him was borne first the broad seal of England, and his CARDINAL'S HAT by a Lord or some gentleman of worship, right solemnly."

And so the Cardinal would go to Westminster Hall door; and there he "judged every estate." And the Hat, the WOLSEY Hat, that has survived to the nineteenth century, like LANDOR's shell, "remembers its august abodes," and by the renewed blood-red freshness of its colour, and the sudden arrogance of its cock, evidently hopes to become a WYSEMAN in the present generation.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN THE BEST CURE.

NOTHING can exceed the activity of the Police after a great crime or robbery has been committed. They will run their legs off in pursuit of the stolen horse, as soon as they have been informed it has been stolen; but to keep a watch upon the stable-door, or to try whether it is properly locked, is a thing that never enters the area of their imaginations.

The recent burglary in the Strand furnishes us with another proof of this tremendous activity that always comes too late. The accounts agree unanimously in saying that "The Police are in active pursuit of the delinquents." Now it strikes us strongly, that if the Police were only to bestow one half the zeal in preventing a robbery, which they generally display in finding it out, many thousand pounds, and probably a few lives, would be saved in the course of every year; and that, also, there would not be so many inquiries and cries of wonderment heard, after reading every fresh case of burglary, as to "Where could the Police have been?"

THE STEP NOT TAKEN.

THE Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have very recently shown a most praiseworthy deference to the wishes of the people, and to justice in the abstract. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have taken decided steps in the right direction: namely,

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have adopted two steps at the north entrance of the Cathedral.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have further vouchsafed to the public two steps to the south of the Cathedral.

But towards the abolition of the twopence to the interior of the Cathedral, the Dean and Chapter have taken no step whatever.

EXPECTATIONS FROM ROME.



THE GENTLEMAN whose probity and magnanimity, no less than his sturdiness of frame and amplitude of person, whose solid understanding, equally with his capacious habiliments, are well known to the readers of these pages—the gentleman in whose welfare we are all deeply interested—would be glad to know what are the limits, if any, of the authority which the POPE OF ROME claims to exercise in Great Britain and Ireland, and where the interference of his HOLINESS in the concerns of these dominions may be expected to stop. MR. JOHN BULL, in short, will thank any learned Doctor of the Roman Church, or

other competent persons who will satisfy his anxious mind on these particulars.

MR. BULL has been told that the supremacy pretended to by the Roman PONTIFF in this realm is confined to spiritual matters. If by matters spiritual are simply meant moral and theological doctrines, and rites of worship, MR. BULL says, well and good. Let the POPE lay down the law on these subjects, and welcome. MR. BULL will be happy to return the favour.

But if, in the pontifical view, spiritual matters are all matters that may possibly have a spiritual bearing—institutions founded by the Legislature for the diffusion of common information, for example, like the Queen's Colleges—and the POPE holds himself entitled to dictate respecting them,—fair and softly, says MR. JOHN BULL; for MR. BULL would like exceedingly to be informed, whether there is any one of our political or social arrangements of which his HOLINESS does not think he ought to have the control. All of them are capable of being considered under the head of good or bad; all, therefore, have a moral, therefore a spiritual bearing; and therefore are all subject to the jurisdiction of the POPE OF ROME, for aught MR. BULL at present sees to the contrary.

Will his HOLINESS—possibly, one of these days—take it into his head to condemn MR. BULL's railways, as being too convenient and comfortable, and opposed to the spirit of mortification and asceticism, and tending, by the promotion of intercommunication, to propagate a dangerous freedom of opinion, and an increase of knowledge independently of faith?

Will he be pleased to fulminate an edict against sanitary regulations, and precautions against plague and pestilence, on the ground that they are based on a heterodox belief in the natural laws, and that we ought wholly to trust to litanies and supplications instead? Especially as the axiom of the heresiarch WESLEY, that cleanliness is next to godliness, is an error, being refuted by the practice of divers remarkable saints.

Is it not considerably probable that he will take upon himself to anathematise MR. BULL's whole system of legal provision for the poor, because it discourages mendicity, and therefore charity, or indiscriminate almsgiving, as the profession exists, and the virtue is practised, in orthodox cities on the continent, to the great temporal advantage, as well as spiritual benefit of their inhabitants?

Has not MR. BULL fair reason to apprehend that the POPE will, as soon as may be expedient, declare his clergy to be irresponsible to the law of the land, and amenable only to ecclesiastical tribunals?

May not his HOLINESS be expected to decide, in due time, that a Sovereign and a Parliament of his own communion are vastly preferable to a Protestant QUEEN and Legislature, and to invoke all his subjects, on their allegiance, to aid and abet in carrying his decision out?

Lastly, will the POPE OF ROME ever be satisfied with the authority possessed by him in this country, till JOHN BULL becomes a Papal BULL entirely, and he has that stout and worthy gentleman—beaver, broadcloth, boots, breeches, crabstick, watch, chain, seals, and all—at his foot, kissing his shoe?

An Attorney-General for Everybody.

It has often been said, that, to secure the ends of justice, we want a Public Prosecutor in this country. The truth of that assertion was never so manifest as it is now, when everybody feels how much such an officer is wanted, in order to prosecute the Public's right of way through Glen Tilt.

THE MANCHESTER BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL.

A CARD.

MR. R. CORDEN, M.P., and friends, invite the attention of Parents, Guardians, and Ministers of all denominations, including those of the Downing Street persuasion, to the advantages offered by their comprehensive educational establishment, hitherto known as the MANCHESTER SCHOOL, which now presents itself to public notice in a character which must secure for it the patronage of all rational persons, whatever may be their opinions respecting the corn-trade and import-duties on foreign commodities. This celebrated Commercial Academy has hitherto almost wholly confined itself to rearing the politico-economical thought, and teaching the young financial idea how to shoot: a delightful task, certainly, but limited in the sphere of its usefulness. The enlightenment of the sort of darkness that prevails among clowns and 'squires was an object of great importance; but MR. CORDEN and his coadjutors feel, that the time has arrived when the popular teacher must do something more than instruct rural simplicity to distinguish between the right hand and the left, and to discriminate the caseous product of Cheshire from the material which constitutes the Hampshire Downs. To the general inculcation of the fact that two and two make four, they intend to add instruction in all the rules of arithmetic, and in mathematics, as also in the English and other languages, living and dead, together with history, geography—including, of course, the use of the globes—geology, chemistry, natural philosophy, and the elements of anatomy, physiology, medicine, and jurisprudence.

For further particulars relative to their contemplated undertaking, see the proceedings of the "Conference" of its friends and supporters, who met on the 30th ultimo, at the Mechanics' Institution, Manchester, and resolved themselves into a Society, entitled the "National Public School Association." The "National Public School" will be a juvenile extension of the original Manchester educational establishment. It will be a real seminary for young ladies and gentlemen composing the mass of the community, intended to imbue them with common sense and common information, notwithstanding that their frocks may be made of calico, and their trousers of corduroy. The clergy of different persuasions are particularly invited to patronise this Academy, as the reverend gentlemen may each rest assured that no doctrines contrary to his own will be inculcated there.

In other words, the instruction given in the National School will be simply secular. Matters of faith and opinion would by all means be taught in the School, as well as matters of fact and science, were it not that equity would demand that every variety of clergyman should be allowed to preach to the pupils in turn; an expedient which would be attended with much inconvenience, and some confusion, and after all, most probably, would not answer the end proposed. For the funds necessary to the success of their grand undertaking, its promoters look to the Government; on which they intend to call for the institution of "a general system of secular instruction, maintained by local rates, and managed by local authorities." The prime object of their Association at present is to arouse public opinion to the urgency and importance of their demand, which is opposed only by stinginess and bigotry. But the stinginess which grudges a school-rate is punished with prison-expenses, and the bigotry which denies information has had already some return in kind; and, in case of continued obstinacy, may reap its final reward in a papal interdict.

MR. C. and his colleagues hope that these considerations will have due weight, and trust to be enabled by the good sense of Parliament to meet their young friends shortly after the vacation.

A NEW COLOUR FOR A CARDINAL.

THE odd conduct of the POPE OF ROME towards the QUEEN and Legislature of England, in creating an ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, has made a deal of noise, wherein the groans preponderate largely over the plaudits. Now if his HOLINESS wishes to constitute an extraordinary Archbishop, with the approbation of the whole civilised world, MR. PUNCH will put him in the way of doing so. What the pontifical arrangements are, in the Southern States of America, MR. PUNCH does not know; but he conceives they do not include what he proposes they should.

What does his HOLINESS say to a negro metropolitan—say a black Archbishop of Charlestown, with jurisdiction over South Carolina particularly, and in general over the whole of the Southern States of America? Make the black man a Cardinal as well; give him a scarlet hat, carefully engaging him, of course, not to go to a hop in it. Here would be a fine opportunity of reading the Yankees a lesson of humility,—of proclaiming the great Catholic dogma of the essential equality of the human race,—and, withal, of dealing a heavy blow at slavery. Will the only answer to this suggestion be, that the idea of making a nigger a Prince of the Church, is too ridiculous?

MORE ABOUT HATS.

By our own Commissioner in search of one.



UR blow at the British hat has been severely felt; and the British public is at length wide awake to the importance of a sweeping hat reform. But we will not leave our work half accomplished. It is not enough to tear the crown from the reigning hat; we are bound, also, to find a successor more worthy of a place at the head of British humanity.

The subject is acquiring an increased interest from recent events in Rome. What has the POPE given DR. WISEMAN? A hat? And see what a storm-cloud is gathering out of it,—black and threatening, like the Djin out of the bottle, in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*.

Having, by order of Mr. Punch, completed a Hataphobic tour on the Continent, with a mission "to observe the cities and hats of many men," I now proceed to record my experience, under its several ethnical heads—I should say hats.

I did not include France in my journey, for several reasons. In the first place, the French are a light-headed people, and light heads are satisfied with lighter hats than would suit the solidity of the English nature. Again, people's heads in France having been a good deal turned by recent political events, there has been, in consequence, such a turning of hats (and coats), that the observation of to-day may turn out quite valueless for to-morrow. The *bonnet rouge* quite put the hat to the blush, for a few months after February, '48. Yet to-day we find every Frenchman eager to put his mob-cap into his pocket, and mount some kind of a hat. There is, for example, the *chapeau à tricorne*—the little, old, three-cornered hat, which the President, and the Society of the Dix Décembre have been making a desperate attempt to bring up, and clap at the head of everything in France; but it has gone by with the Emperor—France refuses to be three-corner-hatted, just as she refused to be bonneted after February.

Then there is the wonderful Socialist Hat, which LOUIS BLANC, GABET and COMPAGNIE declare will fit everybody. This must be a descendant of Fortunatus's wishing cap, for they assure us that those who wear it will have everything they want. But the world has never yet seen a specimen of it tried on. From a momentary glimpse I have seen of one (brought over to London by one of the exiles of June) it strikes me as very like the old cap of liberty turned inside out, with a new trimming. Somebody in France must have the famous wind-cap of KING OLAF of Norway, of which we are told, that when he put it on, all winds blew as he listed, and the most dreadful tempests and storms prevailed. The gentleman who has this headdress in his possession has certainly been too fond of trying it on for the last two years or so. But, we repeat it, these are not the sort of articles for English wearing.

Again, France has helped very much to perpetuate the reign of the chimney-pot. Had we been left to the English beaver, not all the industry of the whole beaver community could have kept its hat above water. It was positively too hot and heavy, and dear, to be tolerated even by conservative Englishmen. But in spite the Frenchman, so clever at giving a new *forme* to an old *fond*, and invented the French velvet hat, a lighter, cheaper, and altogether more wearable shape of the old nuisance, and we continued to wear the chimney-pot in its French fashion.

It is to France also that we owe the *Gibus* or spring-hat. Here was another ingenious attempt of our inventive neighbours to reconcile the irreconcilable—to make a hat, which, while a chimney-pot on the head, should become a soup-plate in the hand, and which thus ventured where the British beaver never could have thrust itself, into routs and balls, and under chairs of public dinners, and in the pits of theatres. These two inventions, we say, have been most injurious to society. They were palliatives of an evil, which but for them must have been swept away long ago. They were the Reform which has staved off for a time an inevitable and wholesome Revolution.

For these reasons I determined to avoid France, and took the steamer to Ostend, with the intention of proceeding by Germany to Italy.

In Belgium I found evidences that even here the days of the chimney-pot were numbered. Even imitative Belgium has pronounced for felt. No great amount of taste is displayed in the insurrectionary head-pieces as yet. The sugar-loaf form is extensively prevalent; but the brims loudly demand extension. There is, however, a disposition to recur to the old form in the new material, which we must describe as re-actionary. It is the effete monarchy of the chimney-pot attempting insidiously to re-establish itself under the shelter of the social wide-awake. But there are not wanting those who are sternly bent on shaking off every vestige of the doomed cylinder—that Bourbon of hats, which never seems to learn anything or to forget anything. I noticed with pleasure, in the train between Bruges and Ghent, a growing breadth in the brim and lowering of the crown, which spoke the old spirit of those free burgher

communities, who gave the Counts of Flanders such a lesson under the Artevelde. But hats will never develop themselves thoroughly in Belgium. There are too many soldiers—an army of 50,000, to a population of between four and five millions, besides 590,000 National Guards! The bravery of the Belgian is proverbial, but the schako has crushed the hat. In every railway carriage, you may calculate on three soldiers to every four civilians, and though their bodies are puny their head-pieces are preposterous. Roman helmets of black leather, with spikes a-top, crested Greek helmets, with great brass cones; hour-glass Lancer schakos, Infantry cylinders, with shaving-brushes a-top, bear-skin muffs, *képis*,—and every other variety in which the genius of the small German or Belgian potentate runs riot, are seen in place of well-devised civil coverings of the head.

Moreover, of the above four civilians, two are certain to be priests, and the priest's hat is an object of our uncompromising opposition. Its original is the noble *sombrero*, but superstition has crushed the crown, while narrow-mindedness has clipped three cantles out of the brim, and formalism has turned up the edges, till it now resembles nothing but a triangle of spouting set round a black jelly-mould—taking up a great deal of room, but casting no breadth of shade—wide as the pretensions of the Church of Rome, but shallow as her foundations in this Island. Such a hat can never take root in England, any more than the broad-brimmed, stiff-crowned abominations of FATHER NEWMAN'S Oratorians.

On the whole, I saw little in Belgium to recommend for direct imitation in the new hat era which I trust is dawning for Great Britain. There was an evident disposition in hats, as in books, towards the *contrefaçon Belge*, and the servile reproduction of French originals had obviously cramped all free development of the hat of the Netherlands. Still, the Belgian hat, though not yet wide awake, is struggling to throw off its nap, and I see that here also new ideas in head-coverings are striving to express themselves. My German observations I reserve for a future communication.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE new Lord Mayor has reformed his show, bringing it up to the intelligence of the times. He has a camel, an elephant, stags, (not railway), and so forth. Why he has omitted the hippopotamus, he perhaps can answer to his midnight pillow. But why he has left me out from the procession, it is impossible for human ingenuity to invent an excuse. Therefore, let him answer to the Corporation of London why, in the reformed procession, he has omitted the presence of,

"Yours, Mr. Punch,

"A LIVELY (BUT INDIGNANT) TURTLE.

"P.S.—Indeed, half-a-dozen of us, harnessed to a shell chariot, (MR. WEBSTER, of the Haymarket, would, with his customary benignity, have lent the article,) must have had a very pretty effect, drawing the slowest Alderman of the Corporation. There would also have been a significance in the crawling pace of the turtle, illustrative of the progress of Smithfield reform in the City.

"P.S. No. 2.—Though we, turtle, are left out of the procession, I suppose we shall be found in the tureens."

TALENT WILL MAKE A NAME.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that whenever native talent tries to make a name, it begins by making a foreign one. Through even the humblest walks of the drama, we find JEFFERIES expanding into JEFFERINI, the SILVER family Romanising themselves into the SILVANI, and one REDISH—a suburban mimic, or "country clown"—flourishing away in the tea-gardens and tavern bills as MONS. REDISHA. We almost wonder that the infection has not spread from the musical part of the profession, in which it pervades the very highest ranks, to the corresponding point of the dramatic world; in which case we should find MR. MACREADY advertised as SIGNOR FAR PRONTO, and MR. WRIGHT announced as SIGNOR DIRITTO, in the Haymarket and Adelphi play-bills.

It was with some surprise we learned the other day that the DISTIN family, who have become distinguished for their trumpet performances, and who announce themselves as Frenchmen, by the aid of a Monsieur prefixed to each of their names, are in fact, all Englishmen; and indeed, that though wishing to be mistaken for foreigners when playing on their Saxhorns, they have, all of them, the real Sax-horn blood in their veins.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is reported that BISHOP ULLATHORNE, who has lately been distinguishing himself by his correspondence with the *Times Newspaper*, will henceforth assume the title of "HIS OILINESS."

THE DESTRUCTION OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

(Being a Legal Lament for "*Cras Animarum*.")

COUNTY-COURTS BILL came down like a wolf
on the fold,
And the agency houses were savage and sold;
And in the Exchequer, the Pleas, and Q. B.,
Was one declaration where ten used to be.

Like prize cauliflowers, in the garden so
green,
The wigs of the leaders last "*cras: an*,"
were seen,
Like the same cauliflowers, when a blight
hath come down,
Those wigs, on this "*cras: an*," look rusty
and brown.

For MR. FITZROY'S County Courts Bill hath
past,
Despite of JOHN JERVIS, and lawyers aghast;

And the hearts of sharp-practice attorneys waxed chill,
As their clients fell off, and their practice stood still.

There sits the Q. C. at his table so wide,
But on it no briefs with red tape neatly tied,
And his parchment-hued cheek turneth white as his shirt,
As he thinks what he'll come to, now law's cheap as dirt.

And there frets the Clerk, discontented and pale,
With no half-a-crown now paid down on the nail.
The Courts are all silent, the judges all yawn,
O'er demurrers unargued and pleadings undrawn.

And the Westminster ushers are loud in their wail,
There's no motion of course in the sad Court of Bail;
And the cause of dear law, by attorneys adored,
Thank the new County Courts Bill, hath gone by the board!

TAKING THE NONSENSUS OF THE COUNTRY.

To the Government falls the duty of taking the census of the country, but it is the peculiar province of *Punch* to take the nonsensus of England. As we look around us, we cannot help fearing that when the returns come to be published, the latter will far exceed in amount the former.

First of all, there are the Houses of Parliament, both old and new. In the old House of Commons sit some 658 members, who represent the collective wisdom of the country. We can scarcely tell whether this term, "Collective Wisdom," applies to the members themselves, or to the persons who sent them there. If the former, it says but little for the amount of wisdom in the country; and if the latter, it says still less; for what must those persons be themselves when they select such poor specimens to represent them. But, in either case, the old House of Commons is fairly entitled to figure at the head of the Nonsensus of England.

The new House of Commons promises to claim the same proud distinction, for what can we say of a House that is wanted to hold upwards of 500 members, and will only accommodate half that number, unless we murmur an expression of wonder how, in the name of Nonsense, such a House came to be erected at all?—an expression which at once would introduce the new Houses of Parliament within the limits of the Nonsensus of the country.

Smithfield Market will also figure in the returns; for a market to be placed in the centre of a large capital, where it can only be productive of obstructions, nuisances, accidents, and deaths, is such an arrant piece of nonsense, as could hardly find a place anywhere else but in the Nonsensus of England.

From Smithfield Market to the City Corporation is a natural jump, for it is the sticks of the one who uphold the sticks of the other, and really it puzzle a greater judge than we profess to be, to decide which was the greater piece of nonsense of the two? But for ages past, aldermen and common-councilmen have been known for their extreme love of talking nonsense, and, therefore, it would be an act of great injustice to omit their names on the present occasion. The claims of SIR PETER LAURIE will be particularly attended to, in a document that addresses itself exclusively to nonsense.

It is not necessary to particularise any more names just at present. We are busy collecting evidence in every institution, in every court, in every office, in every vestry, in every tap-room, in every nonsensical little corner in the kingdom, and we are sure that when the astounding result is laid before our readers, that they will scarcely believe their eyes when they see what a tremendous amount of nonsense there exists in England! We can safely declare that the Nonsensus of 1851 will be in every way worthy of the country.

JENKINS FOR ATHOLL!

MR. JENKINS is a gentleman who follows his leader. That is to say, the *Morning Post's* leading article of any given day, is generally an attack—very dull and tiresome—on one which appeared in the *Times* the day before.

Last Friday, however, MR. JENKINS thought fit to honour *Mr. Punch* as well as the *Times*, with his abusive observations. Both of us have had the misfortune to offend MR. JENKINS by the line we have taken in reference to the closure of Glen Tilt by the DUKE OF ATHOLL, in whose service we presume he is. And yet by MR. JENKINS'S own showing, our offence should be a light one against his master—if the DUKE OF ATHOLL is his master, and the subjoined piece of writing is not from the pen of the Duke himself:—

"The ownership of this land is maintained by the Duke to be as exclusive as his Grace's property in his own drawing-room—in the coat which he wears on his back—or the kilt on which the *Times* and *Punch* concentrate their facetiousness."

MR. JENKINS'S veneration for his master's wardrobe would seem to be extreme, to judge from the indignation he expresses at the Ducal kilt having been held up to ridicule. But then, to be sure, the Duke was in it.

Great stress is laid by MR. JENKINS on the alleged fact that the question of the public's right of way through Glen Tilt is yet undecided. We don't care a button—a button with the ATHOLL crest upon it—for that. JENKINS himself, says—shuddering, of course, at making the hypothetical admission—

"The DUKE OF ATHOLL may have acted selfishly, or unwisely, or unadvisedly, but"—&c. &c. &c.

May, JENKINS? nay, he has—we know not, May. And the appropriate emblem of selfishness is a small creature of the canine species, and there is no harm in drawing it; no, nor in adding to the sketch a Flunkey, set to wash the little animal; which would do for the figure of Servility, MR. JENKINS.

But although we concentrated our facetiousness on the DUKE OF ATHOLL'S kilt, a cry had been raised against him, and, says JENKINS,

"The cry was taken up by the scurrilous prints which disgrace our press; the subject of the libel started in the *Times* was abused, caricatured, and vilified with every species of malice."

Further, complains JENKINS, although it has not been settled that the Duke has the legal right to shut up Glen Tilt—

"Foul abuse and vile caricature continue uncorrected and unchecked."

JENKINS, if *Mr. Punch* were the owner of Glen Tilt, and were to close it against the traveller, whether legally or illegally, *Mr. Punch* would be a curmudgeon, and would deserve to be drawn and described in his true character.

You are not much to be congratulated, JENKINS, on having exchanged the plush for the plaid. Best keep to cleaning the DUKE OF ATHOLL'S boots; and leave his fame alone.

BACON'S NEW BRAZEN HEAD.

In the sincerest spirit of penitence, we beg pardon of the publishing world of America, whom we have from time to time criticised in what we now feel to be a harsh and uncharitable spirit, for their wholesale conveyance of English books to their own profit and advantage. The REV. DR. BACON, an American, at the Educational Conference, held at Manchester, has put the matter in a true and startling light. American booksellers, by printing English books, only show their intense admiration of the commodity. The boa-constrictor, that gorges his half-dozen rabbits, merely manifests a complimentary taste for rabbits. But hear Parson BACON, of the Brazen Head—

"The credit of having their books printed on the other side the Atlantic helps the sale of a book at home. There is another of your writers, MACAULAY. I believe he has more admirers, that there are more who have read his writings with rapture in America, though it is understood he is no great admirer of the American people, than here. How many copies of his last work have been printed in the United States? Tens of thousands? No. You may count them by hundreds of thousands! (Hear, hear.)

We repeat it; we are more than satisfied; we are confounded by the arguments of the modern ROGER. How large, too, is their application! A pickpocket twitches your Bandana from your poke. Ought you to cry "Stop Thief," if the knave be detected; or, if you know your loss, when the thief—that is, the abstractor—has made clear off with your goods, ought you to visit that man with anathema, with uncharitable thoughts? Certainly not; for know, that MR. JAMES TWITCHER, the possessor of your Bandana, has a great admiration for the style of the article; its elegant pattern and vivid colour have, moreover, found many admirers in the Minorities or in Field Lane. Your stolen handkerchief is highly praised, and you ought to be correspondingly delighted. Again, should you lay down your gold spectacles on a coffee-room table, and should they, perchance, be carried off; consider the loss as the highest personal attention. The gentleman who takes your spectacles feels it impossible to do otherwise—the gold is so pure; so touchingly seductive. You are robbed, but how you are complimented in that very act of thieving!

THE PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON (UP THE RHINE).



ROBINSON, IN THE SOLITUDE OF HIS CHAMBER, ON RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT, WATCHES WITH ANXIETY THE GROWTH OF HIS BEARD.



THEY ARE ON THE POINT OF STARTING. BROWN "WILL BE READY IN HALF A MINUTE; HE HAS ONLY TO BUNDLE ONE OR TWO THINGS INTO A BAG."



JONES "IS NOT GOING TO BE BOTHERED WITH A QUANTITY OF LUGGAGE, BUT WILL TAKE ONE SMALL BAG, AND THAT'S ALL."



FROM THE FIRST MOMENT OF GOING ON BOARD THE OSTEND BOAT, BROWN SEEMED DETERMINED TO BE UNWELL.



BROWN IS WORSE. JONES AND ROBINSON "NEVER FELT BETTER."



TWO HOURS LATER. BROWN WISHES HE WERE DEAD. JONES AND ROBINSON DON'T FEEL SO WELL AS THEY DID.



THE GUY FAWKES OF 1850

PREPARING TO BLOW UP ALL ENGLAND!

PUSEYITE COSMETICS.

TO PUSEYITE CLERGYMEN.—Under the patronage of the LADY ABBESS and SISTERS of the Convent of the Belgravians, and of the FATHER SUPERIOR of the Monastery of Pimlico, with the BRETHREN of that Establishment.—*Mr. Punch* begs to offer his PATENT ECCLESIASTICAL ACHROMATICON, or PALLEFACIENT FLUID, for blanching the COMPLEXION, and imparting to the FACE that delicate PALLOR which is the recognised indication of severe Thought and Study. Also his MACERATIVE ELIXIR, or ASCETIC SOLUTION, for the ATTENUATION of the FRAME, warranted to reduce the stoutest proportions to the most interesting slenderness, and produce, in the space of a few days, a personal appearance not to be distinguished from the results of years of Abstinence. A few doses will occasion such a wasting of the cheeks as to render the exertion of sucking them in quite superfluous.

Mr. Punch can also confidently recommend his ILLUMINATIVE DROPS, for communicating that peculiar GLOW to the EYE which is the natural result of enthusiasm exalted by frequent vigils, meditations, &c. These infallible specifics will confer on an Oxford graduate all the external characteristics of a young priest from Maynooth, and enable him, however plump and rosy before using them, to pass easily, in a short time, for a zealous Roman ecclesiastic. Persons desirous of obtaining a sanctified appearance, as soon and with as little trouble as possible, should have instant recourse to these preparations, which are to be had genuine only of *Punch and Son*, 85, Fleet Street, and at the Depositories attached to the Anglican monastic establishments in Pimlico and Belgravia; where may be likewise had

PUNCH'S CLERICAL DEPILATORY SHAVING SOAP,

which will materially facilitate the proceeding of taking the tonsure by sacrificing the whiskers, a step—contrary to what was of late the fashion—so necessary in order to become a popular Clergyman among the Ladies of Belgravia.

N.B. The ACHROMATICON will effectually eradicate the stains of port, or any other wine, from the face and nose.

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF WESTMINSTER HALL?

It will soon be a very serious question, what is to become of Westminster Hall? It would be little better than letting it stand empty, to devote it exclusively to the Courts of Law and Equity, for such is the decrease of business, that there will soon be no occasion for any sittings whatever, as the whole work of the day may be got through standing, without its being worth the while of their lordships to take a seat at all. MR. BRIEFLESS, who adheres stoutly to the old institutions of the country, has commenced, in default of regular instructions, the desperate practice of instructing himself, and is continually sending in imaginary motion papers to the usher, in which DOE is computed to owe so many pounds to ROE.

Once or twice, MR. BRIEFLESS has burst out somewhat eloquently in the respectable but rather superfluous character of *amicus curiæ*, by suggesting the pulling up or letting down of a blind; and the other day, in defiance of all professional usage, he rushed into one of the Equity Courts, and joined in helping Counsel to take a decree in some suit in which he was not at all concerned.

Poor DUNUP goes the Bloomsbury and Brompton circuits, where he hopes to lead at the County Court bars of those salubrious and slightly litigious suburbs; but hitherto he is understood not to have cleared his cabs.

It is expected that a large emigration will take place from Westminster Hall to the precincts, and that the travelling barristers, or blue-bagmen, will grow into a class as numerous as the commercial bagmen themselves.

Should this event occur, Westminster Hall will be almost emptied, and as it will only be required for the administration of the law during a few minutes each day in term time, it will become a question to what use such a magnificent building can be conveniently turned. JULIEN, it is said, has had his eye upon it for his Promenade Concerts; or perhaps a Panorama of a Chancery Suit, which would rival all other panoramas in length, would be an exhibition most appropriate to the place, and would also serve as a record of that which promises very soon to become a "thing of the past."

Hale, Archdeacon—Well Met.

ARCHDEACON HALE has addressed a spirited letter to the clergy of the Archdeaconry of London, in reference to the papal aggression. We regret to learn from it that the reverend gentleman has been labouring under indisposition; but we hope that he is now not only HALE but hearty, like the tone of his epistle,—the pluck of which is singular, whatever may be the preferment of the writer.

THE "GOOD" BUTLER.

MR. INIONS, Secretary to the Forlorn Hope Monument to the good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE (through the columns of *Punch*) presents his good wishes to MR. PAUL, butler to MR. HOLFORD, of the Regent's Park.

MR. INIONS, as Secretary to the above Monument, has read with some alarm, the report of an intention to present MR. PAUL with a testimonial, commemorative of his valour in the defence of his employer's house; and further, and particularly, of his aiming and firing at the head of the burglar in the bush.

MR. INIONS has, he hopes, a proper respect for the good behaviour of MR. PAUL; but MR. I. puts it to MR. P. whether any attempt at the present time, to reward him with a testimonial, may not divert the stream of charity now it is hoped beginning to set in towards the Cambridge Testimonial; or, in plainer words, whether the national gratitude about to be paid to the memory of the late inhabitant of a palace, may not in the most untoward manner be dwindled into an instalment for the immediate benefit of the present holder of a butler's pantry?

MR. INIONS feels a lively conviction that the habits of MR. PAUL are habits of inborn respect towards his betters, late Princes of the Blood, and Royal Cousins at £12,000 per annum included. The *Observer*, in a very affecting manner, remarks of MR. P., "it is not because he is a servant that he, too, should not have a testimonial to his deserts; in his case, at least, it has been proved that a livery may cover a hero in humble life, who only lacks opportunity to be really a great man." It is proved in tens of thousands of cases that a livery—red turned up with blue or yellow as the regiment may be—may cover heroes in humble life; such heroes, for instance, who won Waterloo at a shilling per day, making three shillings for the entire fight,—but MR. I. agrees with the Editor of the *O.* that that is no reason for slighting the claims of pluck. No; MR. I. hopes that, holding up his head and laying his hand upon his heart, he can ask for MR. P.—"Is he not a butler and a brother?" Nevertheless, MR. I. has his duties to fulfil; and he must—even to MR. P. himself—protest against any Pantry Testimonial, until the Palace Testimonial shall be put upon as sure a ground as an architect and bricks-and-mortar can fix it.

When the Cambridge Monument is up—a monument, large enough to characterise the universal philanthropy of a man, who gave every minute of his life to the consideration of his species—for it is too well known to be here insisted upon that the royal HOWARD never slept but with one eye at a time, that the claims of his fellow-creatures might be always visible to him—when the monument is up, in its universal philanthropy, such monument will inevitably require a butler. Indeed, cooks, butlers, and waiters, are inextricably woven in with the memory of the Good DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; therefore, it will afford MR. INIONS very great delight to forward the claims of MR. PAUL, as Perpetual Butler to the Cambridge Forlorn Hope; MR. P. being permitted, in memory of his heroism—in like manner as the Peninsular Hero wears a medal—to be decorated at the button-hole with a silver corkscrew.

As MR. PAUL will no doubt see the propriety of waiving any claims he may possess to a Testimonial in deference to the prior claims of a Duke of the Royal Blood, MR. INIONS will thank MR. PAUL to forward to him (MR. I.), and that without delay, any money or moneys that unthinking persons may, in the ignorance of their liberality, forward to MR. PAUL, wherewith to purchase any trifle for himself.

2, Charlotte Row, Mansion House.

CHEAP GAS, AND WHY NOT CHEAP WATER?

Now that we stand a tolerable chance of getting cheap gas, we think a stir ought to be made to get us cheap water also. The new City Gas Company, by putting its pipes into the ground, has put out the pipes of the old monopolists, and we do not see why the water companies should not be subjected to the same sort of competition. Light and cleanliness being both necessary for the preservation of health, we would ask why economy should not visit our cisterns as well as our gas-meters? If we were consulted as to what would be a fair price for the water at present laid on, we should say that it ought, at all events, to be "as cheap as dirt," which is the article it bears the closest resemblance to. The only advantage to be gained by the present water supply is the chance of a fish occasionally being included in our bargain with the Company; but as the fish cannot notify his arrival, he often dies in the cistern before his visit is known, and we see nothing of him till his bones, forcing their way through the tap, come up to us unexpectedly in the toast-and-water, or the tea-urn.

SOME WAYS ARE IMPROVED NOWAYS.

EATON SQUARE has been paved recently. A gentleman who has had the misfortune to reside there for the last three years, was asked what he thought of the improvement. He replied, looking on the nearly level highway, "Passable, but nothing more."



OXFORD COSTUME.

Small Oxford Man. "Now SNIP, REMEMBER, NOT SO TIGHT IN THE ARM!"
Snip. "VERY GOOD, SIR, (to the Clerk) 84 AND A ARF!"

THE POPE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

A SUBJECT that is now exciting very general attention is, the contribution evidently designed by PIO NONO for the Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations in 1851; and as all nations are included, the Pope imagines that the produce of a decided hallucination will not be objected to. The specimen of Roman manufacture will consist of a Cardinal, carried to such an extraordinary length as to amount to a cloak, and far to exceed the bounds of a mere *visite*, to which Papal manufactures have been understood to be hitherto limited. The attempt to introduce the Cardinal into this country is a bold experiment; and it is probable that certain duties, proving the Cardinal to be an offence against the Customs of this country, will cause the authorities to regard it in the light of a prohibited article. The Cardinal, which is, no doubt, a very ingenious contrivance, is the result of a web that has been for some time weaving, and the manufacture in Rome has been greatly encouraged by the knowledge that a vast quantity of yarn of the same sort has been spun, and very warmly patronised in England, where it has become "the fashion," particularly among some of the weak-minded females in the neighbourhood of Belgravia. The Cardinal is intended eventually to supersede altogether Bishop's sleeves, which have not for some time been so popular as they would assuredly become if the material were of a closer texture, and were not so liable to split as it has been known to do in some recent cases, for it is impossible that the very richest and finest material will maintain its repute if it will not hold together. The manufacture employed in making the Cardinal is, on the contrary, all of a piece, and if there are any differences, they are fine-drawn so cleverly, that no division is perceptible; whereas the Bishop's sleeves present some disagreements painful to the eye, and offensive to the taste and judgment.

We should be sorry to see the Popish manufacture brought regularly into this country; but if such a calamity should occur, it would be easy to point to the shoulders the Cardinal ought to be put upon.

EPITAPH FOR THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.—Stop, Traveller!

WESTMINSTER HALL IN MOURNING.

THE Extension of the County Courts jurisdiction has produced a perfect panic among the barristers, who are undergoing a thorough famine of fees. The unfortunate dogs of juniors look up imploringly in the hope of having a bone of contention thrown among them; but there is really nothing forthcoming to satisfy their forensic cravings. The other day we entered Westminster Hall, and found there had been nothing distributed among the hungry bar, but a few wretched rules absolute, one of which was in the mouth of one who had been accustomed to more sumptuous fare; and in the Exchequer we perceived a silk gowmsman lazily "mumbling the bones" of a motion of course.

The utters talk of utter starvation as inevitable; and there has been something said about dividing equally the little that is left, as would be the case in shipwreck with a scarcity of provisions; and it is urged that the legal craft may be looked upon as reduced to that sad condition. A desperate proposal has been made, that the laws of motion should be removable by *certiorari* into the Queen's Bench, for the purpose of being there administered; for otherwise, it is to be feared, that there will be neither law nor motion to be met with in that august tribunal. It is expected that many of the bar will emigrate into the County Court districts, and that the congestion which has so long existed in Westminster Hall will be cured, by a more equal distribution of the forensic circulation, which has hitherto been so much confined to one spot, where there has been a deficiency of action.

A Solecism to Slaveholders.

OUR American friends in the Southern States will stare to read in the *Times* the announcement following:—

"LIVERPOOL, Wednesday.—The American Mail Steamship *Atlantic*, CAPTAIN WEST, sailed about 3 o'clock this afternoon with the usual mails. Her saloons are now entirely manned by coloured servants."

Gentlemen who sell negroes like cattle, and lash them like hounds, will naturally ask whether we *man* carriages with horses, or ploughs with oxen?

A SHOW UP FOR THE AMERICAN SHOWMAN.

EVEN the American press, ashamed at last at the figure cut by the Model Republic, in its recent sacrifice of good sense at the shrine of BARNUM—who seems to be the impersonation of Gammon and Mammon combined—has lately taken to showing up the showman, but not until his object has been pretty well attained. In order to put the Americans on their guard against being betrayed into another disgraceful exhibition of the same folly which they have lately been guilty of, in allowing the flame of their enthusiasm to be raised to the highest pitch by BARNUM's puff, we beg leave to intimate to them that a monster piece of humbug is in preparation to succeed poor JENNY LIND, when the Showman has got all he possibly can, by converting her, as he has done, into an "alarming sacrifice."

We have heard on somewhat good authority that BARNUM has given orders in this country for the manufacture of a Sea-Serpent, complete with scales, on a scale of magnitude never surpassed, and several hundred feather dressers are already employed upon a marvellous head-dress, intended to be worn as a crest by the monster when completed. The body, it is said, has been entrusted to a large gutta percha house, and the fins have been placed in the hands of one of the cleverest horse hair workers in England, with instructions to spare no expense in the production of an article, which for size and fineness of texture, shall surpass any natural curiosity ever yet exhibited.

The ivory trade has received an impetus, in consequence of an order for a set of teeth, *en suite*, with the other parts of the Sea-Serpent; and a celebrated artist has, it is said, received a liberal commission to design—regardless of outlay—an appropriate tail. The Sea-Serpent, when complete, will be several acres in length; it is understood that it will be removed from this country by the process of towing, and its arrival in New York will add probability to the story, intended to be given out, of its having been caught on the voyage.

LIGHT FROM IRELAND.—There are hopes for Erin. Having been too long clouded and enveloped in the smoke of her patriots, MR. REES has succeeded in extracting gaslight from her bogs.

LORD HOWDEN AND THE MADRID BULL-FIGHTS.

THE celebrated MONTES, bull-fighter at Madrid, having at the request of our Ambassador, furnished him with the complete set of weapons of a matador and others, with the bull-slayers' costumes to boot, LORD HOWDEN addressed to SENOR MONTES a letter, of which we exclusively subjoin a faithful copy:—

"ILLUSTRIOUS SENOR,—With the profoundest sense of obligation, I have to acknowledge at your hands, a complete set of weapons, with the due variety of costume employed and worn in Spain at the *Fiesta de Toros*, the Feast of the Bulls—the term 'Bull-fight,' as I am proud to understand, being denominated vulgar.

"Most Illustrious Señor,—Your gifts could not have been bestowed at a happier moment. I shall immediately dispatch them by a ship of war, that they may be laid at the feet of HER MAJESTY, the Queen of England and Defender of the Faith, who, in full council will, I doubt not, entrust the weapons to those hands the best knit, and the best skilled to use them.

"Most Illustrious Señor,—It may have met your distinguished ear, that a Bull—perhaps the most tremendous bull yet made—has very recently appeared in England: a Bull of a glaring, yet sinister gaze; of horns of portentous size and curve; with a roar that has made itself heard throughout Great Britain; and, finally, a Bull of a magnitude of body, that threatens—with the blight of its shadow—to cover at least thirteen cities and towns of the United Empire. This Bull is not from the valleys of the Jarana, but from the Chamber of the Vatican; not fed on green pastures, but gorged with old, rotten, jaundiced parchment.

Now this huge, blatant Bull is doomed. The people of England shout for their *Fiesta de Toros*—they will have an end put to the Roman Bull; die he must; and there can be no doubt that the honour of sacrificing the beast will be awarded to CARLOS JAGO BLOOMFELDOS, of Fulhamos; a matador of distinguished subtlety; of wonderful cunning at fence, and (when he likes) strength of resolution; a brother matador—Illustrious Señor—who will strike the bull in the very spinal nick, albeit, to judge ordinarily of the man, you would scarcely think him capable of the slaughter of a guinea-pig.

"And, therefore, Illustrious Señor, in the name of my imperial mistress, I again thank you for your timely presents. The Bull-fight will, I have no doubt, take place in Smithfield; and great will be the rapture of the people when they behold CARLOS JAGO, in his light dress of lawn, mounted on the high horse, in his right hand firmly holding—as though it grew out of his fist—his long Toledan blade; and in the left waving the *muleta*, or red flag, to distract and madden the Bull, and so to spit him at the lucky minute.

"You shall have the earliest, and I trust best account, of the *Fiesta*, with the precisest relation of the feats of the *matador* of Fulhamos, CARLOS JAGO BLOOMFELDOS. In the meantime, illustrious Señor, vouchsafe to accept the assurance of my consideration.

"To the SENOR MONTES, Matador, Madrid.

HOWDEN."

PUNCH'S RAILWAY TRAVELLER.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—I have not lately troubled you with a line, as I have not been troubled with a line myself until a day or two ago, when I took an afternoon's trip on the North Western. The fact is, I got so cramped on my last journey that I have had a complaint in my legs, which prevented me from having a fresh complaint on my hands to send to you until the recent trip I have already spoken of. There being no third-class carriage attached to the train, I was compelled to put up with the second-class, and suffered the inconvenience of the inferiority of the latter to the former; for, as the Directors are compelled to put lights in the third-class carriages, and not in the second, they leave the public, travelling by the second-class, completely in the dark; which I am determined they shall be no longer, if you will enlighten them through your columns.

"My excursion was taken in the company of some odd looking persons with mustachios, whom I never saw before, and, in fact, never saw at all after I once entered the carriage with them, for we were in total darkness all the while; and I should certainly never wish to see my fellow-travellers again, unless I thought there might be some chance of their returning me my pocket-handkerchief at our next interview. A lady in the same carriage, who had also been quite in the dark during the journey, was unpleasantly enlightened, under the gas lamp on the platform, by the discovery that her purse was missing.

"Now, Sir, I would beg leave to suggest that if the Directors will not of their own accord, and cannot be compelled to put lights in their second-class carriages, they might at least allow lanterns to be sold at the stations, or fix sconces inside the vehicles, so that the traveller might set up a candle, or even a rushlight, of his own, according to the extent of his means, should he prefer that course to the uncomfortable and frequently expensive obscurity which he is doomed to by the present arrangement.

"YOUR RAILWAY TRAVELLER."

MR. PUNCH'S TRIBUTE TO SOYER.

ALEXIS SOYER!

How I admire you!—You appear to me to be the only man of our time who has adequately comprehended the mission of the cook. In your hands the *casserole* becomes eloquent, and the *marmite* utters its moral. SHAKESPEARE tells us of the

—"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones"—

and shall the dinner-table be mute?—shall there be no voice in a *pièce de resistance*, no revelation in a *relevé substantielle*? You have seized this want, and in your hands every *plat* has its point, every *entremet* its epigram.

I was an honoured guest at MR. LUMLEY's *fête*, last season. You presided over the culinary part of the entertainment; you pleased the palates and you appeased the appetites of 800 guests. You had only four days' notice. In your own simple, but sublime words, "*C'était impossible, mais c'est fait!*"

I remember that luncheon with gratitude. With your own hands you pointed out to me a table, and attended to my wants. What charming invention was there exhibited by you that day! The *fête* was in honour of MESSRS. SCRIBE and HALÉVY. Do you remember—or do these inventions pass from your mind like the inspirations of a SHAKESPEARE—given to the world carelessly, as treasures prodigally given from a mind of exhaustless invention?

But if you have forgotten, I cannot forget. Indeed I write with the *carte* before me. That *Round of Beef à la MAGNA CHARTA*!

What a thought in that! It is the very philosophy of English History put into the compass of a dish. Plain, solid, somewhat heavy, cut-and-come-again, satisfactory. Such was that round of beef, happily illustrating the legislative bulwark of British liberties.

With what grace you passed from history to art. Your *entremets* were criticisms, only more palatable. There were your "*Aigillettes de petit poussins à la SCRIBE*." Is it possible to characterise better the pointed turns and epigrammatic sallies of the accomplished dramatist, than by "*Aigillettes*," "little needles?" Then your "*Escallopes de petites solles à la SONTAG*," crisp, delicate, yet little, exactly like the vocalisation of that charming artist. Then your centre piece—at once a compliment—a satire—and a criticism—

"*The Croustade SHAKSPERIENNE à la HALÉVY-SCRIBE Tempesta!*"

The shattered ship in a *pain d'Espagne*, with the characters of the *Tempest* in sugar, gaudily coloured, tossed by a sea of trifle, and stranded on a reef of *bon-bons*—illustrating, how happily, the treatment that the illustrious WILLIAM had received at the hands of MESSRS SCRIBE and HALÉVY—the guests of the day.

The Nepaulese princes were there. You felt their nationality, and symbolised it, at once, how gracefully! in a

"*Turban d'Escallopes Aspic de Chevreuil à la Nepaul.*"

The race is there, and the man. The "*turban*" of Orientalism, the "*aspic*" of Eastern treachery—the "*chevreuil*," symbolising the lightness and agility, the deer-like step of the illustrious stranger.

This tribute comes late; but my admiration has been revived by the bill of fare for the York Meeting of the Mayors, over which I have just been shedding tears of mingled admiration and appetite.

Here, again, I find combined the graceful courtier, the profound satirist, and the accomplished archaeologist. To say nothing of the colossal conception of a dinner, with its *trente-deux Potages, trente-deux Poissons, trente-deux Flanes*, and *quarante-huit Entrées* in one course—mark the appropriate invention that can create, à l'improvise, a

"*Blanc de volaille à la York Minster.*"

The bold and biting sarcasm that, at a dinner of Mayors, does not shrink from uttering itself in an

"*Extravagance culinaire à la Alderman.*"

The knowledge of antiquity that reproduces in the nineteenth century, a

"*Paon à l'ancienne Rome garni d'ortolans.*"

The courtier-like adulation that breathes from the sweetness of a

"*Crème de la Grande Bretagne à la PRINCE ALBERT.*"

And the painter-like fancy that closes all with a

"*Désert floral à la Watteau.*"

And so crowns the meal, as we crown thee, O SOYER, with flowers!

Shocking Case of Expected Cannibalism.

It is feared that LORD GROSVENOR and the LORD MAYOR, despite the exertions of LEEKS, the Hon. Sec., to extract subscriptions from the pockets of the unwary, for the "GOOD" CAMBRIDGE Testimonial, will nevertheless be compelled to consume their own protestations; or, in other phrase, like *Parolles*, they will have to "eat their LEEKS."

THE SHORTEST CUT TO ROME.—New Cut, Lambeth.

JUSTICE FOR BACHELORS.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Snugton, Great Bedstead, Hants.
"Oct. 30th, 1850.

I AM a bachelor, and my friends, I believe, allow that, in the main, I am a tolerably good-natured fellow—but just look here! I was invited a few days ago to spend a week at a country house, and here I am; but I must confess that I was a little put out when taken to the very top of it, and told that this was my bedroom.



I have since been led to suppose that unmarried men must expect to sleep in the worst rooms there are; for see—this is the bedroom of a married couple, friends of mine.



Now—confound it!—I say the comfort is monstrously and unfairly disproportioned. The ladies—bless them!—ought, of course, to be made as cosy as possible; no man could object to their having their nice little bit of fire, and their dear little slippers placed before it, with their couches, and their easy chairs, &c.—of course not—but that is no reason why we single men should be treated like so many Shetland ponies. There is no fireplace in my room, and the only ventilation is through a broken window. As far as the shooting, the riding, the eating and drinking go, I have nothing whatever to complain of. But I want to know why—why *this* mature female always answers *my* bell, and that great



brute SNAWKINS (whose mind, by-the-by, is not half so well regulated as mine)—merely because he is a married man—has his hot water brought by *this* little maid? I don't understand it. You may print this, if



you like; only send me a few copies of *Punch*, when it appears, that's a good fellow, and I will carelessly leave them about, in the hope that MRS. HAYCOCK may see them—and by JOVE! if the hint is not taken, and my bedroom changed—or, at least, made more comfortable—I'll—yes—(there's an uncommonly nice girl stopping here)—I'll be hanged if I don't think very seriously of getting married myself.

"Believe me, my dear *Punch*,

"Yours faithfully,

"CHARLES SINGLEBOT."

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

WE rose early on the 9th of November, having been awake before dawn by the ringing of the old LORD MAYOR out, and the new LORD MAYOR in; and when we heard the peal ringing in our ears, we wished we had the wringing of the ears of those who disturbed our slumbers.

Having made for the city, we repaired to the comfortable quarters of MR. QUARTERMAN, at the Royal York Hotel, in New Bridge Street; and our host being accustomed to entertain the Ministers with white bait, at his other hostelry, the Crown and Sceptre, at Greenwich, had abated none of his usual courtesy in giving a reception to ourselves, who are the recognised Ministers to the public entertainment, improvement, and enlightenment.

The procession having been advertised to start punctually at eleven, we took our places on the elegant dais prepared for us at the window; and we remained for some time on the tiptoe of our highlows and of our expectations. The assurance offices opposite were filled with some very pleasing specimens of modest assurance, in the crowds of ladies in the balconies, who were looking at us with evident admiration, from over the way. We were much gratified, also, by the sort of preliminary procession that preceded the real one.

In the continuous stream we noticed several individuals smoking short pipes,—intended, no doubt, to represent the Calumet of Peace, for Peace was to be one of the Great Guns of the Show; and among these were scattered several persons with tressels and planks, inviting people to pay for the privilege of standing upon forms, from which those who stood on neither forms nor ceremonies occasionally pushed them off again. Lads came next with small ladders, and a variety of speculators with boards of deal, but these got so shuffled about the pack in all directions, that many a deal was lost in the confusion.

Not the least agreeable part of the show was the immense mass of pleased and good-humoured faces, which not only thronged the thoroughfares, but replaced in the shop windows the "sacrifices," the "look here's," the "all at one-and-nine's," the "town-made kids," the "double-sewn gentlemanly superior dog," and other labelled articles of London merchandise. Every one seemed to be cheerfully disposed; and not even a policeman lost his temper; but a playful poke in the ribs with his truncheon was all that was needed when a polite request to "keep back" failed of its usual efficiency.

At length it became evident that the real procession was approaching, for a body of police being drawn up in Bridge Street, backed with beautiful prolusion on to all the toes that happened to be too prominent, while a few officers on horseback assisted to clear the way by the playful switching of the tails of the animals into the faces of the too eager among the multitude.

In a few minutes we caught sight of the Beadle of the Tallow Chandlers, followed by the banners of the company, with or without its appropriate motto of "*Wis ea nostra voco*." After the officers of two or three more companies, including the Clothmakers, who seemed somewhat in want of a little "extra drill," the civic dignitaries made their appearance, and among them the Remembrancer was the only one who seemed intent on keeping up the allegory of his position, for he was continually talking out of window to his coachman, as if the Remembrancer desired to refresh his servant's memory, and remind him where to set down.

With the exception of the equipages of the Sheriffs, which were on a scale of splendour equal to even this unprecedentedly grand occasion, there was a particularly fly-like look about some of the carriages; and we fancied we counted four or five functionaries in one vehicle, which gave an uncomfortably plethoric look to some of the turns out.

Next came "The Aldermen who have passed the Chair," and after them, "The Aldermen who have not passed the Chair;" but among the former there were some who appeared to be in that comfortable state of obesity, that the process of passing the Chair must have been one of considerable difficulty, unless the space allowed was exceedingly liberal. It was easy to distinguish the footmen of the late from the footmen of the new LORD MAYOR, for the looks and liveries of the former were alike faded, while there was a freshness and spirit in the lace and the faces of the servants of the new potentate.

Up to this point the LORD MAYOR'S show had been "much as usual," but now the new features made their appearance, the man in brass having given way to metal more attractive. First came PEACE on a white charger, who seemed determined to let his fair rider have no peace at all, for he kept bobbing his head up and down, and striking PEACE with his milky plume, as if to throw it in her face, and twit her with her display of the white feather. Not anticipating that PEACE would have been seated on a war charger, our artist, whose imagination is obliged to be always "a week in advance," had placed her on a "lively turtle," and we have no doubt the civic authorities will adopt the graceful idea next year; so that the illustration must be accepted as something a twelvemonth in advance, as showing how PEACE ought to have been mounted.

We trust also, that by the 9th of November, 1851, PEACE will have found a new pair of wings, for they were of an exceedingly woolly



description, and seemed to have been plucked from a far from "downy" feather-bed. In the train of PEACE came the four Quarters of the World, riding side by side; followed by the Horse of Europe, looking rather restive—perhaps at the idea of the Bull of Rome; the Camel of Asia, in compliment to whom "The Cam'els are coming" was struck up by the band; the Elephant of Africa, who seemed to be suffering slightly from an attack of his old enemy Elephantiasis; and two Deer of America, who looked as if they had been Deer picked up cheap at Epping.

Next followed a horse with the attributes of Industry, represented by a beehive and a wisp of straw; then the attributes of Art, emblemed by a portrait like those labelled "in this style 10s. 6d." at any cheap portrait painter's; then the attributes of Commerce, consisting of a couple of small tea chests; and, ultimately, the attributes of Manufactures, exhibited in a small loom, and something between a pump and a steam engine. Industry, Arts, Commerce, and Manufactures, would seem to be in a bad way, if the above were appropriate specimens, but the getters up of the spectacle were not to blame, for the truth is, there had been a lamentable "falling off" in every department, the "attributes" having been falling off the horses' backs all the way from Guildhall to Bridge Street.

The grand point of the procession was a car containing four sailors seated opposite BRITANNIA, behind whom was a globe, with HAPPINESS perched at the top of it. We observed with much sympathy, that HAPPINESS having a severe cold in her head, was continually sneezing on to BRITANNIA at her feet, who seemed by no means to relish the sort of thing that HAPPINESS showered down upon her. In addition to the other inconveniences to which HAPPINESS was exposed, the contriver of the car had forgotten to put springs to the hinder part, and poor HAPPINESS had to try her utmost, while "holding on," to keep from looking the picture of misery. Fortunately the weather was fine, November having suspended her fogs, in compliment to the liberal exertions of the civic authorities to give novelty to the LORD MAYOR'S Show, and we are therefore spared the pain of describing HAPPINESS under an umbrella in a shower of rain, or with a comforter round her throat to keep out the damp, which, had LORD MAYOR'S Day looked as black as it usually does, would have been an inevitable consequence. As it is, we are very much afraid that PEACE, HAPPINESS, and BRITANNIA must all have gone to bed with very bad colds, and we can fancy the trio with their feet in warm water, and basins of gruel before them, while the banquet at Guildhall was proceeding. We must add, that the Show was a vast improvement on former years; and as LORD MAYOR'S Shows are now regarded as a part of our institutions, it is praiseworthy to get them up in style, introduce new effects, and endeavour to give them an allegorical—in the absence of any other—meaning.

Rather Over-Zealous.

WE have recently heard of a piece of Protestant zeal, which, notwithstanding all our heartiness in the cause, goes, in our opinion, a little beyond discretion. It appears that a gentleman who feels an honest indignation at the recent conduct of the Romish hierarchy, has refused to deal any longer with his butcher, for sending him a leg of mutton with the Pope's eye in it.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PORTENTOUS.

THE attention of the public has been called to almost every peculiarity relative to the Hippopotamus, but there is one important point in reference to him which has been overlooked—rather unaccountably, considering the time of year, when, owing to the dearth of more important news, there is a demand for extraordinary cabbages, and the quotations of monstrous turnips are frequent in the papers. We allude to a "Curious Coincidence," which might have furnished a subject for several lines, at least—a penny each. It is strange that no ingenious journalist should have discovered any connexion between the arrival of the Hippopotamus in this country, and the introduction of the Papal Bull. In former times, the present from the Nile would certainly have been deemed ominous of the trifle from the Tiber, and quaint old AUBREY would no doubt have classed among his "Fatalities" the fact that the importation of one monstrosity preceded by so little that of the other.

STATISTICS OF GUY FAUX DAY.

THE returns of specie taken by the juvenile population on last GUY FAUX day are the largest ever known. The demand for old newspapers for cocked hats exceeded all precedent, and it is calculated that fifty thousand old journals were consumed in commemoration of old times. The metropolis has always been divided into GUY FAUX districts on the 5th of November, and a good Guy walk, which in other years has yielded an average of half-a-crown in copper, was, on the last 5th of November, known to produce as much as four shillings in halfpence, and as much again in silver money, showing that the wealthier classes were eager to support Protestantism, even in the guise of Guys; men of straw were never known to be at so large a premium; and old rags, which had been previously dull at twopence a pound, went up to twopence-halfpenny on the morning of the 5th, and in the evening they went up so high that they never came down again.

PUNCH'S PENANCE.



HOUGH our ordinary mood is a jovial one, we are not without our moments of melancholy—all the more intense from the height of cheerfulness from which we tumble. Sometimes we impose this wholesome sadness on ourselves, but more often we do penance involuntarily—finding ourselves in the white sheet when we least expected it, and renouncing the poms, vanities, and follies of the world, when we had flattered ourselves we were about to enjoy them with peculiar gusto.

We did such a penance on Thursday night, last week—in Drury Lane Theatre—at JULIEN'S *Bal Masqué*. It is impossible for any monk of La Trappe to have passed a more melancholy night in his cell, than *Punch* did in his box, at that joyous festivity. And he found, to his surprise, most of the company doing penance like himself, and assisting at the doleful ceremonial in the gravest and most solemn manner.

Yes—we never remember to have witnessed a more mournful spectacle than those ranges of boxes and gallery, filled to overflowing with a set of respectable family parties, who looked on, for five mortal hours, without a laugh, without a movement, without a sound, at the equally staid and solemn scene below them. In the area of the theatre moved some five or six hundred persons of both sexes, many of them in fantastic dresses, with sad faces (such of them as one could see), or sadder masks, sometimes to brisker, sometimes to slower music. But whether the orchestra indulged in the wildest polka, or the gentlest quadrille, there was no change in the spirit of determined dreariness, with which the dancers went about their work.

It is true there was here and there an indiscreet foreigner, who, mistaking the character of the proceedings, occasionally indulged in an outburst of irreverent vivacity and unbecoming animal spirits, but these misplaced demonstrations were quickly put down. Gaiety could no more exist in that atmosphere than a mouse under an exhausted receiver. There was one young man, apparently one of these misguided foreigners, in the dress of a French Harlequin, who made many laborious attempts at liveliness, but with the most flat and uniform failure. When we left the melancholy scene, he was still at it, embracing a red

Indian, and whooping. But his attempts were discountenanced, and though we admired his perseverance, we could not but smile at his mistaken estimate of our countrymen.

Altogether, we had a most salutary night of sad and solemn reflection, and we were glad to see so many of our friends evidently availing themselves of the opportunity for the same purpose.

Talk of a Quakers' meeting-house, or the Model Prison!—for making people reflect seriously, commend *Punch* to a November *Bal Masqué* in London.



HERE IS OUR PORTRAIT AS WE APPEARED IN THE PROMENADE.

THE POST UPON DOGS OF WAR.

THE *Post* is wont, in its own profound way, to sum up the events of the past week. Every Monday a frivolous world is called upon to pause, and to reflect upon the historical materials of the past seven days. A very laudable custom this, and very eloquently vindicated by our golden-mouthed contemporary. Here is a beautiful passage from "The Week" of the *Post* :—

"Now, in the 19th century, with half Europe tossed, rudderless, on the stormy waves of revolutions, the slenderest threads only holding her struggling dogs of war."

NEPTUNE on the waves, reining his horses, is a familiar picture; but that half Europe should be rudderless on the billows, and with slender threads holding struggling dogs, is a grand novelty. However, the figure satisfactorily settles the breed of the dogs of war: they are neither mastiffs, nor bloodhounds, nor French poodles, but, being reined with thread to rudderless Europe, tossed on the waves, can be no other than water-dogs.

The Ministerial Complete Letter-Writer.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has always been considered as having some pretensions to be considered a man of letters; but all his letters are now thrown into the shade by the one which he has written to the BISHOP OF DURHAM.

POPE'S "ESSAY ON MAN."—This last edition of POPE'S *Essay* has been got up by CARDINAL WISEMAN, and may be had, in a few days, at Westminster. It is bound in scarlet, and is on a much bolder scale than any previous essay we recollect of the same author.

A SHORT WAY WITH THE POPE'S PUPPETS.

To the RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

MY LORD,

THE POPE, in his scarlet audacity, cuts up merry England like a cake into thirteen slices,—a Twelfth Cake with all the images—giving a slice to one Cardinal and twelve Bishops. The POPE has stretched out his crozier, and pulled the stray English sheep into his fold. And the sheep shall be better fed with the old Vatican wafers; and shall bear on its scarlet wool the seal of the Fisherman's Ring. Without knowing it, we are all of us the POPE's spiritual subjects; we have gone over to him in our sleep: in our beds have been carried to Rome, and are only now awakened to the change. Such are the glad tidings cried by DOCTOR NEWMAN; such the stirring trumpet-note of the Cardinal of Westminster!

And now there are meetings of Protestant divines; there are addresses to the BISHOP OF LONDON; and the Bishop's denunciations of Papal supremacy come thawed to us in a reply, like the melted tones long frozen in MUNCHAUSEN'S trumpet. Protests have been issued; the POPE pelted with all sorts of names; and every man and woman exhorted to declare their unrelenting opposition to Rome—their indignation at its insolence and its ingratitude.

My Lord, this is all very well; but we do not have meetings to protest against the crimes of pickpockets. We do not gather together to declare our uncompromising hostility to burglars; we do not avow our hatred and loathing of—and determination never, if we know it, to take—a bad crown piece. No, my Lord. We pay for a police to seize the pickpocket if possible, in the fact; we shoot a burglar, though he may escape into a bush, and scream for mercy; and for the tendered copper or pewter crown, we may either cut it in twain, and give over the pieces to the utterer, or nail the pocket-piece inexorably to the counter. Now, my Lord, in something after this fashion would I deal with all Cardinals and Bishops appointed with hat, pallium, and ring, to English counties. In some such way would I deal with the iniquity of a Church that would pick the conscience of this Protestant country—that would break into the house, and domineer at the fireside of every Englishman—that would substitute for the Crown of England, the rule and potency of the triple crown of triple brass of the withering, man-destroying power of Rome. The way is brief and easy.

Let your Lordship draw up a small bill. A plain, unmistakable bill; with every line and clause as clear and defined as the bars of a Smithfield gridiron. And let the bill run as follows, with as little flourish as you may.

"AND BE IT ENACTED, That any person accepting of the POPE OF ROME, or of any Pope, Cardinal, or Catholic Roman Bishop soever, any Titular Jurisdiction as Cardinal, or Catholic Bishop, of any County, City, or Township, of Protestant England, shall be adjudged guilty of High Treason; and shall suffer the Penalty of High Treason as may be adjudged in all Cases.

"AND FURTHER BE IT ENACTED, That the signing of any Address, Mandate, Letter, Order, or Exhortation soever, signed by a Catholic, as the Supreme Catholic Cardinal, or Bishop, of any County, City, or Township, shall of itself be adjudged as Proof of the Crime of High Treason against the Crown and Dignity of the Sovereign of these Realms; and the doer thereof shall suffer the Penalty of High Treason, as adjudged."

Here, my Lord, are two little clauses; a Bill in the rough. Let it be, on the meeting of Parliament, forthwith cut into an Act, and set—the brightest jewel—in the Protestant crown of Protestant England.

And in making the crime above recited the crime of high treason, I have no wish to bring back the days of the hurdle, the halter, the axe, and the quartering-knife. But I have this desire; a most lively wish, that I would carry out by penal enactment. When a Roman Catholic Pope-appointed Cardinal put on his scarlet hat, and called upon the city of Westminster to do him, in the name of Rome, all spiritual obedience, I would immediately seize such Cardinal, try him for High Treason, and, on conviction, send him, in convict grey, to the antipodes. The convicted Roman Catholic Bishop of Plymouth should know the change of air breathed at the still-vexed Bermudas; and the Bishop of Liverpool quaff the bitter waters of Norfolk Island.

The time has passed when we should protest in the old way against the powers of the POPE OF ROME. Our new mode of protest should be delivered by twelve men in a box; our appeal—not to the conscience of the Court of Rome, but to the Jury of the Court of the Old Bailey.

I remain, my Lord,

Your obedient servant and humble adviser,

PUNCH.

A CIVIC CALIGULA.

AN enthusiastic Alderman declared the other day, at the LORD MAYOR'S dinner, that he wished the world contained but one turtle that he might eat it all.

THE MUSEUM FLEA.

MR. T. HUDSON TURNER, in his Blue-Book evidence, on the condition of the Reading-Room of the British Museum, says:

"There is a flea generated in that room that is larger than any to be found elsewhere, except in the receiving-rooms of the workhouses."

We think the Reading-room flea demands instant and most earnest attention. We propose that the Antiquarian Society immediately sit upon this flea. We moreover suggest to that learned body the propriety of grappling with three questions bearing, as we conceive, very closely upon the flea. Namely—

I. May not the flea be generated in certain books, even as mites are generated in cheese?

II. May not the flea be the metempsychosis of some rich publisher, as CURL or TONSON; doomed for awhile to jump the earth as a flea; and further doomed to the Reading-room of the Museum, that the transmigrated bookseller may feed upon his old and customary human diet?

III. Ought not a well-authenticated Museum flea-bite to be submitted to the microscopic examination of ERASMUS WILSON, in order that that distinguished dealer in skins might report upon the bite, whether or not presenting proofs of being inflicted by the ordinary weapons of a bookseller?

ASTRONOMICAL EXAMINATION PAPER FOR THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

BY PRIMATE CULLEN.

THE Sun is two yards in diameter;

It moves round the Earth;

It is made of bees' wax;

Its shape is triangular;

It rises in the west, and sets in the east;

It is called the Sun, because it first made its appearance on a Sunday.

The Moon is half a yard in diameter;

It is cousin-german to the Sun;

It is made of green cheese;

Its shape is that of a square;

There is a man living in it whose name is Mooney.

It was called the Moon from the circumstance of its being first seen on that day which is now known as Monday, but which is, properly speaking, Moonday.

An old Saw newly Set.

We learn from a curious article on Water, in the *Quarterly Review*, that the Bagshot sands catch (besides rain) 500 tons per acre per annum of dew; which is one source of the exquisitely pure water proposed by the Board of Health for the future supply of London. The Dirt party in the City, however, are up in arms against the Board; loudly denouncing their project as chimerical, and their pure water as a vapid and unsavoury beverage. As it would be literally pure waste to lavish clean water on palates so lamentably perverted, we would suggest the propriety of retaining in the City a few tanks of sewage-mixed Thames water, for the especial drinking of the "Defenders of the Filth;" with whom we are certainly not bound to share our sun-distilled supplies—unless, indeed, on the principle of giving a certain old gentleman his dew.

THE CURRENCY IN CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA, according to the *Liverpool Times*, now boasts a newspaper, called the *Californian Illustrated News*. The price, says the publisher, "to bring it within the reach of the poorest," is only one dollar a number. The Californian gold seems nothing to the Californian paper.

Double-Sighted Sites.

AN advertisement announces that building-ground, for public or other large buildings requiring two frontages, can be had in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament. We suppose, from the facility of getting two frontages in the vicinity of the Legislature, that there is something about the locality which renders it decidedly double-faced.

A GAME AT HOP-SCOTCH.

THE announcement of JULIEN'S *Bal Masqué* contained the extraordinary notification that no *Pantaloons* would be admitted. The impression naturally produced on our minds was that the costume was intended to be all Caledonian, and that decorum would be not only Scotch'd, but kilt.

THE LAMENT OF THE MAN IN BRASS.



"THE pot o' beer you ordered's here," the nimble potboy said,
"It comes from round the corner; they've drawn it with an 'ead;
And here's a pipe, if you would like to moisten of your clay,
But they said, without the money I mustn't come away."

He lingered on the threshold, but the warrior heeded not,
Upon the board beside him untasted stood the pot;
The pipe lay there unlighted, unopened lay the screw,
And the Man in Brass, in his cuirass, sat looking black and blue.

There gleams not now upon his brow the casque with nodding plume;
Instead of that, the humble hat o'ershades his gaze of gloom;
Against the board his warrior sword is sadly laid apart,
And his breast-plate falls and rises with the heaving of his heart.

He hath roused him up to answer the clamorous boy's demand—
"Into my pocket, armed at point, I cannot put my hand;
Wait there without—I'll pay the stout afore I leave the room."
The boy is gone—and all alone he speaks out in his gloom!

"'Tis the ninth morn of November—the LORD MAYOR'S Day is here—
Instead of sitting by my stout, would I lay in my bier!
Up through the street yclept of Fleet e'en at this hour they pass—
But in the throng that ride along there is no Man in Brass!

In days gone by how proud was I, in my brass that brightly shone,
When to saddle-tree they lifted me, with many a heave and groan—
How, 'midst the jokes of City folks, all solemnly I rode,
Nor heeded laugh, nor small boys' chaff, as on my good steed trode.

My gallant steed, where art thou? In BATTY'S stables drear
Art thou neighing for the rider who is sadly sitting here?
Or is thy proud heart chafing, as they yoke thee to the car
Of BRITANNIA, or some such stuff—the humbugs that they are?

There is a work—it's by one BURKE, I think I've heard folks say—
Which proves the days of chivalry for ever past away;
But times of old had still a hold while in the LORD MAYOR'S Show
My brazen face retained a place—and now I'm forced to go.

The Common Councilmen, I feel, will rue it bye and bye,
When they find that BATTY'S charges is so uncommon high;
For he's safe to send them in a bill that will their hearts appal,
For BRITANNIA, and the camels, and the elephants, and all.

And what's the British public, that they expect 'twill hail
A female in a petticoat, instead of males in mail?
For BRITANNIAS, unless it be on coppers, no one cares—
What's elephants to Aldermen, or camels to Lord Mayors?

My curse upon the City and Corporation too,
It's little that I ever thought to them to bid adieu:
Was I not old and useless—and to old and use-
less things
Ain't there always in the Council a majority that
clings?

It ain't no use! They've cooked my goose—what
can I do but die?
How can I live dishonoured, shunned, shut up,
and put by?
But by the light of prophecy, in my last hour I
know
That now the Man in Brass is gone, there's more
a going to go.

Smithfield won't long survive me—I see within
Guildhall
The mighty Gog and MAGOG a tottering to their
fall;
My vengeful ghost shall rule the roast, and rise
up cap-a-pie,
To make a hash of calipash and a mock of calipee!"

A VOICE FROM THE BOTTLE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I am glad to hear that the QUEEN'S
Ministers are again meeting in Council; and
learning that the number of *Punch* is always laid
upon the table—no doubt for purposes of inspi-
ration—I address you that my long-standing
complaint may reach the ears and touch the
hearts of HER MAJESTY'S Councillors.

"Sir,—it is very true that we are threatened
by the POPE; that JOHN BULL has been disturbed
in his pleasant pastures by the portentous scarlet
hat.

"It is very true that we are again threatened
with the renewal of the income-tax.

"But these matters are trifles in comparison
with an injustice that has, for years, gone on
increasing; and, unless stopt by statute, threatens
to carry disgust and confusion into every cellar.
Need I say, that I allude to the diminishing size
of what is jocosely called a quart wine bottle?
I am called a quart; and yet blow me, as a bottle,
if I hold more than an imperial pint. Now, why
should not a law determine the size of bottles
as it has already done that of pewter pots? I
ask this of Ministers, and am—for measures
not men—

"Yours faithfully,

"A WINE BOTTLE (CALLED A QUART).

"P.S. Couldn't you get GEORGE CRUIKSHANK
to speak for us?"

"Chip, Chow, Cherry, Chow."

THE inhabitants of Regent Street are very
anxious to get rid of their wooden pavement, and
to walk in the ways of their fathers, if those
ways could only be restored. The broken blocks
in the carriage way are so many stumbling-blocks
in their path; and though there is a very natural
respect entertained for those who take after their
parents, the passengers are excessively disgusted
by continually tumbling over so many chips of
the old blocks.

A PROVERB PROVED.

If it be true that the New Cut Cardinal
prompted the POPE to his late foolish interference
with England, we have another illustration of
the truth of the old saying, that "it takes a
wise-man to make a fool."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHARGE.—Enquire
at the doors of St. Paul's Cathedral, and you
will be told that the Bishop's Charge is—
"TWO PENCE."



THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

DARING ATTEMPT TO BREAK INTO A CHURCH.

KINDRED QUACKS.

I OVERHEARD two matrons grave, allied by close affinity,
(The name of one was *PHYSIC*, and the other's was *DIVINITY*.)
As they put their groans together, both so doleful and lugubrious:—
Says *PHYSIC*, "To unload the heart of grief, Ma'am, is salubrious:
Here am I, at my time of life, in this year of our deliverance;
My age gives me a right to look for some esteem and reverence.
But, Ma'am, I feel it is too true what everybody says to me,—
Too many of my children are a shame and a disgrace to me."
"Ah!" says *DIVINITY*, "my heart can suffer with another, Ma'am;
I'm sure I can well understand your feelings as a mother, Ma'am.
I've some, as well,—no doubt but what you're perfectly aware on't,
Ma'am,
Whose doings bring derision and discredit on their parent, Ma'am."
"There are boys of mine," says *PHYSIC*, "Ma'am, such silly fancies
nourishing,
As curing gout and stomach-ache by pawing and by flourishing."
"Well," says *DIVINITY*, "I've those who teach that Heaven's
beatitudes
Are to be earned by postures, genuflexions, bows, and attitudes."
"My good-for-nothing sons," says *PHYSIC*, "some have turned hydro-
pathists;
Some taken up with mesmerism, or joined the homœopathists."
"Mine," says *DIVINITY*, "pursue a system of gimcrackery,
Called Puseyism, a pack of stuff, and quite as arrant quackery."
Says *PHYSIC*, "Mine have sleep-walkers, pretending, through the hide
of you,
To look, although their eyes are shut, and tell you what's inside of you."
"Ah!" says *DIVINITY*, "so mine, with quibbling and with cavilling,
Would have you, Ma'am, to blind yourself, to see the road to travel in."
"Mine," *PHYSIC* says, "have quite renounced their good old pills and
potions, Ma'am,
For doses of a billionth of a grain, and such wild notions, Ma'am."
"So," says *DIVINITY*, "have mine left wholesome exhortation, Ma'am,
For credence-tables, reredoses, rood-lofts, and maceration, Ma'am."
"But hospitals," says *PHYSIC*, "my misguided boys are founding,
Ma'am."
"Well," says *DIVINITY*, "of mine, the chapels are abounding, Ma'am."
"Mine are trifling with diseases, Ma'am," says *PHYSIC*, "not attacking
them."
"Mine," says *DIVINITY*, "instead of curing souls are quacking them."
"Ah, Ma'am," says *PHYSIC*, "I'm to blame, I fear, for these absurdities."
"That's my fear too," *DIVINITY* says, "Ma'am, upon my word it is."
Says *PHYSIC*, "Fees, not science, have been far too much my wishes,
Ma'am."
"Truth," says *DIVINITY*, "I've loved much less than loaves and fishes,
Ma'am."
Says each to each, "We're simpletons or sad deceivers, some of us;
And I am sure, Ma'am, I don't know whatever will become of us."

All Up with the Pope.

MONSIEUR POITEVIN, the French aeronaut, has almost exhausted
BUFFON's Natural History, in endeavouring to find some new animal on
which to make his balloon ascents. He has gone up on horseback,
donkey-back, ostrich-back, and nearly every other species of back, until,
at last, he has been so hard pushed for something new, that he
requested an elephant to give him a back, which the sagacious monster
declined. It is now, we believe, in contemplation by MONSIEUR
POITEVIN to ascend on the back of the Pope's Bull, which will expe-
rience no difficulty in ascending, for it has attained the greatest height
ever known, at least in the way of impudence.

The Hive Upset.

THE industrious character of the English nation, and particularly
perhaps the exemplification of it in the undertaking of the Great
Exhibition of 1851, very probably gave rise to an impression at the
Vatican that our swarming millions were a nation of bees. By this
time, our ecclesiastical invaders are probably convinced of their mistake,
having found that their interference with our hive has raised a nest of
hornets about their ears.

HOW THE POPE'S BULL IS TO BE EATEN.—With DURHAM Mustard.

MUSIC AND MANNERS IN LONDON.

It has been customary to unite together Music and Manners, as if
the one were connected with the other; but we are sorry to say, that
Music and Manners seldom go together in the Metropolis: for we have
frequently requested an organ-grinder to "move on" with his music,
when he has not had the manners to go at all. The other day we
suffered much inconvenience in an over-the-Waterloo omnibus from a
cornet-à-piston on the roof, who, with an utter disregard of manners,
persisted in forcing his music upon us, dealing blow after blow upon
our ear, till getting into a crowd collected by a "determined band," we
were blocked up for several minutes listening to a species of "Concert
Stuck." These facts lead us to the conclusion, that if music does not
speedily mend its manners—at least in the public thoroughfares—the
term "Music and Manners" will become perfectly absurd.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S CHARGE.

WE always knew that the charge of a Bishop was something very
considerable—we had heard it estimated at about ten thousand per
annum—but the recent charge of the BISHOP OF LONDON is beyond all
price. If we were to add up each of its seven columns separately we
should be unable to give its sum total; but we regret that some of the
most insignificant items take up the most room; a great deal of space
being devoted to old scores that we hoped had been rubbed off. Thus
we have all the items of the GORHAM affair, which has been already so
costly to the church, set down again in detail; and the judicious
HOOKER is rather injudiciously hooked in, to swell a charge which had
far weightier matters to take into account. We find, subsequently, a
very long paragraph occupied with BEVERIDGE, but on looking into this
beverage we find it little more than milk and water, which need not
have been set down at all, and of which the charge might have been
fairly curtailed. Nevertheless we look upon the Bishop's charge as,
on the whole, a reasonable one; and, if the charges of episcopacy were
never more extravagant than the one in question, we do not think the
church economists would have very strong reason to complain.

TICKLETOBY FOR BULLMONGERS.

AMONG a heap of old arms and muniments devised in ancient times
for the defence of the British Crown and Constitution, the labours of
legal archaeologists have turned up a curious instrument which seems
capable of being again called into requisition. This ancient weapon is
in a pretty fair state of preservation—or perhaps it would be more
correct to say, of pickle; for, in fact, it is a rod, which was made in
the time of RICHARD II., for the back of any person or persons who
should introduce, or cause to be introduced, into these dominions, any
sort of document, from the Court of Rome or elsewhere, infringing on
the authority of the Sovereign. This implement of correction is called
the statute of *Præmunire*, and, though it may have lost some of its
twigs, there is yet birch enough in it to inflict a titillation far from
agreeable on any offenders who may subject themselves to its stripes.
It is to be hoped that the knowledge of the existence of the *Præmunire*
rod will so operate as to render the application of it unnecessary, and
that disloyal ecclesiastics will be deterred by it from invading the Royal
prerogative as effectually as ill-conditioned and vain snobs are prevented,
by the fear of a whipping, from insulting the QUEEN. By the way, it
is to be hoped that if certain clergymen, commonly called Oxford
Divines, who rather approve of the late Papal assault on the Crown,
are named in connexion with Oxford any more, it will be only with
OXFORD the Potboy.

A Communication from Mr. Dunup.

"I SEE that LEIGH HUNT says, 'New pleasures have old warrants.'
Now, I am sorry to differ with so great an authority as MR. LEIGH
HUNT, but I never could see the slightest pleasure in a warrant, and I
have just been looking over a number of 'old warrants,' of which I
have a very large collection, and I must say that the inspection has
yielded me anything but 'new pleasures.'"

AN OLD PROVERB WITH A NEW FACE.

"THERE is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," said
NAPOLEON. In other words—there is but the difference of a letter be-
tween the man of Pomp, and the man who is simply a Pump.

Musical Intelligence.

THE MONS. JULLIEN has engaged a corps of Parisian drummers, for
the revival of the drum polka. We understand that a novel effect will
be gained by the use of real drum sticks from the Poultry, in a new
composition, called the Turkey Galop.

AGGRESSION ON THE OMNIBUS ROOFS.



Y the Papers, I see, *Mr. Punch*, that the Commissioners of Police intend to put down the seats on the roofs of the omnibuses. In the first place, Sir, if the roof-seats come down, the fares will go up, to the inconvenience of all, except the ducal, episcopal, baronial, and other extremely superior classes. But there are several descriptions of persons whom the proposed alteration will particularly incommode.

Being obliged to go inside omnibuses, which are so narrow that people can neither get in nor out without treading on their fellow-passengers' toes, will be a great hardship to gentlemen afflicted with corns. Sir, unfortunately, I can sympathise with those gentlemen. Other gentlemen there are who are in the habit of dining out. To such it will be peculiarly vexatious to be unable to take a sixpenny ride to the abode of hospitality, except at the peril of a succession of

stamps being imprinted by dirty highlows on resplendent boots. With these gentlemen, Sir, I have also a community of feeling and interest. Then, Sir, there are gentlemen, also, who I will not say have an aversion to infants, for that would be barbarous, but who object to too close a proximity to those interesting objects, and would rather be out of the hearing of their cries, or, at least, have those innocent but intolerable sounds mellowed by as great a distance as possible.

To be condemned to the interior of an omnibus is to be doomed, in nine cases out of ten, to immediate contiguity to an obstreperous babe in arms: a position most nervous and uncomfortable. It is therefore a severe sentence, and a heavy punishment to the class of gentlemen I have last adverted to, and in whose susceptibilities and sensations I likewise strongly participate. An omnibus full of fine healthy young women—half a dozen of them with a nursing each in her lap—is a very common, and, no doubt, a satisfactory sight; and they make, I dare say, a very pleasant party among themselves, and are a very fit and proper cargo for the inside of the vehicle. In the meantime, Sir, give me the out; and I hope you will stand up for the roof-seats, and the comfort of

AN UNCLE OF A FAMILY.

ON BIRDS, BALLOONS, AND BOLUSES.

THE bird of *ÆSCULAPIUS* ought, certainly, to have been a goose; for "Quack, quack, quack," should be the great motto of medicine. One professor invents an ointment for other people's bad legs, which keeps him comfortably on his own, while another makes a harvest of everybody's corn, and a third publishes a pill to smooth the pillow of every invalid, or a bolus to render his bolster bearable. In another phase of quackery, we find specifics for the hair recommended to those who are ready to take any nonsense into their heads, and will boldly stand "the hazard of the dye," in the vain hope that the grey, indicating the twilight or winter time of life, may be exchanged for the dark, brown tints of summer or autumn at the latest; and we are constantly being invited to "remove our baldness" in advertisements, which we know to be the very essence of balderdash.

Quackery, however, seems to be successful in some cases, for the public will swallow anything from a puff to a pill, from music to medicine, from a play to a plaister, and there is no doubt that (to paraphrase *MACBETH*, when speaking of the possibility that Birnam Wood being come to Dunsinane):—

"If *BARNUM* would but come to Drury Lane,"

he would, by his force of quackery, make that pay him which has paid no one else during the last quarter of a century. Such is the spirit of the age, that, reading the accounts from America relative to our own *protegée*, *JENNY LIND*, we are disposed to think that the nightingale is being made a goose of in the United States—so vast is the amount of quackery with which her name is just now identified.

As there is good to be got from every evil, we are justified in expecting that the puff and quack malady will cure itself, and if things are likely to mend when they get to the worst, we may congratulate ourselves upon humbug having reached almost the antipodes of sense and propriety. The balloon mania has already nearly exhausted the utmost resources of absurdity; for *M. POITEVIN* on a donkey—how very like putting butter upon bacon!—has failed to attract, and three or four

women suspended in the air are, now necessary to tempt the curiosity of the Parisian public when a balloon ascends from the Hippodrome. We expect to hear next that *POITEVIN* intends going up attached to the balloon by the hair of his head, for he seems quite silly enough to become the victim of such a very foolish attachment.

WANTED—WAREHOUSE-ROOM FOR ART.

By MR. JOHN BULL.

WHY leave me a parcel of pictures,
And why give me statues—'od rot 'em!—
To draw on me foreigners' strictures?
They're no use to me when I've got 'em.
They're very fine and splendid, I dare say,
And so they'd look, no doubt, if I could show 'em;
But I'm obliged to put 'em all away—
I haven't one fit place wherein to stow 'em.

Keep your *WILSON*, your *GAINSBOROUGH*, your *LELY*,
Your *HOGARTH*, your *REYNOLDS*, your *KNEELER*—
If you give them to me, I say freely,
I shall go put 'em all in a cellar.
My gallery won't hold one Master more;
MICHAEL ANGELO could find there no locality,
And if *RAFAEL* himself came to the door,
With *FERGUSON* he'd taste like hospitality.

MR. LAYARD here just has been sending
From Nineveh various antiquities,
Its manners to illustrate tending,
And customs, and sins, and iniquities.
But then there's my Museum stuffed so full,
If *NIMROD*'s self applied there'd not be room for him;
As for that what d'ye call it—winged bull—
I've no accommodation but a tomb for him.

I don't under-value the present—
A painting I love beyond measure;
To look at fine sculpture is pleasant:
But where to dispose of the treasure?
Your pictures and your marbles I'll receive,
Without the slightest murmur or objection;
If you be also kind enough to leave
A proper place for holding the collection.

"JUSTICE TO BACHELORS."

"MR. PUNCH,
"I HAVE read the complaints of *CHARLES SINGLE-BOY*, in your last, with sympathy; and have, with great feeling, considered the cuts of the artist, illustrative of the injustice complained of by C. S., and my remedy is—this.

"Let the ladies (and I say bless 'em!) have the best rooms, and the men the worst; but don't let the married men lie in clover by virtue of their wives; whilst the bachelors are hoisted into the garrets.

"My remedy—I repeat it—is *this*.

"Let the women, married and single, share the best beds together among 'em; and let the men, married and bachelors, individually rough it in the attics.

"Yours,

"A SINGLE VICTIM."

AN APPETITE FOR NOVELTY.

AT one of the numerous exhibitions daily advertising their attractions to the world, we find among the programme the announcement of some "exquisite pearl-eaters." This part of the entertainment must be rather costly for the proprietor, if the pearl-eaters happen to have good appetites, and are allowed their pearls as the French are their bread, *à discrétion*. Surely there must be some mistake in the advertisement, and pearl-drinkers must be intended instead of pearl-eaters, for early pearl—or *pearl*, as it is usually spelt, we believe—is a common and inexpensive beverage. There ought to be literally, as well as musically, a *plaisir des Perles* to supply the expensive tastes of these individuals, who, by having their appetites thus luxuriously pampered, may, in time, require some garnets by way of *parmiure*, or should they turn toppers, insist on drinking nothing less choice than dissolved topazes.

THE CONCERTS AT THE OPERA HOUSE REVISITED.

(By our own Impartial Critic.)



Persons who have the control of musical arrangements in this country, too often bear a resemblance to a very unphilharmonic animal, both in respect of ears and obstinacy. The directors of these concerts, however, I am happy to report, show that they can take a hint. MR. BALFE and his band now play symphonies fairly out, executing them by regular process, instead of murdering them by cutting them in two. When I heard BEETHOVEN'S noble *Eroica* for the second time, it was like beholding a mighty Colossus in its totality—instead of seeing a giant, heels first and head afterwards.

Last night I heard the symphony in C minor by the same great man; and I would advise everybody to hear it too, that would like the emotions of joy, and exultation, and triumph to be excited in his soul—if he has a soul—for the small sum of eighteenpence, if he can command that amount of capital. For my part, I paid three shillings for the entertainment, being driven into the upper boxes by the crowd, which is now deservedly considerable at this place of recreation, so much so, as to incommode a short fat man like me. The gallery stalls would have answered my purpose at a less expense, but that the neighbouring chandelier keeps hissing with its gas in a very disagreeable and unwarranted manner.

Upon my word I don't regret my three shillings. I had WEBER'S Overture to *Oberon* for it—full of fairy grace and chivalry—into the bargain. I also heard the gentlemen of the Berlin Chapel Royal sing a fugue of JOMELLI'S, and wished them no further than St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. MISS ANGRI sang *Di tanti palpiti*, in a very saccharine manner; and the jubilant *Wedding March* of MENDELSSOHN was played with such spirit that—if the thought of such a thing were not ridiculous on the part of a little corpulent man—it might have persuaded me to go and seek to get married.

My three shillings' worth might have comprised a good deal more, inclusive of a selection from one of DONIZETTI'S operas, and a fantasia on another; also a polka and a galop—which I dare say afforded sufficient diversion to those who were inclined to stop and hear them. But the fashionable music of love and of the dance, does not affect my sympathies, and if it did, would excite feelings incongruous with my personal appearance.

There is an individual performer at these concerts whom I cannot forbear singling out for favourable mention. I allude to the gentleman who beats the kettle-drums. He drums very zealously—yet without too much zeal; he is a drummer who would have just suited TALLEYRAND. His delicate, distinct touches tell exquisitely in the symphonies and overtures; and he is particularly great in the grand thump in the overture to *Oberon*. I should really like to hear this artist perform a fantasia on his special instrument. Fantasias in general are, to me, mere musical exercises, and simply wearisome. But a fantasia on the drum would, at any rate, be a novelty. I say thus much for an instrument and a performer alike too commonly neglected; and would not wish to insinuate that the orchestra, generally, is not quite worthy of the kettle drum.

OMISSIONS FROM THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

MESSRS. GOG and MAGOG, in the purest spirit of civicism, beg (through *Punch*) to ask, wherefore the LORD MAYOR'S procession—having once taken to beasts, to the injustice of the Proprietors and Fellows of the Zoological Gardens—failed to number among the stags, elephant, and camel, the subjoined distinguished members of the animal world? The 9th of November, 1850, is over and gone; but the labours of MESSRS. G. and M. may not be thrown away upon the Lord Mayors as yet in the bosom of futurity.

AN OSTRICH—with a horse-shoe in his mouth, and the freedom of the City hung about his neck. The iron to signify that, as a citizen of London, he is ready to swallow and digest any and all of the arguments of the Court of Aldermen.

A ZEBRA—as the representative and type of worldly luck; showing how a species of donkey may pass through the world in the finest of coats.

A JACKDAW—as a bird associated with church towers and steeples; to be carried hawk-wise, on the fist of the LORD MAYOR'S Chaplain; and to cry, at short intervals, "*Twopence—Twopence—Twopence*," in honour of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral.

A TORTOISESHELL CAT—in commemoration of the mayoralty of RICHARD WHITTINGTON; and further illustrative of the necessity of every Corporation Cat catching his mouse.

A JACKAL—in compliment to the vested interest of Smithfield Market, and representative of the civic class, delighting in garbage.

A REALLY "SHOCKING BAD HAT."—The Cardinal's Hat bestowed on DR. WISEMAN by the POPE.

THE PATENT PASSENGER REGISTER.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—'Avin 'ad okashun to rite you afore concernin' of regilashons of 'busses, I make bold at present wick now or never must be the wurd with us conduktors and drivers. 'Ard used we allus wos and will be, wick not to speke of the way conduktors is poked at out o' winder with stiks and rumbrellers, and the trubble giv us by ladies, perticly since the thrupenny fares and change constanly required, wick I reckens to carry about thirty-six pound wate in coppur about me from our fust jurny till our last; 'owever these 'ere inconveniences ain't nothink to speke of wile a man's karakter is wot it ort to be, but now I 'ere tell of this 'ere 'Patent passenger redcheater,' wick, as explained by a gent as rode with us last Satterday nex the dore, it is some kind a' machine under the step as tells any time a passenger gets in and hout wick it is ment for a check upon hus conduktors.

"Now, Sir, look 'ere 'ow it will work. I wurks on a Waterloo. Ere's a lady ales us in Chancery Lane—well, in she gets, and wen she's settled 'erself off the passengers nees and tows, she sez, says she, 'You go to the Bank?' sez she, which, in course, we don't go no veres near the Bank, and she mite a knowd it if she'd axed afore gittin in (but they seems to think all busses goes to the Bank). 'No, marm,' sez I. 'Let me out this moment,' sez she, 'I want to go to the Bank,' sez she; and out she gets afore she's rode twenty yards, praps, wick, in course, we don't charge a fare for, nor don't ort too, but the hindex (as they calls it) marks a passenger, and a passenger the pore conduktor will 'ave for to pay for, not to speke of gents as gets hup on the step and sees twelve hinside, and sez, 'Oh, no room,' wick it arnt no use a tellin' them there is room, and down they gets agin, and there's another passenger to pay for along of this 'ere hindex, and wot is a conduktor to do? which my place is bad enuff now, but will be ruinashun, besides many uther cases too noomorous to menshun, and wimmen continooally leving things in the 'bus, and jumpin' hup on the step to git 'em wen they've pade their munney, which there's another passenger marked and no munney took, but the conduktor will 'ave to pay it all the same.

"They tells me this 'ere hindex is marked up to five thousand, for fere of us conduktors a workin' on it round to deseve the propprioturs, wick I knows men as will be a match for any hindex, if you was to mark it up to a millium, and will keep a boy to jump hon and hof the step all the jurney, and quere the hindex till they wurks it to any pint as sutes, which it will be the ruin of the conduktor as is 'onest, and it won't be no good wen a conduktor's a roge.

"So no more at present from, Mr. Punch,

"Your own

"BUS CONDUCTER."

Hammersmith and Rome.

At the present time, when so many persons are wishing "Confusion to the POPE," it is desirable that the POPE or BISHOP OF ROME should not be confounded with the POPE who is the carrier between Hammersmith and the metropolis, or rather that MR. POPE should not be confounded with PIO NONO. There is this important difference between the two individuals,—that the POPE OF HAMMERSMITH confines himself to carrying some things behind him within his regular district, whereas the POPE OF ROME wants to carry every thing before him in territories quite beyond his province.

THE PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON (UP THE RHINE).



IT IS COLD ON DECK, AND THEY THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER TO LIE DOWN BELOW. ROBINSON AND JONES ARE HERE REPRESENTED AT THE MOMENT OF ENTERING THE CABIN. IT IS INCONVENIENTLY FULL ALREADY, AND EVERYBODY IS SNORING.



ROBINSON RETURNS TO THE DECK, AND, IN DESPAIR, SEATS HIMSELF UPON WHAT HE CONSIDERS A PILE OF CARLS, COATS, CANVAS, LUGGAGE, &c. HOW IF HE TO KNOW THAT IT IS A LADY AND GENTLEMAN.



ARRIVAL AT OSTEND. THE TIDE BEING LOW, IT IS NECESSARY TO LAND IN SMALL BOATS. THE HOUR IS SIX IN THE MORNING. SUNRISE IS TAKING PLACE, AND IT IS VERY COLD. INTERESTING EMOTIONS OF MESSRS BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON ON COMING IN SIGHT OF "FOREIGN PARTS" FOR THE FIRST TIME.



THE LANDING.



MOMENT OF INTENSE ANXIETY EXAMINATION OF PASSPORTS BY THE AUTHORITIES.



ROBINSON BEFORE AND AFTER A SEA VOYAGE.

REVIVALS.



early English style of crochet, a saint, with pointed feet and perpendicular hands, familiar to the ecclesiologist on monumental brasses; while the other reverently charged himself with the breviary (bound in purple-velvet, with *Moyen-age* clasps, and a cross *patinée* on the cover) with which the REV. INGULPHUS had been beguiling so much of his journey as had not been bestowed on the edifying discourse I have described.

After his departure I don't know whether I fell asleep or not, but I certainly had what CHRISTOPHER SLY calls "an exposition" of veneration, which I have no doubt did me much good, and which I will try to describe for the benefit of some of the latitudinarian readers of this publication.

My mind took a retrograde flight, in obedience to the impulse it had received from the REV. INGULPHUS. I felt myself back-sliding, if I may say so, from present faiths and feelings, into past beliefs, past royalties, past pietisms.

My first sense was of the iniquity of adherence to the House of Hanover, and a lively impression of the awful sin of the Act of Succession, and the wilful wickedness of the Bill of Rights. I returned to my allegiance and was at the feet of the Pretender, renouncing "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory," with great unction. Of course my religious creed changed with my political. I made a tremendous effort to stick fast at the High Tory, Tantiy, Church and King Protestantism of JUXON and LAUD—but in vain—I was swept back—back into QUEEN MARY'S blessed reign, and found myself shaking hands with BISHOP BONNER, as we assisted at the roasting of a batch of heretics, somewhere near the present site of the Victoria Park, and congratulated each other on the prospects of the true faith.

Here I thought I was secure. But the impetus backwards was too strong, and (before I had time to take good note of the changes), I had already done duty to WODEN, and cooked some scores of British captives *à la panier*, in honour of that fine old Anglo-Saxon divinity. But I couldn't stop there either; and the last thing I was conscious of, was making a desperate effort to stick a mistletoe bough into my cap, as I hurraed a march of original Druids, (the leader singularly resembling LABLACHE in *Orocebo*) round about the gigantic circle of Stonehenge, on our way to a human sacrifice.

Such was the effect on your humble servant of the REVEREND INGULPHUS'S Theory of Developments—in the wrong direction.

DEEPLY sensible I am, and ought to be, of the great privilege which I enjoyed a few days ago, of travelling from the Paddington Station to Didcot, in company with the REV. INGULPHUS CRABBE. The REV. INGULPHUS and I were school-fellows, and though our lots in life have been very different—he being now senior tutor of St. Simeon's, as well as amateur father confessor to the Anglo-Catholic sisterhood of St. Bennett, and the editor (some think author) of those very successful Puseyite novels, *The Prie-Dieu*, *Secrets of the Oratory*, and *The Stake in the Country, or the Martyrs of Mount Street*—while I—but no matter for that—notwithstanding, I say, the difference in our positions, he is always very affable when we meet, and does not even scruple to converse with me on the present state of the nation, of which his views are, upon the whole, gloomy.

But I never remember to have heard him so very dismal as during our journey on this occasion. He kept drawing the most awful pictures of Infidelity stalking through the length and breadth of our island, tearing down the reredosses, putting out the candles, refusing to join in the antiphonies, building churches without apses and *piscina*—of a latitudinarian clergy, with shirt-collars and whiskers—of the dreadful abandonment by the laity of the wholesome discipline of fasts and floggings—and the general indisposition to auricular confession—until I thought an old lady in the carriage would have gone into hysterics.

"Where is the holy and child-like faith of our ancestors?" he asked. "Who now endows a monastery, or settles his property in perpetuity on a chapter? No, Sir, now-a-days we establish model lodging-houses, and believe in the unintermitting water-supply and pipe-drainage. What has become of the blessed practice of pilgrimages? Instead of them we have excursion-trains. In place of praying at the shrine of our LADY OF WALSINGHAM, or walking on bare knees round the tomb of the blessed ST. THOMAS of Canterbury, our artisans are picture-seeing in the galleries of Hampton Court, or going to Southampton and back for three-and-sixpence."

This was the strain in which the REV. INGULPHUS indulged till we shook hands at Didcot; where he left us, and was received by two young *acolytes*, in pale faces, stiff cravats without ties, and long coats, one of whom meekly shouldered his carpet-bag, the work probably of one of the holy sisterhood of St. Bennett aforesaid (for I observed embroidered on it, in the



WARS, AND RUMOURS OF WARS.

CONSIDERABLE consternation was excited among the Berlin chorus at the National Concerts, by the intelligence that all the subjects of Prussia serving abroad were to return immediately to their allegiance. The Berlin chorus not being at all pugilistically disposed, would not be desirous of putting on the Berlin gloves to fight, or taking up the Berlin gauntlet. It was observed that the choir, while singing at Her Majesty's

Theatre, exhibited a good deal of Prussian blue in their countenances on the evening of the rumour in question getting into circulation. We understand that a memorial has been addressed to the KING OF PRUSSIA, stating that the Berlin choristers are not conspiring in this country, although they act in concert, but that they are engaged in the promotion of harmony rather than in disturbing it.

INVASION AND SUBJECTION OF ENGLAND.



OUR own particular reasons for believing that the days of England—as England, were numbered—that the Royal Standard at Windsor or Buckingham Palace would be inevitably exiled to the tricolor—and that the imperial crown (now shown at one shilling per head in the Tower)—would be taken to bits, and the prime jewels distributed by the French President among his Generals for sword pommels and shirt-studs—hanging heavy as millstones at our heart, we resolved to enquire further into the matter; to which end we sought the assistance of a cunning man, whose private and personal acquaintance with the destinies, had made for him a startling reputation as the discoverer of hidden money, stolen spoons, strayed asses, and bewitched cattle. Retired COLOUR-SERGEANT BEEBONNET, of the Royal Rainbows, has long been the acknowledged prophet of the town of Rawhead-cum-Gorybones; and to SERJEANT BEEBONNET, with a solemnity of countenance not to be mistaken by the sagacity of such a seer, we last week took our way. At a glance, the Serjeant Prophet divined the cause of our mission. "It's all up," said he; "BRITANNIA may toast crumpets with her trident; the House of Guelph may pack to the Union, and Lords and Commons may squat at the Antipodes." And then the old gentleman, quivering from head to feet with the indignation of a patriot, took a few violent turns about his cottage, kicked over a stool, cursing the bit of wood, for a scoundrelly Frenchman, and then dropt savagely with all his weight in his easy chair, and setting the ferocity that stirred in his heart to music, he burst forth singing—"And Britons ever, ever, ever, ever will be slaves!"

Having waited until SERJEANT BEEBONNET had ventilated the furnace of his soul, we at length opened our business. Would he—for the good of his country and the increasing glory of *Punch*—would he condescend to prophesy all the details of the approaching invasion, and final subjection of England, by the French? It would be a great consolation to many families of the nobility, gentry, clergy, and even of the public at large, at once to know the worst! Would the Prophet vouchsafe to appear in robes of black-and-white: or, to speak in vulgar phrase, would he, with pen and ink and foolscap, make manifest the horrors that awaited a doomed, but singularly unreflecting country?

"It's no use, Sir; not a bit," cried SERJEANT BEEBONNET, and again he jumped to his feet, and struck his head, and knocked down another three-legged stool, crying "*Cossaque*," at the prostrate topsy-turvy moveable. "It's no use, Sir; Downing Street has no more ears than an oyster. When the bayonet is in its bowels, and red-boxes fly about like blacks at a fire, then—then, perhaps, Downing Street may think of COLOUR-SERGEANT BEEBONNET!"

We waited our time; for at length the patriot prophet—with a softness worthy of CORIOLANUS in his most remorseful moment, consented to project his soul into the middle of June, 1851, and upon a fair sheet of foolscap to write down in order all the events of the invasion, and subjugation of England, exactly as they will be written by the French generalissimo commanding. We are prepared for the sarcasms and unbelief of the headstrong and frivolous. They have no eyes for such a prophecy; they see no more of it than if the fatal words were written in ass's milk upon pot-post. Insensate generation! When the fire of an invading army shall have warmed that colourless fluid into the nigritude of fact, then—but not till then—with blinded eyes, and gnashing teeth, will you confess that the man who knew what was really what, was SERJEANT BEEBONNET.

BULLETIN.

LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, June, 1851.

MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT.—The tricolor waves over the Palace of the GUELPHS. I dictate this in the pink-and-silver breakfast-room of her deposed MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Yesterday our troops landed in the most perfect manner on Dover beach. Not a drummer was missing. The weather, propitious to the civilising arms of France, was hazy at day-break, and thickened into an impervious fog towards noon. In the bosom of that fog we landed; when the sun of Austerlitz (the favourite sun of your immortal uncle)

broke forth, discovering the English troops in full retreat from Dover Castle. Not a shot was fired; but nothing could restrain the indomitable ardour of the Brass Band of the 150th from bursting into *Partant pour la Syrie* (epigrammatically meaning London).

We formed, and marched to the Railway, when BOMBARDIER MILLE-LAURIERS rushed forward, and with his drawn sabre, cut the electric wires—as he would have cut so many fiddlestrings—thereby destroying all communication between Dover and the Metropolis.

The troops took a parliamentary train; and the whole route through Kent—(CÆSAR'S Kent)—was one long ovation. Wherever our engines stooped to take water, the inhabitants poured out with wine, and ale, and a liquor of the country, called gin. It may serve to show the state of moral discipline arrived at by our troops, merely to observe that not a drop of liquor was accepted. Men who thirst for glory despise all meaner drink.

How much have we misunderstood these people! A train in advance had spread the report of our coming. The populace was dressed in their holiday cottons. At the station, all the marriageable maidens, with flowers upon their heads (a clergyman in attendance), and their parents and guardians with their dowries in bags, supplicated an alliance with our brave army. But, with the voice of glory in his ears, the soldier of the Republic is deaf to love.

The army arrived in excellent spirits at Blackheath, where the camp was pitched,—a part of my staff quartering at Greenwich Hospital. In order to prevent a surprise by the Pensioners, I gave orders that every man should, by sunrise, under pain of martial law, give in his wooden leg!

The eastern approach to London in our possession, I marched before day-break upon the metropolis. With CUNNINGHAM'S *Handbook of London*, and two cabmen brought in by our Lancers, we had no difficulty in deploying upon Regent Street; and here—as before concerted—our movements were crowned with success.

For at day-break our gallant troops, lying in secret in the Crystal Palace of Hyde-Park, whither, according to previous strategy, they had been conveyed, packed up among the contributions of French commerce, to the Exhibition of all Nations—at day-break our gallant troops burst, with fixed bayonets, like lightning, forth!

The 42nd Light Voltigeurs—for three weeks with short rations—shut up in Paris pianos, of an entirely new movement (see Catalogue), although a little doubled and cramped at first, soon, with the returning energy of the soldier, stood at ease with beautiful determination.

A company of pioneers, bursting from bales of French silk, and a regiment of *Sapeurs*—too long ignobly shut up in French clock-cases—poured like a torrent through the Park. In short, in less than an hour, all our troops, conveyed in French manufactures into the Crystal Palace, to act in concert with the invading army, had formed. A mine had been sprung by the brave fellows, to wile away the dreariness of confinement, and precisely at 6 A. M., the mine was fired and the glass palace blown to atoms. PAXTON, the architect, rushing from his lodgings, hard by, in his morning-gown, to the scene of devastation, was captured, but spared. I have ordered him a set of chains of 200 cwt., in tri-colored crystal; and shall present him, when so manacled, to the nation. As one of our brave fellows blithely observed, when the Crystal Palace, with the world's Industrial Show, was blown to bits—"C'est un joliment nettoyé!"

At 7 A. M. London was ours with an amount of bloodshed quite ridiculous; but then our gallant army was wonderfully seconded by the efforts of thousands of our gallant countrymen, women, and children, all lodgers at the hearth-stones of perfidious Albion. I have issued an order that every householder shall immediately surrender up his house and moveables, to be held and enjoyed by those French subjects at the time of the invasion lodging with him.

It will be seen that, with the tens of thousands of our gallant countrymen domiciled with the unsuspecting Englishman, the downfall of London must inevitably be *un fait accompli*. All honour to those Frenchmen who, whilst enjoying a treacherous hospitality, were not forgetful of the wrongs of France.

At an early part of the day, we found the animals of the Zoological Gardens of considerable benefit to our movements, as creating a diversion. All the carnivora and the monkeys were set at liberty. The leopards—it would seem with an instinctive recollection of the wrongs they had suffered when gibbeted in the flag of England—turned with great alacrity upon their tyrants. Ditto the tigers. The hippopotamus, enervated by English milk and British pumpkins, refused to budge; and leering, as it was thought, contemptuously upon a Chief of Division, was sabred on the spot. On the other hand, the monkeys evinced great intelligence in following all our movements; and it is yet to be seen whether they might not be enrolled as a Light Singerie, with considerable effect.

The subjugation of England is complete. Of course there yet remain a few insensate examples of defiance and contempt. QUEEN VICTORIA, the PRINCE, and Children, have taken shelter in Woolwich Dockyard, the only place where they cast brass guns. I learn that the Dockyard will be guarded by circumvallations of Congreve rockets; by which it would seem the dethroned dynasty contemplate, at the worst, a

desperate end. However, CARDINAL WISEMAN has been with me, and I have authorised him (with red hat and stockings) to proceed, with a befitting procession, to Woolwich, to talk reason to the humbled House of Brunswick.

High Mass will be performed by the Cardinal to-morrow in Westminster Abbey; and FATHER NEWMAN will officiate in St. Paul's. The Archbishops of the abolished Church, and also the Bishops, will be allowed to leave the country; they and their sinful wives and children, with one change of linen. The BISHOP OF LONDON, for certain previous services, forms a special exception; he is allowed to take with him a portmanteau, weighing not more than three kilogrammes.

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, with that characteristic obstinacy so marked at the infamous Waterloo, yet holds out in Apsley House. He is occasionally to be seen on the roof, in his great-coat and cocked hat, continually saying to himself, "Up, Guards, and at 'em." I have ordered a bag of gunpowder to be hung at the street-door (we have forced the gates), and at ten precisely shall effect an entrance. I have telegraphed to Portsmouth for the instant outfit of the *Bellerophon*, and in that ship—that ship—shall instantly transport the Duke to St. Helena.

From all quarters the people come in. Almack's, however, continues to hold out; though three white pocket-handkerchiefs, with worked coronets, have been sent, as flags of truce. The women desire to walk out with their diamonds, their daughters, and all their other honours of war. This must not be permitted. The diamonds must be surrendered; and the daughters, with the largest dowries, one and all, inexorably put to the wedding-ring.

I had almost forgotten to state, that I have found it necessary to hang all the editors of the atrocious newspapers. To-night, I go with my staff to the theatre, and have ordered, under pain of martial law, that the pieces acted should be returned to the language from which they were originally plundered.

Monsieur le President,
I have the honour to remain,
CHANGARNIER.

THE REAL CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

It used to be supposed that the Clerk of the Weather was an imaginary individual, but a gentleman who is always writing to the *Times* from Bermondsey Square, has evidently inducted himself into the office alluded to. He appears to sit with one eye on the barometer, and the other on the thermometer, all day and all night long, for the purpose of noting the results, and contributing an occasional quarter of a column to the leading journal. We have lately made some calculations, upon less elaborate data than the Bermondsey *savant*, and by noting the tip of our nose, we found it stood at 40 in the shade on GUY FAUX Day, and on the 9th, during the Lord Mayor's Show, the same feature got up to 60 in the sunshine. Our highlows gave us a quarter of an inch as the depth of mud, but this does not show the mean quantity of rain, as watering the roads would account for the phenomenon. The pressure upon our chilblains was much below the average of former years, and the freezing point, which we usually have at our fingers' ends, was, up to the middle of November, quite imperceptible.

Wanted as Tutor—an Accomplished Thief.

AN honest employment could be found now for the genteel highwaymen and pickpockets of the last century. Some thieves of courteous manners and light fingers are sadly wanted to rob the travelling public, according to law, at the London Custom-house. The *Times* says, that it is the practice there to do business so very coarsely as to wrench open your plate-chest with a crow-bar in spite of your offering a key. JACK SHEPPARD would have appreciated such polite attention, and reciprocated it. Cannot some expert housebreaker be found to teach these persons to do their spiriting rather more gently, instead of smashing and destroying as much again as they seize, like a set of brutal, clumsy, half educated burglars?

SLANG OF THE SERVANTS' HALL.

THE old *Post*, the other day, recorded a wedding between a baronet's son and a lord's daughter under the heading of "Marriage in High Life." High life! Whose life is high, in these times, unless it is either led honourably or in a garret! The phrase is a mere flunkeyism. We now only hear of "High Life" below stairs.

DUBIOUS LOYALTY.

It is contended by some that the acceptance of a Papal bishopric in England is not incompatible with loyalty. We are afraid the only loyalty it is consistent with is that of an IGNATIUS LOYALIST.

PUSEYITE "HISTRIONICS."*

THEATRE CLERICAL, ST. BARNABAS'S, PIMLICO

THE Reverend Proprietor has the honour respectfully to announce that he has established this Temple of the ecclesiastical Drama, with the view, in conjunction with his brother Histrionics, to bring out a SUCCESSION OF NOVELTIES; a designation which it is obviously justifiable to apply to MEDIEVAL REVIVALS, or the reproduction of MYSTERIES, which, until recently, have never been acted in any AUTHORISED ESTABLISHMENT in this country since the Reformation. To-morrow, and during the week, the Performances will commence with the Farce of

MOCK-MATINS; OR, MONKS IN MASQUERADE.

In which the REV. MR. BENEDICT BAM will introduce his celebrated Italian Imitations.

To be followed by a Grand Romanesque Melodramatic Spectacle, entitled

THE SERVICE IN DISGUISE;

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTEBANKS.

With new and startling Effects of Scenery, Dresses and Decorations.

The whole of the Music by PROFESSORS GREGORY AND ANDREWS.

This extraordinary Piece, on the getting up of which no exertion has been spared, will include an imposing display of

SERIOUS PANTOMIME;

as certain portions of the Performance will be gone through in DUMB SHOW, realising to the imagination of the Audience

The Magnificence of the Roman Ritual!

and it is confidently asserted that the DELUSION will be COMPLETE. The REV. MR. BAM will perform the celebrated feat of reading various Passages

WITH HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE;

and by way of improvement upon ordinary summersets, the REV. MR. HOAKES will cut a series of right angles in the air. The novel trick of

SHIFTING THE LECTERN,

will be introduced by that celebrated illusionist, the REV. MR. COZENS, who also, together with the REV. MESSRS. HUMMALL, CHEEKS, and GREENER will exhibit a variety of

Ecclesiastical Poses Plastiques!!

Fully equal in point of attraction to the most remarkable spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in the genuine

HALL OF ROME!!

The Text, instead of being spoken, will be delivered in recitative, varied by the introduction of solos and choruses, for which latter, an efficient corps of choristers has been engaged; and MR. BENEDICT BAM will give his favourite *preghiere* in his admired *sotto voce* style. The Effects will comprise the thrilling incident of a

TERRIFIC APPEARANCE IN THE WHITE SURPLICE,

By a Reverend Gentleman, who will deliver an impressive recitation; and the piece will terminate with a

GRAND CHORAL FINALE.

Great attention has been paid to the Lighting of this Theatre, and public notice is respectfully called to the arrangement of Large Wax Candles at the back of the Stage to burn by day, as well as night, according to the Roman system of illumination.

* * The eminent illusionist, the REV. MR. IGNATIUS COZENS, the Oxford Wizard, will shortly deliver a lecture at the above Histrionic Temple, in which he will perform the ASTOUNDING MARVEL of SWALLOWING (in a non-natural sense)

ANY GIVEN NUMBER OF NO LESS THAN THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES!!!

Doors open at seven (in the morning); performance to commence at half-past.

Fivat Pontifex Romanus!

No money returned!

* See the BISHOP OF LONDON'S Charge.



TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF MR. BRIGGS.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER (ASSISTED BY HIS LITTLE BOY WALTER), HE CATCHES A JACK, WHICH, TO USE MR. B.'S OWN WORDS, FLIES AT HIM, AND BARKS LIKE A DOG!

BRIEFLESS ON PUSEYITE BELL RINGING.

A CASE for the opinion of MR. BRIEFLESS was left the other day with that gentleman's laundress, who laid it before Counsel—with her own little bill—in the usual form, on the following morning. The case ran thus, "Your opinion is required whether the early bell-ringing at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, by which the inhabitants are disturbed at uncouth hours, and rendered contemporaries with the sweeps and other matutinal nuisances, can be prevented or legally punished."

MR. BRIEFLESS has forwarded to his Belgravian clients the following OPINION:—

"Temple, November 16th, 1850.

"I am clearly of opinion that the bell-ringing is a nuisance, and I am less clearly—that is to say, rather dimly—of opinion that it will be difficult to deal with it. If the bell were an external door-bell, and not a bell rung by an internal rope, we should have a handle to take hold of, under the police act, which makes it an offence punishable with a fine of forty shillings to ring a bell to the annoyance of the inhabitants. On the other hand, I am afraid the law cannot grasp the rope of the Puseyites; and, perhaps, this may be a wise provision—or omission—for, if they are left plenty of rope, they will eventually hang themselves. If proceedings were taken, and there should be a conviction against the bell, a-peal would lie, as it did in CLAPPER'S case, though the bell might be hung; but still, if it were shown to be for the waking up of the priests, there might be a plea of benefit of clergy. On the whole case, therefore, I am of opinion that it may be worth while to take out a summons against the bell-ringer, calling on him to show cause why he should not be fined forty shillings for ringing a bell in a thoroughfare, to the annoyance of the inhabitants.

"J. BRIEFLESS."

MR. BRIEFLESS having, in the kindest and most considerate manner, retained his friend MR. DUNUP in the professional capacity of "Devil,"

and MR. DUNUP having reciprocated the obligation, by placing MR. BRIEFLESS in the same diabolic relation to himself—see IMPEY—these learned gentlemen invariably obtain each other's assistance in all their cases. This will account for there being appended to the above document, the words,

"I am of the same opinion,

"S. DUNUP."

"Just like His Impudence."

FOR weeks and weeks—for feverish days and sleepless nights—have we been puzzled to understand what could have been the object of the POPE in so daringly nominating CARDINAL WISEMAN, Archbishop of Westminster. At last we have arrived at something like a satisfactory conclusion; for our belief is, that the POPE'S object in the nomination was none other than to "take the incensus of England;" and, from the very loud indignation that has been expressed against it in every part of the kingdom, we think that His Knowing Holiness has every chance of succeeding in his object.

A PUNCH ON THE HEAD.

IN his new book on the defenceless state of England, SIR FRANCIS HEAD says that France might invade London with the greatest ease in the world. SIR FRANCIS HEAD ought to be ashamed to put such things into France's head.

EXTRA-MURAL INTERMENT.

SINCE, by the new law, all cemeteries are to be carried out of town, we hope that some steps will speedily be taken for the removal of Leicester Square; as, for the last three years, it has been nothing better than a public cemetery for all the dogs, cats, and kittens of the neighbouring parishes, to be buried there.



THE PUSEYITE MOTH AND ROMAN CANDLE.

"Fly away *Silly* Moth."

LABOUR AND THE RICH.

By our own Special Metropolitan Correspondent.

JULLIEN'S MASQUERADE.



OUR Correspondent, in pursuance with the instructions he received from us, proceeded to the above haunt of labour, in which the industrious rich most abound, and the following is the result of the information he collected on the spot.

Our Correspondent begs us to state that he experienced the greatest difficulty in collecting any evidence at all, for all the poor unfortunate sufferers whom he questioned seemed to be so ashamed of their vocation, that it was only with the most untiring patience and good-humour he succeeded in eliciting a single word from any one of them. In genial harmony with the influence of the place, it was as much as he could do to get any one to speak; and he assures us that the task he has just completed was such an unpleasant one, was so beset with annoyances and perils, and insults in every possible shape, that he would not undertake it again for any consideration. How he escaped being knocked down, he cannot imagine, for he says—"It is one of the great peculiarities of the class of people who labour at an English masquerade to think it an insult if they are spoken to; and not unfrequently they resent it as such, by levelling the impertinent offender who accosts them at full-length upon the floor."

It is not necessary to describe the locality in which Our Correspondent pursued his investigations. Every one is acquainted with JULLIEN'S Masquerade and its dazzling glories of gas, and its garlands of coloured calico, and its clusters of gilt CUPIDS that are suspended from the ceiling by the waist, and, by the heat of the chandelier, keep turning round like larks at a fire. Every one knows JULLIEN, too, and his memorable smile and white waistcoat, the one, like the other, as unfaded as the first day he put it on, and every one knows and admires the good nature with which he mimics a musical fanaticism. Every one has laughed at the good-humoured languor with which the majestic MONS. drops exhausted into his regal arm-chair, after having enacted the most terrific quadrille-storm that ever distracted the *bâton* of a conductor, and smiles privately to himself. In fact, JULLIEN always seems to us to be smiling under his white waistcoat at the fools he is making of his audience, and we look upon this fine kerseymer smile of JULLIEN'S as the greatest proof of his genius. We are confident no one enjoys the fun so much as he does.

All these things are familiar to everybody, and we think Our Correspondent was perfectly right in not wasting our valuable space in the thousand told enumeration of them.

The following is the substance of Our Correspondent's painful investigations:—

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SYDNEY SMIRKINGS.—"Is a clerk in the Treasury. Came to the Masquerade because he hadn't anything better to do. Wishes he had gone to bed. Bought a nose at the door, and thought it original, but it was pulled off before he had been two minutes in the room. Has been walking about three hours; is very tired and sleepy. Wishes smoking was allowed. Thinks dancing at a masquerade vulgar. Shouldn't mind a Polka in a lobby, if no one was to see him. Shall walk about for two hours longer, and then go home." This evidence was interrupted by several hems, and ha's, and vawns, and elongated by the most distressing symptoms of fashionable listlessness.

THOMAS TOADY, ESQ.—This poor creature was found fast asleep about two o'clock in the morning, in a private box. It was with the greatest difficulty Our Correspondent could wake him.—"Wishes the orchestra wouldn't make such a row. It prevents him sleeping. Why does he sleep? How can he help it?—the thing's so precious stupid. Hates all masquerades. Why did he come then? Because it was SIR ALFRED'S box—and a person must go somewhere. Why doesn't he go down stairs? Because a wild Indian said something funny to him, and he hates funny things, so he got out of the way as quick as he could. Must have knocked the man down if he had stopped. Shall stop till five o'clock, when SIR ALFRED stands supper at the Bedford. Hates being bored. Wants to go to sleep again"—and before Our Correspondent had left the box, he says, the unfortunate wretch buried his fatigues under a heap of great-coats, and in less than a minute was competing with the ophicleide as to which of the two should make the greater noise.

CAPTAIN DE SILLIMAN.—"Is in the Army. Has £5000 a-year, and expects as much more when the old governor cuts up. Intends to spend every penny of it, like a brick. It's hard work, though, this Masquerade. Here I have been these four hours, and, egad! I never

worked so hard in all my life. Will you believe it?—the only fun I've had was bonneting a *Charles the Second*—here's his feather—because, you will scarcely credit it—the impudent vagabond dared to speak to me without an introduction. Shall stop till there's a row—there must be one shortly—and then won't he go into it!" The evidence of this misguided youth—he was not more than five and twenty—was largely interlarded with oaths totally unfit for publication.

FRENCH HARLEQUIN.—"Refuses giving his name or his card either; but is a member of the superior classes. Was told it was 'the ticket' to go in costume, because it was so expressed in the one he bought; but shall know better another time. Wishes he was at the Club playing lansquenet; he's tired of this fun—if it is fun—for, for the life of him, he can't see it; and he's been looking for it everywhere ever since ten o'clock. Why doesn't he go home? Because he has lost the key of his chambers, and he must stop out till the laundress comes in the morning to do his room. Why doesn't he do something to promote the merriment of the evening? That's all very well; but why don't you? why don't the others? He doesn't see anybody else doing it; and he doesn't like doing anything that's singular. Why, he would be laughed at! Well, supposing it is a masquerade, still, a gentleman naturally doesn't like doing anything that causes him to be laughed at. Why doesn't he try to be witty? Because he doesn't choose. Is that his own costume? Why, of course it is. Do you think he stole it? What, he might have hired it? Oh! you think so, do you? Well, then, here goes!" and, so saying, he raised his Harlequin's arm, and dealt a heavy blow, which Our Correspondent luckily avoiding, fell upon the unprotected breast of a German student; and soon there was a general row, which quite deadened the noise of JULLIEN'S band, and for the next ten minutes nothing was heard save the voice of CAPTAIN DE SILLIMAN, shouting above the tumult, "I'm your man."

The remaining evidence is much of the same care-worn texture. Pierrots, Débardeurs, Barristers, Cooks, Postillions,—persons in the most nondescript costumes, and others in no costume at all,—gentlemen sober and otherwise,—blackguards affecting the gentleman, and gentlemen doing (only with a better success) the blackguard,—were all severally examined; but no fresh fact was sifted out of the mighty heap of nonsense.

It is unnecessary to state, that the toil was voluntary. It is so far lucky; for we doubt if any money could have compensated for the amount of fatigue and suffering which that night must have been undergone. It only proves how much an Englishman will endure!

THE CABMAN.

In loneliness upon his box the moody Cabman sat,
Close buttoned was his overcoat, sullenly slouch'd his hat;
The pipe of shortness from his mouth he fiercely snatched away,
Muttering—"We're very much alike, thou humble piece of clay

"The bitter world despises us, but calls us at its need,
Uses us up, casts us away when done with—like a weed.
Though right and left with eagerness my starting eyeballs glare,
Though crying 'Cab, Sir!' all day long, I cannot find a fare.

"When from the stand I deviate, along the street to ply,
The stern policeman fixes me, with all observant eye.
Down goes my number in a book, and lo! within a week,
I stand a guilty trembler before the avenging beak;

"Men step from out their stations, by many a wilful prank,
It is the cabman only, that's fettered by his rank;
From it he dare not move away, his daily bread to gain;
He must, till some one calls him off, true to his rank remain.

"An iron badge he's doomed to wear on his external vest,
They will not have it anywhere, save on his heaving breast,
'T would seem that persecution were of their plan a part,
Else why dash down the metal plate upon his very heart?

"'Tis cruelty's refinement, the bosom thus to brand
With weight of senseless iron, cold as a tyrant's hand;
And if in passion's anguish he hurries it from sight,
A summons may be found at home to welcome him at night.

"The law won't let him leave his box an instant, e'en to quaff
The early purl of day-break, or the morning's half-and-half.
Untasted too must be the grog—nor e'er must reach his lip,
While with his cab—the delicate and egg-begotten flip.

"He mustn't say an angry word, though abuse on him may shower,
Retaliation's luxury is never in his power;
And if to cheat him of his fare a passenger essay,
He can but ask the knave's address and let him walk away.

"Alas! for our fraternity there's nothing like repose,
Though cheerful sound the cabman's 'Gees,' sad are the cabman's
'Woes.'

Thus let me write my epitaph,—my awful fate beware:
I drove the world until, at last, it drove me to despair."



AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE FOOT GUARDS.

Heavy Swell. "WHAT'S THE AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE MEN IN YOUR REGIMENT, CHARLEY?"

Swell in the Guards. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE—AW—BUT TEN GO TO THE TON."

A FEW WORDS ON OFFICIAL COSTUME.

In these days when puffery with its thousand tongues is calling upon us to reform our tailor's bills; when the ten-guinea great coat of other days is exchanged for the five-and twenty-shilling wrap-rascal, or the pound paletot of the present, we may be excused for saying a few words on behalf of economy in official costume.

We are cutting down salaries to the minimum; we are calling upon public servants to do a double day's work for half-a-day's pay; and yet official costume remains unreformed, continuing as costly as ever. If a man is made a serjeant-at-law, though the business is not what it used to be, the full-bottomed wig is as indispensable as ever, and costs exactly the same; so that the coif is now seldom applied for, in consequence of the smallness of the chance of profit, and the certain expence of "dressing for the character."

A serjeant's wig cuts into an awful amount of horse-hair, and one of our "learned brethren" having remonstrated the other day with his wig-maker on the extravagance of his prices, was seriously informed that a single wig uses up the tails of six animals; and our friend was referred to a respectable knacker for a confirmation of the fact. The ordinary bob-wig of the "utter" will take the best part of a pair of ponies, and then it must be a very close shave; while a judge's everyday head-dress will make a couple of cobs' tails look very foolish, leaving perhaps just enough to get a coachman's Caxon out of the remains. It is true that these wigs have come down to us from our forefathers; but why should we take their folly upon our own shoulders? Are we to curl up the toes of our boots and shoes because our ancestors did so?

We ask this question, because it is one that comes directly to the point. Descending from the wig to the gown, we find extravagance and absurdity pervading the toga or togery of the highest judicial functionaries; and we especially protest against the robe of the Lord

THE DEFENCELESS STATE OF ENGLAND.

THE alarm about the unprotected femalship of poor BRITANNIA has at last come to a head, SIR FRANCIS having published a book telling us that London is liable to be walked into by 150,000 Frenchmen at any hour of the day. This is a sort of story that is avowedly intended to stimulate naval preparation, and we therefore recommend the author at once to "tell it to the marines." We are quite sure that if 150,000 Frenchmen were to be seen at the Bricklayers' Arms, the common cry would be "what are the police about," and MR. INSPECTOR SOMEBODY would at once proceed to the Elephant and Castle, for the purpose of sufficiently manning the said "Elephant," and preventing the "Castle" from being taken by storm. SIR FRANCIS proposes the immediate fortification of London, in the style of Paris, but really the market gardeners in the suburbs will tell him we want all our trenches for our celery, and as to throwing up mounds, we have quite enough of that in getting ready the beds for our asparagus.

Wandsworth sleeps soundly enough without the aid of bastions. Brixton would rise as one man if it were about to be cut off by a moat from Clapham; and Chelsea, if threatened with being "loopholed," would find any loophole to get out of the expence.

Kensington would never quietly consent to be encircled with a rampart, and Hammersmith would fight with its last shilling against being converted into a fort. Fancy a drawbridge being pulled up and down at Hyde Park Corner for the passage of every vehicle, and only conceive Battersea fitted up with a gun battery to enable it to annihilate Putney, or blow Wandsworth into the water at a given signal. No! No! we are not so silly as to be frightened by the shaking of a nervous head at us. There is nothing in it, our elderly female readers may rest assured.

The Authors of our own Pleasures.

WE have received the following from "An Amateur," who, we imagine, must have been a contributor to the defunct Annuals, and other sources of unpaid literature. "Authors may, indeed, be called the authors of their own pleasures, for, after all, it must be confessed that there are few pleasures in this world to be compared to the ecstatic pleasure the author feels in reading one of his own articles in print." According to this, no man can have so many pleasures as the sedulous penny-a-liner, for he sees his articles in print almost every day of his life.

Chancellor, which, we understand, costs several hundred pounds. We have heard that its costliness, and the time required to make a new one, will sometimes cause it to be transferred, with the seals, from Chancellor to Chancellor, so that the present keeper of the royal conscience, being much shorter than his predecessor, would have been obliged to get a tuck or two "run in," to adapt the long robe to the little wearer.

LORD CAMPBELL, on the contrary, had he taken LORD DENMAN's costume with his office, must have had a flounce added, or a hem let down, or a false hem constructed, to lengthen out the judicial gown.

The Chancellor's state robe is a sort of black dressing-gown, with squares of gold leaf, Dutch metal, or some other glittering material arranged along the front of it, and reminding the spectator of the good old days of the drama, when TOM THUMB was a standard burlesque.

We should be glad to know, why these absurdities of costume are abolished on the Stage, and still remain on the Woolsack and the judicial bench, when, we have no doubt, the learned masqueraders would be glad to be spared the expence of buying, and the trouble of wearing them.

The Progress of the Times.

WE understand that, in order to show their disapproval of the recent nomination of DR. WISEMAN to the office of Cardinal, the Protestant Printers of London have resolved to set their faces, and their types, against titles in Roman characters, which are now quite out of everybody's good books.

THE DEVOURING ELEMENT.—The Police Force.

BLOOD MONEY.—Paying to see the Chamber of Horrors at MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF CASHMERE.

BY THE ARABIAN HISTORIAN KARAGOOZ.

CHAP. 222.



THE beautiful kingdom of Cashmere was, it is very well known, governed by the magnificent EMPRESS KOHINUR, a sovereign so renowned for beauty, virtue, and an heroic disposition, that all the kings of the earth paid court to her, and her banner was respected wherever it was beheld. She gave her empire in charge to Viziers of great fame. RUSOOL JEHAUN, a statesman matchless for wisdom, was the President of her Divan, and administered the interior affairs of the Empire; while the foreign relations of Cashmere were upheld, and her enemies made to tremble by the wisdom and valour of the undaunted PULMERSTOON. By the Cashmerian laws, the husband of the Empress is

forbidden to take a part in political matters: that Prince, therefore, passed his time in the chase, or in the pursuits of literature, and exercised his genius in beautifying the city of Lundoon. It is to him that the Lundoonees owed the beautiful turban which they wore for many ages; and it was he who, with the aid of two genii, PACKISTUAN and FOOX, raised up in a single night that extraordinary palace of crystal, which brought all the people of the earth to visit Lundoon,—and made it the eighth wonder of the world.

The kingdom of Cashmere was peaceful and happy: the ports were full of ships; the bazaars were thronged with merchants and goods; the roads were covered from one end of the empire to the other, with people travelling in security; the Cadis did their duty;—in a word, Lundoon was the greatest city, Cashmere the noblest empire, and KOHINUR the happiest sovereign in the world but for one drawback—the constant rows of the Mollahs, who were perpetually quarrelling among themselves.

It is known that for a long time the Cashmerians were followers of OMAR, the successor of the Prophet; and that the Chief Imaum of Mecca had the appointment of the Chief Mollahs of Cashmere during many ages. The Cashmerian Sovereigns, jealous of their independence, had always done their utmost against that arrangement which made their country a sort of spiritual dependency upon the Holy City of Arabia; and the pretensions and quarrels consequent upon this assumption, kept the Cashmerians in constant trouble and hot water. The country swarmed with Dervishes from Mecca; Arabian zealots came and took possession of the Cashmerian Mosques, and preached to the people in a language they could not understand; the boldest of them called upon the Sovereigns of Cashmere themselves to pay homage to the Chief Imaum of Mecca for their thrones: for they said that the High Priest of Mecca was the Vicegerent of the Prophet, that the Prophet had given him power over all thrones and kingdoms, and woe betide those monarchs who disobeyed him. When one of their Mollahs, by name THAMAZ UL BUKEET, was murdered by one of the Kings of Cashmere, they made him go on his bare knees to the slaughtered saint's tomb; they declared that miracles were worked there: that the sick were cured, the wicked made sure of Paradise, that the statues round the tomb wagged their heads and talked, that the pictures winked—who shall say what other wonders were performed?—I have read them in the Ancient Historians—round the tomb of THAMAZ! Who shall believe the stories? Let him do so who will.

After some thousands of years, and when not only the people of Cashmeria, but those of many other countries, began to doubt about the sovereignty which the High Priest of Mecca claimed, and to declare that not only OMAR, but that ALI, but that HASSAN and HOOSSEIN, but that other good men could interpret the Koran for themselves; and that the claims of the Imaum of Mecca were, in a word, all bosh, and that he was a priest and a man, like another: it chanced that there ruled a king in Cashmere, who was called KING SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH. And he wished to put away an old wife of whom he was tired, (her name was ARAGOON), and to marry a beautiful young houri who was called the PERI ANABULANE.

The Imaum of Mecca would not dissolve the marriage between KING SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH and poor old ARAGOON, and threatened him with curses if he divorced her. But the viziers and nobles of Cashmere, who trembled before KING SULYMAUN, a magnificent prince, who made nothing of cutting their heads off, said the king might marry his new wife; accordingly he did so, snapping his fingers at the beard of the Imaum of Mecca, who had complimented him upon his religious principles a short time before, and sent him a robe of honour, with the title of Defender of the Faithful.

The king was in such a rage at the Imaum's curses, that he caused a proclamation to be made all through his empire that he, SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH, was supreme

in his own dominions, Vicegerent of the Prophet, and Defender and Commander of the Faithful; that the name of the Imaum of Mecca should never more be heard in any house or mosque in Cashmere; that any man who denied that he, SULYMAUN, was the Chief of the Faith, should have his head cut off, his tongue cut out, his body chopped in quarters, and his goods confiscated. And he seized upon all the mosques, caravanserais, hospitals, houses, belonging to the old Meccaites (who were grasping and greedy, but withal good to the poor), and partitioned them amongst his lords and viziers, who made no bones about accepting the plunder.

As for the Cashmerians, it mattered little to most of them: they were as glad that the King at Lundoon should be styled Vicegerent of the Prophet, as that the Imaum of Mecca should hold that title: they did not like that their king (for they are the vainest people in the world) should be doing homage to any other potentate in Mecca, Medina, Constantinople, Abyssinia, Jericho, or any other country. And they fell into the new order of things without difficulty, excepting some few rebels and obstinate, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered accordingly. For in these good old times, when Faith was stronger among us than it is now, everybody cut everybody else's head off: thinking rightly that it was better to stop an unbeliever's tongue, than let it wag to the detriment of religion, and the perversion of simple persons from the truth.

Before he died, SULYMAUN THE EIGHTH cut off ANABULANE's head too, and married somebody else. And his son, and then his daughter, reigned after him in Cashmere.

The king's son was but very young, and did not reign very long over Cashmere. And all the time of his reign, his sister MARIAM, who was daughter of poor old QUEEN ARAGOON, kept her mother's faith very stoutly, and gave up her whole heart to the Imaum of Mecca. So that when the young Prince, whose subjects loved him very much, died, and the QUEEN MARIAM succeeded, everybody knew that Mecca was to be in the ascendant once more; and the Meccaites, dervishes, mollahs, and imaums came swarming back into Cashmere again, and the mosques were handed over to them; and the late king's mollahs and ulemas began to see that the time for eating dirt had arrived.

AN AFFAIR OF FOLLY.

THE Irish correspondent of the *Times* stated, that, on Saturday week last, a hostile meeting took place in Phoenix Park, between the MARQUIS OF SLIGO and MR. G. O. HIGGINS, M.P.; but terminated without wilful murder—in smoke unattended with fire—through the intervention of the police.

It is to be hoped this account will be contradicted before we publish the observation, that the Marquis who could make a mark of himself deserves to be a butt; and the Commoner who could expose his silly brains to perforation must be the greatest goose at this time grazing on a common.

"The misunderstanding," says our authority, "we have heard, arose out of a late election of *ex officio* guardians in the county of Mayo."

No misunderstanding could possibly have taken place between persons who could have had no UNDERSTANDING whatever.

The Force of Habit.

A LITERARY man, quite a greedy bibliomaniac, who had devoured bookshelves as a little school-girl devours slice after slice of bread and butter, and whose successes in literature are in equal proportion to his devouring appetite (we are sorry we are not at liberty to mention his name), was so overpowered with joy—so topsy-turvyed with his new sensations—upon the birth of his first son, that, instead of taking the fact to the Registrar, he went, as if he had been the author of a new book, and had him "Entered at Stationers' Hall."

Religious Warmth.

AN advertisement in the *Times* announces a plan for heating churches by means of hot water. We wonder if the patentee has any testimonial to show from MR. BENNETT, or any other of the Puseyite priests who have introduced into the Church more hot water than has been known there for the last hundred years.



MALIGNANT ATTEMPT TO UPSET A TRAIN.

THE PAPAL USURPATION.

(A CHANT.)

A BEADLE and a Parish-Clerk were heard to interchange remark, and hold discourse and conversation upon the Papal usurpation in a style and tone that savoured of delight and exultation.

Says the Clerk, "They've been and done it—well, for my part, I'm glad on it; now their Puseyism is paid for; all turns out just as I said for: all so much the better, neighbour; Church and QUEEN I'm not afraid for."

Says the Beadle, "Them's my notions. I believe these here commotions and Papistical pretences will bring people to their senses, from their unparochial courses, showing what their recompense is."

Says the Clerk, "Folks long neglected, now begins to be respected; now some reverence and attention's paid to parties I could mention, who was snubb'd by other parties 'fore this Papal hintervention."

Says the Beadle, "That aggression—for to use a mild expression—has created a compunction, and restored a proper junction of importance with the notion of a high parochial function."

Says the Clerk, "They looks devout, now, when I the psalms give out; they no longer titter when I pronounce the word 'Hay-men,' and at last things has begun to be as they used to was again."

Says the Beadle, "At my staff, whereas the boys began to laugh, and each ragged pauper-varlet my uniform would sneer and snarl at; I feels that now admirin' eyes regards my gold, and blue, and scarlet."

Says both together, "They reveres churchwardens, too, and overseers, likewise, as well as me and you—honour to whom the same is due, and let each parishioner keep to his own pew; and these is the sentiments, and highly proper, too; wherewith, as Britons, the great majority of the public view, mixed with a sense of indignation, the Roman Pontiff's usurpation. Yes, the Pope's late usurpation!"

MORE ZEAL WITHOUT DISCRETION.

We have lately heard of a Protestant with rather more sincerity than judgment, who has just discharged an old and faithful servant because the poor fellow happens to have a Roman nose!

HOW TO AVOID BECOMING A GREAT CRIMINAL.

WE recommend LOUIS-NAPOLÉON to write over every door, and on the walls of every room of the *Elysée*, the following words:—

"I CONSIDER AS GREAT CRIMINALS THOSE WHO, BY PERSONAL AMBITION, WOULD COMPROMISE THE SMALL AMOUNT OF STABILITY GUARANTEED US BY THE CONSTITUTION."

They may operate as a moral checkstring, in the event of his attempting to drive the "*Char de l'Etat*" too fast, and LOUIS-NAPOLÉON cannot possibly object to the term "GREAT CRIMINALS," for they are his own words, taken from his own Message delivered at the opening of the Chamber, only last week.

Awful Reduction and Alarming Sacrifice.

THE prospects of the Repeal Association are getting weaker and weaker every week; and, indeed, the funds have reached such a low pitch, that it is a toss-up of a halfpenny whether a penny will be received. At one of the recent meetings, the subscription had become so miserably minimised, that MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, when about to announce the collection, found himself quite unable to collect even himself, and finished by declaring that "on this melancholy occasion his heart was—rent."

THE PAPACY OUT OF ITS ELEMENT.

XERXES, it is recorded, pretended to put the sea in fetters, and found out his mistake. PIUS THE NINTH, who has made a similar attempt on the liberty of the English Sees, will probably be as completely undeceived.

A Short Review of a New Publication.

The Defenceless State of England.—We have read this volume of foolscap, and its positions are, no doubt, very strong, for there is great difficulty in getting through them. We pronounce the book altogether one of which neither head nor tale can be made.

Another Criticism.—The "*Defenceless State of England*" may be compared to some very small beer with a Head to it; and we all know that on such occasions the head is nothing but froth.



COARSE, BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

Cabman (whose temper has been ruffled by Omnibus man). "YOU!! WHY, YOU HUNGRY LOOKING WAGABUN, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D BIN LOCK'D UP FOR A MONTH IN A COOK'S SHOP WITH A MUZZLE ON."

MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL TO AN EMINENT APPEALER.

THOUGH I am by profession a vagrant and jester, cracking my jokes at street corners, setting up my booth at fairs and taverns, and before house-windows, whence children and women are looking out, your Most Reverend Eminence must understand that I am a man and citizen, a tax and rate-payer, and father of a family anxious to lead a decent life, to leave a tolerably honest name to my children, and to keep for them and myself the privileges of free action and opinion, which the English Constitution awards to me and all other people. An Englishman, be he by trade a bishop or a buffoon, has this right of freedom and fair-fellowship. If I were to die, my children would claim and have for my body the privilege of becoming sepulture; I should not be thrust into ground unconsecrated, like poor *MOLIÈRE*, for instance, whom your Eminence's predecessors would have buried like carrion. I am *Punch*, but I am *Civis Britannicus*, and, as such, feel and think as earnestly upon some subjects as the gravest big-wig among the subjects of our *CÆSAR*. I think there never was an empire so glorious, and hold to my rights and my title as strenuously as any Peer of Parliament, Lord Mayor, or Magistrate can do.

Hence, if there be a national question—if there were a foreign invasion, for example—I must take my side, and shoulder my musket as well as another. I think yours is a foreign invasion, and must do my best to repel it; and find myself compelled to adopt a line of conduct rather different to my usual waggery, in the presence of such an enemy, as reason or prejudice leads me to consider you to be. You come hither, ignoring the religion of my country, as much as if I were a savage or a Hottentot: you arrive, bringing with you the keys of Heaven in your pocket. I deny your pretences utterly, and with my whole heart; I scorn your claim to infallibility. I no more care for your Pontifex Maximus, than for the High Priest of Jupiter, who preceded him; and, in my quality of Protestant, protest against you, and every bishop, priest, and deacon under your orders; declaring my belief that honest people can get to Heaven without you, and in spite of you, and entirely repudiating your clerical scheme. Any body who thinks that he cannot be secure without calling your reverences in, is welcome. There's no question of persecution. Our people may burn a Guy or two; and they had best leave that symbolical representation alone; but you know that if you were hustled, Policeman X. would stand by you; and you compliment the Lord Chief Justice, who would give you a fair trial.

Only, if you hear a shout of defiance and anger from one end of the country to the other, do not, most reverend and dear Sir, express a wonder at hearing it. If we cry out, it is because we feel ourselves injured, depend on that. Suppose you were the Cadi of Constantinople,

let us say, and believing no more in Catholicism than in Protestantism, but having a knowledge of the points at issue, and of the history of the two churches, is there nothing in the past history and present pretensions of the Catholic Church, which would lead you to suppose the possibility of free men and Englishmen hating it? Was there never a murder of the Hugonots, and a Pope to sing *Te Deum* for the strages? Was there never a stake in Smithfield? Do you not lay your ban upon knowledge now wherever you go, or refuse to deliver to the people any such that does not bear your supervisory stamp? We hate you, because we believe you to be tyrants: we scout your pretensions; as these pretensions go, we hold them to be utterly absurd and untenable. It is by overthrowing these pretensions centuries ago, that we secured for the country free citizenship, free press, free commerce. You come among us as the officer of a sovereign whose own state is the most ignorant and benighted in Europe,—whose own subjects hate him, so that they would, but for superior force, fling him out of their country; and you set his standard up here, and wonder you are not popular! We denied your worship, because we believed it led to ignorance, and tyranny, and debasing superstition; because it was defaced by monstrous corruptions: nature and reason revolted against it; and we detested and overthrew it. And, as you make your solemn re-entry into England, with no small parade and ceremony of jubilation, the people welcomes you, and tells you how it regards you.

You are here, as elsewhere, as everywhere, to make converts, and to accept martyrdom—and about that dreadful oath that you swore—yes, about that oath. Did you, or did you not, (when invested with the pallium, woven by consecrated virgins from the wool of segregated muttons), and on your knees before the Commander of the Faithful, did you, or did you not, pledge yourself to persecute and expugnate, as far as you could, all Heretics? If you had the power, and could silence *Mr. Punch*, wouldn't you? Do you allow a free press at Rome? Are fair questions of politics or religion fairly discussed there? Is there a Holy Office existent or not? Is the *Diario di Roma* as large and well-conducted a journal as the *Times* newspaper? Will all the Catholic newspapers of the Legations and Naples publish the letters of our Archbishops as our Protestant Journals publish yours?—Pooh!—Psha!—your Eminence has an eminent sense of humour, and you know that the question is absurd—that your people are, and must be, tyrants and persecutors—that you dare not face the light of day—that, having possession of the truth absolute, discussion is out of the question. You may invoke “that love of honest dealing and fair play, which, in joke or in earnest, is the gift of an Englishman;” but you don't give honest dealing and fair play in return. You can't. You can't allow a man to think for himself. Our right and starting point—our safeguard—the right to which you appeal—the safeguard under which you put yourself—is Free Opinion. Your starting point is Authority. As the august *ALDERMAN LAWRENCE* says, in the Common-Council, your church “has always assumed to itself the same line of conduct, and that is d—nation.” The word is the venerable Alderman's—and rather a grave one to be introduced into a Journal whereof the tendency is ordinarily jocular.

But when your most reverend coadjutor, *JOHN OF TUAM*, calls our colleges Godless, he says pretty much the same thing as *ALDERMAN LAWRENCE*: when your shepherds, writing Pastorals, adopt such a word as that, and deny to us English and Irish, with love in our hearts, with a desire of fraternity and benefitting our people by the gift of truth and knowledge to all; when your Bishops and Doctors call our scheme Infidel, and deny us Heaven; when poor *DOCTOR NEWMAN*, on the appointment of your Eminence and Grace, and their Lordships your twelve suffragans, gets up in chair, and states that the grave is opened, and that its awful tenant has arisen—indicating by that dreadful image that we, the people of England for the last three centuries—that his fathers and mine—that his mother and mine—have been living and dying without Faith and Hope, and are participators in that unspeakable crime and penalty; are we to feel nothing?—to have no scorn for your arrogance, no hatred for your intolerance, which bars the progress of Truth, Love, Knowledge, and Equality—to make no protest against the decree by which you absolutely withdraw the protection of Heaven from us, and consign the souls of our race and people, of our dearest and best beloved, to hopeless perdition? You do all this—you have the Truth absolute, and can't do otherwise—and then you wonder at the anger of Englishmen, and that what you call a death-whoop is raised about your ears.

How can you suppose, official Expugnator and Persecutor of Heretics as you are, that you are to be free to persecute and expugnate, and that we are not to protest, and to defy you? Your Chief sends his pastoral letter, parcelling out our country under the ecclesiastical supervision of you thirteen gentlemen, and taking no more count of the religion already existing here, than if Westminster were Melipotamus, which see to our great regret your Grace has vacated. You have the Truth absolute; there is but one Church: of course, you can do no otherwise. We propose a scheme of Education; your Bishops interfere with the imperial plan, denounce us as Godless and Infidel: of course, you can do no otherwise. You want to win the country back to the old faith by expugnation, by persuasion—by what means you can, in a word: of course: it is your calling: your duty: your business of life. *Suggest*

you had possession of our schools: command over our press: rule over our country. You must go to work as you do elsewhere: you must doctor the truth for us: you must shut up our books; and establish an Index Expurgatorius: of course, how could it be otherwise?

And you wonder that we hate you? I do not mean to say that I personally, writing in the name and behoof of *Mr. Punch*, hate you, NICHOLAS WISEMAN—a gentleman of the highest character, possessing the most consummate talents, learning, eloquence, adroitness—but that I hate that cause which you represent, and which is directly hostile to my own. I no more hate you than the gentlemen of the Guard hated the French Regiment at Fontenoy. But NICHOLAS the man and NICHOLAS in uniform—NICHOLAS in a large red hat and purple stockings—NICHOLAS in the consecrated pallium made by the consecrated virgins out of the segregated muttons—NICHOLAS who comes into Fleet Street, and says, "I am the Ambassador and Plenipotentiary of the Infallible Expositor of the Truth—I have the keys of Heaven and the other place; come home with me, my boy, and I will show you a beautiful winking Virgin, that will convert you in the twinkling of an eye—or a holy coat—or the bones of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne—or what you will:"—to such a NICHOLAS I say "Bosh!" and snap my fingers. Do you imagine I care about your red stockings? Do you fancy I believe in your winking Virgin? Do you suppose I think that you, or your chief, or all the Parsons in Christendom, or all the Rabbis in Jewry, or all the Muftis in *partibus infidelium*, can order my soul one way or other, or (except by the influence, upon me exerted, of good counsel and good example) change the intention of the Divine Mercy towards me? No—in the sacred name of Truth; no—I worship no man; I recognise no Divine Parson, be he Roman or Puseyite. Against these my ancestors protested three hundred years ago—to fight against these and their pretensions the sense of outraged Europe rose—under their shot and daggers, in their fires and scaffolds, the Believers in Freedom of Thought died all over the world. Mind, we do not deny you on your side the constancy of your martyrs, and the admirable courage of your opinion—but now, as then, we and you are enemies. The consequence of our system is toleration; it admits you to rights which you can't give us, and secures to you a freedom of which we never would desire to rob you. You make your claim of infallibility—we laugh at and scorn it. You rely on your antique pedigree and ceremonies—we call your ceremonies mummeries—yes, mummeries—why not? What is the cause of this "feeling too sickly and too deadening for indignation?" Of course we thought them mummeries that was why we got rid of them. Whether is it worse, to call your Eminence's red stockings or the lighted candles of those poor Pimlico folks mummeries, or to tell us who wish to teach the spelling-book that we are Godless and Infidel? one or the other of the statements is true, must be true; and each side has been making it for three hundred years.

By the by, who succeeds to the vacant see of Melipotamus? if some of our Bishops would go and stay, they might be very welcome. And about Westminster? What was the difficulty which prevented your Grace from going amongst the benighted Irish in the slums of that ancient city? Would they not listen to Melipotamus, and are they more likely to be converted by Westminster? That you may be the Almoner of the Almonry, and your teaching be productive of much good there, every member of the Establishment must wish, from the Dean to the Beadle who took your Lordship's twopence at the Shrine of good SAINT EDWARD.

And my obstinate sneering habit is such, and my antispiritualism so inveterate, that I believe in the Beadle, the Cardinal, and good SAINT EDWARD pretty much alike; and respect the first-named dignity's laced-coat neither more nor less than your Eminence's pallium.

A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

ONE day, during the term that is just over, a jejune junior rushed into the Exchequer with a *motionette*, or little motion, and happened to enter just as their Lordships, in Banco, were looking into a case that had just been cited by a QUEEN'S Counsel, who had been in the act of addressing them. The junior, unconscious of the state of the case, fancied he had found just the favourable opportunity to get a hearing, and creeping into a back row, effected a tremendous clearance of his throat, with a view to a sustained effort of eloquence. He had commenced, and got as far as "If your Lordships please," when the four Barons looked up with the air of very discontented Barons; and the junior, having got the eyes of the Court, believing he had also its ear, proceeded as follows:—"I rise, my Lords, for the purpose—" Here he was interrupted by exclamation of "We can't hear you, Sir," from one of their Lordships, an intimation that only caused the determined "utter" to grow bolder and more distinct in his utterance. He began again, "I rise, my Lords," and was once more cut short with "We can't hear you, Sir," from the Bench; which urged him to a stentorian effort of startling vehemence; but "We can't hear you now, Sir," was all he could elicit from the Bench, and he immediately left the court, remarking that "he knew Justice was blind, but that its deafness was something he was not prepared to combat with."

OUR TRUANT AMBASSADORS.



ATELY the severest comment on the folly of expensive Embassies at foreign Courts has been passed by a few of the Ambassadors themselves; who, by their absence from the scenes of recent events of importance abroad, have virtually confessed that they are "better away" when anything of unusual interest is happening. We of course would not think of accusing these high and distinguished persons—these "members of the great families"—of voluntarily shirking their

duty if they thought that their diplomatic services could be of any service whatever, and we can therefore only conclude they felt that they should "do more harm than good" in their diplomatic capacities—or incapacities, as the case may be—had they remained at their posts during late events of interest. The EARL OF WESTMORELAND, we are told by the *Times*, has been in London, as the best means of promoting British interests at Berlin; while LORD PONSONBY—says the same authority—our Ambassador of Vienna, has been serving his country by absence from the scene of his duties.

Our *Chargé d'Affaires* at Bad-en—the idea is a good 'un—has been staying at Naples, and there have been other instances of our diplomatists acting on the straightforward, but startling principle, that, though paid very highly to represent England at a Foreign Court, they are much better "omitted in the representation" when anything of particular urgency or of unusually vital interest is happening. If it is found that absence enhances the value of Ambassadors, how much more economical it would be to keep them always away from their posts—an arrangement which would have the double advantage of being much cheaper as well as more satisfactory. The hint is one which we have no doubt MR. CORDEN and other financial reformers will be able to improve upon. It would be a curious calculation could the question be solved—if peace should be preserved in the absence of the diplomatists from their posts, what would have been the consequence had they remained at their embassies?

Testimonial to the Duke of Atholl.

A MEETING has been got up at Dunkeld for the purpose of sympathising with the begrimed and bespattered DUKE OF ATHOLL, unjustly dirtied with printer's ink. The presiding operator was one JOHN LESLIE, Esq., from the congenial place of Butterston. Many speeches were made; and much of the ink attempted to be licked off; but, somehow, his Grace is as black as ever—the ink will stick. It was, however, finally resolved to present the Duke with a tangible testimonial at once illustrative of the ducal virtues and of their admirers. The necessary sort of testimonial became a matter of intense consideration; when it was finally settled, amid acclamations, to present his Grace (for next autumn wear) with a faithful copy of the Victoria stage costume of the *Warlock of the Glen*. NATHAN, the theatrical tailor, started by a special train to take the Duke's measure.

Reflections in a Crystal.

"WHAT can be the object of that Crystal Curtain?" said one Gent to another, as they were running, squirrel-fashion, round and round the narrow cage of the Promenade Concerts. "The object of that Crystal Curtain?" exclaimed his brilliant companion. "Why, it's put there to remind us of the 'end' of the stage, which you know is 'to hold the mirror up to Nature!'"

"ALL IS VANITY,"—as the Swell Mobsman said when he was handed into the Police Van.

HOW TO MAKE A SERJEANT.

THE manufacture of a serjeant is one of those mysteries of the law which are not usually open to the vulgar eye; and the common impression has been, that the paying down of some thousand pounds for the coif—in "*Cash down, Sir, tho*"—as the advertising crockery-cart used to say, is all that is required. We have heard various other ceremonies spoken of as necessary to the constitution of a serjeant; and among others we have been given to understand, that a Judge of the Common Pleas putting up his eye-glass knowingly to his eye, and fixing it on the coffee in embryo—exclaims with a jaunty air, "I spy a brother." This judicial game at "Eye! spy!! I!!! gives a sort of pleasing jocularly to the process, which contrasts rather powerfully with the serious business of pulling out one thousand pounds—in cash!—as the price of the dignity.

We have ascertained, however, that although money makes the man, it is not money alone makes the serjeant; for he is called upon to exhibit his learning in a style somewhat similar to that of the keen encounter of their wits, between the law student and the butler, when the former—over his beer—takes the degree of utter barrister.

Every one knows that a call to the Bar—at all events at Gray's Inn—is effected by the candidate for the forensic toga imbibing a small quantity of the very smallest of swipes, and declaring, at the same time, that he "appears for the widow, and claims her dower," while the butler, taking the mug and the pleadings out of the student's hand, announces himself as appearing for the heir, and the two learned litigants at once proceed to the library.

The ceremony of making MR. BARON MARTIN a serjeant, upon making him—to the great satisfaction of everybody—a judge, was conducted much in the following fashion:—MR. BARON MARTIN, reading from an old bit of parchment, insisted rather calmly that JOHN SMITH claimed the lands, of which JOHN DOE stood seised, and that JOHN SMITH, being determined not to stand such a seizure, claimed the said lands, or words to that effect. Upon this a shriek was heard from the usher, who, starting up in his box, exclaimed with unusual briskness, "I imparl,"—when some one else in the background growled out an intimation that he "represented the widow;" upon which MR. BARON MARTIN, appearing to give up the case as hopeless with such antagonists arrayed against him, retired from the bar, as if in disgust and despair of making any stand in the face of such powerful competition. Happily, his retirement from the ranks of counsel was speedily followed by his appearance as a Judge on the bench, to which the profession and the public have unanimously welcomed him.

We all know that the last feather will occasion a smash to the back bone of the camel; and we must, we suppose, imagine that it was something of this sort which forced MR. MARTIN to yield under the responsibility of his last brief, (with the usher "imparling" on one side, and a mysterious growler behind the back rows "representing the widow,") rather than "fight it out" under such fearful odds. The learned counsel abandons JOHN SMITH,—leaves him at the mercy of DOE,—to brave the terrors of an "imparlance," and make the best arrangement he can to pacify "the widow." Happy are we that MR. BARON MARTIN has found in the bench a refuge from such endless sources of litigation, the widow alone being quite enough to drive any peaceably disposed counsel to distraction.

COURT CIRCULAR.

(Such as Puseyism would, perhaps, like to read it.)

YESTERDAY morning, the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT took their accustomed walk on the slopes—with peas in their shoes.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, attended by the REVEREND MESSRS. HOAKES AND BAM, walked out reading. The volume used by his ROYAL HIGHNESS was a highly illuminated legend relative to ST. SWITHIN. The PRINCE returned to no lunch at two o'clock, it being Friday.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL left Town for Canterbury by an early train, and, immediately on his arrival, repaired to the restored shrine of ST. THOMAS A BECKETT, to partake of the discipline of the rod. Having received a sound whipping, his Lordship returned to Town in the evening, and had an interview with his medical man.

Mr. Punch did public penance in front of his office, in the presence of a great crowd of spectators.

THREE TO ONE.

THE "*Ladies' Companion*" has a series of articles called "The Three Ages of Woman." We cannot help thinking that our graceful, entertaining contemporary has fallen into a strange ungallant error, for it is too bad to give poor Woman "*three ages*," when it is as much as she can do to confess to one!

THE BULL FIGHT OF LONDON.

THE Guys are going through the streets, the chalk is on the walls; Besides the usual twopence there's a charge in grave St. Paul's; And surely any extra charge the fight will well repay, For the London matador's to fight the Roman Bull to-day.

A lusty blade's our matador, with a deft and ready hand, Right quick to turn, and face about, and sharp to shift his stand; Two-edged and keen's the sword he wields, and though to dodge inclined, There's none knows better where to stick, when he makes up his mind.

The bells ring out, the clerks they shout, as to his place he goes; Firm and well-rounded shows his calf under the purple hose; His apron is tucked up for work, his eye is clear and keen, And his round bald head it shineth like polished marble clean.

Bring forth the Bull! The Bull is brought, within the gazing ranks,— Upon his head the triple crown, the red-hat on his flanks; The leaden seal tied to his tail, wide-spreading are his horns— The obvious joke about his hoofs the courteous minstrel scorns.

He bears him bold and burly, but the knowing ones espy A something groggy in his legs, and glassy in his eye; And though he chafes and paws the ground, and bellows loud and long, He's not the Bull that once he was, the Roman hills among.

He hath flung his broad brows to the ground, the matador to catch On the horns of a dilemma, but I ween he's met his match: All vain the rush, the sidelong push—for one turn he can take, The nimble son of London two turns, at least, doth make.

Panting at length, and shorn of strength, the baffled Bull is standing, And turns an eye that obviously the reason is demanding, Why this matador of London hath ta'en to welt and whack The bull that a few years since he patted on the back?

To query mute the bothered brute of course gets no reply; Forth he hath broke, a final stroke determined to let fly; But on his heel in one short wheel the matador's at large, And the Bull goes down, upon his crown, before the fatal charge!

RAILWAY GREASE.

"MR. HUDSON, on his last visit to Sunderland, was solicited by no less than twenty-five of its poorest inhabitants to stand godfather to their children. This is a pleasing proof of the very strong hold he possesses upon the affections of his constituents."—*Newcastle Sycophant*.

"A penny subscription has been started amongst the stokers and guards on the Eastern Counties Railway, to erect a statue in honour of a late lamented and much beloved Director. We need not say we allude to the Railway King, MR. HUDSON, whose return to power will be chronicled amongst the proudest events of the forthcoming year."—*The York Friend*.

"We have authority for stating that offers have been made to MR. HUDSON, in the name of the EMPEROR OF CHINA, to proceed instantly to Peking, with a view of consulting with his Celestial Majesty upon the possibility of laying down a railway upon the Great Wall of China. The expense, it is considered, would only consist of the outlay for the iron and the engines, and a sum exceeding one million was offered to MR. HUDSON by a celebrated Manchester firm, if he would only secure their establishment the Imperial contract. We are proud and happy to state, however, that MR. HUDSON has refused all these tempting offers, with the generous intention of concentrating his entire attention upon railway matters at home, which we are sorry to see suffering more and more every week from his prolonged absence, and which must end in the fearful ruin of all parties, unless MR. HUDSON is immediately called in to avert the impending evil."—*Manchester Peeler*.

"A Director of the Caledonian Railway sent MR. HUDSON, last week, a brace of grouse, and it was only the week before that he received, from one of the largest holders of shares in the same line, a hamper packed full of game. These little presents are flattering evidence of the high trust which all persons who have invested their fortunes in railways repose in MR. HUDSON, and show too strongly how pleased the entire body of shareholders of the Caledonian Railway would be if the ex-Railway King would but consent to undertake the management of their hopeless affairs."—*The Cannie Scotsman*.

"MR. HUDSON entertained, on Monday last, 300 Railway Directors, at his princely mansion in Hyde Park. The only topic of conversation was the universal regret that MR. HUDSON had so long absented himself from railway matters, and a lively hope was generally expressed that he would soon return to power, and resume the powerful position he once so proudly occupied, as the Baring of the Stock Exchange, and the ROTHSCHILD of Capel Court. In such a wish all honest men must sincerely concur."—*Railway Weekly Buffer*.



FASHIONS FOR 1850 ; OR,

CLIMATES FOR ALL NATIONS.



NDoubtedly it is a great pity that the Exhibition of 1851 was not thought of earlier! All nations will of course throng to the display of their own industry. A most serious question is, how to lodge them. This might easily have been solved by Mr. PAXTON with sufficient time. He can grow the indigenous plants of any country in his glass-houses. It is evidently as easy to imitate natural conditions for an animal as for a plant. By a well-contrived arrangement of large conservatories, every human being under the sun might have been accommodated with his own climate. The inhabitant of the tropics might have been surrounded by tropical fruits and vegetation, and snakes also, if required. The East Indian might have had his home near a jungle, with the option of tigers. With the valuable assistance of Dr. FARADAY (who can freeze water for you in a red-hot crucible), the Norwegians, Laplanders, and Esquimaux might have been domiciled amid icebergs and white bears, in regions, to all intents and purposes, perfectly Arctic.

We might have given the Egyptian his Nile and crocodiles, and the Arabian his Desert, with a *mirage* for water-supply, and provided with everything but simooms to make him feel quite at home. California is the only land which would defy imitation. The composition of the soil of that Tom-Tidlerian territory would be rather too expensive—unless ROTHSCHILD would be liberal enough to supply the needful.

At all events, however, physiologists might avail themselves of Mr. PAXTON's contrivances, in order to the determination of the controversy as to whether or no climate produces the diversities of the human race. Why—but that the women of England are the loveliest in the world—should we not rear young ladies under glass, and see if we cannot grow Circassian beauties?

POPERY IN PIMLICO.

It has been rumoured that, in the event of PIUS THE NINTH being obliged once more to run away from Rome, he will emigrate to Pimlico, and make Belgravia the future residence of the Popes. Lodgings will be taken in Wilton Place, as a substitute for the Vatican, and the Church of St. Barnabas will require very little alteration in its ceremonies to render it as acceptable to PIO NONO as St. Peter's itself. The "histrionics" will of course be continued as usual, though a few more supernumeraries will be required for the processions, and there will be an augmentation of candles, so that the managers of the mummery may be enabled to avail themselves of the great Vauxhall attraction of so many "additional lights." NATHAN, the *costumier*, has received orders for the preparation of "entirely new dresses," and the "property man" at Astley's is understood to be working night and day for the completion of the decorations, which are expected to surpass everything since the celebrated *Jewess* season at Drury Lane. Rehearsals are taking place every morning, and several of the weaker-minded laity allow themselves to be introduced as lay figures into the spectacles that are being got up, *pro bono Pimlico*, almost every day.

War without a Wherefore.

HITHERTO we have been undoubting advocates of international arbitration; but we really almost question whether it could be resorted to for the settlement of the dispute between Prussia and Austria. What is the war cry?—what is the bone of contention?—what great principle is at issue? What controversy is there for any arbitrator to arbitrate upon? It is a pity some pacific salve, some sort of antisan-guinary, antipugnacious antidiabolical emollient cerate could not be invented to allay that itching for mutual murder which afflicts most of the nations of the Continent.

THE QUICKEST WAY TO ROME.

"EVERY road," says the ancient proverb, "leads to Rome;" but of all roads none will take you there so quickly as the small Tracts that run through Oxford.

ELEVEN WORDS ON TOLERATION.

BY DR. NEWMAN.

AMONG various reasons which induce the British public to oppose the POPE OF ROME's attempt at domination in this country, is the persuasion, derived from history, that in times past, the POPE's Church, when possessed of ascendancy, burnt alive, racked, and tortured, or caused and procured to be burnt alive, and so forth, a considerable number of human beings, for what it was pleased to call heresy.

To us, this persuasion appears as certain as the assurance that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR subdued England, that RICHARD TURPIN committed highway robbery, that SIR HUMPHRY DAVY invented the safety-lamp, or that Mr. THISTLEWOOD was hanged for high treason. And is it all the while merely a monstrous fallacy? Is the very type in which we read of atrocities, whose catalogue is too hackneyed for quotation, unreal. In thinking we see letters and words narrating such roastings and rackings, perpetrated by states and sovereigns, at the instigation of the Papal Church, are we, possibly, the victims of some delusion of the Enemy, imposing upon our own senses with pica which is not? Or are we simply mad? That the common impression on this subject at any rate is false, is so roundly asserted by nearly all the apologists of his HOLINESS, that Mr. *Punch* might almost begin to doubt of its correctness, if he could be talked into scepticism as to the existence of a nose in his face. But, with the best spectacles on that nose, Mr. *Punch* still reads the same horrible story.

In reference to those who accuse the POPE's Church of persecution, the REV. DR. DOYLE, according to the *Times* of the 18th instant, spoke, on the preceding day, as follows:—

"They talk of the edict of QUEEN MARY, and lay it at the door of the Catholic clergy. I deny that it is true; and I refer our detractors to that history which they so wilfully pervert. . . . Now, the true version of QUEEN MARY's edict, in connection with the Catholic clergy, is this: on the very day that that edict was sent forth, that great, and good, and fearless friar, ALPHONSE DE CASTRO, when he preached before the Court, in the presence of HER MAJESTY, denounced it as most intolerant, unjust, and in every degree opposed to the glorious principles and spirit of the holy religion."

Would it not have been more to DR. DOYLE's purpose to have said—that if he could have said—that the POPE denounced and condemned QUEEN MARY and her fagots? That he did not, was an unfortunate omission, we will say. Well; there is time to repair it. Will the present POPE, authoritatively, and *ex cathedra*, condemn and anathematise the doctrine that it is, or ever was, lawful for Christian men to burn, or otherwise kill, or torture anybody for heresy? It is surely worth his while to annihilate a prejudice, entertained by millions of Englishmen, against his Church, at the small expense of a "bull" so very short that it would rather deserve the epithet of "brief."

In the meantime, what can be said to DR. DOYLE? Eleven words:—

"IN THE MIDDLE AGES THE CHURCH PUT TO DEATH FOR HERESY!"

These are not the words of Mr. *Punch*; they are the words of JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Priest of the Oratory of St. PHILIP NEEL. They occur in a lecture delivered by him on the "*Political State of Catholic Countries No Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church*." London: BURNS AND LAMBERT: page 208 of Lecture VIII., bought by Mr. *Punch* at MR. RICHARDSON'S, over the way, up the street, for the sum of one shilling current and lawful coin of this realm.

The reader is besought to refer to the sentence in which the above words occur, to see that Mr. *Punch* has not suppressed anything which could soften them or explain them away.

Mr. *Punch* does not quote the words of DR. NEWMAN against those of DR. DOYLE to fix persecuting tenets on any individual Catholic. He does not mean to insinuate that CARDINAL WISEMAN would wish to roast ARCHBISHOP SUMNER, or that the present DUKE OF NORFOLK would like to preside over a Smithfield Stake Club. Mr. *Punch* merely means to say, that if, as DR. NEWMAN confesses—

"IN THE MIDDLE AGES THE CHURCH PUT TO DEATH FOR HERESY;"

and if the Church is infallible, and cannot make a mistake, it may persecute—whether to the death or short of the death—again. Therefore, that it is not to be trusted; and, though tolerated to the fullest extent, must be resolutely denied the sanction of titles of honour derived from any districts within the bounds of Jolly Old England.

In the meantime, Mr. *Punch* begs thinking persons to observe how very widely "Doctors"—even Roman Doctors—"differ."

A NEW TITLE FOR DR. WISEMAN.

It has been suggested by a wit—the writer of this paragraph—that his Imminence would be a better title than his Eminence, for the New Cut Cardinal; inasmuch as the insult contemplated by the POPE has been hanging over us, and has been, therefore, imminent for a long time.

A CONUNDRUM MADE BY A LITTLE BOY ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD.—Why is an umbrella like a Scotch shower?—Because the moment it rains it's *missed*.

INCREASED ATTRACTION—INCREASED PAY.

Cheapside, Nov. 10th.



ADMIRER SIR,—I have a numerous family of godchildren, It is my custom on the 9th of November to invite all my little charges to the large warehouse I have in Cheapside, so that they may see the Lord Mayor's Show. During the intervals of the procession, we amuse ourselves with romps and games, and buns and cakes, sweetened with the weakest negus.

"Well, Sir, this year I thought I would vary the games a little, and that, instead of a romp in the warehouse, we would have an instructive stroll through St. Paul's Cathedral. I longed to point to the admiring gaze of my young troop the great men of their country, and accordingly had been busy reading up all the morning my *History of England* and *SOUTHEY'S Life of Nelson*, in

order to be able to dilate with proper enthusiasm upon the noble deeds they had done. Well, Sir—for I am an old man with the gout, and feel I get on but slowly—we started on our merry trip. I put twenty-pence in my pocket, for we were ten in number. It was all in coppers, for I like to give the money-takers the trouble—it's a little pleasure I have—of counting them. Well, I presented the twenty-pence all in coppers; they were indignantly pushed aside. 'It's all right,' I said, with all the respect I could summon, for somehow it does put me in a rage to be compelled to pay for admission to my own cathedral; 'we are ten of us, and ten persons at two-pence a-piece, may I be allowed to remark, makes exactly twenty-pence.'

"It's no such thing," he said, with the customary rudeness of all money-takers. 'It's five shillings.' 'How's that?' I inquired, mastering my indignation. 'Impossible!' 'Impossible or not, you must pay it, or you don't go in. I tell you it's five shillings.'

"But how do you make it out, Sir," for I was getting quite angry.

"Why, WE ALWAYS CHARGE SIXPENCE A-HEAD ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY!"

"So, Sir, because there was a little additional attraction, the prices were raised. A play-house, I believe, only doubles its price when there is some unheard of performance to justify it; but here was a Cathedral trebling its rate of admission, because the Lord Mayor's procession happened to pass round it. I asked the impudent official if the charge was made with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter, and he answered me more impudently than ever, that 'it was.'

"I refused, with a long protest, to pay the imposition, which caused the door to be slammed in my face, and I was compelled to walk back again to Cheapside with my little troop, who were sucking their thumbs with disappointment. All my morning's reading went for nothing!

"My only remedy, Sir, is to write to you. I beg of you to use every pen you have in exposing this scandalous state of things till it is fairly carted away, like so much noxious filth, from the City of London.

"I remain, Dear Sir,

"Yours, with the gout much worse from this excitement,

"THE GODFATHER OF SEVERAL FAMILIES."

"P.S. If there is an advance of prices, public information, at all events, should be given of the fact. I should not be surprised—at all events it would be more tradesman-like to do it—to see next year a placard like the following, hung over every door of the cathedral:—

EXTRAORDINARY ADVANCE OF PRICES!!!

The Dean and Chapter beg respectfully to announce that in consequence of

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Figuring this year in the Lord Mayor's procession, the Price of Admission to St. Paul's Cathedral will be raised (on this occasion only) to

ONE SHILLING!

N.B. Babies must pay full price. No money returned. Vivat Regina!

THE LARGEST DEPÔTS FOR CARDINALS.—Oxford University and the BISHOP OF LONDON'S diocese.

HOUSEHOLD SONGS.

No. 1.—The Song of the Poker.

I'm a sturdy poker, and all the day,
By the side of the fire I take my place,
And whenever I stir I throw a ray
Of cheerful light on every face.
Of the coal's black looks I make a joke,—
A light in its heart I can always raise;
In the ribs of the fire I give a poke,
And out it bursts in a laughing blaze.
'Tis not in the summer, when all around
Is wrapp'd in the warmth the sun supplies,
That the poker's real worth is found,
As in polish'd state he coldly lies.
But oh! when the winter's frost sets in,
And abroad in the fields you no longer roam;
Oh, then is the time when we all begin
To find in the poker a friend at home.

No. 2.—The Song of the Shovel.

THEY may talk as they will of the poker and tongs,
Their merit to neither stern justice denies;
But surely superior credit belongs
To the shovel, which furnishes all the supplies.
How useless the poker—with nothing to poke,
Its best occupation were utterly gone.
On the coals in a scuttle how vain were the stroke,
Till I to the fire have shovell'd them on.
Still sweeter the office I often fulfil,
Preventing the coal from burning in vain,
And showing there's virtue in humbleness still,
By throwing up cinders again and again.
Thus charity raises from out of the dust
The good that may still with its particles blend;
And the shovel, by forming of cinders a crust,
Endows them with brilliance and warmth to the end.

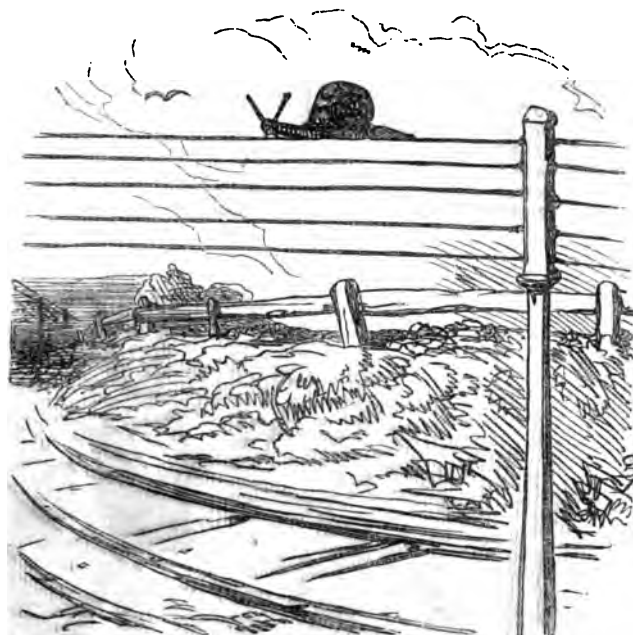
No. 3.—The Song of the Tongs.

THEY may daddy-long-legs dub me,
My shape they may deride,
But they want me—though they snub me,
To grace the fire-side.
The shovel unreflecting
Throws fuel on by shoals,
I'm useful in selecting
The choicest of the coals.
To every hut and hovel
The poker it belongs,
And common is the shovel—
But very rare the tongs.
Pride is, I know, delusive,
Of worth 'tis ne'er the sign;
Although to be exclusive
May be a boast of mine.
But hence with idle boasting,
Let's terminate our songs,
By altogether toasting
Poker—and shovel—and tongs.

THE NEW "CULLEN'S PRACTICE OF PHYSIC."

THE President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians have sent an address to the QUEEN praying her to take measures for repelling the Papal aggression. The learned doctors declare their unalterable attachment to our Constitution in Church and State. The interest, therefore, which they take in the Constitution is more extensive than some people might suppose. However, we do not notice their anti-papal address for the mere purpose of making this very obvious remark. Physicians have peculiar cause for being opposed to Popish domination. The medical profession boasts of a DR. CULLEN, who wrote a renowned *Practice of Physic*. Should another DR. CULLEN's system get the upper hand, a new CULLEN's *Practice of Physic* might become popular, to the great loss and detriment of the Faculty. There can be no doubt that if the sun is but two yards in diameter, all diseases are curable by saint's toe-nails, or other relics. The establishment of this principle will quite revolutionise the *Materia Medica*; calomel, colocynth, and tartrate of antimony, will be entirely superseded by holy shin and other bones, and fragments of thaumaturgic mummies, miraculous old clothes, and canonised rags. No medicine, indeed, will be taken any more; Apothecaries' Hall be ruined, and the Doctors' occupation gone!

A TRAIN TAKEN IN EXECUTION.



It will really be a mere matter of prudence to inquire in future into the solvency of any railway upon which one is about to travel, for otherwise a passenger may find himself in custody as part of a train seized by the sheriff's officers for the debts of the concern. Imagine the horror of an affectionate husband about to fly by express to an expectant wife, and checked in his ardour by a *fi. fa.* pushed in at the window by a bailiff, who must produce some such impression as a highwayman would have done in the old days of post and stage-coach travelling. The brigands of the law may become as annoying, if not as formidable, as the Italian brigands—the brutes of the Abruzzi for instance—and we shall be looking out for a *Fra Diavolo* at every station with his slip of parchment, instead of his carbine, ready to poke in the awful instrument at every carriage window, and call upon the occupants to surrender.

The brigand song in *Fra Diavolo* will become popularised upon every railway station in the kingdom, and we will be the first to give a version of it, for the use of travellers on those insolvent lines, which are not safe from the intrusion of the law's merciless myrmidons.

ATH.—“ On yonder rock reclining.

On yonder platform sneaking,
His searching eye the train surveys;
See in his hands he a writ displays;
'Tis one of those vile *fi. fa.*s.
Without a sentence speaking,
He comes and makes a servile bow;
Without explaining what's the row,
He whispers “ You can't go now.”
Diavolo, Diavolo!
“ Your wife thus balked of meeting
To yourself you keep repeating,
‘ Diavolo, Diavolo, Diavolo!’ ”

If passengers are really liable to be stopped *in transitu* for the debts of a railway company, it will be advisable that some means should be employed by the solvent concerns to satisfy the public, that there need be no apprehension of the train being apprehended by the officers of the law; and it would be a wise precaution on the part of those who can pay, to have copies of their balance-sheet stuck up at all the stations along the line, while those companies which are insolvent should obtain and exhibit at their booking-offices a letter of license from their creditors.

THE BERLIN CHOIR TO THE WARS HAVE GONE.

We have heard of military bands, but a military chorus is something quite new, and the Berlin choir is the first specimen we recollect of a body of men, under a concert engagement here, finding themselves suddenly disconcerted by being called upon to enter into a military engagement with the enemy. Our own British chorus-singer is such a purely peaceful animal, that though you may encase him in pasteboard buckler, gird him with a property sword, and put the most martial language into his mouth; though he might be made to scream with the utmost power of his lungs,

“ For liberty or glorious death
We gladly yield our latest breath,”

yet everybody knows that he attends to no other call than the call to rehearsal, and he draws the sword for no other purpose than to enable him to draw his salary.

It seems, however, to be a much more serious business with the Berlin chorus singers, who have not only to scream under a banner, but to fight under one also, and they are liable to be forced to practise what they sing, when called upon to do so by their Government. We pity the poor Berlin choir, who have suddenly been summoned from the heat of Her Majesty's Theatre to the heat of battle; or, at all events, to the chance of very warm work; and we cannot help thinking it was adding insult to misfortune, to insert in the programme “*Home, sweet Home*,” which they were obliged to sing at a time when the prospect of going home must have been very far from agreeable. Though our native chorus singers run the risk of being cut up by criticism, they are, at all events, safe from the sword; and we congratulate them on their pound a-week in peace and quietness, which is much better than getting called out to fight by way of an annual benefit.

ANIMAL SPIRITS OF THE CHURCH.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD has written several letters, signed B. OXON., in answer to addresses from his clergy calling upon him to take the chair at meetings to be held in opposition to the Papal aggression. These letters breathe a spirit of indignation at the conduct of the See of Rome, and, in fact, from the style of writing OXON., would seem to be infuriated OXON. against the Pope's Bull.

EXTREME MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Appeal to the People of England.

MOVE ON, THERE!

THE Chancery Bar, and the Chancery suitors, also, are in a state of some tribulation at the slow progress made in the Lord Chancellor's Court, in consequence of the extreme length of the deliberations of the present occupant of the Woolsack. A reference to the reports in the newspapers will show that a column or two of argument from the Bar, is followed by an announcement from the Chancellor, that he will “take the papers home,” or “deliver his judgment on a future day;” but it very rarely happens that an actual decision is chronicled. Sometimes his lordship will “consult the minutes”—a operation that often involves not merely minutes, but hours—and while the judicial grass is growing—if we may use the allegory—the forensic horse is starving for want of a fresh supply of provender.

Caution and deliberation are excellent qualities in a new Chancellor, no doubt; but the barristers complain bitterly of the comparatively small amount of business got through; and some of the older ones declare they are now reminded of the days of the ELDON slow coach, before the introduction of the FAST BROUGHAM, and the COTTENHAM Diligence.

WILL YOU BUY? BUY? BUY?

WE select the following bit of military trading from a *Brighton Paper*. It may be called the latest transaction in the

“MART OF GLORY.—It is confidently reported in military circles that the large sum of £16,000 has been offered by the major of a lancer regiment for the purchase of the lieutenant-colonelcy, and refused, after two days' deliberation.”

So an English gentleman becomes a lieutenant-colonel, not by merit, but by money—by the force of his pocket, and not the intelligence of his head. The ladder by which an Englishman mounts to military promotion is a Ladder of Gold. £16,000 to be a lieutenant-colonel! Napoleon was quite wrong—we are *not* a nation of shopkeepers.

Mother Church and her Naughty Children.

SEVERAL children of the Church have proved rebellious and difficult to deal with; but of all her children, those naughty little boys of Oxford, who for years past have been pelting the head of their venerable parent with nothing but Tracts, have certainly turned out the worst. In-Tractable.

JULLIEN'S NEXT QUADRILLE.

We would suggest to the splendid JULLIEN that the feeling of Hero-worship which inspired the British Army Quadrille might find farther expression in a similar work of genius, composed in honour of a kindred service. The Metropolitan Police Force is a valuable body of men, to whom such homage would be highly appropriate, whilst it would be equally gratifying to a Public which is even more loyal and constitutional than it is musical. We can almost fancy that we hear the great composition by which M. JULLIEN might glorify our gallant constabulary. A brisk, lively opening indicates the alacrity of the policemen mustering at the Station. A measured movement of the kettle-drums represents the tramp of the various divisions along the kerbstones. The air, "*Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England*," is now introduced, to signify the descent of the policeman from his beat into the area, to meet his cook. This is suddenly interrupted by the *Rogue's March*, to which succeeds "*'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay*," indicating the hero's return to the street under a sense of duty, recollecting the exhortation of NELSON. "*The Horn of Chase*" now betokens the pursuit of a pickpocket, whose flight is expressed by rapid passages on the piccolo; all the wind and stringed instruments join in the hue and cry; and the capture of the depredator is denoted by a thump on the big drum. The well-known air of "*We won't go Home till Morning*" now informs us that some tipsy medical students are retiring from the Coal Hole; a sudden crash explains that a lamp has been smashed by the roysterers, and that the police have seized them; a regular row then ensues, created by the whole strength of the orchestra, in which the ophicleides and gongs are tremendously prominent, their effect being heightened by watchmen's rattles and small pieces of artillery. In conclusion, the National Anthem declares the triumph of HER MAJESTY'S officers. Here are some ideas for a Metropolitan Police Force Quadrille, and if JULLIEN will work them up, we will be bound to say he will do something quite A. 1.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

We have been told—till we are tired of hearing the information—that "All the World's a Stage," yet, when we look around us, we find no dramas of every-day life written expressly for "all the men and women" who "are only players." The social members of the sock must find themselves much embarrassed occasionally by the want of a *repertoire*, and if they really do "play many parts," their acting must consist of what, in the language of the green-room, is called "gag," inasmuch as there is nothing "set down for them," and consequently, however anxious they might be to adhere to *Hamlet's* rule, they would find it impossible to do so. Taking pity upon our fellow actors on the great stage of the world, who are in the dilemma so commonly complained of by the professional players, who are always lamenting that they have no pieces written expressly for them, we have undertaken the task of writing a few dramas of every-day life, for performance by "all the men and women" whom SHAKESPEARE has lumped into one great dramatic company.

We have no doubt the actors, like a discontented ungrateful set as they are, will declare that the parts we offer them are not half good enough, but we nevertheless rush into the perils of authorship regardless of the sneers of SNOOKS, who thinks he ought to be playing LORD CHANCELLOR, when fortune, the stage manager, has cast him into the lawyer's clerk; or of SPOONER, who is measuring out silk from behind a counter, when he believes that his most appropriate character would be that of a measurer of sentences, and dealer out of great political truths from the ministerial benches in Parliament. Without further prologue we proceed to give the first of our dramas of every-day life under the title of the

PERRUQUIER PUZZLED.

SCENE—A Barber's Shop. Barber's man engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barbaresque operations.

Enter JONES, meeting OILY the Barber.

Jones. I wish my hair cut.

Oily. Pray, Sir, take a seat.

[Oily puts chair for JONES, who sits. During the following dialogue, Oily continues cutting JONES's hair.]

Oily. We've had much wet, Sir.

Jones. Very much indeed.

Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.

Jones. They were.

Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us

Until the end.

Jones. At one time—so did I.

Oily. But we have had it very wet.

Jones.

We have.

[A pause of some minutes.]

Oily. I know not, Sir, who cut your hair last time; But this I say, Sir, it was badly cut: No doubt 'twas in the country.

Jones. No! in Town!

Oily. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.

Jones. 'Twas cut in Town—and in this very room.

Oily. Amazement!—but I now remember well.

We had an awkward new provincial hand,

A fellow from the country. Sir, he did

More damage to my business in a week,

Than all my skill can in a year repair.

He must have cut your hair.

Jones (looking at him). No—'twas yourself.

Oily. Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.



Jones. I don't mistake—'twas you that cut my hair.

[A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.]

Oily. Your hair is very dry, Sir.

Jones. Oh! indeed.

Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

Jones. I like it dry.

Oily. But, Sir! the hair when dry

Turns quickly grey.

Jones. That colour I prefer.

Oily. But hair, when grey, will rapidly fall off, And baldness will ensue.

Jones. I would be bald.

Oily. Perhaps, Sir, you mean to say you'd like a wig.

We've wigs so natural they can't be told

From real hair.

Jones. Deception I detest.

[Another pause ensues, during which OILY blows down JONES's neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.]

Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent of every kind.

Jones. I see you have. (Pays 6d.) I think you'll find that right.

Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, Sir.

Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something, too,

That you may show me.

Oily. Name it, Sir.

Jones. The door.

[Exit JONES.]

Oily (to his man). That's a rum customer, at any rate.

Had I cut him as short as he cut me,

How little hair upon his head would be;

But if kind friends will all our pains requite,

We'll hope for better luck another night.

[Shop-bell rings, and curtain falls.]

NEW TITLE.

If CARDINAL WISEMAN is allowed to retain his present papal appointment, we recommend that he be always addressed and alluded to as "The Archbishop of Westminster, by Hook and by Crook."

A TESTIMONIAL NOT TO GEORGE HUDSON.

THERE will now, we take it, never be a testimonial erected to his late Majesty, GEORGE, of Iron memory—GEORGE HUDSON. Never again will the plate go round in honour of that overthrown bit of royalty. Nevertheless, we have to propose a testimonial that, whilst it shall, in some measure, palliate the meanness and folly that clubbed together to glorify the dethroned king—shall commemorate *his* peculiar fame, by good service done to one of his victims. MR. DOYLE, one of the proprietors of the *Weekly Chronicle*, appears a bankrupt, under an examination that only serves to test and show his honourable dealings. Well; MR. DOYLE states, on oath, that the persecution that drives him into a Court of Bankruptcy originated in the fact, that—

"He, as editor, refused to allow the *Weekly Chronicle* to be corrupted by inserting a defence of MR. GEORGE HUDSON, written by his son-in-law, MR. SEYMOUR. He firmly believed he should not now be in the Bankruptcy Court if it were not for his refusal to insert that defence, and to be corrupted. He would not consent to the *Weekly Chronicle* being made the tool of MR. GEORGE HUDSON."

An honourable man will not consent that his newspaper ink shall be made to do the part of fuller's-earth, and take out spots—the late Spotted Boy was nothing to look at when compared with the many wicked specks that may give blackness to an adult dealer in railways—an editor will not suffer black to be called white; will not praise ebony as ivory; and he is harassed into bankruptcy. He is a truthful guardian of the press, and he is ruined.

Now, what we ask is a testimonial for MR. DOYLE—a testimonial subscribed by the parties who laid down their thousands for HUDSON. We ask—say, two and sixpence in the pound. What could be a pleasanter bit of self-imposed penance? A. B. C. have each subscribed for HUDSON—say £80 a-piece; well, let them, to sweeten the unseemly memory of the fact, subscribe £10 each to the account of MR. DOYLE. The ex-king has been gilt inch thick—shall there not be even half-crowns for his ex-Majesty's victim?



"I LIKE TO BE DESPISED."

Pope's Essay on (Wise) Man.

It is an old saying, that "What's one man's meat is another man's poison;" and the truth has lately been exemplified by the different reception given in England and France to the news of the POPE having sent to these countries new Cardinals. LOUIS-NAPOLÉON in his "message," the length of which is the only republican thing just now in France, calls the grant of three Cardinals by the Pope, "an eminent proof of gratitude towards the nation;" whereas we in England regard the gift of one Cardinal in a very different light, and could have dispensed so well with the present, that we wish the POPE, while giving the eminent trio to France, had thrown the "little one in," in the shape of DOCTOR WISEMAN. "What is sauce for the Goose" the proverb tells us, "is sauce for the Gander." But however well the Pope's sauce may agree with the Gallic cock it does not at all suit the British Lion.

SIR JOHN ROSS'S PIGEONS.

WE have awaited until doubt ripened into truth, ere we spoke of the arrival of SIR JOHN ROSS's pigeons at their native home at Annan Hill, near Kilmarnock, Scotland. These birds were originally the property of MISS DUNLOP, and that lady bestowed them on SIR JOHN ROSS, who bound himself by knightly promise to liberate the birds as soon as he should have been comfortably frozen in his winter quarters. And here are two of the birds—for SIR JOHN ROSS took two pair with him—again in Scotland. They have been examined by PROFESSOR MAC-TARTANCLAN, the distinguished Glasgow philosopher, and he considers that they evince unmistakable symptoms of having been, for some time, domesticated with the Esquimaux; the birds picking up bits of chopped tallow candles with hyperborean gusto. He has moreover tried them with a water ice, which they relished most mincingly. No dove of a young lady, after her twentieth quadrille, could have taken it more prettily. The birds have become national pets, and with very great reason. Scotland has cause to be proud of them; inasmuch as they have beautifully demolished a most ungenerous prejudice. And for this, the birds are fed upon the sweetest of sweetpeas every day, with a sprinkling of peppercorns on Sundays and holidays. Further, when the pigeons die, they will be stuffed and preserved under domes of crystal, and treasured in the future Museum of Edinburgh; as real, unmistakable evidence of the patriotic fact, that natives of Scotland, once flitted from their home, have been known—and that of their own free will—to return to it.

AN EXAMPLE FOR PEERS.

THE excellent EARL OF CARLISLE is about, in an especial manner, to vindicate the value of his order. He has taken upon himself the task of teacher: the schoolmaster with the coronet. He is about to deliver two lectures, in the Mechanics' Institute, at Leeds: one, "On the Poetry of POPE," the other on the Stripes and Stars, that is, on his Lordship's travels in America.

There is little doubt that his Lordship's example will be followed by his brother Peers, Spiritual and Temporal. We prophetically see, in our mind's eye, the radiant syllabus. Thus:

"On the Virtues of Primitive Hospitality, as exercised in Scotch Glens," by the DUKE OF ATHOLL.

"On Church Candles; showing how you may, with the same breath, blow them out, and blow them in again," by CHARLES JAMES, Bishop of London.

"On Needleworks of Charity by the English Nuns of 1850," by HENRY, Bishop of Exeter.

"On the Tailors of London, with a song, humorously setting forth the prices of the cheapest; written by the Sweet Goose of Houndsditch," by the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.

HUMBLE PIE; OR, THE PREMIER AND THE CARDINAL.

A Duet.

AIR.—"My Pretty Page."

Card. and Prem. { One of us lads must eat humble pie;
Which will it be, you or I?

Card. Which of the two?

Prem. You, Sir, you.

Card. What, I, Sir? I? Prem. Yes, you, Sir, you.

Card. Not I, but you. Prem. Not you, but I?

Card. Yes, you.

Prem. Not I!

Card. Not you?

Prem. No! you.

Card. I? Prem. You. Card. You. Prem. I! Card. I! Prem. You!

Card. You!

Prem. You!

Both { Well, we shall see, by-and-by,
Which is the boy to eat humble pie.

The Suggestions of "Stop Thief."

MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK has written a little pamphlet called "Stop Thief," containing some suggestions for securing our doors and windows, which are so well adapted to the end in view, that we will not quarrel with MR. CRUIKSHANK for omitting to explain how, if our windows are shut against thieves, it is possible that we can be on the look out for them.

ADVICE TO PUSEYITE PARSONS.—You had better not remain in an establishment which, although it finds you clothes, victuals, and coals, can by no means afford you candles.

BUSINESS AND THE BAYONET.



two hundred millions? Do the legislators of the civilised world demand such sacrifices of the workers? It is to pay their virtue somewhat too hard a compliment. Nevertheless, that the question of Peace should be debated in Birmingham, the arsenal—debated to approving thousands—marks the steady advance of the pacific principle. The gunsmiths, though living by the trade of war, did not exclaim "Down with STURGE and COBDEN! Great is the BELLONA of Birmingham!"

MR. COBDEN very happily tore to tatters the miserable sophism, that it was justifiable to make war, in order to increase commerce—to push business at the point of the bayonet. Commerce, it is true, has followed war; nevertheless, we would not have an account opened even with Japan with howitzers. Bayonets work an ugly kind of treble entry; nor would we have that Manchester dream fulfilled, that vision that shows that every Chinaman in a night-cap of cotton is to be realised by the percussion caps of English infantry. And yet, evidently, there are commercial men who believe that, with the foreigner, the best and sharpest of bargains may be made with the sword, stropped on the binding of a ledger.

Nevertheless, the writer in *Chambers's Information*—the essayist chastised by COBDEN—has opened a grand idea that, if not to be carried out in Japan by means of seventy-fours, soldiers and marines may, in a small degree, be familiarised to us in London, or even in Edinburgh. What it is lawful for armies to do in order to force trade, it may, for the benefit of our imports and exports, be allowable to individual firms and shop-keepers. For instance, London next summer will be thronged with foreigners—many of them possibly as wilfully obtuse to the excellencies of our manufactures, as are the Japanese to our very thickest Whitney blankets, and our best-finished skates. Why, then, should not the MESSRS. NOSES—for the civilising benefits of trade—be permitted to have a company of their own, in uniforms of their own shade and pattern, a corps of the Israelovskys, (old SUWARROW once formed such a body), who, without a word, should lay hold upon any foreigner, and carrying him to their Mart, command him to get rid at once of his cash and his barbarian ignorance? Why should they not compel him to be measured, and there pay down the money for the half-dozen suits of clothes, considered barely decent—the savage—for his necessities? What would be right in Japan, would be no less right in the Ghetto of the Minorities—what lawful with the edge of the sword, no less lawful at the point of the needle?

Again, with the weaker sex. Let us have corps of light linendrapers, of lancer mercers, of hussar jewellers, skirmishing the streets of London, and—for the civilisation and enlightenment of foreign women—let them compel her to take, and her husband to pay for—or if a spinster, her parent or guardian—any quantity of muslins, silks, velvets, pearls and diamonds. Poor creatures! With no taste, no desire for such raiment and finery—what real benefit will be exercised, by the compulsion that makes them customers?

It appears a Peace Congress will be held in the Crystal Palace. Why not? We take foreign Princes to show them rocket practice in Woolwich Marshes: let foreign peoples, with the world's works of peace before them, listen to words that shall preach a world-wide amity. Let them, in that glass hive, consider that they are all of the same human swarm, created mutually to labour, and not to destroy.

T Birmingham the lamb has looked into the cannon's mouth; the Peace Society has had a meeting. The dove has cooed and cooed, and the proving-house has re-echoed with the bang-bang of fire-arms. Men have listened to the old metaphor that crooks the sword into the sickle, and then went away to forge new swords the next morning. And this proved, ought not the peace orators to be all the prouder of their audience? Are we to expect the sword-smiths of Birmingham, and all the other artificers who make of iron the instruments of agony and death, to renounce their trade in order to prove their hatred of aggressive war? Are they to starve, that they may practically protest against a system that, within the last two years, according to MR. COBDEN, has burthened the nations of the Continent with debts and losses to the amount of

HOUSEHOLD SONGS.—THE TEA SERVICE.

No. 1.—The Song of the Teapot.

THEIR goblets of silver, their vases of gold,
Let pleasure and luxury boast:
To the teapot alone will philosophy hold,
And bread will be ever its toast.

Yes! 'Tis in the teapot life's type may be seen,
Reflection should on it be fixed;
Existence is neither all black nor all green,
Our joys and our sorrows are mix'd.

From the depths of the teapot there's plenty to learn,
How adversity profit may bring;
For at tea-time the kettle will bid us discern
How in spite of hot water to sing.

No. 2.—The Song of the Sugar Basin.

Roam—roam for years from flower to flower,
Thou, idly busy bee!
Thou canst not match with all thy power
The sweets enclosed by me.

With prejudice I am not blind;
The sugars I contain,
If to the tea alone confin'd,
Were sweet, alas! in vain.

No! With the generous grog I'll blend,
As with the sober tea:
For sociality, a friend
Will ever find in me.

No. 3.—The Song of the Milk Jug

I know I am a mockery,
I hate my very name;
Into the world of crockery
I know not how I came.
A milk jug is an article
They might as well put down
For, oh! there's not a particle
Of genuine milk in town.

Far better to have given me
A name I could deserve,
Than cruelly have driven me
From truth's bright path to swerve;
For when of milk jugs trippingly
I hear them round me talk,
There trickle down me drippingly
Tears of diluted chalk.

Oh, how I hate hypocrisy!
Would I could place myself
In that enlarged democracy,
The world of common delf.
Although to fine gim-crackery
'Tis fated I belong;
No matter—"Down with quackery"
Shall ever be my song.

PUNCH SNEERING AT PEACEMAKERS!

At the late meeting of the Peace Congress, at Birmingham, as reported in the *Times*, the REV. ANGEL JAMES, Independent preacher, in rising to move the first resolution, said—

"*Punch* might sneer, and the *Times* might thunder at them."

The *Times* might "thunder" at the Peace Congress, if it did not prefer quizzing it. *Punch* might sneer at the advocates of Peace, were he to reverse the course which he has hitherto always adopted, of encouraging them.

Either the REV. MR. ANGEL JAMES has never read *Punch* or the *Times*, or else he is unable to distinguish between banter and thunder, and between sneering and patronage.

The REV. ANGEL JAMES, Independent preacher, ought not to preach quite so independently of fact.

THE RED MAN IN ENGLAND.

THE POPE, it has been said, set in movement the late revolutions on the Continent. In his lately appointed Cardinal, he has sent us a Red Man who is likely to create a sufficient disturbance here.

TELEGRAPHIC TARADIDDLES.



PUNCH is far from wishing to under-rate the value of the Telegraph, or to discourage the enterprising spirit of the newspaper proprietors, who keep steamers with their steam perpetually up in the Boulogne Harbour; and an express train always in readiness at Folkstone, to bring to London the latest Continental news; but it will occasionally happen that the *jeu* is not worth the candle, or rather the coals consumed in keeping up the fires of the engines. On rushing eagerly to the heading of "Second" or "Third Edition" in a morning paper, our curiosity and excitement are often doomed to be repaid by such intelligence as the following:—

"It was raining fast in Paris when our express left, and there seemed no prospect of the weather clearing up very speedily. The President of the Republic was still at the Elysée, and a proposition was just being made in the National Assembly, to allow leave of absence to MONSIEUR BETISE, who represents a distant department. Nothing grave was attached to this incident; and though there were a few speculators hanging about the *Passage de l'Opera*, prices were not affected. From Germany, says our Correspondent, there is *absolument rien*—positively nothing—"unless" he adds, "the fact of several Hessians having been seen to walk in pairs through the streets, may be found interesting by your readers."

"We learn from another source that Austria remains where it did, and Prussia's position on the map of Europe, has not yet been modified."

Of course our daily contemporaries, when they have hired an express train, chartered a steamer to remain always with her steam up, and prepared to start, whether there is anything worth starting for or not—of course, we say, our contemporaries must give something by way of news, under the head of their second or third editions; but we beg leave to suggest in a truly friendly spirit, that we think the greater part of the information contained in these editions, would keep extremely well for a few hours, and the cost of a newspaper fleet with newspaper express trains, might in great part at least be dispensed with.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

MR. JONES is from home, on a journey. MRS. JONES is left in their box near Croydon, with SALLY, the housemaid, and WARDLE, the cook, without a man in the house, and "all these awful burglaries going on all over the country."

Time, from 9 P. M. till 6 A. M.

SCENE.—The EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE'S Sitting-Room. SALLY taking away the tea-things.

Ex-Unprotected Female. Any more of those horrid tramps to-day, SALLY?

Sally. Please 'm a nasty Irishwoman, in a grey cloak.

Ex-Unprotected (mysteriously). Dear me! Are you sure it was a woman, SALLY?

Sally (volubly). Well, 'm, I think it was, she used such bad language when she axed for a drink of water for the child, and I told her to go away and not come a-trampin' ere.

Ex-Unprotected. Oh, dear! it's dreadful to be left alone this way.

Sally (affably). They do say Mr. TREACLE's shop was 'tempted last night—the grocer's, you know, 'm, where we has our things—on'y he got up and barked like a dog, and they run away.

Ex-Unprotected (mentally calculating how far her imitation of a dog would be likely to prove successful). Good gracious!

Sally. But Mr. Box, the constable, thinks they're a-lurkin' in the neighbourhood. Perhaps that Irishwoman was one of 'em.

Ex-Unprotected (shuddering). Good gracious! Hold your tongue, SALLY, do—how can you talk so?—when you know there's not a man in the house!

Sally (perseveringly). Ah, that's it, 'm, now MR. JONES is away. There's me and WARDLE was sayin', on'y last night, 'm—sez she, "There's missus," sez she, "she might be robbed and mur—"

Ex-Unprotected (horror-stricken). SALLY!

Sally (determined to complete the picture). And the bell-ropes cut—and nobody never no wiser for it, till she didn't call us in the morning, and—

Ex-Unprotected. SALLY—I declare it's dreadful to hear you. Hold your tongue—do.

Sally (with offended dignity). Well, 'm—I'm sure it's no business of mine—I know my place, 'm. [*Sweeping out with the tea-things.*]

Ex-Unprotected (glad even of the illusory protection of SALLY's presence). Well, but SALLY—what's to be done?

Sally (resolved not to understand). About the tap of the beer, Mum?

Ex-Unprotected. Good gracious, girl—no—about the burglars. I declare I daren't go to bed—no man in the house, too—

Sally (musingly). There's SCALY JOE, 'm, as drives the fish-cart. I 'ear his bell in the lane just now; p'raps he wouldn't mind—

Ex-Unprotected (imploringly). Oh, ask him.

Sally (chivalrously). And, for my part, I don't believe 'arf that goes against 'im, for a thief—to be sure, when he's in liquor—

Ex-Unprotected. Oh, dear! we won't have a thief and a drunkard in the house, SALLY.

Sally (thoughtfully). No, 'm—there's DUFFY, from the workus, that cleans the knives sometimes, and weeds the garden—he was 'avin' his supper—I think he can't have got out of the lane yet.

Ex-Unprotected (grasping at the chance). Oh, call him back—do.

Sally (shaking her head). To be sure he's only twelve—and not by no means strong—and he's often took with fits—I don't think he'd be much good, Ma'am.

Ex-Unprotected. Of course not, you stupid girl.

Sally. Well, 'm, there's nobody else within 'arf a mile of us—and I'm sure, 'm, I ain't a-going out for anybody.

Ex-Unprotected (in despair). Dear me—it's very dreadful—SALLY (rapidly running over her domestic defences). Do take care that all the bells are on the shutters, and the wires to them laid across all the passages, and the crackers in the pantry, and the detonating detector on the back door; and, SALLY, I think if you were to put one of Mr. JONES's hats on a pitchfork, and stick it up the wash-house chimney, they might think we had the sweeps.

Sally (taking her orders with compressed lips, and other symptoms of great energy). Yes, 'm.

Ex-Unprotected (struck by a bright idea). And, SALLY, bring me the DINNER-BELL. I'll take it to bed with me!

Sally (jumping at the notion). Oh yes, 'm; and if the burglars gets in, and we hears the bell—

Ex-Unprotected (courageously). You can rush to my assistance.

Sally (rather taken aback). Oh, 'm, then we'd all be murdered.

Ex-Unprotected (to whom the vision of a triple massacre at once occurs). Oh, dear! Oh, dear! SALLY, you're a wicked girl, to put such things into one's head. I never did hear any one talk so.

Sally (argumentatively). Well, 'm, it can't be no use, me and WARDLE coming, now can it, 'm?

Ex-Unprotected. Then, what is the good of my going to bed with the bell, SALLY?

Sally. Oh, 'm, when we 'ear it, we'll know what's 'appened, and we can run away, or scream out of the front winders.

Ex-Unprotected. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! [*Snatches up her bedroom candle, blows out the other lights, and rushes up to her bedroom in an unutterable agony of terror.*]

[SCENE changes to the Bed-room of the EX-UNPROTECTED. She has performed her night toilette in an unprecedentedly short time, and is already shivering with terror under the bedclothes. The dinner-bell reposes on the pillow beside her head, very much in the place usually occupied by the night-cap of MR. JONES. A rushlight flickers on the hearth.

Ex-Unprotected (soliloquising at intervals). Oh, it's too bad of MR. JONES to be from home at these dreadful times—I wonder what the Magistrates are about—and the Police—I'm sure we pay taxes enough—and to think one can't sleep comfortably in one's own house, without expecting to get up some morning—ugh!—[*shudders—puts her hand against the cold bell*—Oh—gracious!—what's that?—[*starts half up*—Oh, it's that horrid bell. I'll get the gardener—to sleep—in the kitchen—to-morrow—a—p'rhaps a dog would be best—if they wouldn't go mad, and—they're—always—getting—stolen—and rewards are so—ver—y—hea—vy—sno-r-r-h—sno-r-r-h—sno-r-r-r-r-r-h—

[*She dozes off into a dream-land, peopled with burglars, bells, man-traps, spring-guns, mad dogs, MR. JONES, SCALY JOE, GREEN-ACRE, and the GARDENER.*]

Enter a Domestic Mouse, accompanied by his little Family, cautiously from the skirting-board.

Mr. Mouse, senior. Patter—patter—patter—pip—pip—pi—pi—

[*Trotting to the rushlight.*]

The Masters and Misses Mice (careering about on the boards). Pirri-pirri-pirri—

[EX-UNPROTECTED starts up at the point in her dream where MR. JONES is struggling with a mad dog, and the dinner-bell is holding her down in her bed during the operation.

Mr. Mouse, senior (scudding to his hole). Patter—patter—pit-a-pat—a-pitter—

Masters and Misses Mice (tumbling over each other as they follow his example). Pirri-pirri-pit-a-pee-pee-wee-pirri-wee-pirri-pirri-pirri—
Ex-UNprotected (holding her breath, and listening intently to the beating of her own heart, and the scrambling of the mice). There's somebody in the house! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what shall I do!

Enter a Rat impudently from a hole under the bed.
Rat (pacing leisurely across the floor). Pit-a-pat-a-pit-a-pat-a-pat—
Ex-UNprotected. Oh, dear! They're walking up-stairs! They've taken their shoes off! Oh, whatever shall I do! Oh, the bell—the bell!



[She seizes the dinner-bell, and gives a tremendous peal, springing out of bed at the same moment. Her foot catches in the wire that communicates with the bell on the shutters, which rings. The maids have rushed out of their room at the sound of Bell No. 1, and flying through the passages, set a-ringing all the bells whose wires they stumble over in their terror. The bell-wires communicate with the detonating detectors, which explode in all

directions. The servants scream out of the front windows. The EX-UNPROTECTED keeps ringing her bell in the midst of the hubbub, convinced that all is lost, while the Rats and Mice, the innocent cause of all the disturbance, wonder what the device is the meaning of the row, and cover in their holes, only one degree less frightened than the EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE. Scene closes.

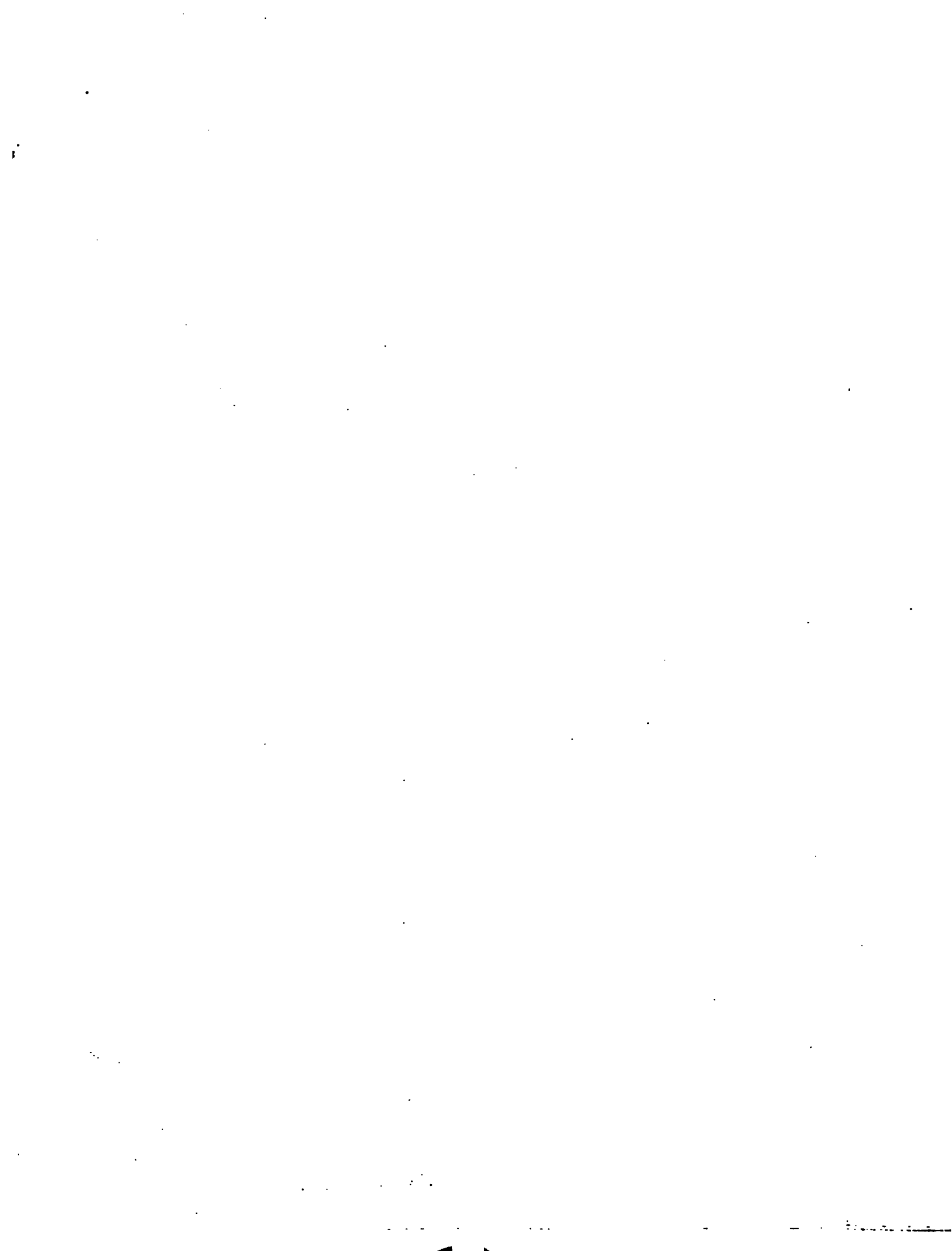


B-P OF L—N.

B-P OF O—D.

B-P OF E—R.

THE HOT POKER.



RULES FOR THE PREVENTION OF THE PROMISED PLAGUE NEXT YEAR.

THE arguments of the old women, and that of several newspapers advocating the fears of the same class, that the invasion of foreigners next year is sure to be followed by a second Plague of London, are so convincing, that we are glad to hear some measures are at last to be taken for the prevention of the evil. A quarantine will be established, by which every foreigner will be compelled to remain eight-and-forty hours in some place of salubrity before he is allowed to enter the Metropolis. We rejoice to state, that Herne Bay has been one of the places honoured with selection. A supplementary Board of Health is also to be instituted, for the examination of all foreigners. For carrying out this sanitary purpose, they are to be invested with the most searching powers.

The following are a few of the rules, unanimously agreed upon, for their guidance in this delicate matter:—

1. That every Frenchman is to be washed from head to foot before entering London. For this purpose, *Foreign Baths and Washhouses* are to be established in every suburb round the Metropolis.
2. That no German is to be allowed admission into "the first city in the world" (the term generally used at all the London dinners), unless he can prove possession of at least six shirts, as many stockings, and two clean collars.
3. That two pounds of yellow soap will be presented to every foreigner, without favour or distinction, honouring the metropolis with his presence next year. For this purpose, a "*Foreigners' Charitable Soap Fund*" will be instantly instituted, and subscriptions are urgently solicited for the carrying out of this benevolent idea.
4. That every foreigner must bring a certificate of good health from his medical man, signed and witnessed by the clergyman of his parish.
5. That no foreigner will be admitted into London, under any pretence whatever, unless he can prove, by authentic marks about his person, that he has been vaccinated.
6. That camphor-bags will be given away twice a-week in Hyde Park, to all suspicious foreigners, and that placards will be printed in every language of the world and largely distributed in the neighbourhood of the Exhibition, warning all easy confiding foreigners, as they value their lives, against the purchase of any *Patent Life-Pills*.

With these stringent precautions it is to be hoped that the evil will have less room and less chance of displaying itself; and that if the Plague should break out, at all events that we shall have every remedy already prepared to enable us to arrest it at once in its fatal progress. With these inspiring prospects, old women may remain in London during the memorable year of 1851, with (under the alarming circumstances) the greatest possible amount of safety.

CHANGE FOR A BULL.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THERE are some people in England who think MR. WISEMAN right; and that we ought not to be in any way angry because the POPE chooses to dip a British subject in Cardinal scarlet, conferring on him a title, without consulting an English Potentate upon that very trifling matter.

"Very well. But if these good, easy people be as right as they are good and easy, let them allow HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA a little bit of fair play. And permit me to make this proposition to the QUEEN's Council Table; a proposition that, no doubt, will, in the rightful spirit of retaliation, be duly adopted. It is simply this (to be strengthened by a public petition).

"Let the QUEEN be prayed to create SIGNOR MAZZINI President of Rome; conferring other corresponding dignities on his adherents and followers.

"I beg further to recommend that HER MAJESTY be petitioned to use her kindly offices with the French President, that he may cause to be withdrawn the French forces from the Roman Capital.

"I am no casuist, *Mr. Punch*—I am no polemic—I am no Revolutionist—but this I am—

"A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY."

The Wiseman Paradise.

N. WISEMAN speaks of the "little Paradise" that, under the influence of his Church, might be all around Westminster Abbey? There can remain no doubt of the fact upon every just and reflecting mind that has beheld the perfect Eden that lies all about St. Peter's at Rome.

BISHOPS AND LOBSTERS.

THERE is no doubt that some bishops may bear an affinity to lobsters. Take the BISHOP OF EXETER as an example. He was so long in hot water, that he began to turn a little scarlet.

NEW STYLE OF REVIEW IN HYDE PARK.

It is understood that the Great Exhibition to be held next year in Hyde Park, will be succeeded by an indefinite series of similar exhibitions, in the same locality. These, however, will consist exclusively in the display of the productions of native industry. A strong impression is supposed to have been created in a high quarter, by the following remarks which fell, the other day, from MR. BRIGHT:—

"If the relatives of a Prince—in all the relations of life an amiable and worthy gentleman, and deserving of high respect—visited this country, what amusements were offered? A review in Hyde Park."

The absurdity of treating our illustrious visitors to a game of soldiers, as a matter of course, as if warfare were necessarily the most interesting subject to all princes, it is said, has been recognised. The perception has been arrived at, that to show a King, or other royal person, a sham fight, intended to divert him as such, implies the assumption that combativeness and destructiveness must be the biggest bumps on his head; that he must go about in a state of pugnacious irritability, of sanguinary prurience—itching to instigate charges of bayonets, longing to fling shrapnel-shells and grape-shot, burning to cannonade and bombard, and to lead on mankind to hack, hew, cut, thrust, slash, stab, and assassinate. To pay this species of polite attention, it has been discovered, is equivalent to intimating that the genius of Royalty is that of the Royal tiger, and that the love of carnage is the nature of the beast.

In short, it is acknowledged that to exhibit a Review to a King or a Prince involves precisely the same compliment that you would pay a gentleman by getting up a dog-fight or his amusement. In future, therefore, all the Reviews held in Hyde Park, or elsewhere, for the entertainment of our royal guests will be Reviews of Industry, in expression of the principle that the welfare of nations is the chief consideration of rulers. The illustrious personages whom the QUEEN shall delight to honour, will be entertained with a grand muster of the trades; a muster to be associated with no roll but the baker's, with no files but those of artisans. It is now seen that we fight, merely as we punish, from stern necessity, not for "glory;" and that, if we are to parade our troops and weapons of war, we might just as well show off our JACK KETCHES and gibbets.

A PHYSICAL FORCE PAPIST.

DOES anybody know what has become of poor little CUFFY? Has he seen the error of seditious ways, and the impropriety of explosive bottles? Has he reconciled himself to HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, and to Government in general, and obtained a ticket of leave, and how is he, and does he get as much as he can dispose of for dinner? Is he as red as he was, or a little paler—in his views as well as in his features?

The POPE's mad Bull now running loose, and quite another hubbub than that of Chartism at present raging, it may seem that CUFFY has nothing to do with any question before the Public, and has been rather dragged up from the Antipodes by *Mr. Punch*, head and shoulders. Not so.

That the diameter of the globe intervenes between MR. CUFFY and his countrymen, is in great measure owing to his indulgence in "open and advised" speaking. Now, here is some speaking or writing, which amounts to the same thing—not less open, nor less advised, and certainly no better advised, than any piece of incendiary eloquence that the turbulent little tailor ever vented. Thus writes a MR. AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPS, one of the POPE's partisans, in a letter lately published, addressed to the EARL OF SHREWSBURY:—

"My dear lord, you are on your way to the Holy City, to thank our most holy father for his gracious regard for our English Church; pray him to bestow again and again his apostolic blessing upon his children here, who are ready to combat for his sacred rights, and those of the Holy See and the Catholic Church. The holy father may count upon us; we are the children of the Crusaders, and will not falter before the sons of CRANMER and JOHN KNOX."

This is simply an offer to fight for the POPE, if required, against the QUEEN. CUFFY never uttered anything half so treasonable, and it is unfair, and a great shame, to keep him in exile, whilst PHILLIPS is permitted to rave much more violently with impunity. Perhaps, however, PHILLIPS has escaped the Attorney-General's notice merely from being beneath it; and is more lucky than CUFFY, only because he is more insignificant.

Drilling for All Nations.

SAID MR. COBDEN, in his speech at Birmingham the other day:—

"All the Continent is bristling with muskets and bayonets. There are—bear this fact in mind—500,000 more armed men there, living in the daily exercise of drill, than there ever had been in the very height of Napoleon's wars; and the nations of the Continent of Europe have, since the events of 1847, increased their debts by about £200,000,000 sterling."

All this drilling that is going on among Continental nations will soon drill tremendous holes in their pockets.



STARTLING FACT!

Oxford Swell. "DO YOU MAKE MANY OF THESE MONKEY-JACKETS NOW?"
Snip. "OH DEAR YES, SIR. THERE ARE MORE MONKEYS IN OXFORD THIS TERM THAN EVER, SIR."

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE MERCENARY MERCERS;
OR, THE HOUSE OF HOMBURG.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HORATIO GOODCHILD	An English Gentleman.
PROWL	Shop-Walker to SMASH, CRASH, and Co.
SMIRKE	Shopmen and Assistants to SMASH, CRASH, and Co.
SOAPEY	
SIMPER	
SPOONEY	
MOONEY	
JULIA GOODCHILD	Wife of HORATIO.
Porters, Shopmen, &c., &c., in the employ of SMASH, CRASH, and Co.	
SCENE, London.—TIME, 1850.	

SCENE.—A Street in London. In the centre is the large Linendrapery Establishment of SMASH, CRASH, and COMPANY. Enter MR. and MRS. GOODCHILD, arm in arm.

Mrs. Goodchild. How charming is the day! The rays of SOL
 Tip everything with gold.

Mr. Goodchild. Talking of tips—
 My fingers' ends are bursting through my gloves;
 I really think I want another pair.

Mrs. G. (looking at his hands). You do, indeed, my dear—alas! alas!
 I well remember me that summer's day,
 When, making purchase of those cheap Berlins,
 A certain something whisper'd in my ear,
 "Those gloves are to a brief existence doomed—
 Their thread of life is short—"

Mr. G. My nails have cut it!
 But, opportunely, see a shop at hand!
 The window seems to hold a choice of gloves.
 Let's forward, and inspect the various sorts.

Mrs. G. (reading labels). "Superior kid at half-a-crown—town made."
Mr. G. I like the article, but not the price.

You know, my dearest JULIA, that next week
 We may be short of just that little sum,
 To pay the butcher, baker, and the rest.
 The tax-collector, too, perchance may call;
 And would you have us turn him from the door,
 Saying "Kind Sir, last week I purchased gloves.
 On such a day, I bought a pair of kids:
 On Tuesday 'twas; they cost me half-a-crown.

And so, good gentleman, I cry you mercy.
 My water-rate is short, by that amount."

Mrs. G. (pressing his arm fondly). My own HORATIO, you were
 ever thus;

Self-sacrifice has always been your rule.
 What think you of those "Cloth, at fifteen pence?"

Mr. G. I like them pretty well; but look at those! (*pointing to a label*)

"Stout double extra, gentlemanly dog,
 Tenpence the pair—three pairs for two-and-three."

These are the gloves for me—I love the dog:

He is no thin skinned creature like the kid,
 But tough and honest, stout of heart and hide.

(Growing enthusiastic as he proceeds.)

Behold him in the chase—hear him give tongue—

See how he darts upon the startled stag—

Mrs. G. (interrupting him). My dear, I wish you wouldn't talk so loud;
 'Twill get a mob, around us presently.

If you want dogskin gloves, come in at once,
 And purchase them.

Mr. G. You're no enthusiast;

You cannot understand me—never could.

The dog is said the friend of man to be,

So let the dog be hand in glove with me. [*They enter the shop together.*]

SCENE II.—The Interior of the Establishment of SMASH, CRASH, AND COMPANY. Shopmen, Cashiers, &c. &c. engaged in folding and unfolding goods. SMIRKE, SOAPEY, SPOONEY, MOONEY, and other assistants in attendance behind the counters. PROWL, the shop-walker, walking up and down.

Prowl. Business is dull, but still we live in hope.

Those piles of Paisley all remain on hand;

Those thirty thousand bonnets are unsold;

Those miserable mittens dangle still

Over the door—the sport of every breeze,

But still no breeze blows any good to us.

Oh! little think the unreflecting crowd,

Those shelves that seem to groan with merchandise,

Bear the light dummy with elastic ease;

That bale, whose coating of external wool,

Appears to press with avalanchian weight,

Is nothing but a hollow mockery—

Such thoughts as these unfit me for my post.

Take courage, heart! (*he taps gently against his waistcoat*). SMASH,

CRASH, AND COMPANY

Must never find me falter in their cause.

(He turns to the Shopmen, Assistants, &c. &c., and addresses them.)

My friends, prepare with eagerness for work,

Two hundred bankruptcies look down on us

From yonder shelves!—hear you their voice?

All. We do.

Prowl. Go, SMIRKE and SOAPEY, quickly to the front

Hang out your placards at the open door,

Inviting all to our "Great Sacrifice."

(SMIRKE and SOAPEY place placards at door.)

You, MOONEY, to the window. Instantly

Invert that label marked with £9 1s.,

So that it seem to stand for £1 6s.

Mooney. Should it be claimed at £1 6s.—what then?

Prowl. Should it be claimed!—well, whey-face, what of that?

Should it be claimed!—cream-visage, then, of course,

You've but to say the ticket slipped by chance,

Go, milk-cheek! Do my bidding—

Mooney. I am gone.

(MOONEY disappears in the window, SMIRKE and SOAPEY returning from the door rapidly.)

Smirke. A customer.

Soapey. A lady and a gent.

Prowl. Quick to your places; now let Homburg's house
 Show that it justly merits HOMBURG's name.

Enter MR. and MRS. GOODCHILD. PROWL bows and shows them to the
 counter, where SOAPEY is serving.

Mr. G. I want a pair of dog's-skin gloves—those marked
 At tenpence in the window.

Soapey. Thank you, Sir.

Prowl (speaking aside to the different characters). Porters bring forth
 those massive flannel bales,

That ponderous carpeting—those heavy Tweeds,

And make a circle round the customers.

*(This is done while MR. and MRS. GOODCHILD have their faces
 turned towards the counter.)*

You, SPOONEY, place the steps across the door,

Mount them—and, with a well-feigned energy,

Rub the plate-glass. [*SPOONEY does so.*]

And now come hither SMIRKE;

You are the great reliance of the firm;
That simper, that insinuating smile,
You know so well to practise, I have seen
Within a week clear off a bankrupt's stock.

Smirke. You flatter me.
Prowl. No, SMIRKE, I speak but truth.
I've faith in thee—if on this very day
Three thousand bonnets hung upon thy lip—
Thou'dst turn, I'm sure, three thousand female heads
Into those bonnets.

Smirke (smiling). I should do my best.
Prowl. I know thou wouldst—you see that couple there?

[*Pointing to Mr. and Mrs. GOODCHILD.*
SOAPEY is serving them! approach and listen.
[*They go near the counter, where MR. and MRS. GOODCHILD*
are being served.

Mr. G. This pair will do (*gives a shilling*). I'll thank you for the change.

[*SOAPEY takes the shilling, and appears to go for the change, but*
joins PROWL and SMIRKE who are not observed by MR. and
MRS. GOODCHILD.

Prowl (aside). What have they bought?
Soapey. One pair of dog, at ten.
Prowl. One dog at ten—caitiff! SMASH, CRASH AND CO.
Would to the dogs together promptly go,
If all resembled thee.

Soapey. What could I do?
Prowl. What could'st thou do! Stay, have they got their change?
Soapey. Not yet.

Prowl. Not yet. Ha, ha! there still is time;
Withhold it till I bid thee render it.

Now, SMIRKE, for action! Art thou well prepared?
Smirke. I am. Give me that box of cambric collars;
And now those cuffs; now yonder pelerines.
Place on the top that lot of chemisettes;
And when you see me occupied in talk,
Send forward ribbons, stockings, satinettes,
And anything, in fact, that comes to hand.

[*SMIRKE, having his arms piled up with various articles, advances to*
the counter, where MR. and MRS. G. are standing.

Mr. G. I'm waiting for my change.
Smirke. They're bringing it.

In the mean time, there are some bargains here,
The lady would, I'm sure, be tempted with.

Mrs. G. Oh, no indeed; not I.
Mr. G. My change—my change.

Smirke. These collars are the prettiest—newest things;
I bought a lot—the bankrupt broke his heart.
They cost him half-a-guinea.

Mrs. G. That is dear.
Smirke. And we are selling them at half-a-crown.

Mrs. G. They're really very cheap.
Mr. G. My change—my change.

Smirke. And so becoming; let me try one on.
Permit me just to place it round your neck.

Mrs. G. Oh no, indeed—I'm not in want of it.
Smirke. You must allow me (*slips it round her neck*); very sweet,
indeed.

Look at the lady, Sir; how it becomes
The delicate complexion.

Mr. G. Stuff!—my change.
Smirke. The only thing it wants is cuffs to match.
Here are the cuffs—they're French—cost 8s. 6d.

Mrs. G. How dear!
Smirke. But Europe's long unsettled state,
The fall of monarchy in France—the shock
That agitates the Continental thrones
Enables us to sell at one-and-nine.

Mrs. G. (to MR. GOODCHILD). They're very pretty, are they not, my
dear?

Mr. G. No; take them off. Must I stand by and see
My wife thus cuffed and collared 'gainst my will.
I want my change.

Mrs. G. My dear, pray keep your temper.
Mr. G. The fellow's quite impertinent.

Mrs. G. My dear,
There's never any harm in trying on.
Mr. G. (vehemently). I want my twopence change.
Smirke (smiling). One moment, Sir.

This shawl—pray madam, suffer me to place it
Upon your shoulders—'tis the only one
Remaining of five hundred—bought last week
Of a transported bankrupt, who, 'tis said,
Robbed creditors of thirty thousand pounds.
This stock we sell at price of stolen goods.

Mr. G. Swindlers—I'll hear no more! Come, JULIA, come!
Thus, thus, and thus! (*tears off collar, cuffs, and shawl*) I free thee from
the chains

That roguery would weave around us both.

[*He is about to rush out with his wife, when he sees the bales of goods*
placed to obstruct him. He upsets them.

Thus, thus, and thus, and thus I trample on
The emblems of commercial knavery.

[*As he gets to the door, he sees SPOONEY on the steps, whom he overthrows.*
Down, caitiff, down, that dares to bar my way,
And make me captive in a den of thieves!
Come, JULIA, come away!

Mrs. G. Art mad, HORATIO?

Mr. G. Mad—am. I mad—am—not, but mad art thou.
'Gainst dogskin gloves henceforth I make a vow.

[*He takes her violently by the arm and rushes out with her. SPOONEY*
rises from the ground. SMIRKE buries his face in a box of
lace collars. The Assistants, Shopmen, &c., &c., stand pointing
to the goods scattered about the floor, and PROWL goes to the
centre. The iron shutters rattle down through the sudden snapping
of the support, and the curtain falls.

WE STAND UPON A VOLCANO.



ALTHOUGH Ludgate Hill is not exactly
like *Ætna*, nor do we literally find *Vesu-*
vius in the snow of Snow Hill, Holborn,
still we are justified in saying that the
metropolis stands upon a volcano, for
there is constantly an eruption, or break-
ing up, of the public thoroughfares. If
there were another invasion of the Picts,
we could not be more completely picked
to pieces than we are by those demons
of fire and water, the *Genii* of gas and
sewerage. There is certainly something
like variety in a walk to the City, for
we come every now and then to such
a terrific rupture in the ground, as may
well be called a break in the journey.

If we attempt a ride into the City, the affair has all the danger,
without any of the pleasing excitement of a steeple-chase, for the
chances of a casual plug-hole of former days are now superseded by the
terrors of the open trench, and the perils of the precipice. The wonder
is, that London is not some day blown up by a terrific explosion of gas,
for the inflammable fluid is continually pouring out from the lacerated
pipes, and the earth is so full of awful gashes, that the noxious gases
are for ever mixing with the air, and making combustion imminent.
Every gap in the pavement is a stop-gap, bringing every cab to a stand,
and as we fear the gas companies will blow up London, we anticipate
matters by blowing up them, in the hope of checking their eccen-
tricities.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

THE *Chronicle*—whose Papal leaders ought to be printed in ink of
congenial scarlet—says, rejoicingly, of what it calls the No Popery
Crusade of the City of London, "the tide of opinion is already turned."
Is it, indeed? Is it running down from Fulham, and will it soon be
low water at Lambeth? And shall we have what was the boat of the
Fisherman, but is now the three-decker of the Pope, high and dry in
mud, with her ports open and her guns run out, and bearing upon
Westminster Abbey? Shall the Lamb and Flag wave from the mast-
head, fanning the folks of England with blessings? And—as we
have seen similar amenities carried out at Cherbourg, between French
and English Commanders—will the Fisherman of London take
oars from Fulham, and visit the Fisherman of Rome off Lambeth?
'Twill be pretty enough to see them taking a turn upon the deck; the
shovel hat in contrast with that beautiful bit of colour worn by the
Captain Cardinal, the legs of black stepping out and keeping time with
the legs of scarlet. But this the *Chronicle* promises, and this we shall
see when—we shall see.

Words and Things.

"AND where the harm in the words CARDINAL OF WESTMINSTER?
What danger in mere title, without authority?" asks Miss PUSSY-
KITTEEN of *Mr. Punch*; and *Mr. Punch* replies, "All the harm, and all
the danger, Madam. Words, especially words from the Vatican, are
the Gentlemen-Ushers to things."

THE POPE'S BULL.—Imagining that England had been converted to
Roman Catholicism.

THE HISTORICAL HOAXES OF HERETICS.—A BALLAD ON A BULL.

TUNE.—"No Science to me is a Mystery."



A BOAR "WRITING TO THE TIMES."

THE columns of our contemporary the *Times* are "open daily" for the redress of grievances, and everybody who has to complain of anybody in power, or out of power, from a prime minister to a policeman, or from a millionaire to a merchant, finds immediate consolation in "writing to the *Times*." We think, however, it is rather hard upon our contemporary to tax his good nature to the extent to which we saw a specimen the other day, when some individual—a descendant, probably, of the benevolent enthusiast who walked side-by-side with a duck for half a day in a pelting shower, to give the animal the benefit of half of his umbrella—troubled the *Times* with a letter, complaining of the smallness of the sty allotted to the Boar in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. If the domestic arrangements of the Boars are to be taken up by those, whose sympathy with them is accounted for by a similarity of name—errors of spelling always excepted—there will be no end to the correspondence our contemporary will find inundating his letter-box. Besides, if the Boar is to have a hearing, why should not the Hippopotamus be allowed his say, through the medium of an amanuensis, in the columns of the press; and if this once begins, there will be no end to the complaints of bad accommodation, too much confinement, and the numerous other grievances to which the inmates of a zoological establishment are liable. The Monkeys, who are for ever chattering, will be calling upon some one to put their chattering into writing, and send it to the *Times*, complaining, no doubt, of the parasol points perpetually being poked at them, and perhaps of the quality of the biscuits sold at the door for the visitors to pelt them with. Though our contemporary has, very goodnatureedly, allowed insertion to the remonstrances on the part of the Boar, complaining of his want of "a wooden railing instead of iron to rub himself against," still, we advise that the matter should not be suffered to become a precedent for every animal, to whom the rules of the world are not exactly the sort he would have selected for himself, if he had been allowed the choice of them.

COCHINEAL AT FULHAM.

OUR readers may not be aware that the BISHOP OF LONDON is as great in his knowledge of the vegetable world, of the nature of trees, from the cedar to the hyssop, as of Hebrew roots. For some time past his Lordship has suffered a number of experiments to be made, with a view to the production of the cochineal insect,—the insect that, with a proper solution of tin, supplies the most brilliant scarlet. For some time there was, at least in the gardens of Fulham, every appearance that the insect might be acclimated, and so, scarlet be obtained from home-growth. At the present writing there seems, on the part of his Lordship, a desire to give the experiment up. London will no longer stand the hazard of the dye. Again, there are many of the Church—friends of his Lordship—who have shown a great yearning towards scarlet stockings—but somehow they cannot bear to think of the colour, if without a solution of their church tin.

THE CURRENT COIN OF THE REALM.

THE penny may be considered the black current, and the shilling the white current, whilst the postage stamp—for it is now received universally as a current coin—may be looked upon as the red current coin of the realm!

RUE BRITONS, I'll tell you a mystery,
Which will cause you to open your eyes,
A very large portion of History
Is merely a parcel of lies;
Every crime in its pages related,
Of the POPE and his Priests, you must view
As fictitious—hatch'd up—fabricated:
Because not a word of it's true!

Chorus.

'Tis a positive fact—though a mystery—
That authors, abroad and at home,
Have nearly all falsified History
To prevent our submitting to Rome.

Every Pontiff that ever existed
Led a life that was free from all taint;
Though his acts have been shamefully twisted,
ALEXANDER THE SIXTH was a Saint:
You must hold him completely exempted
From the charges of which we've all learnt;
To poison he never attempted:
SAVONAROLA never was burnt.

Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

Persecution—by empty pretences—
An objection to Rome has been made;
But, in fact, there were no Albigenses,
And no SIMON DE MONTFORT'S crusade.
JOHN HUSS, so continually quoted,
And JEROME OF PRAGUE, are a myth,
At the Council of CONSTANCE devoted
To the faggots, no more than JOE SMITH.

Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

In Spain there was no Inquisition,
Whatever deceivers may say
(T'would have soon met the POPE'S prohibition);
No such thing as an *auto-de-fé*.
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S slaughter, notorious
As you fancy it, never occurred;
That 'twas praised and approved by the glorious
THIRTEENTH GREGORY'S simply absurd.

Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

You have heard of a vague innuendo
That in England a statute was passed,
Call'd "*De hæretico comburendo*,"
But this fib is as great as the last.
Oh! the Church would have never consented
To have such a law made in her name,
And let her stray sheep be tormented
To a death of slow anguish by flame.

Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

MARY never burnt bishops—the arson
Is a fudge by the wicked or mad—
Why, such conduct, both POPE and POPE'S parson
Would have surely condemn'd if she had:
'Tis a cram to say CRANMER was martyr'd,
Nor did RIDLEY nor LATIMER fall;
Whereas GUY FAWKES was hanged, drawn, and quarter'd
Absolutely for nothing at all.

Chorus.—'Tis a positive fact, &c.

But, bethink you, good Catholic laymen,
Whilst historians our credence obtain,
English Protestants cannot say Amen.
To your PONTIFF'S pretensions to reign;
And will ever resist his intrusion,
No offence, mind, whatever, to you,
Till convinced of the utter delusion
Of believing that History's true:

Chorus.

Till assured of the fact—though a mystery—
That authors, abroad and at home,
Have atrociously falsified History,
They will ne'er yield submission to Rome.

MOTTO FOR PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.—*De minimis curat Deus.*

MORE ABOUT HATS.

(By our own Commissioner in search of one).



On crossing the Belgian Frontier into Prussia, I was sensible of a change for the better. Felt had ousted silk and beaver. The chimney-pot was nowhere to be seen, except upon some obstinate travelling Englishman, and, here and there, on an Anglo-maniac of a German. One of my companions, who belonged to the former intractable class, persisted in wearing his chimney-pot in the railway carriage, to his own infinite discomfort, and the utter crushing, defacing, and unshaping of the thing itself. The hat at last, feeling itself out of place, took advantage of its wearer's falling asleep to throw itself out of the window, and I have no doubt was run over by the train. I found the cap very generally worn in Germany. The cap, I am bound to say, has many advantages. It may be sat upon. It may be put into the pocket. It may be made pretty with embroidery. It can be chosen with an eye to the face, and constructed so as to draw over the ears. In all these respects, its superiority to the hat is incontestable. But it is an imperfect head-dress notwithstanding. There is a want of continuity about the peak, that fragment of a brim, and in most cases it labours under a certain meanness and pettiness of character, which must prevent its ever taking much for general wear, though, in a carriage, it is both neat and appropriate. The proneness of the Germans to mount uniforms, on the slightest possible provocation, has much to do with the prevalence of the cap among them. German railway porters are got up like non-commissioned officers, and the *commissionaire* at your hotel, who blacks your boots and runs—(no, the German never runs)—walks on an errand, has a coat buttoned up to the neck with a stiff collar, red stripes down his trousers, and not unfrequently an order at his button-hole. I believe it is only his poverty which restrains him from breaking out in epaulettes. Prussia is peculiarly uniform-ridden. I saw as many soldiers as civilians when I was there, and what it must be now the *Landwehr* is called out, and 500,000 men on foot (or horseback), I leave you, Sir, to imagine.

Again, the German princes (as witness a certain illustrious prince, not a hundred miles from Windsor) have discovered the deep significance of hats. They have found out the mysterious connection of white felt with red republicanism; and in many States such felts are forbidden for that reason. These potentates do not like anything or anybody that is wide-awake. But the dangerous contamination does not seem to extend to black felts, and these may be said to cover all heads in Germany not appropriated to the cap. Such black felts, *à la Tyrolienne*, with narrow brims and steeple crowns; or with broad brims and low crowns, *à la Cavalier*; or with round crowns and brims turned up all round, *à la fancy flower-pot*, might be encountered in every steamboat, and round every billiard-table, from Cologne to Prague, so far as the tobacco-smoke allowed me to discover. And wherever the State did not lay an embargo on the article, the white felt, broad-brimmed, and Cavalieresque—the *Heckerisches Hut* (as it has been called, after the lamented Baden patriot of that name, who, like our own CUFFEY, has now "left his country for his country's good") came out in all its breadth of shadow and variety of slouch.

And a most picturesque and convenient hat it is, Sir. I had two confiscated during my journey, and very nearly owed to my second a visit of some duration to Spandau. But still I persevered, from a real admiration of the form and colour. And on the whole, the hat I have seen which most realises the conditions of the ideal head-cover, is this same revolutionary white, grey, or drab wide-awake—some what broader in the brim, and higher in the crown, than the last-conceived attempts of the same kind exhibited in our own shop-windows.

This hat has real vitality. Neither Prussian persecution, nor

HE letter of an esteemed correspondent, writing from Manchester, informs me that when an English traveller of his acquaintance presented himself, wearing the hat of his country, to a party of Choctaw Indians (who had never seen the article before), they invested him solemnly with the title of "*Father of the Cooking-Pot.*"

Did the hat serve any such culinary purpose, it might, by being useful, in some measure excuse its not being ornamental. But except when an ingenious ROBERT HOUDIN or HERR DOBLER uses some gentleman's hat to make a pancake, or to boil some pigeons in, I never remember to have seen the article used as a cooking utensil. This digression over, I resume my travelling observations.

Austrian absolutism, has been able to put it down. It has survived an association with a cause anything but creditable, and bids fair, before long, to make its way to the head of united Germany, which Prussia and Austria are just now each insisting ought to be on its own shoulders.

In my next article, Sir, I propose, with your leave, to combat objections to the discrowning of the reigning chimney-pot, drawn from the unpicturesqueness of the rest of our costume, and to point out the steps to be taken in 1851 to set up the rational hat, which is destined to replace the national hat of England.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE following drama is upon a subject that will come home to the heart and tongue, the lungs and the lips, the epiglottis and the affections, of every Englishman. There is not a theme in the whole range of every-day life, that so frequently furnishes the matter of conversation, and there can be none, consequently, so universal in its interest, as the one which forms the subject of the drama we are about to present to our readers. In every circle, at every hour of every day, the first point started by every one meeting with another, and taken up by that other with the keenest relish, is—The Weather. The title may not appear at first sight a promising one, for the purposes of the dramatist; but if he can succeed in presenting to his countrymen a type of a drama for every-day life, divested of those common-places which long habit and an apparent exhaustion of the theme may have thrown about it, he will be content to hang up his harp on the first hat-peg of "Tara's," or any one else's "hall," and repose, as well as such a substitute for a mattress will allow him, upon his already-acquired laurels. But without further prologue, we will "ring up," and let the curtain rise for the drama of

THE WEATHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. MUFFLE . . . *An old friend of the late husband of MRS. YAWNLEY.*
 MRS. MUFFLE . . . *Wife of MR. MUFFLE.*
 MRS. SHIVERS . . . *A casual acquaintance of MRS. YAWNLEY, and knowing incidentally a little of the MUFFLES.*
 MRS. YAWNLEY . . . *A widow, whose late husband was a friend of MR. MUFFLE.*
 SERVANT to MRS. YAWNLEY.

The SCENE passes in the drawing-room of MRS. YAWNLEY. The Stage represents a handsome drawing-room, elegantly furnished. There is a door at the back opening on to a hall in which is hung a weather glass.

MRS. YAWNLEY (in a morning dress) discovered seated in conversation with MRS. SHIVERS, who wears her shawl and bonnet.

Mrs. Y. It is indeed!—the winter, as you say, Has now set in with great severity.

Mrs. S. Not that I think we've reason to complain.

This is December we should recollect.

Mrs. Y. We should indeed—a very true remark: And one that never struck me till you made it.

Enter Servant, announcing MR. and MRS. MUFFLE.

Mrs. Y. (rising). Dear MRS. MUFFLE, this is very kind, To come to see me on a day like this, Which I and MRS. SHIVERS (whom you know) Were just remarking was extremely cold.

Mr. M. Cold—do you think!

Mrs. Y. Yes—pray come near the fire.

Mrs. M. Oh! Thank you—no—I'd really rather not.

I'm very warm with walking. [Sits at a distance.]

Mrs. S. Probably.

But walking somehow never makes me warm.

[An awkward pause, during which MR. MUFFLE puts his fingers between the bars of a parrot's cage, as if playing with the bird, receives a savage snap, but says nothing, as the affair is not remarked by anybody.]

Mrs. Y. What think you, MISTER MUFFLE, will it rain?

You gentlemen can always judge so well.

Mr. M. (walking to the window, partly to conceal the pain of his finger). Why that depends a good deal on the wind.

Mrs. S. They say that when the smoke is beaten down, Rain may be looked for.

Mrs. M. I have often heard That if the birds fly very near the ground, Wet is in store. Look at that sparrow now, He's fairly on the ground, so it must rain.

Mrs. Y. But now he's off again, and so it won't.

Those adages, I think, are often wrong.

Mr. M. One rule I've always found infallible.

Mrs. S. Pray tell us what it is.

Mrs. Y. Do—I entreat.

It would be so convenient to know

Some certain rule by which to guide one's self.
My glass deceives me often.

Mrs. M. (in a mental aside). Rather say
Your glass tells often some unpleasant truths.

Mr. M. My weather-glass, dear Madam, is my corn.

Mrs. M. Why, really, MISTER M., you're quite absurd;
Have we the means of guidance such as that?

You're positively rude.

Mrs. Y. (laughing). Oh, not at all;

He's trod upon no tender place of mine.

Mrs. S. I've heard some story of the tails of cows

'Tis said that when to the wind's quarter turn'd,

They augur rain. Now tell me, Mr. MUFFLE,

Do you believe in that?

Mr. M. I'd trust a cow's,

As well as any other idle tail.

Mrs. Y. That's saying very little. Tell me, now,

(For your opinion, really, I respect,)

Are mackerel-looking clouds a sign of wet?

Mr. M. I think it probable that mackerel clouds

Betoken wet, just as a mackerel's self

Puts us in mind of water.

Mrs. S. Are you joking,

Or speaking as a scientific man?

Mrs. Y. You're such a wag, there's never any knowing

When you are serious, or half in jest.

Dear Mrs. MUFFLE, you that know him best,

Shall we believe him?

Mrs. M. Oh, I can say nothing.

[All laugh for some minutes, on and off, at the possibly intended wit of
MR. MUFFLE; and the titling having died off gradually, there
is a pause.]

Mrs. M. (to Mrs. Y.) Have you been out much lately?

Mrs. Y.

No, indeed,

The dampness in the air prevented me.

Mrs. S. 'Tis rather drier now.

Mrs. Y. I think it is.

I hope I shall be getting out next week,

If I can find a clear and frosty day.

Mr. M. I think 'tis very probable you will.

Mrs. Y. I'm quite delighted to have heard you say so;

But are you quizzing us? You're such a quiz!

Mr. Y. (with serious earnestness). Believe me, Mrs. YAWNLEY, when

I say

I've far too much regard—too much esteem—

For one I've known as long as I've known you,

To say a word intending to mislead;

In friendship's solemn earnestness I said,

And say again, pledging my honour on it,

'Tis my belief we may, ere very long,

Some clear and frosty days anticipate.

Mrs. F. I know your kindness, and I feel it much;

You were my poor dear husband's early friend.

[Taking out her handkerchief. Mrs. S. goes towards the window to
avoid being involved in the scene.]

I feel that though with cheerful badinage

You now and then amuse a passing hour,

When with a serious appeal addressed,

You never make a frivolous reply.

Mrs. M. (rising, and kissing Mrs. Y.) You do him justice, but we
must be going.

Mr. M. (giving his hand to Mrs. Y.) Good morning, Mrs. YAWNLEY.

Mrs. Y. Won't you wait,

And take some luncheon?

Mr. M. Thank you; no, indeed;

We must be getting home, I fear 'twill rain.

Mrs. S. I think you go my way—I'm in a fly,

And shall be very glad to set you down.

Mrs. M. Oh, thank you; that's delightful.

Mrs. S. (to Mrs. Y.) So, I'll say

Good bye at once.

Mrs. Y. Well, if you will not stay.

[MR. and Mrs. MUFFLE, and Mrs. SHIVERS, exeunt by the door.
Mrs. YAWNLEY goes to the bell. MR. MUFFLE taps on the
weather-glass; the bell rings; and the glass, which is going down,
falls considerably at the same moment as the curtain.]

Speaking Likeness.

WE have seen so many speaking likenesses that were so little like the
ugly objects they were supposed to represent, that we really believe
if these "speaking" likenesses had the power of speaking, they would
experience a very great difficulty in telling the names of the persons
they resembled.

FEARFUL RETRIBUTION.



CERTAIN persons—MR. ROEBUCK, too, amongst them—have been finding fault with LORD JOHN RUSSELL for the energetic Letter he wrote to the BISHOP OF DURHAM, calling it, 'midst other milk-and-water objections, "intemperate," "ill-timed," "indiscreet," &c. But if his Lordship is to blame in the matter, we are sure he has been more than sufficiently punished for his Letter, by having to read all the answers that have been sent to him in reply to it. MR. SR. BARNABAS BENNETT, for instance, sent him the other day a very agreeable communication, only five columns long, which he had the refined cruelty to call his "First Letter." This threat is so obvious, that we really think MR. BENNETT might be taken into custody upon the charge of having written a threatening letter to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with a view of working upon his fears, and intimidating him in the execution of his duty. Who would remain Premier of England, with the dread constantly before him of receiving from MR. BENNETT a letter, only five columns long, once a week? We only know if we were Prime Minister, the prospect of receiving another Letter like it—and there is no knowing how many more—would make us instantly resign.

GREEN GROW THE CRITICS, OH!

DRAMATIC criticism is rather at a low ebb, and the critics, in self-defence—plead a sort of "confession and avoidance," that is to say, they confess that there is very little in their criticisms; but they add, with much truth, that there is very little to criticise.

We wish, however, that they would at least endeavour to throw the charm of novelty into their phraseology, which is becoming fearfully stale from frequent repetition. We are sick of hearing that, "MR. SO-AND-SO was respectable in the small part of the Captain;" or that MISS JOLIFILLE "had nothing to do but to look pretty, in which we need not say she acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the audience." We should also feel refreshed by something in place of the old intimation that "MR. B. convulsed the house by his usual quaint manner;" or that "MR. M. threw his usual amount of unction into the part of the General."

We are not sufficiently skilled in theatrical chemistry to be able to analyse the style of MR. M. or MR. L., or MR. ANYBODY, with such nicety as to admit of our extracting the "unction"—putting it, as it were, on a separate plate—from the rest of the acting, and weighing it in a scale, as a sort of guide from which to form an estimate of the "usual" quantity. We are tired, moreover, of being told that "the part was one which enabled MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS to display his customary coolness," especially when the piece is far more calculated to display the extreme "coolness" with which the playwright has stolen it from the French, and put his own name to it. We admit that there is little in the present state of the drama to encourage criticism to an honourable exertion of its best powers; for we are quite ready to own that the breaking of butterflies on the wheel is not a more superfluous operation than submitting the Grub—or Grub Street—to the same disproportionate punishment. However, feebleness reacts upon itself, and a healthy criticism might do something towards the restoration of a healthy drama; but, as things go at present, the wish-wash of the press makes the wishy-washy stuff of the stage, which it lives upon.

THE LAUREATESHIP.

WE are glad to find the Laureateship filled up at last, if it is only on account of the numerous expectants who were kept in suspense, in the hope of obtaining the office. A popular comic vocalist sent in a tender, we believe, with specimens of congratulatory odes, and an offer to attend and sing them himself at any or all of the Palace dinners; and men of some pretensions to the post furnished estimates, but as these were, in most cases, over-estimates of themselves, no attention was paid to them. Considerable disappointment is said to have been caused to one of the candidates, who prides himself on being a great improvisatore; but he consoled himself partially under his vexation, by the remark, that he failed entirely owing to political causes—for, being an improvisa-Tore, instead of an improvisa-Whig, he could scarcely have expected an office at the hands of a Whig government.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Equestrian. "Now, Boy, don't you be taking off your hat to make me a bow—you'll frighten my horse."

Boy. "A—a—A warn't a-going to!"

THE CAMBRIDGE MONUMENT.

THERE has been a great demonstration perpetrated in favour of the Cambridge Testimonial. At least forty enthusiastic individuals met by advertisement, to prove that they were dreadfully in earnest; and after a splendid display of eloquent fireworks, separated without doing anything. And this was very judicious, because it supplies them with a very proper excuse for meeting again. Seven plans were discussed as significantly bearing upon the best means of sending the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE down to posterity. Plan 6 was "a bronze equestrian statue!" We are very sorry that this plan should be abandoned. London is very naked of statues, and Cambridge in Trafalgar Square would have very nicely balanced the bronze effigy of the lamented GEORGE THE FOURTH, whose virtues as a man cannot be too earnestly studied, and too zealously copied, by the British youth. The statue being out of the question, Plan Number 2—for an asylum for widows of non-commissioned officers and privates of the army—promises to become the favourite. One speaker talked very hopefully of the yearly subscriptions to be expected from the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 130 regiments of the line. When we consider the large amount of pay enjoyed by every full private, when we reflect upon the difficulty that continually besets him in the pleasant and rational expenditure of his entire shilling *per diem*, the Cambridge Monument comes in delightfully to his aid; and he will have the proud satisfaction of feeling that he has contributed to the memorial of a man who with a princely income—for very many years doubled by viceregal pay—left his son and daughter to be found in board and lodging by an admiring people. That the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE should become a yearly charge to the private soldier, must endear his memory in a manner that it is almost too affecting to contemplate; though in a general sense and as a matter of national delight, we think the £12,000 per annum enjoyed by the present illustrious Duke is a sufficient and an abiding memento of the name of CAMBRIDGE.

The only One Thing that Never Changes.

WE see from the foreign correspondence of the newspapers that

"PRINCE TAXIS has been ordered to make an immediate advance."

It is very curious, but directly there is a war, or even the rumour of a war, it is sure to be followed—no matter in what kingdom—by an immediate advance of Taxes.

The Triumph of Industry.

MR. BRIEFLESS intends sending in to the forthcoming Exhibition an article which, he declares, will contain within itself quite an Exhibition of Industry, and must attract all the eyes of Europe to its merits. This is no other than the dummy motion, which has been lying now on Mr. BRIEFLESS's table for the last ten, or twelve, or fifteen years,—in fact, as long as Mr. BRIEFLESS can recollect he has been practising at the Bar. MR. BRIEFLESS intends to send it in as the nearest approach that has yet been made to the grand secret of "*Perpetual Motion*;" and he has sanguine hopes of receiving the prize offered by Government for its discovery.

A HATTER'S OPINION UPON THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

"A REMARKABLY good season, Sir, in fact the very best season we have ever had, Sir.—Why let me see, I have sold in all 92 hats,—which are just 33 more than last year—but then, Sir, you must know, *God Save the Queen* has been played every night this season."

THE IRISH MENAGERIE.

WE understand that there is to be a much grander collection of beasts than usual at the fat cattle show this year. Now will be the time, then, for visitors from the Sister Island to see the lions.

ONE WAY TO OPPOSE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

THE public will be glad to hear that the Bishops and Clergy have resolved on adopting a course which is calculated effectually to arrest the progress of Papal usurpation. It is said that, in recognition of the cordial assistance which they are experiencing at the present crisis at the hands of Dissenters of all denominations, they have determined on seriously revising their articles and formularies, to see if there are not really certain essential points, agreement on which would be sufficient for their mutual union. It is, however, reported that they intend distinctly to renounce all claims and pretensions founded on or derived from that theory of infallibility against which they now find themselves obliged to protest. Rumour has likewise circulated the welcome intelligence that they are about to apply to the Legislature for a strictly equitable adjustment of Church property, with reference solely to its legitimate purposes.

The story further goes, that the Dissenters have decided on relinquishing any whims or crotchets which may hitherto have been, on their side, obstacles to coalition. Lastly, it is declared that all of the parties, being now awake to the consequences of allowing the population to remain in ignorance, will earnestly co-operate in the diffusion of knowledge, with a view to the cultivation of reason and the extension of common sense, which will be as important a step as any that may be taken to resist papal aggression.

'Popery in Flower and Popery in the Bud.'

LORD ASHLEY, at the Crown and Anchor, spoke of Popery in the above two-fold condition. *Punch* immediately set to work to obtain specimens; and subjoins the flower and the bud. The full-blown flower was obtained from the garden of the house attached to St. George's Chapel the modest opening bud from the gardens of Fulham:—



THE FLOWER



THE BUD.



THE CAT'S PAW; OR, POOR PU(S)SEY.

SYMPATHY FOR THE HIGHER ORDERS.



Y way of change for "Shocking Catastrophe," "Frightful Casualty," or "Melancholy and Fatal Occurrence," the *Morning Post* of Thursday, last week, relates an accident under a heading equally striking and original—thus:—

"VULGAR SPORTS.—On Tuesday last, the floor of a room in a beer-house in Manchester fell in with an assemblage of 35 or 40 men, who were enjoying the intellectual gratification of witnessing a celebrated terrier worry a number of rats, in a given number of minutes. A man named TOOLE had his spine fractured, and has since died. A second, named CARR, had his right thigh broken, and is in a dangerous state, and several others are much injured."

What would the gentleman who dishes up the *Post* for fashionable breakfast tables think of such a description as the subjoined, of an accident, attended with loss of life, occurring among sportsmen of the superior classes?—

"ARISTOCRATIC AMUSEMENTS.—Yesterday, the brow of a gravel-pit gave way with a party of noblemen and gentlemen who were out with the QUEEN'S hounds, enjoying the intellectual gratification of beholding a number of dogs worry a stag. A nobleman, named MONTAGUE, had his skull fractured, and has since died. Another, named HOWARD, had three of his ribs broken, and lies in a precarious condition, and several gentlemen besides were severely hurt."

Perhaps this would appear to our friend of the *Post* a somewhat over-light and airy style of reporting death and fractures. Peradventure those mischances, with the accessories of stags and hounds, would be looked upon as rather more serious matters than they seem to have been in connexion with rats and terriers, by that gentleman—or gentleman's gentleman.

GRAND TERPSICHOREAN FEAT.

We are informed that the BARON NATHAN is practising a step, which is to leave all his other steps many thousand steps behind. This step is no other than *dancing a hornpipe amongst the toys and tea-cups in the Lowther Arcade!* The time selected for the grand terpsichorean achievement will be five o'clock in the afternoon, and any one who knows the almost impassable state of the Lowther Arcade at that hour of the day, will be able to appreciate the many hundred thousand difficulties, in the shape of children's drums, and babies' tea-things, which the indefatigable BARON will have to meet with in his way. He is very sanguine, however, of success, and has adopted an ingenious mode of training, which we cannot resist the temptation of recording. He gives directions, every morning after breakfast, that his study may be instantly "put to rights." This study contains some of the finest specimens of art, in the shape of Bohemian mugs, China cows, chalk Apollos, Wedgwood Venuses, Parian milk-maids, and mediæval chimney-sweeps—mostly the gifts of grateful noblemen and lovely peeresses, who have not blushed to receive instructions from the gifted feet of the BARON. When the room is "put to rights," and the disorder consequently is at the very highest, the bold BARON dashes frantically into the middle of the confusion, and there indulges for hours in the wildest flights of genius amidst the heap of scattered things. As yet the BARON has not even broken off a branch of the gilt tree which generally grows out of the back of the peculiar breed of China cows, sold in England, and he expects by Christmas—which is the period when the Lowther Arcade is the most crowded with the ephemeral trifles of the festive season—to be quite perfect. We hope that good fortune may smile upon both of the BARON'S legs, so that he may not put his foot into a single Christmas Box. At least £1000 is dependent upon the result.

Stray Piece of Wit Picked up at the Promenade Concerts.

On one of the most crowded nights the visitors overflowed the vacant space at the back of the orchestra. This vacant space is filled with statues standing in the midst of small patches of Saloon Gardening. The crowd kept flowing faster and faster, and a little gentleman was carried away by the strength of the current: "Don't! pray don't push!" he screamed out, from the middle of one of these patches, with his arms clinging for support round the waist of Apollo. "Don't push so,—I'm standing in a flower-pot."—"Well, then," retorted a malicious Guardsman, "Since you are in the flower-pot, my little fellow, you may as well stop there,—and grow."

MODEL PASTORAL.

ADDRESSED TO HIS FLOCK, BY THE RIGHT REV. DR. B. B. LAMBKINS, BISHOP OF CAMBERWELL; LATE BISHOP OF RHINOCEROS, AND V.A. OF THE SUBURBAN DISTRICT.

BLAISE BONNER, &c., Bishop of Camberwell, and Administrator of the Diocese of Peckham Rye, to our Dearly Beloved the Clergy, secular and regular, and the Faithful of the said Dioceses, Health and Benediction, &c.

"DEARLY BELOVED,

"At length our dear country, through so many rolling years trampled under the demoniacal hoof of a pestiferous heresy, and pursuing its eccentric and baleful ellipse far, far into the desolate realms of chaos, has now returned into its proper orbit, to its legitimate circumgyration about the centre of the ecclesiastical universe, just, my dearly beloved, as the obedient solar luminary diurnally revolves around the mighty terrestrial globe—whatever the Tuscan heretic may have pretended to the contrary.

"Well might this change in our position, dearly beloved, excite in us emotions of the proudest exultation; but let us rather contemplate it with a becoming humility; let us speak of it in the simple language of modesty, and not in the florid inflated phraseology of pompous arrogance.

"But how are you to act amid the raging storm which the sanguinary animosity of the implacable enemies of your faith has raised around you? My dearly beloved, you must bear yourselves meekly towards those atrocious calumniators. You must remonstrate mildly and moderately with these malignant and wilful defamers of your creed and your morals.

"Submit patiently to the taunts of the profane, the abandoned, the reprobate wretches. When you are reviled by the monsters, revile them not in return—the odious, detestable, abominable wicked miscreants! No, dearly beloved: be gentle and tender in confuting their execrable heresies. Deny without acrimony their slanderous accusations; their dreadful, horrid, appalling, terrific lies. Gaze on with a compassionate serenity whilst our sacred vestments, and all our most precious mysteries, are burlesqued and caricatured by the reptiles—the serpents. Oh! never think of avenging your outraged pastors, although you yourselves are insulted in their persons by the vermin. Let no reproaches, however bitter, provoke you to retort on your spiteful, insolent, malevolent traducers. Oh, no! dearly beloved, return not scorn for scorn when you are scoffed at by these contemptible heretics, the miserable mushrooms of scarce three centuries, and vile spawn of WYCLIFFE and LUTHER and JOHN KNOX. Let your scrupulous respect to the constituted authorities show how submissive and forbearing you can be whilst the shafts of impious ridicule are hurled at the solemn rites of your worship by the PRIME MINISTER OF THE CROWN. Be patient—enduring—forgiving—whilst HER MAJESTY'S Clergy are doing their utmost to unleash the bloodhounds of persecution on you. Ah! you must love and pity those rascals and scoundrels. You must address the villains in the language of charity, and not launch invectives at the barbarians, blackguards, brutes, beasts. Yes! dearly beloved, return benedictions for the curses of an infuriated rabble. Yes! with the kindness of brotherly affection, repay the frantic hatred of the ferocious mob. Yes! let words of peace and good-will be your response to the death-whoop, smiles of benignity your reply to the menacing grimaces, of the savage heathens, the pagans, the crew of infidels, the herd of misbelievers, odious as the Manichæans, pernicious as the disciples of SIMON MAGUS. Oh, yes! dearly beloved; and, finally, evince the plenitude of obedience to rulers who combine the treachery of JUDAS with the craft of HEROD and the cruelty of PILATE.

"BLAISE BONNER,

"Bishop of Camberwell and

"Administrator of the Diocese of Peckham Rye."

"GIVEN AT CAMBERWELL, Dec. 10."

Hitting two Opposite Sects with the Same Proverb.

As the Temperance Societies are about to hold a series of meetings at Exeter Hall, at which, as a matter of course, a great deal of nonsense will be spouted forth, and the beauties of temperance illustrated in language not always drawn from the same source, we present them with the following motto, which we hope every teetotal speaker will bear in mind as he rises on his legs to speak.

"Il n'y a pas de sot dans ce monde qui ne peut trouver un plus grand sot que lui-même."

The beauty of the above motto is that the Temperance Societies may apply it with justice to their speakers, and yet uphold it with equal truth in furtherance of their own good cause; for it will translate most admirably in the following manner:—

"THERE IS NO SOT IN THIS WORLD, BUT WHO IS SURE TO FIND A GREATER SOT THAN HIMSELF."

SIR CHARLES WOOD'S TALES OF WONDER.



What account should we disbelieve in the winking picture of Rimini, or in the liquefaction of the blood of St. JANUARIUS, when only last week so astounding a statement as the following was made in the *Times*?

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £80 to the credit of Income Tax, inclosed in a letter from Plymouth."

Considering the want of equity—in plain terms the iniquity—of the operation of the Income Tax, one can hardly be less surprised at the above announcement than one would be at this;—

"Mr. PUNCH acknowledges the receipt of £100 inclosed to him in a letter from 'Q. P., Surrey,' as 'conscience money, being the amount concealed by a mis-statement from burglars, when the house was broken into the other day.'"

But the wonder of wonders is to come. The *Times* paragraph goes on to say,

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER also acknowledges the receipt of £6 from 'MEDICUS,' as a repayment of public money received when not legally entitled to it."

The wonder, however, here is not the restitution, but the circumstance of their being anything to restore. Of all the novelties of these extraordinary times, the strangest, to the mind of Mr. PUNCH, is the fact, that there exists a medical man who has received any public money to which he was not legally entitled. If PUNCH had a farthing of such money, he would frame it and glaze it; if he had two farthings, he would send the second to the British Museum; if the whole £6 had been transmitted to him, he would, instead of paying the sum into the Exchequer, have sent a farthing a-piece to all the union workhouses in the United Kingdom, to be preserved, by way of memento, in the board-room, and the remainder he would have distributed between the surgeons of those establishments—thus making, proportionally, a very considerable addition to their incomes.

WISEMAN IN HIS DINING-ROOM.

NICHOLAS WISEMAN has been cruelly libelled by the press. He has been charged with receiving Catholic visitors and neophytes in state in the dining-room attached to St. George's Chapel. It was said of him, that "he threw himself comfortably back into an arm-chair, and that he exacted more than the extreme rigour of royal etiquette." No such thing, says ALEXANDER GOSS, of St. Edward's, Liverpool; and we implicitly believe him. No doubt, malignity has strangely jumbled the two Cardinals—CARDINAL WISEMAN, at St. George's, and Cardinal WOLSEY, at the Haymarket Theatre. That WISEMAN is, at the present moment, only WOLSEY in his early state—like a young hedgehog in the wool, to come out all over prickles, and not to be touched by lay fingers—we can readily believe; but that WISEMAN—give him his growth—would be WOLSEY in all his glory, we have the authority of his unchanging and infallible Church for our assurance. At present, however, we can believe WISEMAN the very combination of Christian humility and gentlemanly courtesy. We can believe him with paternal affection receiving "young friends, entire strangers to him, to dinner"—even if the young friends are merely neophytes, desirous of foregoing the irksomeness of daily labour as means of daily bread, for—in due course—the more ascetic life of father confessors. We do not believe in the present royal appointments and royal etiquette of the temporary Cardinal; no, looking very closely, we rather see upon him a hair-shirt, an iron girdle, and—at least—half-a-pint of unboiled peas in either of his pastoral sandals.

SOMETHING VERY PATENT.—That some reform is strongly needed in the absurd laws that apply to Patents!

ROEBUCK, THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

MR. ROEBUCK is, unquestionably, an honest man. MR. ROEBUCK is, indisputably, a candid man. MR. ROEBUCK is, assuredly, a bold man. And, therefore, so gifted, MR. ROEBUCK is very right, upon the least possible aggravation, to flourish his honesty, his candour, his boldness, in the face of the universe. His flowers of rhetoric were never intended to blush unseen—his jewel of a good name is not to sparkle merely in the privacy of life. No; he makes a regular flower-show of his eloquence, on the lightest occasion, and sports his good name for plain-dealing, as jauntily as a Sunday apprentice sports his smallest diamond-pin. Hence, MR. ROEBUCK writes a letter to LORD JOHN RUSSELL upon his lordship's late epistle to the BISHOP OF DURHAM.

And here let us thank the POPE's Bull that has caused to be turned up such a polished specimen of the epistolary style, as that subscribed JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK. Its courtesy, its delicacy, is delicious. Perhaps there is no public man who could so delightfully redeem the harshness of political contest by such elegance of manner, such refinement of expression. We treat ourselves with a morsel of the true, instinctive gentleman. MR. ROEBUCK tells LORD RUSSELL that he will not quote *Hansard* against him; he will assume no such ungrateful task. No: MR. ROEBUCK will only deal with the amenities of life; and, from the nettle controversy, pluck the flower of good breeding; and here it is, a flower odorous of the best manners:—

"As I have no desire to convict you of mere inconsistency—and as I believe that even a most minute investigation of all that you have ever uttered in Parliament would not greatly conduce to my edification—I would rather address you as the Prime Minister of England, than deal with your sayings as recorded in *Hansard*."

We have marked the true beauty of the sentence in italics, as we would, were we able, mark a beautiful pansy with an additional "freak" of jet: it deserves to be made to come out with greater force, for the honesty, candour, boldness, and good-manners, combined in a few words—unprovoked words—that say to a gentleman and the Prime Minister of England—"You have been talking for some thirty years in Parliament—your name is associated with the most important political changes—you are the First Minister, and you have never uttered a syllable that would edify me, JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK!" It was so necessary to the writer's case—so inseparable from the argument levelled against the writer of the letter to the BISHOP OF DURHAM, that all his antecedents should be put down, badged, branded—upon most minute investigation—as the labours of a nobody, a nincompoop!

Now, MR. ROEBUCK's plain-speaking might tell a man, so burthened, that he had a lump on his shoulder.

MR. ROEBUCK's candour might point to the pock-marks in another man's face; whilst MR. ROEBUCK's perseverance, as a public character, might volunteer to enumerate every pit.

MR. ROEBUCK's boldness might, heroically risking his own *nasus*, indignantly charge a third man with the possession of a pug-nose.

And in each and all of these qualities, namely, the plain-speaking of MR. ROEBUCK—the candour of MR. ROEBUCK—the boldness of MR. ROEBUCK—would be grandly prominent; but not more prominent than the delicacy of MR. ROEBUCK—the courtesy of MR. ROEBUCK—and, above all, the chivalrous good-manners of MR. ROEBUCK.

Parody for Puseyites.

THOUGH crosses and candles we play with at home,
To go the whole gander, there's no place like Rome;
We've statues and relics to hallow us there,
Which, save in museums, you'll not find elsewhere.
Rome, Rome, sweet, sweet Rome!
For all us Tractarians there's no place like Rome!

PLEAS' DON'T.

SOMEBODY has prepared for the forthcoming Exhibition "a process for water-proofing any stuff, from the finest lace to the coarsest fustian." If the discovery is applicable to "any stuff" it may, we hope, be adapted to that precious "stuff," a special plea, which frequently fails from its being utterly unable to hold water.

Punch and the Pope.

WE understand that PRO NO-NO, that great double negative, who has been attempting to make himself an affirmative in this country, expressed extreme sorrow, almost amounting to despair, when he heard that PUNCH was opposed to his recent proceedings. PRO, who understands the English language, though he does not seem to understand the English people, remarked to one of his attendants in a half-mournful half-merry tone, "Alas, alas! I should have cared comparatively little about the probable failure of my attempt to get the English to swallow the bowl of Bishop I have been brewing for them, but it cuts me to the quick to perceive that there is no chance of their having their *Punch à la Romaine*."

HOW TO MAKE ENGLAND A LAUGHING-STOCK FOR THE POPE!

"Forewarned is forearmed."



LL crotchety, fidgetty, conceited, eccentric politicians, impatient to make themselves conspicuous:

All factious partisans, bent on overthrowing the Government at all hazards:

All constitutionally lukewarm persons, who are indifferent to good or evil, and who affect "moderation" systematically, in order to get credit for being candid, and dispassionate, and philosophical:

All perverse and mischievous people, who would like to frustrate any great object, no matter what, merely for amusement:

All disaffected individuals, who would rejoice in the humiliation of their country, and who are ready to abet any foreign intrigue against the QUEEN, her Crown, and dignity:

Are requested to read the following directions which are offered, by way of hints, as to the course they had better pursue, with the view to defeat the national determination to put down the POPE's attempt to domineer over England:—

As soon as meetings cease to be held, and addresses to be voted, in reference to the Papal invasion, begin to pooh-pooh the whole movement, and go about saying that all interest in the subject is subsiding.

When the question of legislative resistance to the POPE comes to be discussed, treat it as a religious one, although you know very well that its nature is political.

Pretend that the authority of Popish Bishops is merely spiritual, whereas you have seen them use it to resist the laws in Sardinia, and to oppose the Government in Ireland.

Persist in calling the outcry, which has been occasioned by the POPE's attack, a shout of bigotry against the Roman Catholics at large—you being perfectly aware that it is merely a protest against the pretensions of their priesthood.

Keep repeating, no matter how often you are contradicted, or how false you see your assertion to be, that the demand for prohibiting the Popish Prelates to assume territorial titles, is a call for reviving the penal laws against the practice of the Roman Catholic religion.

Nevertheless—utterly regardless of consistency—at the same time, harp continually on the question, "What's in a name?"—as though the POPE and his Bishops would insist upon names if they were of no consequence; and as though it is not obvious that they want the use of those names to give their Church the appearance of a national character, and thus authority in the eyes of the ignorant multitude.

Pretend not to hear when you are reminded that if a name is of no value, the privation of it is no hardship.

Endeavour to confound the refusal of permission to assume the title of Archbishop of Westminster with the denial of the right to be Archbishop of the Roman Catholics in Westminster.

Attack LORD JOHN RUSSELL with quotations raked out of *Hansard* from speeches made by him in behalf of Roman Catholic rights; cast in his teeth the mistakes he may have made in his policy towards the Romish Church; twit him with his liberal concessions; abuse him for his generous civilities to it and its members. In short, use all the common arts of faction—never mind how mean—against a cause which you may in vain oppose on its own merits.

And should you, good worthy friends, succeed in preventing the suppression of the titles assumed by the POPE's bishops, you will thwart the mighty will of the people of England. And then the Popish hierarchy, with uplifted hands and eyes, will declare that a miracle has been wrought in their favour—which many simpletons will believe. And the indignation of the English people will have evaporated in impotent bluster; and we shall be a spectacle of derision to the whole world, and this will be great fun.

The Darkest Injustice.

HAVING to pay the Window Tax during the month of November, when the tremendous fogs prevent Englishmen seeing anything of the article for which they are so blindly taxed!

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE PRESENT TIMES.

I.

RIDE in a 'bus, to Chelsea, with us,
And see MR. BENNETT, who's making this fuss;
With bells at day's breaking, and bells at its close,
He's a regular nuisance wherever he goes.

II.

Hushaby BENNETT, on the Church top;
When your bells cease, the outcry will stop.
If you don't stop, when reason shall call,
Down will go BENNETT, bell-ringing, and all.

III.

Little JACK RUSSELL
Got in a bustle,
At hearing the general cry;
A letter wrote he,
In the popular key,
And said "What a good boy am I!"

IV.

Sing a song of Popery,
The universal cry;
Six-and-twenty Bishops
Their Sovereign standing by.
When the Address was opened,
Two names were nowhere seen;
Now isn't this a pretty way
To serve their gracious QUEEN?

ULLATHORNE in the pulpit
Was speaking words of honey;
A Bishop in his library
Was counting out some money;
The POPE was in the Vatican,
Thinking "how well it goes,"
When up jump'd *Punch's* little dog,
And snapped off his nose.

LODGING-HOUSE KEEPERS' LOGIC.

THE Lodging-House Keepers of London are beginning to calculate the probable profits of the Great Exhibition season of 1851, or in other words, they are "counting their chickens before they are hatched;" that is to say, before they shell out. Somebody has said that 4,000,000 of strangers will be poured into London, and as there are not more than 1,000,000 beds to let, the rules of arithmetic call upon us to divide one by four, and as four into one won't go, we recommend some of the intended visitors, before they leave a comfortable bed at home, to "sleep upon it," until they have made sure of a substitute. The bedstead trade has received a tremendous impetus, and sacking is in fierce demand, as if it were expected that the invasion of 1851 would lead to the sacking of the whole city. Lodging-House Keepers are looking out in all directions for bedsteads, or for anything that will turn up to serve instead, and we have heard of a proposal having been made to a family requiring apartments, to make up a bed in the cistern for two of the children, by drawing off the water in the evening, and getting the infants up and dressed before the water is turned on in the morning. If the company should take it into its head—its New River Head—to sluice the sewers in the course of the night, which does happen now and then, of course the poor children might be unexpectedly "washed and done for," as well as boarded and lodged in the way described.

It is expected that provisions will rise to a dreadful height; that meat will be sold by the mouthful instead of the pound; that bread will rise, without reference to any particular quantity of yeast; and that butter will be found to be fetching a shilling an ounce, by those who are sent to fetch the butter. As to milk, we have heard that a "Pure Milk and Cream Company" have taken the ease of a chalk-pit near town; and new-laid eggs are being already laid in lime, with a view to the approaching season. Sand is being brought to this country as ballast, to be thrown on to the sugar market, at the proper moment, when the demand is at its height; and foreign sloe-juice is being carried into Port, as fast as it can be imported.

PUNCH ON SPECIAL PLEADING.—INTRODUCTION.



CHAPTER I.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN AN ACTION, FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT TO ITS TERMINATION.

Actions are divided into *Real*, in which there is often much sham; *Personal*, in which the personality is frequently indulged in by Counsel, at the expense of the witnesses; and *Mixed*, in which a great deal of pure nonsense sometimes prevails. The Legislature being at last sensible to the shamness of *Real*, and the pure nonsense of *Mixed* actions, abolished all except four, and for the learning on these subjects, now become obsolete, we must refer to the "books," which have been transferred to the shops of Butter, from the shop of Butterworth.*

There are three superior Courts of Common Law, one of their great points of superiority being their superior expense, which saves the Common Law from being so common as to be positively vulgar; and its high price gives it one of the qualities of a luxury, rendering it *caviare* to the million, or indeed to any but the *millionnaire*. These Courts are the Queen's Bench,—a bench which five Judges sit upon; the Exchequer, whose sign is a chess or draught-board,—some say to show how difficult is the game of law, while others maintain it is merely emblematic of the drafts on the pockets of the suitor; and thirdly, the Common Pleas, which took its title, possibly, from the fact of the lawyers finding the profits such as to make them un-Common-ly Pleas'd.

The real and mixed actions not yet abolished, are—1st, the Writ of Right of Dower, and 2d, the Writ of Dower; both relating to widows; but as widows are formidable persons to go to law against, these actions are seldom used. The third is the action of *Quare Impedit*, which would be brought against me by a parson if I kept him out of his living; but as the working parsons find it difficult to get a living, this action is also rare. The fourth is the action of Ejectment, for the recovery of land, which is the only action that cannot be brought without some ground.

Of personal actions, the most usual are debt, and a few others; but we will begin by going into debt as slightly as possible. The action of debt is founded on some contract, real or supposed, and when there has been no contract, the law, taking a contracted view of matters, will have a contract implied. Debt, like every other personal action, begins with a summons, in which VICTORIA comes "greeting;" which means, according to JOHNSON, "saluting in kindness," "congratulating," or "paying compliments at a distance;" but, considering the unpleasant

BEFORE administering law between litigating parties, there are two things to be done—in addition to the parties themselves—namely, first to ascertain the subject for decision, and, secondly, to complicate it so as to make it difficult to decide. This is effected by letting the lawyers state in complicated terms the simple cases of their clients, and thus raising from these opposition statements a mass of entanglement which the clients themselves might call nasty crotchets, but which the lawyers term "nice points." In every subject of dispute with two sides to it, there is a right and a wrong, but in the style of putting the contending statements, so as to confuse the right and the wrong together, the science of special pleading consists. This system is of such remote antiquity, that nobody knows the beginning of it, and this accounts for no one being able to appreciate its end. The accumulated chicanery and blundering of several generations, called in forensic language the "wisdom of successive ages," gradually brought special pleading into its present shape, or, rather, into its present endless forms. Its extensive drain on the pockets of the suitors has rendered it always an important branch of legal study, while, when properly understood, it appears an instrument so beautifully calculated for distributive justice, that, when brought to bear upon property, it will often distribute the whole of it among the lawyers, and leave nothing for the litigants themselves.

nature of a writ at all times, we cannot help thinking that the word "greeting" is misapplied. The writ commands you to enter an appearance within eight days, and, by way of assisting you to make an appearance, the writ invests you, as it were, with a new suit.

The action of covenant lies for breach of covenant, that is to say, a promise under seal; and under wafer it is just as binding, for you are equally compelled to stick to it like wax.

The action of *Detinue* lies where a party seeks to recover what is detained from him; though it does not seem that a gentleman detaining a newspaper more than ten minutes at a coffee-house would be liable to *detinue*, though the action would be an ungentlemanly one, to say the least of it.

The action of *Trespass* lies for any injury committed with violence, such as assault and battery, either actual or implied; as, if A, while making pancakes, throws an egg-shell at B, the law will imply battery, though the egg-shell was empty.

The action of *Trespass on the Case* lies, where a party seeks damages for a wrong to which trespass will not apply—where, in fact, a man has not been assaulted or hurt in his person, but where he has been hurt in that tender part—his pocket. Of this action there are two species, called *assumpsit*, by which the law—at no time very unassuming—assumes that a person, legally liable to do a thing, has promised to do it, however unpromising such person may be; and *trover*, which seeks to recover damages for property which it is supposed the defendant found and converted, so that an action might perhaps be brought in this form, to recover from Popery those who have been found and converted to the use, or rather lost and converted to the abuses, of the Romish Church.

Having gone slightly into the different forms of actions; having just tapped the reader on the shoulder with a writ in each case, which, by the way, should be personally served on him at home, though the bailiff runs the risk of getting sometimes served out, we shall proceed to trial, perhaps, of the reader's patience in a subsequent chapter.

The Index Expurgatorius.

SHAKESPEARE and HUMBOLDT have recently been promoted to this Index. Shortly, among other persons and things, will appear NEWTON, HARVEY, LORD NELSON, WELLINGTON, WATT, Vaccination, Railways, the Tubular Bridge, QUEEN VICTORIA, and the Electric Telegraph.

To be Given at the Vatican,
April 1, 1851.

By AUTHORITY OF THE POPE.

* Butterworth—the Law Publisher in Fleet-Street.

UNPROTECTED ENGLAND.

BEING A GROAN FROM THE EX-UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

"To Mr. Punch.



HOUGH MR. JONES, SIR, has a great objection to my appearing in print, for he declares that I've made myself ridiculous and him too, by the way in which I've come before the public in your entertaining Journal, (though I'm sure Mr. J. was ridiculous enough, without any letters being written upon that subject); still I feel that as a female, though not now unprotected (if Mr. J. be any protection, so much from home as he is on his journeys), I ought to uplift my humble voice against the present awful unprotected state of the country. I don't allude to burglars at present (though I must say your artist never can have seen me, or he would never have made me in that nightcap). But, Sir, if

it had been only me talking about the unprotected state of the country, you might have said, as Mr. J. always does, 'There, Mrs. J., you're talking nonsense again!' but I don't speak as a poor, weak woman, now, because I'm afraid, but I've seen it all proved in a book, written by SIR F. B. HEAD, BART., with all the figures in it, and calculations made, and I feel the serious attention of the married women of England ought to be called to it. All husbands are not like MR. JONES, and some will listen to reason, though it comes from their wives.

"SIR F. B. HEAD dedicates his book (in the most flattering manner, I must say) to unprotected females in general. Little did I think, when I saw the work on MR. SMITHERS's table, with such a nice, clean, white cover, what awful things it had inside of it! I took it up quite promiscuously, but oh, Sir, the state of mind I was in before I laid it down!

"First, it shows you that there's France with 408,630 soldiers, and 2,501,000 national guards, and all know what those nasty foreigners are by the specimens we see in the streets; and there's Austria with 378,552 soldiers, all horrid, froissy, tobacco-smoking butchers; and Prussia with as many just as bad; and Russia, with 950,000—and what can be expected from men fed on tallow, raw hides, and brandy? and then there's poor England with 123,758 soldiers, and no more, and many of them, I'm afraid, no better than they should be, running after the maids; for it was only last week that SMITHERS's cook was near taking laudanum, because of a corporal in the Scotch life-guards who got all her wages to buy a discharge and go into the green-grocery and general line, but spent it all, and is a corporal at this moment, and and never comes near her!

"And if this is the way the British army behaves, in time of peace, to poor British females, what is to be expected from these dreadful foreigners in a war? And, then that horrid book shows that the English men ain't to be trusted—I've long thought so in regard to one, in particular—and that their confusion increases with their numbers; as I'm sure, any one may see, who's ever been to a review of the Surrey yomanry, at Wormwood Scrubs, (where I was with the SMITHERS's no later than last summer,) and the mess they got in with one regiment, I'm sure I can't think what it would be with half a dozen!

"And as for ships and men of war, and navies; every body knows that those Dover and Boulogne steamers can bring over loads of soldiers, the book says, in two hours; but, I'm sure, when I went to Boulogne, it seemed a great deal longer than that—but one thing I must say that I think he has forgotten, and that is the dreadful state of sea-sickness the foreigners would be in—to judge by what I felt, you might knock them down with a feather: until they'd had a nice cup of tea, and a good night's rest.

"However, there is no doubt that any number of these dreadful foreigners may come up to London to-morrow—and there's that Exposition—who knows whether the machines mayn't be full of gun-powder and things, and that the artisans and people, who come over with them mayn't be soldiers in disguise, with belts stuck full of pistols and daggers—under their—what d'ye-call-em—blue smock-frock things!

"You may believe, my blood did run cold, when I came to where the book describes the 'two hundred thousand young enthusiastic French soldiers, waving banners in our pure English air, on which are mentally inscribed these words—we almost shudder as we transcribe them—(I'm sure I quite shuddered when I read them)

"'BOOTY, BEAUTY, AND REVENGE!'

"I declare as I came to those words, I saw our furniture smashed and the

plate melted, and me struggling with a foreigner in moustachios—and JONES with his throat cut from ear—but I can't bear it—

"When the book has made out how easy it would be for a French army to invade England (and it seems so easy, one wonders why they haven't done it ever so long ago), comes the awfullest chapter—'The Capture of London by a French army.' It makes one's hair stand on end, to think of foreign armies encamped in each of the Parks, another between Clapham and Camberwell, and a third about Brixton and Battersea! That couldn't be far from the SMITHERS's, and how, knowing this, they can have such a book in the house, I can't think. Then there will be the horses in the churches, and the officers in the best houses—of course we should have one at least in Craven Street, if it was only for my writing this letter; and people may say what they like about Frenchmen being polite, I'm sure I found them perfect brutes in the custom-house at Boulogne—and detachments in the Milbank Penitentiary—a very proper place for 'em—and in the National Gallery, and the Docks, and Regent Street. But oh! that chapter at the end of the book, 'On the Treatment of Women in War.' It's not so much what it says, but the hints are enough to drive a poor unprotected female out of her senses.

"Sir, I have just put the book down. I feel it's my duty to write to you, and call upon the females in the kingdom, protected and unprotected, to awaken their husbands, and brothers, and fathers, and male relations generally to what is hanging over us! I don't know SIR F. B. HEAD, BART., but I feel what a debt of gratitude is due to him from me and all the young women—yes, Sir, and all the old women—in Great Britain, Ireland, and Scotland, and I remain

"Your alarmed, but constant reader,

"MARTHA JONES."

A (PUMP) HANDLE FOR A JOKE.



EXIT ST. BARNABAS BENNETT.

VERY one knows that MR. BENNETT has resigned because the BISHOP OF LONDON would not allow him to intone the prayers. "Don't you think him a great pump?" asked A of B, on hearing the news. "I don't know about his being a pump," was B's reply; "but, when I heard him singing out the service, I always regarded him as something on the high-draw-ic principle." (Loud cries of "Turn him out!"—"Apology"—&c., &c.)

CONSOLATION AMID CONTROVERSY.

AMID these controversial breezes,
One slight consideration pleases:
Than ink, there's shed no graver fluid,
For Roman Bonze, or British Druid.

Suppose this epoch of Addresses
Had not VICTORIA's been, but BESS's,
It would have added one more story
To Persecution's annals gory.

We've now some sharpish mutual slanging,
But, Heaven be thanked, there is no hanging;
No axe, no chopping-block, no drawing,
But only just a little jawing.

On Temple Bar no heads are sticking,
'Gainst QUEEN's supremacy for kicking;
On London Bridge we see no quarters
Of traitors cut up into martyrs.

There's no JACK KETCH his business plying
People beheading, throttling, frying.
Punch, and he says it without boasting,
Does all the cutting up and roasting.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.



At a moment like the present, when everybody is asking whether the fire of war, so long smouldering in Germany, is to burst out into flame or to end in smoke? whether France is to see the spectacle of Liberty devouring her own children, or her own children devouring Liberty? whether England is to become a province of the Papal dominions, or whether the Pope will discover that he has gone beyond his province in doing what he has done?—though these and other important interrogatories agitate and divide the public mind, the question which really absorbs the attention of the whole world is—When are we to have PUNCH'S ALMANACK? This question is being answered in typographic thunder and telegraphic lightning, by the steam-struck advertisements of the newspaper press, and the electro-agitated wires of the Railway Companies.

One half the world is asking "When will PUNCH'S ALMANACK be published?" and the other half is answering "On the 23rd?" No one has yet ventured to surmise what the result will be, and we dare not trust ourselves to divulge the grand secret which in a few days will burst upon the senses of enraptured millions. What we have already done has surpassed the wildest anticipations of the most boundless fancy; but what we are about to do, will as far surpass everything that has gone before, as Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus, piled one upon the other, exceed in altitude the pebble on the pavement. We are about to fire into the country a tremendous broadside of wit and humour which shall wondrously surpass our ordinary weekly *feu de joie*! and though even this comprises a *mitraille*, as the French would call it, of a round of shot from sixteen columns, each comprising some fifty to a hundred jokes, the volley we are about to deliver can only be slightly conceived by multiplying every fifty by five hundred, and recollecting that our ammunition has no lead in its composition, but consists of a material like the diamond, with all its most brilliant and most cutting qualities combined.

POLICE REGULATIONS FOR THE PUBLICATION OF PUNCH'S ALMANACK.



In order to preserve order during the execution of the orders for *Punch's Almanack*, the following orders will be issued as to the order in which the public will present themselves at the office on the 23rd.

All persons belonging to the trade must enter Fleet Street at the Farringdon Street end, and form in six rows along the south-side as far as Bride Court.

Private individuals, requiring single copies, must enter the City through Temple Bar, or Chancery Lane, and fall into the line at the Law Life Insurance Office. As soon as the line extends to the corner of Bride Court, a fresh row must be formed, and so on until there are twelve abreast, after which no more will

be admitted into the City; but those coming may leave their names with the City Toll Collector, which will entitle them to a place in the procession on a subsequent day.

After being served, the trade will draw off by St. Bride's Church, and retire over Blackfriars' Bridge, entering the City again by London, Southwark, or any of the other Bridges, should they require to do so.

The public after having obtained their copies, will pull off to the north side of Fleet Street and retire by Clerkenwell, re-entering the City, should they desire to do so, by the City Road and Moorgate Street.

Foreign Ambassadors, producing their credentials under the sign manual of their respective Sovereigns, and presenting them to the City Toll Collector, will be allowed to proceed without reference to the foregoing rules.

BARON VON REICHENBACH'S PHILOSOPHY OF A KISS.

(A Lecture for the Ladies' College.)

"WHAT'S in a kiss?" demands a once popular song, ladies. "There's no harm in a kiss," replies the self-responsive lyric. "'Tis a pure pledge of friendship to man."

The answer is vague, if not evasive. A more definite one has been given by BARON VON REICHENBACH, in a book, whose title must, to most of those lips which lend the question its interest, prove rather trying—"Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallisation, and Chemism, in their Relations to Vital Force."

VON REICHENBACH writes this book to prove that he has discovered a new force or principle in Nature, similar to electricity, only immensely more subtle than the electric fluid. This—what d'ye call it?—the Baron calls *Od*. Well he may, some of you will perhaps remark—judging merely from the sound of the word. Others may suggest that the letters should have been reversed, and that the *Od* is, properly speaking, a *Do*. *Od*, according to BARON VON REICHENBACH, emanates from everything in Nature, more or less; but especially from magnets, crystals, the sun, moon, and stars, and the tips of the fingers. It is luminous in the dark to sensitive persons; it affects their nerves of touch; and it is what operates in animal magnetism. Besides escaping from the fingers' ends, it also issues powerfully from the lips; and this brings us to VON REICHENBACH'S theory of a kiss. *Punch* quotes DR. ASHBURNER'S translation, page 257, of the treatise of the astounding Baron;—

"We here arrive at a not uninteresting explanation of a hitherto obscure matter—the import of the kiss. The lips form one of the foci of the *biod*, and the flames which our poets describe, do actually blaze there."

"It may be asked, how this can agree with the circumstance that the mouth is *od-negative*? This, however, does harmonise very well with the fact; for the kiss gives nothing—it desires and strives merely, it sucks in and sips. The kiss is, therefore, not a negation, but a physical and moral negativity."

"*Biod*," ladies, means vital *Od*; the mesmeric influence, in fact. The somewhat curious description of a kiss, as being "not a negation, but a physical and moral negativity," is simply as much as to say, that the kiss is a decided fact; but that the act of kissing is not conferring a favour, but taking a liberty; which seems true.

Certainly, a genuine kiss is not a negation, but, on the contrary, a strong affirmation, which the lips cannot express so forcibly by any articulate phrase—"Je vous aime"—"*Zoi mon sas agapo*"—or ditto in plain English.

But neither can a kiss be a "negativity" in all cases—at least, according to the experience of *Mr. Punch*. It may be so when A snatches a kiss from B. But if every kiss is a negativity, when A and B kiss one another at the same moment, the kisses of both are negativities. Now, negativity implies positivity. Therefore, if A is kissed by B, and B by A at the same moment, their kisses are both positivities, because they are both negativities, which is absurd. If negativity does not imply positivity, then, when A and B mutually kiss, neither of the two imparts any positive gratification to the other, which is still more absurd. And on the last supposition, the answer to the question, "What's in a kiss?" would be, "Nothing at all," the absurdity of which is self-evident.

BARON VON REICHENBACH leaves reciprocity out of the question, as if he had no idea of it. His *od* theory of kissing shows that he is little versed in the practice, which, if it were all a "negativity," would be truly odious. There would be nothing more pleasant in lovers' kisses than there is in kissing the book to make an affidavit. The Baron should try a few experiments relative to this branch of his subject: he had better come to England at Christmas, and perform them under the mistletoe.

Universal Contempt of Court.

It seems that any person is liable to be committed to prison for his lifetime by the Court of Chancery, as guilty of contempt of Court, for not paying that which he has not to pay, and for not doing other impossibilities. What a number of people might be committed for contempt of the Court of Chancery, if we all expressed our feelings!

DIRECT FROM THE UNITED STATES.

THE matrimonial knot is like the Gordian Ditto—those who would be great men must cut it. (Loud cries of "Shame," from the Editor, and all the married contributors.)

The Press and the Papacy.

THOSE who would—if they could—bring us again under the yoke of superstition, may ascribe the opposition which they encounter in their designs to the agency of the Arch-Enemy; but the real truth is, that the only devil they have to contend with is the printer's.

IMPORTANT LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—PROBABLE SECESSIONS FROM THE BAR.

WE have heard with considerable regret, that the same spirit of ceremonialism, which has caused so much division in the Church, has at length penetrated to the Courts of Law, and is likely to lead to some secessions of a very sweeping character. For some time past Mr. BRIEFLESS, immediately on his arrival in Westminster Hall, has been in the habit of going through a series of absurd mummeries, which have at last attracted the attention of the Judges. It seems that the learned gentleman, no sooner appears upon the back row, in any of the Courts, than he bows with great pertinacity to the Bench, and if the salutation is not noticed or acknowledged, he proceeds to cough with such violence, that attention is sure to be attracted towards him. He, also, has discovered, or believes that he has discovered, somewhere in the books, an allusion to an office connected with that of Ancient Serjeant, and to which he gives the name of Ancient Junior. By virtue of his supposed right to this imaginary position, he claims pre-audience of all other juniors, and he sometimes causes much confusion in the Court by altercation with any of the younger members of the bar, whom he will not allow to rise without molestation, until they have recognised his ancient juniorship, when he permits them to proceed by courtesy.

He has also, on more than one occasion, behaved in such an extraordinary manner with respect to motions of course, insisting upon handing them in direct to the Judge, without the intervention of the Usher, that once or twice the Bench has expressed displeasure; but Mr. BRIEFLESS insists that as the barrister hands the motion in, the old law knows no intervening hand, and he cannot conscientiously avail himself of such a go-between.

These ceremonials are now carried to such an extreme, that the highest legal authority will probably be called upon to interfere, and the result may be the secession of the learned gentleman from the Hall of Westminster. Some correspondence has already passed between Mr. BRIEFLESS and a high legal authority, but we do not at present feel called upon to give it publicity.

MAIDS OF ALL-POPERY-WORK.

A LATE Puseyite, turned inside out to a Roman Catholic, and rechristened upon his turning, IGNATIUS—FATHER IGNATIUS (the LOYOLA is for a time suppressed)—has called on all Catholics to send female servants of their own creed—servants of the lowest degree, even to that of scullions—into the houses of Protestants, that the heretics, or at least the forlorn and foredoomed children of the heretics, may be lured into the fold of the POPE. FATHER IGNATIUS has not preached to careless hearts or deaf ears: many female servants, from lady's-maid to the above-named scullion, are at this moment in the bosoms of Protestant families, wriggled there to carry out the blessed intentions of FATHER IGNATIUS. The subjoined correspondence—(for the present we cannot disclose the source whence we obtained it)—directed to FATHER IGNATIUS, has been forwarded to CARDINAL WISEMAN, who, in the handsomest manner, has offered fine paper copies for the service of Mr. BENNETT, late of St. Barnabas.

"Belgravia Square, Day of St. Tuppets."

"MOST REVEREND FATHER,—I entered my present service on the day of ST. BLANCMANGE; and—my character as a Protestant lady's-maid who could dress hair, having deceived the scrutiny of even the heretical grandmother, I was very soon received into the confidence of Mrs. * * * and her three daughters. In another month, and they will all be brought over. They have thrice attended mass—service I believe they call it, at St. Barnabas; and, as I say, in a month at most, they must be at the feet of the Cardinal. I have insinuated under the pillows of each of the young ladies a pocket copy of the pious and blessed PETER DENS, and the good fruits of that holy book are lively apparent.

"I have promised Miss LEONORA—(she proposes to call herself VERONICA)—the little finger of St. FIES, as you desired me, and she awaits with an ardour almost seraphic the arrival of a relic that will snatch her, a brand, from the fire."

"I remain, your Obedient Daughter,

"MONICA."

"P.S.—How I yearn for the day, when my present duty accomplished, I return to the Sisterhood of St. Thistle's!"

"Baker Street, St. Sago's Eve."

"HOLY FATHER,—For three weeks I've been here with the heretic BROWNS, and have, at last, turned two of the children, girls, aged six and eight. I began my pious work by giving 'em rosaries of bull's-eyes, and SAINT MARGARET in gingerbread, with Bleeding Hearts in sugar and horehound. They continually ask for more; which I give

when they say what I've taught 'em, a Paternoster and an Ave-Maria a-piece, with a special prayer for FATHER IGNATIUS.

"I've got a Twelfth-Cake blessed by FATHER MALONEY, and have no doubt that will—with your blessing—in the fulness of time, bring over the whole family.

"Your Dutiful Daughter,

"ANGELICA."

"P.S.—Holy Father, you can hardly fathom the ignorance of these BROWNS! What a daily trial it is for me to sink myself down to their level!"



"Waltham, St. Pan's Day."

"HOLY FATHER,—In obedience to your commands, and as a dutiful daughter of the POPE, I have now lived six weeks with the JENKINSONS, ironmongers, as plain cook and maid of all work. I found them stubborn heretics, only fit for the Cardinal to deal with—but at last have hopes. Last Sunday but one we had a goose, which I singed with a copy of his Holiness's Bull; which has done precious work. Besides this, I've had all the night-lights of Mr. and Mrs. JENKINSON blessed, and though they've only got through a pound and a half, I can see that the unction conveyed into the tallow has entered their hearts, and that they already begin to soften.

"On Wednesday last, I let the big dog, at the last moment, run away with a heretic shoulder-of-mutton, that the darkened creatures might make their dinner upon some blessed herrings. I shall do some such ious fraud every Wednesday and Friday.

"Hoping for your prayers,

"I remain Your Devoted Daughter,

"TERESA."

"P.S. The butcher's man has only got half through the holy DENS, and has already been twice to St. Barnabas."

WHERE IS THE BRITISH LION?

Air—"Blue Bells of Scotland."

Oh where, and oh where, is the British Lion gone,
That we hear no mention made of him in the row that's going on?
And it's oh! in my heart, I'm afraid that he is done.

Oh where, and oh where, did your British Lion dwell?
Oh! 'twas somewhere in a den, of course, but where I cannot tell;
But he's now quite used up—and perhaps it is as well.

Suppose and suppose we the British Lion try,
To point an antipapal speech, should we get applause thereby?
No; your hearers all would laugh at you, and would sing out "All my eye."

WHO IS FOR ST. ALBAN'S?—Our friend, the *Daily News*, writing of this borough, calls it "a drug." If this be so, Mr. JACOB BEAL, the candidate chemist, is the very man to represent it.



AGGRAVATING—RATHER!

COMPLAINTS OF QUESTIONS.

WE have received a variety of letters from different quarters relative to the Papal Aggression, but alluding to it in an entirely novel point of view. Our correspondents express the fear that their various claims on public and parliamentary attention will be overlooked in the present excitement. We can only find room for the heads of these communications.—“The Income Tax” complains that its adjustment is in danger of being postponed or not attended to. “The Assessed Taxes” are under serious apprehensions that they will not be revised; and “The Window Tax,” in particular, is afraid that it will be suffered to remain in its unpleasant and invidious position between the light and the people. “Smithfield” dreads that its promised removal out of town for change of air will be deferred. “The deep deep Sea”—BRITANNIA’S peculiar empire—is afraid that maritime affairs, properly speaking, will be forgotten in the heat of our dispute with the See of Rome: and, lastly, the “Electric Light” declares it has been quite snuffed out in the ecclesiastical controversy about candles.

ONE OF THE LIGHTS OF CIVILISATION WHICH BARBAROUS NATIONS ARE EXEMPT FROM.—The Window-Tax.

RUB UP YOUR BLUNDERBUSS!

To Mr. Punch.

“SIR, “*Mildew Hall, Dec. 13, 1850.* I am an old gentleman, and of an old way of thinking. I hate all new-fangled notions. Most of the advertisements that I meet with in the newspapers annoy me. Nine out of ten of them are puffs of some stupid invention, or other novelty pretending to be an improvement. But now here, Sir, is an advertisement copied from the *Times* of this day, which really was quite a treat to me to read. It shows that the fine old spirit of JOHN BULL is not yet extinct, in spite of all your “progress” and philanthropy. Here it is, Sir; and much good may it do you, as it has done me:—

FRIMLEY MURDER—The Winter approaching, and taking into consideration the late murders and burglaries, it behoves all persons, either town or country residents, to be armed with a weapon of defence; all parties desirous of so doing will find a very large ASSORTMENT OF PISTOLS AND GUNS, at all prices, Life Preservers, Blunderbusses, &c., at “—&c., &c., &c.

Eh, Sir? What do you say to this? Doesn’t it remind you of the fine old times described by FIELDING, when a walk from Westminster to the City had the excitement of adventure, from the chance of being robbed? Here, Sir, we have the glorious days of DICK TURPIN and JERRY ABERSHAW come back again. We shall now be in a position thoroughly to enjoy the *Beggar’s Opera*—which excellent old play, I hope will be revived at some of the theatres—as once more holding the mirror up to society. Of course I do not mean to say that I should like to be robbed and murdered; but, Sir, I must confess I do feel a sort of pleasure and gratification in the idea that it is once more necessary to keep arms in the house. Often have I sighed when I recollected the old blunderbuss that I used as a little boy to see hanging on the wall when I went with my father to the County Bank at Mouldyhurst. There is nothing in my opinion, Sir, like shooting a thief when you catch him; and I hope we shall return to that sensible plan, and to the good old precaution of setting steel-traps and spring-guns; for it is quite clear that your modern preventive police is no protection whatever against robbers.

“I am, Sir, &c.,

“THOROUGHBUFF.”

FIREWORKS FOR THE MILLION!—MR. PUNCH, Pyrotechnist, confidently recommends his Squibs, which, both in brilliancy and utility as signals, &c. are infinitely superior to the finest Roman Candles.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR GREAT BABIES.

POOR Curates who know not the world and its crimes,
Green half-pay Lieutenants, oh, do read your *Times*!
When letters come offering you cash to advance,
You should know of such people as MR. H. HANCE.

If hard-up, pay your price for a loan if you will,
But ne’er give a stranger your name to a bill,
For you’ll not have a farthing remitted to you,
And you *will* have to pay the bill when it falls due.

Would you keep on the safe and respectable side?
Take this maxim in money-affairs as your guide—
Except people in business, and children, by rights,
No person whatever should ever fly kites.

By neglecting the rule which has just been laid down,
Your transactions are render’d the talk of the Town;
And a gentleman thus in the newspaper flames,
With LAZARUS and LEVI, and such pretty names.

Cardinal and Goose.

REALLY, it is too bad of the public to hiss and hoot that very clever actor, MR. ROGERS, when he plays *Cardinal Pandolph* to MR. MACREADY’S *King John*, at the Haymarket. We all know, of course, that the disapprobation is meant for the character itself, and not at the manner in which it is acted. But it is not usual to hiss *Iago* or *Shylock*, because their characters are odious; on the contrary, the more perfectly their personator expresses roguery and malice, the more he is applauded. As sibilation is always an unpleasant sound to a performer’s ear, *Punch* would suggest that popular feeling as regards Cardinals might be evinced much more pleasantly to MR. ROGERS, as well as more unmistakably, and even more loudly, by cheering that gentleman instead of hissing him.

The Queen at the Cattle Show.

WE are glad to see that the QUEEN honoured the Cattle Show this year with her presence. HER MAJESTY had seen beef-eaters before; she has now seen what they are made of; and must, no doubt, have been highly gratified by a sight proving how many of them she has among her subjects.



GREAT CATTLE SHOW.
THE ROMAN BULL THAT DIDN'T GET THE PRIZE.

A GENT'S OPINION ON HATS.



knocked off, or smashed in, or else wedged tight over your eyes; in which elegant position every one takes advantage of giving you a friendly knock on the head, whilst you have not even the pleasure of seeing who your assailant is; and if you do succeed in lifting off your hat in time, it is very little better off than on, for you are obliged to hold it up in the air, whilst all the solos are being played, with innumerable variations, on the cornet, bassoon, ophicleide, and piccolo; or else you must hold it by your side, or between your legs—from which position it is sure to issue forth more like the saucer to a flower-pot, or the iron lid of a coal-hole, or anything else that is round and flat, and not usually worn on the top of a gent's head.

"No less than six valuable hats of mine were ruined in this way, and you are at liberty, dear old *Punch*, to inspect their mangled remains at my rooms, any day you like. Latterly, I have grown wiser, and always go to the concerts in a Turkish, or a felt or a smoking cap; something which I could either stow away in my pocket, or wear on my cranium, as I liked. In fact, our present style of beaver is quite unfit for any place of amusement, and to take one to an evening party, why, it is positively dangerous. I suppose some one comes in for the good hats, but I know I never take a bad hat to a *soirée*, but I am sure to come away with a worse one.

"Some reform, as JOEY HUME would say, is terribly wanted, for I know a whole gang of young fellows who, like myself, are heartily tired of being treated like so many tenpenny-nails, by having a body of arms descending, like a shower of hammers, and knocking us perpetually on the head. We are not to blame—the fault lies in our hats.

"Yours, Dear *Punch*,

"Regularly every week (price 3d.)

"TIM BOUNCE."

PUSEYITE CATTLE SHOW.

MR. PUNCH is happy to publish the announcement, that a new Smithfield Club is to be established on Puseyite and Medieval principles, to promote retrogression, in opposition to the spirit of the age. Instead of the fattest of cattle, will be exhibited the leanest of kine—anchorite, hermit, and recluse stock; sheep of the skin-and-bone foreign variety (for shearing), and ascetic pigs. A list, placed over the head of each, will specify the articles of diet on which the creature has been starved down to its particular extreme of emaciation—as split-peas, pulse, oatmeal, sorrel, dandelions,—perhaps thistles—and red-herrings. The dead stock up-stairs will include thaumaturgic mummies and relics in great plenty, and an extensive assortment of scourges, hair-shirts, iron belts and collars, and the like implements of self-annoyance. There will be store of images and beads for those who have a taste in such articles, and of course, an abundance of crosses; but the most remarkable crosses in the Exhibition will be those shown below—the crosses between the Roman Bull and the Oxford breed of soft-horns.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

(From our own Protectionist.)

THIS melancholy event came off last week, when prizes were distributed to the breeders of the very leanest stock—a brass band, the horns and ophicleides draped with black crape, playing funeral airs at intervals. The results of free trade were never more shockingly conspicuous than in the shadowy forms of steers and oxen; whilst there was a pen of a dozen pigs, scarcely one of which was visible to the naked eye. We observed more than one benevolent lady weeping pearls over indefinite things that had vainly struggled to become porkers. There were sheep that were nothing but the merest bladebones, here and there covered with threads of worsted. The QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, with two of the little Princes, visited the spectacle, contemplating it with becoming gravity. The Prince carried away the prize for a bull that was only visible when placed under a glass of forty Opera power. Occasionally, an acute ear might detect sounds that a liberal mind might interpret as ghost-like bellowings—spectral bleatings—with now and then an asthmatic attempt at a grunt. The DUKE OF WELINGTON's battering-ram is not to be seen when looked at in front; but only from either side. It is said to have been fed upon old drum-heads, with occasionally the ribands of a recruiting-sergeant chopped and made into a warm mash. We ought, by the way, to have remarked that the DUKE OF RICHMOND attended, as President, in deep mourning; and bore in his face and manner the profoundest traces of unutterable woe. However, let us proceed to give the list of prizes, all of them so many triumphant proofs of the withering influence of Free-Trade.

OXEN OR STEERS.

The DUKE OF RUTLAND carried away the £30 prize for the thinnest steer. It had been fed on waste copies of Protectionist pamphlets with the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England," played in A flat on a tin trumpet. Some idea may be entertained of the nicety with which the animal had been brought to the lowest point of life,—when we state that five minutes after the noble duke received the prize, the thing died; all the brass band braying "The Roast Beef of Old England" for half-an-hour in the vain hope of reviving it. The beast was distributed among the Marylebone poor; all of them ordered to appear in spectacles to see, if possible, their proper quantities.

LONG-WOOLLED SHEEP.

The DUKE OF ATHOLL bore off the first prize of £20, for an extraordinary specimen of highland sheep, that both puzzled and delighted the judges. The sheep had been reared upon Highland thistles, according to the Duke's well-known hospitality; and these thistles so judiciously served, that they had taken the place of the wool growing through the animal's sides, and coating them all over with their brushy points. The REV. MR. BENNETT, was present, and was much delighted with his wool of thistles; he is to be presented with a comforter—the thing will be very popular by Christmas, to be called the Atholl Bosom Friend—woven from the fleece. The web, in place of the vulgar linen shirt, is expected to become very general with the ladies and gentlemen who feed upon the honey hived at St. Barnabas.

PIGS.

COLONEL SIBTHORP took the prize for the Pig of Lead; so small a pig, that it might creep down the tube of a MORDAN's pencil. MR. DISRAELI sent the shadow of a sow; one of his practical epigrams, showing he had ceased to have even a real squeak for Protection; he also sent a porker that, from its largeness of size—where smallness was the object—was deemed hopeless of any reward. However, MR. DISRAELI carefully removing a muzzle from the pig's snout, the animal collapsed flat as a crush-hat. The fact is MR. DISRAELI had, as he afterwards averred, seemingly fattened the hog upon a pair of bellows. There are, we have heard, pigs that see the wind; whether MR. DISRAELI's pig is of that sort, the eloquent Protectionist said not. He however took a second prize; and next year promises to exhibit a whole litter of the smallest pigs in the world, suckled upon phials of aquafortis.

COWS.

The leap of the Cow that jumped over the Moon was exhibited by the DUKE OF RICHMOND. This Cow had been fed on the printer's ink from the *Standard* newspaper, which sufficiently accounts for the daring altitude of its flight. The Duke was proffered the gold medal, but resolutely refused any such vanity.

In conclusion, we are happy to say that the Exhibition was well attended. The thousands of our countrymen who witnessed the wretched condition of the cattle must have carried away with them the profound conviction, that the days of Free Trade are numbered; and that a speedy return to Protection is called for by the interests of man and brute—from Dukes to steers, from Parliament men to pigs.

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE OMNIBUS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. MOODY	<i>A Malcontent.</i>
SLAM	<i>A Conductor misconducting himself.</i>
MISS TALBOYS	} <i>Passengers starting for boat not arriving at Blackwall.</i>
MISS PEABODY	
MRS. JANE PEABODY	
MRS. JINGLE	
LITTLE JINGLES, LITTLE PEABODIES, Passengers, &c.	

The Stage represents the Interior of a Blackwall Omnibus. MOODY and four other passengers discovered. MOODY occupies one of the corners near the door, looking at the Knightsbridge clock.

Moody (poking the Conductor with a stick). Now, then, I say! When are you going to start?

Slam (the Conductor). Why, you're enough to make one start indeed; My coat's a pretty stout one, or by Jove You'd stab a fellow with that stick of yours.

Moody. None of your impudence—arn't you going on.

Slam. Going on—of course we are—but give us time To take the nose-bags off the horses' heads.

Moody. I've sat here twenty minutes by the clock.

Slam. That clock's convulsive—don't believe it, Sir.

It's got delirium tremens in its hands;

It's very liable to fits and starts.

Moody. 'Tis fit that thou should'st start—

I'll take your number.

Slam. Thirteen's our number, and we wish to take it.

[He jumps on to his bracket, and cries out, "City! — City! — Bank!"—&c.

Moody. Oh, Patience!—of the virtues rarest, best— Why do they place thee on a monument?— 'Tis in an omnibus thou'rt needed most.

[MOODY is making a dig at the Conductor with his stick, when the door suddenly opens, and MISS TALBOYS is pushed in, making the sixth passenger, who receives the point of the ferule in her chest.

Miss Talboys (shrieking). Mercy, what's that?—some one has run me through.

Moody. I beg your pardon, madam; but, indeed, The poke received by you was meant for him. (Lowly to the Conductor). Are we going on?

Slam. You're going on pretty fast,

It strikes me, Sir; striking the passengers

In that ferocious way (to the Driver without). Right! cut along.

[MOODY is about to remonstrate, when SLAM bangs the door, and the Omnibus proceeds.

Moody (to MISS TALBOYS). Madam, I trust I caused you no—

Slam (without).

Hold hard!

On the off-side—two ladies and a gent.

[The Omnibus stops with a jerk, which throws MISS TALBOYS forward into MOODY's arms.

Slam (opening the door—addressing himself to MOODY). Now, Sir, as soon as it's agreeable, To let that lady be—perhaps you'll allow These passengers to get into the 'bus.

Moody. Insolent scoundrel!—to insinuate—

Slam. 'Tis you that's the insinuating gent,

If from appearances we ought to judge.

Now ladies, if you please.

[He assists MISS PEABODY, MISS JANE PEABODY, and MASTER PEABODY into the Omnibus, who make ten passengers.

Moody. I'll summons you.

Slam. What a cantankerous old cove it is.

[Jumps on to his bracket, slams the door, and the Omnibus goes on.

Moody. Talk of the savage in his native state; There's not, I'm sure, a greater brute on earth Than the conductor of a Blackwall 'bus.

[The vehicle proceeds at a furious rate, and sways from side to side.

Miss Peabody. Oh, mercy! they'll upset us.

[MISS PEABODY poking at the Conductor with her parasol.

Hi!—Conductor!

Slam (looking in at the window and addressing MOODY). At it again—you're never satisfied.

Moody. What d'ye mean—I never spoke to you;

There's somebody inside wants putting down.

Slam (to the Driver). Hold hard!

[The Omnibus stops; SLAM opening the door, says Now ladies, please to look alive;

The other 'bus is coming down upon us.

Miss P. No, no; 'twas not for that we stopped the 'bus;

'Twas but to beg of you to be so kind

As to inform the driver that my sister

Is very nervous when he drives so fast.

Slam (jumping up on his bracket, and talking without to the Driver).

A pretty thing to stop the 'bus for, BILL!

We've got a nervous lady, here, inside.

[To MISS PEABODY, through the window.

Shall we pull up, Ma'am, at the Doctor's shop?

P'rhaps you'd find something there to do you good.

Miss P. Insolent fellow! What a set they are!

Miss T. You're very right, Ma'am. Talk of Polar Bears,

They can't be half such bears as—

[The Omnibus stops with a jerk, which throws the MISSES PEABODY sideways on to MISS TALBOYS.

Mercy on us!

[The door opens, and MASTER JOHN JINGLE, aged 6, is pushed head-foremost into the vehicle; MASTER EDWARD JINGLE, aged 4, is thrown on to the lap of MR. MOODY, and MRS. JINGLE, making thirteen passengers, with MASTER CHARLES and MISS JULIA JINGLE (twins), one in each arm, is squeezed through the door, looking back as she enters.

Mrs. J. (standing in the doorway of the Omnibus). That parcel goes with me inside—that box

Must not stand side sideways—ho! my carpet-bag.

Slam. Sit down, Ma'am.

Mrs. J. Not until I'm satisfied

My things are safe—don't throw that on the roof;

I'm sure that box is sideways.

Slam. Take your seat—

The opposition pole will run you through.

[He pushes her forward, and slams the door, MASTER CHARLES and MISS JINGLE scream.

Mrs. J. (looking round). Why, where am I am to sit?

Moody (looking at MASTER EDWARD). Whose child is this?

[Puts him down in the centre of the Omnibus.

Mrs. J. (looking at MOODY angrily). How disagreeable some people are!

Moody. They are, indeed, Ma'am!

Mrs. J. (seating herself with difficulty). What a deal of room

Some people take.

Moody. Women especially!

Mrs. J. (a notice at one end of the Omnibus having caught her eye).

What's that? No, no!—I can't believe my eyes.

And yet it says, that "Children must be paid for!"

Moody. If it said "double fare," I'd cry "Amen."

Mrs. J. Brute! but I'll ask at once.

[Hitting SLAM with a large brown paper parcel.

I say, Conductor!

Slam. Now, then, Ma'am, keep your parcels to yourself:

What do you go to hit a fellow for?

Why can't you speak before you come to blows?

[He stands on the step, and delivers the following speech in at the window.

I'll tell you what it is; 'twould serve you right,

To pull you up before the magistrate
For an assault.

Mrs. J. Nonsense, I only nudged you.
Slam. Nudged me, indeed! Why, only yesterday
I got a walking-stick half-down my throat.
Just now, that discontented-looking gent

[Looking at MOODY, who scowls.

Gave me a poke enough to stir the fire
Of anger in my breast—you call us bears.
You're not far out in one respect, at least:
For what we bear, bears out the name you give us.
Moody. Well, don't go on in that insulting way:
The lady wants to speak to you.

Slam. Oh, does she?
She's capable of speaking for herself.

[MOODY grunts.

Mrs. J. What I would say is this—you don't of course
Charge for the children?

Slam. Yes, of course we do.
Mrs. J. What for such precious dears as these?

Slam. Why, Ma'am,
These precious dears were precious dear to us,
If we for nothing carried them about.

Mrs. J. 'Tis cruel; can you look into the face
Of helpless infancy, and have the heart
To take a fare? What! shall I have to pay
For every interesting little charge?

Slam. Our little charge is three-pence—mark'd outside;
You see the notice, "Children must be paid for!"

Mrs. Jingle. What, all my chickens?—all at three-pence each?—
You have no children, 'busman, if you had—

[MRS. JINGLE is proceeding in her declamation, when a smash is
heard, a jerk is felt—the two near wheels become "off" wheels,
and the Omnibus and the curtain fall together.



THE NEW OXFORD COSTUME.

AN UNDERGRADUATE GOING TO LECTURE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE IRISH HUE AND CRY.

TONY GOWAN is advertised as having lost "A Pig with a very long
tail, and a black spot on the tip of its snout that curls up behind."

A Cow is described as "very difficult to milk, and of no use to any
one but the owner, with one horn much longer than the other."

JOHN HAWKINS is alluded to as having "a pair of quick grey eyes,
with little or no whiskers, and a Roman nose, that has a great difficulty
in looking any one in the face."

BETSY WATERTON is accused of having "absconded with a chest of
drawers and a cock and hen, and has red hair and a broken tooth, none
of which are her own."

The Manager of the Savings' Bank at Dunferry, near Goofowran, is
spoken of in these terms: "He had on, when last seen, a pair of cor-
duroy trousers, with a tremendous squint rather the worse for wear,
besides an affected lisp, which he endeavours to conceal with a pair of
gold spectacles."

A burglar has his portrait taken in the following manner. "He has
little or no hair, but black eyes on a turned-up nose, which is dyed
black to conceal its greyiness."

THE PREMIER'S LETTER-WRITER TO THE POPE.

MR. PUNCH, as private and confidential Secretary to the Premier,
begs to transmit the subjoined letter, together with a more formal
official communication, by the ordinary medium of conveyance, to His
Holiness:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Downing Street, Dec. 14, 1850.

"I wish to address you—plain MASTAI FERRETTI—as equally
plain JOHN RUSSELL. My object in writing this note is, to render the
diplomatic message accompanying it perfectly clear to you; so that
there shall be no mistake about it. Of course you are aware, by this
time, of the violent excitement which has been occasioned among us by
your division of England into bishopricks. Do not suppose that this
was in the least degree created by my letter, directed to the country
through the BISHOP OF DURHAM. On the contrary, to that letter alone
it is owing, that the excitement was not much more violent. If I had
not written it, I don't know what would have happened, and I know
not what will happen if I do not fulfil the pledge it contains. I have as
good as promised the people legal redress, by abolishing your bishops'
territorial titles. That has, comparatively, quieted them. I must keep
my promise, or be universally scouted, or you must take the affair out
of my hands, by revoking your bull, and retranslating your bishops to
Melipotamus, and Utopia, and Jericho.

"As Vicars Apostolic, or whatever else you may please to call them
except bishops of places in England, there is no objection at all to
their remaining here. Our people don't wish to persecute them in the
slightest manner, or to prevent them from preaching and teaching their
peculiar doctrines with perfect freedom; but the British public, mind
you, will not have those doctrines preached and taught under what
appears to be its sanction and approval.

"Now, my dear Sir, you must see that to call a MR. SOLOMON,
ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, is nothing more nor less of a trick than
making use of Westminster's name to indorse a bill. So with the rest
of your bishopricks throughout England.—I forbear from qualifying
these transactions with the terms which I should be justified in apply-
ing to them; but really, my dear Sir, I must say that this kind of thing
won't do: and you cannot be allowed to take these liberties with our
credit. Understand, once for all, that JOHN BULL is resolved to be a
bull to himself; and let me recommend you—I speak vernacularly, not
as an expositor—to draw in those horns of yours, or else you will place
me between those of a very unpleasant dilemma. I have the honour to
be, my dear Sir,

"Yours, as you behave yourself,

"The Rt. Rev. Mastai Ferretti,
Bishop of Rome."

"JOHN RUSSELL."

THE WOMEN OF WINDSOR.

THE Women of Windsor have been petitioning the QUEEN on the
Papal aggression, and among other matters, they express "the gratitude
of their hearts for the atmosphere with which the court is surrounded."
We know that some people about a court give themselves precious
airs, but we cannot say whether these form part of the atmosphere so
prized by the Women of Windsor. The address has too much of the
scent of Windsor soap about it to please us, and we are pretty sure that
HER MAJESTY'S good sense will revolt somewhat against the conclusion
come to by the Women of Windsor, that "the royal example has thrown
a lustre over their maternal duties;" or in other words, rendered it
"genteel" to have a family. The maternal duties when properly per-
formed, as in the case of VICTORIA, give lustre to the highest station,
but as to their deriving any lustre from it, the QUEEN herself would tell
the Women of Windsor that the first and most natural of our affections
can require no sanction from a court to add to their respectability. We
never wish to be hard upon the soft sex; however, we must tell the
Women of Windsor that there is quite enough twaddle and toadyism
in the world without their adding to the stock, especially when they
address it to an illustrious lady whose aversion to humbug of every
description is proverbial.

Going a Little too Far.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON wrote to MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT
the following mild caution:—

"I really fear you are carrying things too far."

We agree, for once, with the Bishop of London, and must say that
when a gentleman runs from Pimlico to Rome, and carries his princi-
ples to the extreme lengths which MR. ST. B. BENNETT has done, that
it is "carrying things a little too far." If the reverend gentleman were
to carry his principles out altogether—we mean out of the Church of
England—we think it would be very much better for the interests of all
parties.



Oratorian. "IS YOUR MISTRESS WITHIN, MY DEAR?"

Maid-of-All-Work. "OH, HELP! HELP! HERE'S A BOGIE, MISSUS! HELP! HELP!"

PUSEYISM IN THE POLICE.

THE resignation of Mr. BENNETT will at all events stop the spread of Puseyism that might have been introduced among the Police force, by its being necessary to send some 200 or 300 of them every Sunday to form a part of the congregation of St. Barnabas. We have not heard of any very strong case, but had the recent proceedings gone on, we might have met with a constable here and there insisting on lighting the candle in his bull's-eye by day, and ringing at five o'clock every morning the bells of his own neighbourhood. Happily, these Bennettisms are not now in danger of arising, as the Police force will no longer be required to be on duty while the clerical duty is being performed in Pindlico.

SMITHFIELD FOR EVER!

WITH the view to improve Smithfield, the Corporation proposes to enlarge it. Every child must perceive that this will simply be making Smithfield a greater nuisance than it was before.

PUNCH ON SPECIAL PLEADING.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—OF THE DECLARATION.

THE writ being now served, it is next to be returned, and this is sometimes done by giving it back at once to the bailiff or throwing it in his face. Such quick returns as these would bring such very small profit to a plaintiff that they are not allowable, and the writ can only be returned by the sheriff bringing it back, on a certain day, into the superior court. He then gives a short account, in writing, of the manner in which the writ has been executed; but, if the bailiff has been pumped upon—as we find reported in *SHOWER*—or pelted with oysters, as in *SHELLEY*'s case, or kicked down stairs, as he was in *FOOT* against the Sheriff, it does not seem that the particulars need be set forth.

If the defendant does not appear within eight days after the writ has come "greeting," as if it would say, "my service to you," the plaintiff may, in most cases, appear for him; and this shows how true it is that appearances are often deceitful and treacherous; for, when a plaintiff appears for a defendant, it is only to have an opportunity of appearing against him at the next step.

The pleadings now commence, which were originally delivered orally by the parties themselves in open Court, when success might depend on length of tongue; but, the parties themselves being got rid of, in the modern practice, and the lawyers coming in to represent them, success usually depends on length of purse. The object of pleading, whether oral or written, is to bring the parties to an issue; which means, literally, a way out; but, in practice, the effect of getting plaintiff and defendant to an issue is to let them both regularly in.

Almost all pleas, except those of the simplest kind, must be signed by a barrister; who does not usually draw the plea, but he merely draws the half guinea for the use of his name. The pleading begins with the declaration, in which the plaintiff is supposed to state the cause of action; but in which he gives such an exaggerated account of his grievances, that not more than one-tenth of what he states, is to be believed. For example, if A. has had his nose slightly pulled by B., the former proceeds to say that "the defendant, with force and arms, and with great force and violence, seized, laid hold of, pulled, plucked and tore, and with his fists, gave and struck a great many violent blows, and strokes, on and about, divers parts of the plaintiff's nose." If JONES has been given into custody by SMITH, without sufficient reason; and JONES brings an action for false imprisonment; instead of saying, "he was compelled to go to a station-house," he declares that the defendant, "with force, and arms, seized, laid hold of, and with great violence pulled, and dragged, and gave, and struck a great many violent blows and strokes, and forced, and compelled him—the plaintiff—to go in and along divers public streets and highways, to a police office; whereby the plaintiff was not only greatly hurt, bruised and wounded, but was also kept."

If SNOOKS's dog bites THOMSON's pet lamb, SNOOKS declares "That defendant did wilfully and injuriously keep a certain dog, he, the defendant, well knowing that the said dog was and continued to be fierce and mad, and accustomed to attack, bite, injure, hurt, chase, worry, harass, tear, agitate, wound, lacerate, snap at, and kill sheep and lambs, and that the said dog afterwards, to wit, on the—day of—, and divers other days, did attack (&c. &c. down to) and kill one hundred sheep and one hundred lambs of the plaintiff; whereby the said sheep and the said lambs (it will be remembered there was only one lamb,) were greatly terrified, damaged, injured, hurt, deteriorated, frightened, depreciated, floored, flustered, and flabbergasted, to the damage of the plaintiff of £—, and therefore he brings his suit."

The various forms of declaration are so numerous, that they fill a volume of 700 large pages of Chitty, who is quite chatty on this dry subject, so much does he find to say with regard to it. To this able and amusing writer we refer those who are curious to know how a school-master may declare for "work and labour, care, diligence, and attendance of himself, his ushers and teachers, there performed and bestowed in and about the teaching, instructing, boarding, educating, lodging, flogging, enlightening, thrashing, washing, whipping, and otherwise soundly improving divers infants and persons." These, and almost all other conceivable causes of action, are dealt with fully in the pages to which we allude, and all therefore who wish the treat of going to law, are referred to the treatise alluded to.

Musical Intelligence.

THE celebrated Harp of Ireland is, we are informed, to be thoroughly repaired and improved. The old strings, that were always snapping or jangling, are to be replaced by entirely new ones, manufactured from Irish flax, and prepared with an application of the products derived from Irish peat; which will greatly ameliorate the tone and enlarge the capabilities of the instrument, rendering its powers equal to the tune of some millions per annum.

* Chitty on Pleading, vol. ii. p. 605.

MR. PUNCH'S ADDRESS TO THE GREAT CITY OF CASTLEBAR.



E Men of Mayo! Mr. HUGHES, the Secretary of the Castlebar Industrial Society of Gentlemen! Your letter, with its enclosures, has come to hand; and as the Castlebar Industrial Society appears desirous to give publicity to its resolutions, I have the honour to print them, in this the last number of my periodical, which appears in this last week of the melancholy year 1850:—

"RESOLVED: That in consequence of the attacks made on the Catholic religion of this country, as well as on all Catholics indiscriminately, all over the world, by that notorious paper called *Punch*; notorious for many falsehoods and wicked intentions; and although the subscription is paid for some time in advance, the Committee are unanimously of opinion that it would be encouraging a repetition of similar falsehoods and designs, as well as encouraging that fanatical system of ignorance and intolerance in the misguided English people, to receive it, for the future, into their Reading-Rooms; and our Clerk is directed to give intimation of this our intention to the Proprietor, as well as to send him a copy of this Resolution; and that the *Telegraph*, the *Freeman's Journal*, and *Tablet* newspapers, be supplied a copy, requesting that same will be inserted in their patriotic papers."

It appears from the above statement, (1) that in consequence of the attacks made by the notorious *Punch* on the Catholic religion of Ireland, and, indeed, of all other countries, (and although the subscription is paid for some time in advance,) the Committee of the Castlebar Society will not receive the misguided English people into their reading-rooms: and (2) that the Clerk is instructed to inform the Proprietor: and that the editors of three Irish newspapers shall "be supplied a copy" of this resolution, requesting "that same" will be inserted in their papers.

As the Proprietor of the benighted English people, I must grieve that the doors of your Athenæum are closed to them: considering "the subscription is paid for some time in advance," this measure is hard upon my people; but as your Committee has come to the resolution, I have but to record "that same," and deplore the loss which has befallen this infatuated nation.

Sir, and good friend—this is the end of the year; my paper will appear upon a day which, since the first of Christmas Days, has been consecrated to peace and goodwill; and I am not going to lose my temper at this season, or have a word of anything but kindness, for you or any other Irishman, Anglican, Roman, Puseyite, Gorhamite, Mormonite, or what not. This is a truce day—and ought to be held as those days were held in the Peninsular campaigns, when the French and the Anglo-Irish outposts came down and talked to each other in a friendly manner, and handed each other their beef or their brandy-flasks across the water with a "*Bonjour, PADDY!*" or "*How d'ye do, Mounseer?*" I hope, in the neighbouring capital of Tuam, His Grace your Lord Archbishop will have as good a dinner as my Lord Bishop. I hope his Eminence at St. George's and his Lordship at Fulham will be pretty cheerful; and DOCTOR ADLER will have a comfortable turkey (without sausages) and DOCTOR CUMMING a pleasant dinner, though they both of them belong to sects which are not in the habit of keeping Christmas.

And I would that, the year ending so, the next could begin and continue so; and that you and I, MR. HUGHES, could have no cause for disputing. But before you accuse me and others of making attacks upon Catholics all over the world, see, my good Sir, how it is, and since when it is, that these hostilities have begun! Not two months ago we were living in peace and quiet; not two months ago, and I had the benefit (or somebody to whom you showed that touching mark of confidence) of your subscription to my paper; not very many months ago, when your people of Mayo were in straits, who came to help? whose money was it that supplied you? who brought Indian corn and rice to you? Did relief come from Rome or from London? It was the English Protestants that helped you—and who showed that their meaning was peace and goodwill.

What was it altered the relations of amity? Who was it began war? Let the Lion of St. Jarlath's himself say, was the truce broken by us, or was it the POPE's army that marched upon us to take possession of our territory? Industrial Castlebarians! we appeal to you, and ask who gave the signal for the fight, and whether it was not his Eminence with his pastoral crook that first occasioned the Shaloo? Yes, it was the march of that confounded prelate from the Flaminian Gate, who came upon us "*rubente tibi sacras jaculatus arces*," and caused this abominable strife and uproar.

Before that, we were living in peace and freedom; before that, if the services of the BISHOP OF MELIPOTAMUS were not required at that remote see, he was quite welcome

to live in Golden Square; before that, our Catholic friends lived in confidence with us, and we laughed and worked together; FATHER IGNATIUS was as much at liberty to wear a beard as MR. MUNTZ; FATHER FABER might wear his cloak; MR. BENNETT might light his candles; the Lion of St. Jarlath's might growl now and anon—but Chume is a distant place and the voice of Mayo is not very loud in this city; we were all at peace and loving each other, or tolerating each other, which is the next thing; when his Eminence puts his confounded crimson foot into our premises, and our whole empire is at strife; LORD JOHN begins to cry out "*Mum-mery!*" DOCTOR NEWMAN begins to tell us that we are all—I need not say what; the BISHOP OF LONDON begins to blow out poor MR. BENNETT's candles; the boys begin to hoot the Oratorians in the streets; the Irish begin to thrash the policemen ("*Let the POPE give the word, we're the childthreen of the Cruseeders*," as MR. AMBROSE PHILLIPS says); *Punch* (who must always be a Protestant) begins to caricature his Eminence, and to laugh at his stockings; and my honest Castlebar Industrial Society publishes, not a bull, but a resolution full of bulls; and there's brawling, and bickering, and broken heads, and friends parting, and fighting and fury all round.

Ah, MR. HUGHES—ah, ye men of the Castlebar Athenayum! it's hard to think that the POPE OF ROME, who had been got to allow one little Protestant Chapel to exist in his city, in the midst of these very disputes—in the midst of these shrieks for freedom and fair play and liberty of conscience with which his officers are invoking the genius of our country—it is hard, I say, that the POPE OF ROME should have had that one little Protestant Chapel shut up! On this Christmas Day our people can find no refuge within the POPE's city, but must go out of the Flaminian Gate to say their prayers. Round the walls of his capital, monuments imperishable of the constancy of Christian men, are caves and catacombs, in which the first bishops and believers in his faith worshipped and died in secret. The symbol of his creed is raised up triumphantly in the arena, where its martyrs of old braved torture and overcame death; and the apartments of his palace are still decorated with pictures representing and lauding the slaughter of Protestants. Ah me! that Christian people should ever have sale for those portraits or painted them! You who sneer at the beadle who keeps guard at the shrine of SAINT EDWARD, what say you to the librarian who shows you the medal of the Massacre of BARTHOLOMEW? If a POPE could absolve from allegiance to ELIZABETH, excuse us at least for thinking that the same fate might befall the successors of either. See, at any rate, that there are reasons why we must differ from you; and why, when you make your own claim, plant your own standard, appeal to your own pedigree, we should advance ours in our turn.

And when the battle begins again—MAY THE RIGHT SIDE WIN—that is a toast which we all of us can drink on this day of truce; and which concerns the humblest persons engaged as much as it does the Primate of all England, in whichever part of Lambeth he be. May the Right Side Win, and the fight be conducted with manly fair-play.

The Sweating System.

THE venerable old proverb has recorded the melancholy fact, that "It takes nine tailors to make a man;" and really, from the miserable way in which the Jew "sweating" masters treat them, one might be induced to believe it as a truth; for their wages are so shamefully small, that it may be said, "It takes the wages of nine tailors to make the pay of an ordinary workman."

HEAVY SLEEP.

A PERSON cannot sleep, we are told, when he has anything heavy weighing upon his mind, and we have felt this heaviness of sleep ourselves, most particularly at this time of the year, when we have found it totally impossible to compose our minds comfortably to sleep, owing to the number of Christmas *Waits*.

The Cardinal Controversy.

BOTH sides in this controversy declare that the question is so plain, "that it is quite unanswerable;" but from the number of letters that have been written upon the subject, and the endless answers they have received, it hardly looks like it.

CHRISTMAS BEEF IN THE CITY.



EARLY all the streets of London last week were more or less hung with prize beef. Tallow-chandlers and soap-boilers, as they looked upon the carcasses, paid homage to the fat, and cooks and kitchen-maids dropped curtsies to perquisites in perspective. But of all the show-beef exhibited, no carcass so worthily appealed to the admiration of a discriminating public as the carcass of an ox, destined, as we heard, for the LORD MAYOR'S table during the dinner festivities of the season—it was no other than the carcass of the last bullock that, driven from Smithfield market, broke shop-windows, knocked down horses, and in Bowling-Green-Lane lifted an old woman "into the air several feet, letting her fall near the walls" of an appropriate burial-ground, which, as a final tenant, she narrowly escaped. Further, the bullock gored a man named THOMAS LAGAN; who two days afterwards died in St. Bartholomew's.

It will be readily conceded that this bullock was—especially for the City of London—the prize bullock of the season, as vindicating the civic wisdom that clings to Smithfield Market as a no less vital than venerable institution. The carcass was tastefully decorated with black ribands; and will be brought to the civic table to solemn music, the "Dead March" taking, for the nonce, the place of "The Roast Beef of Old England." All the champions and defenders of Smithfield Market have been invited by the LORD MAYOR to partake of what may emphatically be called, the City Prize Bullock.

BARE PROBABILITY.

WE have heard of a state of surliness comparable only with that of "a bear with a sore head;" but it has been found that a bear with a sore eye is a still more unmanageable animal. Science has therefore been lately occupied in operating on the ursine organs of vision, as it occasionally does upon the human eye for cataract. A curious account has lately appeared of the treatment of bears for this affection; and, we are happy to say, the attempt has been so far successful, that we shall not be under the necessity of seeing at the Zoological Gardens a lot of short-sighted bears, or bears with eye-glasses and spectacles.

The bear who was a patient on a late occasion, was kindly regaled with a draught of chloroform, which rendered him insensible to all pain. So great was the gratitude of the bear to the medical gentlemen, that he would have acknowledged their attentions with an affectionate hug, if he could have got near enough; and as it was, there streamed from his eyes a cataract of tears of joy, which pleasingly replaced the cataract from which he had been suffering.

The Affairs of Grease.

WE are sorry that the fat cattle did not sell well this year. Their over-obesity seems to have been one of the causes of their going off so heavily—which is no wonder. Fat oxen cannot be expected to be brisk. Now this truth has been brought home to graziers, perhaps they will abandon the system of fattening animals so enormously; which is the merest infatuation.

THE SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT.—THE KING OF PRUSSIA!

VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

AN eminent Tallow Chandler in the City, being asked what he thought of the great candle difference between MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT, and the BISHOP OF LONDON, replied that "he could see very little difference between them—it was six short sixes of the one against half-a-dozen of the other."

FORESIGHT OF OUR ANCESTORS.—It was extremely kind of our ancestors to place Smithfield Market so near a Hospital!

TRIMMINGS FOR TRACTARIANS;

OR, ROMAN "NOSES" IN BELGRAVIA.

MESSEURS NOSES have found—without very great search—There's a slight disagreement, just now, in the Church. Some parties by daylight wish candles to burn, Or this way or that way would bow, kneel, or turn: But others not liking the views of those gents, The result has been recent unpleasant events. The discussion of questions like these I decline; In fact they are quite out of NOSES's line, All but one, and on that a few words I will say, Because public opinion assures me I may. MESSEURS PUSEY AND Co. lay on one point great stress; Which is, as of course you'll anticipate, dress. Now I've mentioned a theme that's contested by none To be quite in the province of NOSES and SON. Where they see demand brisk, prompt supply to impart, In Belgravia they've opened a splendid branch-mart; Of their business still further extending the scope, MESSEURS N. AND SON there sell stole, amice, and cope; Best chasubles, too, may be had very low, And Tractarians will also find albs, quite the go. In the first style of fashion prevailing at Rome Every article's cut—so they'll feel quite at home. To their palliums the NOSES attention direct; Their pontificals all are extremely select. If your Puseyite wants under-clothing that hurts, He had best go to NOSES AND SON's for hair-shirts, Manufactured expressly of super-stiff bristles, That will sting you like nettles, and prick worse than thistles. There's a large stock of sandals from which he may choose, At NOSES's likewise; besides boots and shoes, Which will fit to a T, should the customer please, Or leave room, if he likes, for a number of peas. For those, too, whom satire calls clerical Bats, There's an ample and various assortment of hats, From tiara to plain sacerdotal black cap, Or friar's flat wideawake, wanting in nap; Which, with cloak, hood, cowl, cassock, and girdle to match, Is, at NOSES's prices, a regular catch. All these garments, in short, would have just suited LAUD, And the stock PRO NONO himself would applaud. Come, run then, ye reverends of Pimlico, run, And be rigged out like Romans, by NOSES AND SON!

* * A new book called "Divinity's Darling," just published, with directions for self-measurement.

A CHRISTMAS ADVERTISEMENT.



OUR Metropolitan walls, about Christmas time, generally present a juvenile invocation to a parent, commencing with the very touching, and, accordingly, very taking words, "Do, Papa, buy me so and so." As the idea is getting stale, when applied to Peter Parley-

isms, and matters of that infantine class, we suggest that it might be rendered more telling and novel by something like the following:—"Do, Papa, buy me PETERSDORFF's Abridgment: it's in sixteen beautiful volumes, so nice, so large, and so cheap—only twenty guineas!"

"A Real Lad of Wax."

IF one were called upon to give the best instance of undaunted courage, we would point to the bronze medallion, which has just been put up on the Trafalgar Column, and which illustrates the fact of NELSON calling for a candle and a piece of wax for his letter, refusing, for fear the enemy should think he was in the least hurried by their guns, to seal it with a wafer. We maintain that the above fact is the strongest proof on record of unswerving courage. (Bravo! Three cheers, boys, for NELSON.)

SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE AND THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

WE understand that South Staffordshire will be as pertinently represented in the Crystal Palace as in the House of Commons; where LORD LEWISHAM supplies the senatorial porcelain clay, to the advantage alike of the county and the country. His Lordship attended a late Protection feast at Sutton Coldfield; and "greatly daring, dined" in honour of a hopeful return to high prices. His Lordship, moreover, made a speech; flinging a few pearls and diamonds at, what he happily called, the Great Exhibition of Reciprocity in Hyde Park, in which "industry was to be forced like early asparagus;" and his Lordship might have added, like much after-dinner eloquence, "under a glass." Further, his Lordship, "putting Free Trade altogether on one side, really did hope that the Government would take care that MR. MAZZINI, and others of that stamp who belonged to the Red Republican Club in London, did not give the nation a specimen of their industry also, on the occasion."

The wisdom and good taste of this allusion were not lost upon the commercial men of Staffordshire; for next morning a deputation of masters from the Potteries waited upon his Lordship, earnestly praying of him that he would condescend to sit for a Mug—a Monster Mug—to be formed out of his exaggerated portrait, of the very best Staffordshire clay, as a triumphant specimen of the county manufacture. And this vessel—to be known as the Lewisham Mug—will be so constructed, in order to illustrate the peculiar faculty of his Lordship as a senator and an orator, that whatever may be poured into it shall always rise above the top; so that, whilst the mug shall really contain nothing in itself, it shall never fail to display to the world—an enormous head of froth.

"HERE THEY ARE ALL A-GROWING."

THE Proprietor of the Baker-Street Bazaar (which, by the bye, is rather a Bazaar of Butchers than Bakers) has been solicited by the Smithfield Cattle Show Committee to enlarge his premises. This is evidently done with the wise provision—or rather the foresight of future provisions—that, if the animals keep growing in the same extraordinary proportions they have hitherto done, not only must the doors be enlarged to receive them, but the whole Bazaar considerably widened to contain even one-twentieth part of them. The pigs, alone, are swelling out to such tremendous dimensions, that they will soon outgrow all recollection of their primitive size. It would not be a bad plan, we think, to hang one of MORLAND's pictures up in the Pig Department, in order to give the spectators some idea of what the size of the pig originally was. The same plan might be carried out with the other animals. LANDSEER, or SYDNEY COOPER, should be commissioned to paint portraits of the Sheep and the Bull and the Cow in days of yore, so as to give the non-mangel-wurzel public some estimate of what those animals respectively were in weight before they had become "permanently enlarged," in the hands of the fatterer and the cake-seller. Some scale of measurement will be absolutely necessary, or else our children will be imagining that the cows and bulls in the bucolic days of VIRGIL were of the same Brobdingnagian proportions as those, half-a-dozen of whom at present cause an overflow, (which every manager of a theatre must envy,) at the Baker Street Bazaar.

England's Peace-Offering.

THE Crystal Palace may be looked upon as a noble Temple of Peace, where all nations will meet by appointment under the same roof, and shake each other by the hand. It is very curious that one half of MR. PAXTON's name should be significant of Peace. We propose, therefore, that over the principal entrance there be erected in large gold letters the following motto, so that all foreigners may read it as a friendly salute on the part of England:—

"PAX (TON) VOBISCUM."

The Battle of Hastings.

WE all know that Hastings is very near a little place called Battle; and, from the belligerent manner in which SIR THOMAS HASTINGS has been writing to MR. CORBEN, we should think the noble Admiral was anxious to put himself up as a finger-post on the high road to Battle. We recommend to artists, as a companion picture to their oft-painted "Finding the Body of Harold," the following pendant—"Finding the Head of Hastings." They have only to read through his correspondence first, and they will at once see, in all its gloominess, the inviting grandeur of the subject.

DESCRIPTION OF PUSEYISM.

A LADY, being asked for a description of Puseyism, said, "it appeared to her like an Acting Charade—the meaning of which it was very difficult to find out." Like all puzzling Charades, then, which it is impossible to guess, the sooner Puseyism is given up the better.

OUR MODEL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.



WE have not seen the model that was exhibited by the City Corporation of their Smithfield Market; but we can imagine exactly what it was, if it was in the least true to nature.

We can imagine it contained twice as many sheep and oxen as there was any convenient space for.

We can imagine that the drovers were subjecting the poor animals to all kinds of cruelties, in order to force the above number into the small space allotted for them.

We can imagine the place to be knee-deep in filth; and the market to be one immense scene of rioting, confusion, swearing, and quarrelling.

We can imagine all the numerous public-houses round it to be choke-full, and that the drinking does not much contribute to the gentleness of the drovers' tempers, or considerably lessen the tumult of the scene.

We can imagine sheep to be lying down on the ground in the last stage of exhaustion, and infuriated oxen to be plunging down the streets in all directions.

We can also very easily imagine a man or two being gored to death, and several old women being tossed in the air in consequence;

but no, it requires no imagination to believe the latter facts, for the accidents of the last week prove but too painfully that they are sad truths.

All the above incidents should have been represented in the Model of Smithfield Market, if it was in any way a faithful copy of the Market, as it at present exists, or must, under any improvements, exist, as long as the nuisance is allowed to continue in the heart of a Metropolis, which, at present, numbers a population of near upon two million people.

A YORKSHIRE JURY.

A RUFFIAN, named JOHN ROBINSON, was tried last week at York. The fellow had made one of a wedding-party; and crowned his festive mirth by perpetrating the worst offence against the weaker sex, of which the brute and the coward can be capable. The dastard was found guilty: there was no doubt, whatever, of the extent of injury suffered by his hapless victim; an innocent young woman—one of the bridesmaids. And a Yorkshire Jury, after five hours' deliberation, return a verdict of guilty; tempered with "a strong recommendation to mercy on the grounds that he was not quite sober at the time, and excited by the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed."

Thus, with a Yorkshire Jury, drunkenness palliates the atrocity of felon lust; and the mirth of a marriage feast affords peculiar circumstances of extenuation to the cowardly villainy of a TARQUIN ROBINSON! The women of York ought, by some significant testimonial, to commemorate the manly wisdom of their Civic Jury. We presume they were all bachelors, without any female relations. Indeed, after such a verdict, it is made rather difficult to believe that twelve such apologists in a box ever had mothers.

Specimen of a Bit of London Fog.

THE specimen of a slab of fog, too thick, until broken, to pass through Temple Bar, has been brought to Mr. Punch, who—in the proportion of one-twentieth of an inch to a foot—here gives its grain and texture. It has a very fine sulphurous flavour, and is perhaps the best specimen of the real London article. Mr. Punch thinks that London fog might become a very profitable article of commerce, inasmuch as there can be little doubt that, when cut, it is susceptible of a very high polish, and might be worn as mourning-rings or shirt-studs.

PROCRASTINATION IN REWARDS IS THE THIEF OF MERIT.

GOVERNMENT is, generally speaking, very dilatory in its system of rewards, such as medals, and marks of merit and promotion, to poor military heroes, but we never heard yet of an instance of a mark of well-earned merit—a pension, for instance—being delayed in its payment to a government functionary some twenty or thirty years after his retirement!



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER GLORIOUS DAY WITH THE HOUNDS, AND GETS THE BRUSH (FOR WHICH HE PAYS HALF-A-SOVEREIGN—ONLY DON'T TELL ANYBODY).

TIMELY CAUTION.



UR attention has been directed to the following alarming advertisement in the *Times* :—

"Fifty Widows' Caps Hands Wanted immediately. Apply to," &c. &c.

We are married ourselves, and so are insured from all danger, but we cannot caution young men, and widowers especially, too strongly against the imminent peril in which they are, every one of them, placed. They had better stop at home for a month or two, until the danger has a little blown over. The police should have the same instructions with regard to widows, as they have with regard to orange peel, that, if they see any weeds encumbering the pavement, they should instantly take them up, or

remove them, so that the public may be protected from the liability of any injury. Otherwise it will be scarcely safe, with such an increase of widows, for an unmarried man to walk the streets!

CATTLE FOR COVENANTERS.—The Pope sends a Bull into Scotland. The Scotch send it back again, and inform his Holiness that they have a KNOX of their own.

CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR THE CRABBED.

CHRISTMAS comes with holly twig,
Christmas comes with mistletoe,
Christmas comes with waltz and jig,
Christmas comes with—what we owe!

Ah! with pudding and with beef,
Happy child, thy stomach fill,
Heedless of thy parents' grief,
FIGGINS's and CLEAVER's bill!

Foot it nimbly on the floor,
Youths and maidens—dance away;
He whose dancing days are o'er,
For the piper has to pay!

Who is Chaff-Wax?

AMONG the expenses of obtaining a patent, we find repeatedly in one transaction the name of Chaff-wax, placed opposite to a fee of ten shillings. We have heard of bee's-wax, sealing-wax, and cobbler's-wax, but Chaff-wax was something new to us, until we found that he is entitled to several half-sovereigns upon every patent. Is Chaff-wax employed to cut chaff upon the humbug of the patent laws and at the expense of the patentee? for if he is, why not adopt as a substitute at a single cost MARY WEDLAKE's chaff-cutter? Chaff-wax must be some lad of wax who has obtained a snug berth, but as the light of public opinion has been thrown with a somewhat powerful force upon the shameful absurdities of the patent laws, we advise Chaff to drop the wax, lest he may burn his fingers.

SONG FOR MR. ST. BARNABAS BENNETT.—"I've been Rome-ing, I've been Rome-ing."



MOTHER CHURCH PUTTING HER HOUSE IN ORDER.



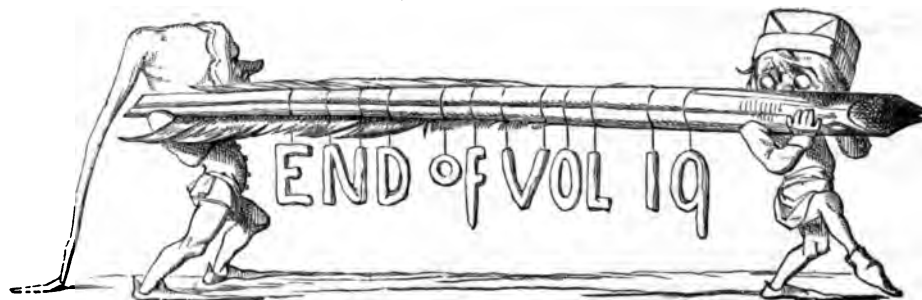
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